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INDEX.

Abbott, Miss Emma.....5, 23, 37
Adams, Chas. R.....30, 39, 87, 126, 350
Additional Accompaniments: by Franz to the Messiah, 158, ; to Bach's and Handel's Scores: by W. F. Apthorp in *Atlantic Monthly*.....291, 297, 306
Advertising a Prima Donna. *N. Y. Tribune*..... 288
Albani, Emma, 92. Her Wedding..... 277
Allen, B. D. His "Evenings with the Musicians," &c.....55, 151
A New Invention: the Paratone. *Ellery Street*..... 215
Anthems. E. G. M. in *Grove's "Dict. of Music,"* &c..... 177
Antigone, The, of Sophocles: produced at Dresden..... 163
Apollo Club in Boston. *Courier*..... 24, 327
(See CONCERTS.)
Arne, Dr. His Operas..... 44
Art, Virtuosity *versus*. *Lond. Mus. Standard*..... 330
Arts, the Latest of the. *Ibid*..... 345
"Around the World in Eighty Days." *Mus. Trade Review*..... 205
A Royal Composer: Gr. Duke of Saxe-Coburg..... 72

Bach, J. S. His Cantatas, 4; Christmas Oratorio, 22, 31, 36, 38, 158, 226; Chaconne for Violin, 150, 335; Concertos for three Pianos, 214, 278; Concerto for four Pianos, 276; his Chorals, for Worship and for Practice..... 270
Bach Choir, The, in London, 20, 88, 226; Bach Society in London..... 195
Bach, J. S., and his Ancestors: by P. Spitta. *Lond Mus Times*, 26; Sketch of his Life and Works, from *Grove's Dictionary of Music*.....187, 194
Bazin, Francois..... 283
Bailey, Miss Lillian, Soprano..134, 175, 214, 231
Balfe, M. W.: his Operas..... 66
Ballet, Children in the. *N. Y. Tribune*.... 348
Barnett, John: his "Mountain Sylph" and other Operas..... 59
Bassini, Carlo. *J. M. Hill*..... 339
Beethoven: his Violin Concerto, 6; Fidelio, 15, 275; 9th Symphony at Leipzig, 17; 5th Symphony, 134; Pastoral Do., 183; 7th Do., 183; 8th Do., 214; Overture, op. 115 ("Namensfeier"), 142; Sonatas, 143, 230; String Quartets..... 175
Beethoven: his exhaustless range, 9; After Wagner, 9; German Criticisms on Thayer's Life of, 42, 49; Beethoven Festival at Bonn in 1845, from Diary of Moscheles, 89; his Last Years, 161; Characteristics of his Musie, by Geo. Grove.....257, 266
Beethoven Literature. a Critical Contribution to. *A. W. Thayer*. 121, 129, 137, 145, 151; his Famous Love-letter. *A. W. Thayer*..... 153
Berlin Concert, The (diplomatic). *Punch*. 269; Congress..... 306
Berlioz, H.: his "Flight into Egypt," 167; Sketch of his Career, by E. Dannreuther..... 225
Bird, Joseph, Obituary..... 317
Biscaccianti, Mme. Elisa..... 71
Bishop, Sir Henry: his Operas.....51, 90
Bizet, Georges: his "Carmen," 274, 336, 340, 349
Black Wolf, The. From Leipzig *Signale*... 333
Blindness and Music. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 83; at the Perkins Institution.....147, 353
Blind, The, as Tuners.....156, 354
Boston, Musical Taste in. *Atlantic Monthly*..... 341
Boylston Club, of Boston: its Plans. *Eve. Gazette*..... 351
Brahms, Joh.: his Deutsches Requiem, 4; Symphony in D, 9, 180, 325, 329-30; First Symphony, in C minor, 149, 160, ... 166, 170, 174, 182
Brambach, C. J.: his "Alcestis,"..... 223
Brass Instruments, Remedy for. *N. Y. Times*. 242
Bruch, Max: his "Schön Ellen," 7; Second Violin Concerto..... 204
Brüll, Ignaz: his opera "The Golden Cross,".....204, 205
Buck, Dudley: his Second Organ Sonata, 125; his Artistic Career (*Brainard's Musical World*)..... 346
Buelow, H. von: his Notes of Travel, 164, 169, 178; B. as Conductor of Humoristic Music..... 168

Cambridge (Eng.) honors Herr Joachim, 1; Musical Degrees at. *Athenæum*..... 68
Carey, Henry: wrote "God Save the King,".....53, 71, 79
Catalani, Mme. *Belgravia*..... 141
Caxton Exhibition, The, of Music Printing. *Athenæum*..... 92
Cecilia, The: Choral Society in Boston. President's Report for 1877, 93; for 1878, 303
Chaucer's Verse.....233, 265, 279
Chicago Musical College, The..... 8
Chopin: his Letters, &c., destroyed in Warsaw. *Karasowski's Memoir*, 33; his First Meeting with George Sand (*Ibid.*), 41; new Life of, by Karasowski, 98; his Works and Genius, by L. Ehlert, 97, 105; Mr. Dannreuther's Lecture on.... 172
Church Music, in America. (*Rev. H. G. Spaulding.*) 53; Lutheran Compared with English, 146, 155; a National, by *W. J. Patten*..... 251
Cincinnati: New College of Music..295, 300, 302
"Classic" defined by Ruskin..... 63
Coker, Richard, Redivivus. *Mus. Trade Rev.* 216
Composers and Poets. By *Geo. T. Bulling*, 233
Concerto, The, its Origin and Development. *E. Prout*..... 331
Concert-Giving, an Innovation in..... 334
Concert Pianists and Piano Teachers. *J. C. Fillmore*..... 84
Concert Rooms. *H. H. Statham*.....307, 324
Conducting, The Art of, by *G. C. T. Parsons*..... 27
Conductorship, Musical (*Ferd. Hiller*), 73; of New York Philharmonic..... 323
Conservatoire, The, in Paris. *Grove's Dictionary*..... 337
Contrapuntal Style, The. *Oulibicheff*, &c., 289
Cramer, J. B. *E. Dannreuther*..... 323
Cronyn, Miss Lizzie.....151, 159
CONCERTS IN BOSTON:
Abbott, Miss Emma..... 23
Alhaiza Italian Troupe..... 335
Apollo Club.....24, 47, 167, 223, 247
Bailey, Miss Lillian.....175, 231
Billings, Miss..... 15
Boston Conservatory.....54, 119, 191, 238, 342
Boylston Club.....24, 47, 167, 191, 222, 255, 311, 351
Cecilia, The. 7, 47, 167, 182, 206; (Acis and Galatea,)..... 246
Eichberg, Julius: Violin School..... 39
Essipoff, Mme. Annette: Six Piano Recitals.... 31
Fay, Miss Amy.....95, 126, 143
Handel and Haydn Society: "Joshua," with Miss Thursby, &c., 7; Fourth Triennial Festival (May, 1877.) 22, 30, 38; "Elijah," at the Tabernacle, with Mme. Pappenheim, C. R. Adams, &c., 47, 118; "Messiah," *Do.*, with Miss Thursby, Messrs. Wilkie, Whitney, &c., 54; Rossini's "Stabat," &c., with Miss Henne, C. R. Adams, &c., 126; Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "Messiah" at Christmas, 158; "St. Paul," with Pappenheim, Miss Drasdil, &c., 199; "Creation" at Easter (Thursby), 222; Verdi's Requiem.....231, 238, 350
Harvard Musical Association, 6; Thirteenth Season, 134, 142, 150, 159, 166, 182, 191, 198, 206, 214, 224; Fourteenth Season.....334, 358
Hills, J. A., and Pupils..... 223
Kellogg, Miss Fanny..... 230
Leonhard, Hugo: his Pupils..... 7
Liebling, S.: Pianoforte..... 215
Mendelssohn Quintette Club, reorganized..... 119
Music Hall Concerts (Mme. Essipoff, New York Glee Club, &c.)..... 24
New England Conservatory.....63, 223
Orth, John: Piano Recitals.....215, 359
Perabo, Ernst: Chamber Concerts.....135, 175, 182
Perkins Inst. for the Blind..... 224
Phillipps, Miss Matilda: Farewell..... 223
Public School Exhibition..... 46
Remenyi, Edouard..... 351
Rudersdoff, Mme. and her Pupils..... 23
Sanders Theatre, Cambridge....134, 151, 174, 182, ... 207, 229
Schiller, Mme. Madeline: Piano Recitals, 151, 159; Farewell Do..... 239
Shattuck, Miss Lillian: Violin, &c..... 142
Sherwood, Wm. H.: Piano Recitals, 143, 215, 230, 342, 359
Thomas, Theodore: Orchestral Concerts, 135, ...150, 174, 191, 214
Thursby, Miss Emma C.: Complimentary..... 230
Wilhelmj, Aug..... 335
Winslow, Miss S.: Piano Matinées.....143, 230
CORRESPONDENCE:
Baltimore.....239, 243, 247, 280, 326, 336, 343
Chicago, 4, 21, 37, 48, 87, 125, 152, 173, 189, 207, 222, ...232, 243, 255, 295, 349
Dayton, O..... 190
Hartford, Conn..... 198
Leipzig.....17, 37
Milwaukee, Wis.....36, 101, 336
Newport R. I.....21, 183, 243
New York.....5, 15, 21, 29, 141, 152, 183, 197, 221, 343
Notre Dame, Ind..... 272
Oberlin, O..... 5
Philadelphia.....325, 336, 344, 357
San Francisco..... 157

Damrosch, Dr. Leopold: his Performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, 6; of Mendelssohn's Do., and Bach's Chaconne..... 150
Dannreuther, E.: his Lecture on Chopin and Liszt..... 172
Dexter, Mme. Emma R.....134, 264
Dictionary, New, of Music and Musicians, edited by George Grove..... 190
Difficult Pieces, Use of in Piano Teaching. *W. S. B. Mathews*..... 241
Dilettanti, The, of the Last Century. *Fraser's Magazine*..... 323
Ditson, Oliver, & Co.'s New Ware Rooms. *Sunday Times*..... 104
Doctors of Music. *Lond. Mus. Standard*... 277
Dwight's Journal of Music: Change of Publishers.....294, 302, 310, 326

Eddy, H. Clarence, of Chicago, Organist, ...21, 125, 294
Ehlert, Louis, Translations from: on Chopin.....97, 105
Engel, Carl, on the Literature of National Music. *Lond. Mus. Times*..281, 289, 314, 322
English Musical Terminology, Defects in. *W. S. B. Mathews*..... 107
English National Anthem, The.....53, 71, 79
English Opera: Sketch of its History, by C. K. Salaman.....43, 50, 59, 66
Epiglottis, The, by *Harry Wheeler*..... 212
Essipoff, Mme. Annette: Piano Recitals in Boston..... 31

Fay, Miss Amy, the Pianist.....95, 126, 143
Female Voice Culture. *E. E. Hale*..... 220
Flotow, Baron von: his "Alma L'Incantatrice." *Athenæum*..... 236
Franz, Robert: his Songs, 199; his Additional Accompaniments to Handel's "L'Allegro," &c., 236; Do. to Handel's "Jubilate," 253; Do. to Bach's and Handel's Scores (*W. F. Apthorp*).....291, 297, 306
French Opera: its history..... 181
French National Song. *Journal des Débats*, 196; Collections of..... 290
French Music: Spirit of, by *Herr Pauer*.... 201
French Uncleanness (Opera Bouffe.) *Philadelphia Bulletin*..... 140

Gade, Niels W., by Robert Schumann, 49; his Ottetto in F..... 196
Garden Concerts..... 286
Genesis, The, of Music-Thinking. *W. S. B. Mathews*..... 305
German Music: Spirit of, compared with Italian and French. *Herr Pauer*..... 201
Gerster, Mme. Ethelka.....93, 321

Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, 11, 17, 139, 148, 165, 174, 180, 188, 203, 204, 317, 334, 347
Gluck: his "Orpheus," 4; Scene from "Alceste," 150
"God Save the King": its authorship...71, 79
Goethe's "Faust," with Schumann's Music, 265
Goldmark: his Wedding March, for Orch., op. 22 188
Goldschmidt, Adalbert: his "Seven Deadly Sins." *E. Hanslick* 185, 193
Good Advice for Singing Clubs. *S. L. Thorndike* 303
Götz, Hermann: his "Taming of the Shrew," &c. 204
Gounod, Chas.: his "Cinq Mars," 19; first production of his "Polyeucte," 337, 355; his remarkable life in England 354
Grieg, Edw.: Concerto in A minor, op. 16.. 166
Grove, George: his new "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," 190, 342; his "Characteristics of Beethoven,"...257, 266
Growth, The, of Musical Ideas. *G. T. Bulling* 258
Guicciardi, Julia, and Beethoven 153
Gye, the London Opera Manager: Obituary, 360

Hamburg: Second Centenary Jubilee of its Town Theatre 120, 181
Hamerik, Asger: his "Jewish Trilogy,"... 244
Hamerling, and Goldschmidt: "The Seven Deadly Sins," (*Dr. Hanslick*), 185, 193
Handel: his "Joshua," 7; "Israel in Egypt," 39, 69; "Messiah," 54, 60; "Solomon," 116; "L'Allegro," etc., as edited by Franz, 236; "Jubilate," *Do.*, 253; "Acis and Galatea," 246, 249
Handel and Haydn Society (Boston); Annual Meeting, May, 1877 96
Hanslick, Dr. Edward: His career, 270; from his critical writings: on Adelina Patti, 136; on "The Seven Deadly Sins," 185, 193; on Wagner's "Parsifal," 210; on the Music of the Paris Exposition... 273
Harriers-Wippern, the Berlin Prima Donna: Death of 341
Harvard University: its classes in Music... 247
Harvard Musical Association: Its plea for Symphony Concerts and a permanent Orchestra in Boston 294, 310, 327, 334
Hauck, Miss Minnie 192, 324
Haydn: his "Military" Symphony, 6; other Symphonies, 198; his Quartets, a benediction (*F. Hiller*), 70; how he composed his first Opera 250
Heavenly Music, The: a Fable, from the German 27
Heller, Stephen: his "Life and Works," by M. Barbadette 299
Hiller, Ferd.: His "Song of Victory," *J. S. D.* 28, 38; Translations from his "Briefe an eine Ungenannte," 70, 73; his Symphony in C, 139; Hiller at Stuttgart 276
Hofmann, Heinrich: his "Fair Melusina,". 167
Holstein, Franz von: his "Die Hochländer," 139
How to keep a Piano 224
"Hoyatoho!" of Pianoforte Heroes. *London Musical World* 350
Hullah, John: his "Music in the House."
Hummel, J. N.: His Centennial Anniversary, 360
Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter 100
Hungarian Music: *Paris Correspondence of Boston Journal*, 260; Do., by *Liszt*, 269; by *C. Engel*. 290

Italian Operas: Reminiscences in London, 1877 92
Italian Music: its Spirit, compared with French and German 201
Italy, Music in. *T. A. Trollope* 186

Jaell, Alfred 279
Japanese Music, Miss Kellogg on 61
Joachim, Joseph: his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, 1, 2; his Elegiac Overture, 11, 165
Joachim, Frau Amalie 148
Jottings, Musical: Schumann, Wagner, Beethoven, etc 9
Jubilee Singers, The, in Berlin.....144, 171
Justice at Last: Musical Degrees to Women. *London Musical Standard* 85

Karasowski, Moritz: his Life of Chopin... 33
Kellogg, Miss Fanny, the singer...151, 206, 230
Keyboard, A Double, for the Pianoforte....352
King, Mme. Julia Rivé, the pianist....4, 37, 101, 102, 117, 133, 173, 216, 223, 232, 343, 351
Kuester, Hermann: his musical lectures and death 228

"Leit-Motiven," Wagner's.....15, 62
Leipzig: its Gewandhaus Concerts, 17; its Musical Conservatory, 61; Thomas-Schule 120
Lichtenberg, Leopold, the young violinist, 135, 150
Liebling, Emil, the pianist, 21, 207, 222, 255, 295
Liebling, S., pianist.....119, 215
Liszt, Franz: his "Lessons" and Matinées in Weimar, 103, 113; described by Mr. Dannreuther, 172; his Hand, (*Miss Brewster*), 220; Liszt, on the Music of the Tziganes 269
Lutheran Church Music, Compared with the English.....146, 155

Macfarren, Dr. G. A.: His English Operas, 60; his Oratorio "Joseph," 116
Managerial Trumpeters (*G. T. Bulling*).... 309
Marcello: his 18th Psalm 30
Mario Testimonial Fund, in London, 252; Mario at Home 276
Massenet, Jules: his "Le Roi de Lahore," 76; his Suite on Scenes from Shakespeare 248
Meddlesome "Interviewers," 199
Mendelssohn: his Piano Preludes and Fugues (*Schumann*), 73; his "Athalie," 182, 207, 209; "St. Paul," 199, 214; his Early Symphonies, (*G. G.*) 345
Mendelssohn in Paris: letter from J. Rosenhain 163
Mere Melodies 289
Meyerbeer: Schumann on his "Huguenots," 118; his "Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable," 126; Meyerbeer still alive (*Von Bülow's Letters*) 164
"Minne-Song" and "Minne-Singers," (*T. Rode*) 313
Mock Mother, The. *Saturday Review*..... 149
Moscheles, I: On the Beethoven Festival at Bonn in 1845 89
Mozart: Festival at Salzburg, 53, 81; his Concerto for three pianos, 165; his "Idomeneo," 206

MUSIC ABROAD. [See also CORRESPONDENCE]:

Baden-Baden 312
Berlin.....62, 125, 144, 171, 204, 213, 214, 256, 268, 269 270, 286, 304, 312
Brussels 164, 192
Cassel 125, 312
Cologne 69, 341
Darmstadt 261, 286
Dordrecht 286
Dresden 163, 213
Erfurt 261, 284
Glasgow 168, 178
Gloucester, England 96, 109, 115
Goerlitz 286
Hamburg 32, 96, 120, 125, 181
Hannover 77, 96
Kiel 286
Leeds, England 116, 135
Leipzig....11, 32, 120, 125, 133, 139, 146, 148, 165, 174, 180, 188, 203, 213, 228, 238, 256, 270, 312, 317, 333, 340
London, 1, 2, 9, 11, 19, 20, 52, 60, 69, 72, 77, 83, 87, 92, 96, 124, 149, 165, 166, 169, 189, 195, 205, 206, 224, 226, 247, 252, 256, 261, 263, 274, 276, 277, 285, 304, 325, 329, 340, 350
Milan 226, 286, 312
Munich 72, 341
Norwich, England 332
Paris....19, 76, 85, 91, 95, 176, 184, 213, 236, 253, 256, 260, 264, 270, 273, 279, 283, 285, 293, 311, 312, 337, 357
Pompeii, Italy 328
Rome 176, 181, 219, 276
Salzburg 53, 81, 96
Stuttgart 276, 312
Vienna....32, 72, 124, 173, 185, 193, 213, 260, 312, 341
Weimar 103, 113, 341
Worcester, England 316

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. [See also CORRESPONDENCE]:

Aurora, N. Y 272
Baltimore 168, 200, 280
Brooklyn, N. Y 311
Cambridge, Mass 134, 143, 159, 182, 229
Chicago 8, 80, 133, 141, 176, 181, 184, 192, 317
Cincinnati....192, 200, 212, 221, 236, 244, 245, 254, 293, 295, 299, 302, 352
Farmington, Conn 200
Jacksonville, Ill 8
Lyons, N. Y 295
Milwaukee 264, 280
New York, 4, 54, 64, 74, 87, 123, 127, 133, 160, 167, 196, 224, 263, 299, 301, 302, 317, 318, 323, 328, 335, 340
Newport, R. I 333
Nyack, N. Y 160
Philadelphia....8, 78, 140, 144, 168, 192, 197, 232, 279, 283, 324
Pittsfield, Mass 352
Poughkeepsie, N. Y 55, 271
Salem, Mass 183, 200
San Francisco 80, 264, 342
Urbana, Ohio 55
Waterbury, Conn 168
Wellesley, Mass 229, 288
Worcester, Mass 48, 55, 95, 111, 151, 319

MUSIC IN VOL. XXXVII:

No. 2—9. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn."
No. 10-23. Mendelssohn's "Loreley."
No. 24-26. Three Motets composed for the Nuns in Trinità de Monti, by Mendelssohn.

MUSIC IN VOL. XXXVIII:

No. 1—5. Three Motets, etc., concluded.
No. 6-12. Cantata: "Spring's Message," by N. W. Gade.
No. 13-14. Part-Song: "Welcome, Sweet May," by R. Franz.
No. 15-16. Part-Song: "The Wood," by George Vierling.
No. 16-17. Part-Song: "Faith in Spring," by R. Franz.
No. 18. Part-Song: "The Nun," by Schumann.

Music and Musical Degrees at Cambridge, England, 1, 68; at University of London, 85; at Harvard, 247; the Modern School of, from R. G. White's "Three Periods" (*Atlantic Monthly*), 46; Who will endow it in the University (Harvard)? 78, 102, 110; With the Blind, 83, 147, 224, 253; Printing, 92; in the House, by John Hullah, 100; in Theatres, 197; a Century's Development in this Country (*L. B. Barnes*), 217; Music and Poetry, (*G. T. Bulling*), 233; Music Teachers, a crowded profession, (*Boston Herald*), 259; Too Much of it, 262; Without a Master (*H. C. Lunn*), 267; of the Paris Exposition (*Dr. Hanslick*), 273; Doctors of, 277; Music-Thinking, (*W. S. B. Mathews*) 305
Musical Colleges, Academies, Conservatories: at Chicago, 8; at New York, 216; Philadelphia, 283; at Cincinnati...300, 302
Musical Festivals: International at Paris, 184, 253, 264. 273, 285, 293; at Cincinnati, (3d Biennial), 212, 236, 244, 254; at Erfurt, 284; Worcester, England, 316; Worcester, Mass., 319; Norwich, England 332
Musical Jottings, 9; "Motives" and Wagner's "Leit-Motive," 62; Stupefaction (*N. Y. Times*), 74; Optimism, 80; Contests, at the Conservatoire, 95; Form, Mc'Naught's Lectures, 106; Terminology, its defects, 107; "Professors," 108; Education, National (*H. H. Statham*), 234; Ideas, Growth of (*G. T. Bulling*).. 258

National Musical Education (*H. H. Statham*) 234
National Music, Literature of (*Carl Engel*), 281, 289, 314, 322
Neuendorff, Adolph: Conductor of Mr. Fryer's German Opera, 13, 14; Conductor of New York Philharmonic Society, 317, 323
Nilsson-Rouzaud, Mdme. Christine.....64, 93
Notes and Queries, *A. W. T.*.....111, 260
Notes on our Musical Progress in the Past Century. *L. B. Barnes* 217
Novello Clara, in Rome. *Miss Anne Brewster* 40
"Nunquam Dormio:" Richard Wagner's Complaint 321

Opera in Boston: Fryer's Wagner Festival, (Pappenheim, Adams, etc.), 6, 12, 14, 126; Prospect of Mapleson's Troupe, 341; in New York, 74, 87, 128, 196, 263, 278, 287, 319, 340; in Philadelphia, 144, 157, 283; in Baltimore, 336; in Chicago (Marie Roze), 181; (Kellogg, Cary, etc.) 349
Opera Abroad: in Leipzig, 17, 37, 133, 140, 148, 165, 181, 189, 204, 229, 238, 317, 333; in Paris, 19, 76, 236, 337; in London, 19, 77, 92, 205, 224, 248, 261, 263, 274, 278, 285; in Berlin, 62, 171, 204, 268, 286, 312; in Munich, 341; in Hamburg, 120, 181; in Cassel, 125, 312; in Vienna, 174, 213, 260, 312; in Dresden.... 213
Opera: English (*C. K. Salaman*), 43, 50, 59, 66; Shakespeare in, 89; a permanent, in Boston (*Advertiser*), 140; in the Vernacular, 287; a Hundred Years Ago, (*Pall Mall Gazette*), 293; Bouffe, Decay of, 311; at Pompeii 328

Orchestras: The New York Philharmonic under Thomas, 123, 141, 209; in Boston, a Word for (*C. N. Allen*), 131, 142; in Chicago, 184; in Cincinnati..... 300
Organs: the great one at Cincinnati...213, 227
Organ Music in Boston, 294; in Philadelphia, 232, 344; in Cincinnati, 213, 237; in Chicago..... 243
Organists, "Swell," (*London Musical Standard*)..... 298
Osgood, Geo. L.....27, 167, 191, 255

Paine, Prof. J. K.: His Overture to "As you Like it," 7; Symphonic Fantasia on the "Tempest," 128, 134, 148, 150; Larghetto and Scherzo for piano, violin and 'cello, 151; Duo Concertante for Violin and 'Cello 229
Palestrina: his Mass for the Dead sung by the Boylston Club..... 222
Pappenheim, Mme. Eugenie, the Austrian Prima Donna, 6, 12, 14, 47, 118, 126, 199; in London.....263, 275
Paratone, The: a New Invention. *Ellery Street*..... 215
Paris Exhibition of 1878: Report on Music, 91; Do., (*Hanslick*).....273, 285, 293, 312
Parker, J. C. D.: His "Redemption Hymn," 38, 158; his "Hiawatha" Overture.... 191
Patti, Adelina: her Girlhood, (*E. Hanslick*), 136
Perabo, Ernst: His Conundrums.....175, 182
Perkins Institution for the Blind, Music at, 147, 156, 353
Petrella, the Composer, Death of..... 35
Phrasing, the Art of. *London Musical Standard* 161
Pianoforte Heroes, a "Walkyrie Meet" of. (*London Musical World*)..... 350
Piano Teachers and Concert Pianists. *J. C. Fillmore*..... 84
Piano-Playing: Concerning Touch (*W. S. B. Mathews*), 132, 144; Do., (*A. Mees*), 162; Use of difficult pieces in Learning, (*W. S. B. Mathews*)..... 241
Pianos: How to keep..... 224
Plueger, Carl, the German Tenor..... 119
Poets and Composers. *Geo. T. Bulling*.... 233

POETRY:

After a Ball: a Musician's Dream. "*Doremi.*" 221
Dum Vivimus Vivamus. *Omar Khayham* 169
Ebbs. A Parable. *From Goethe*..... 249
Hymn: "Amid the unbroken night." *Stuart Sterne*..... 233
King Robert's Hymn: "Veni, sancte Spiritus," with translation. *J. Vila Blake*..... 299
Measures: "I have a dainty cup of glass." *Scribner's*..... 73
O Veil thy Radiant Face. *Stuart Sterne*..... 241
On the Death of Bryant. *C. T. Brooks*..... 265
Song: "Stay, stay at Home." *Longfellow*..... 169
Sonnets: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. *Stuart Sterne*..... 193
Sonnets: Past, Present, Future. *Stuart Sterne*.. 297
The Berlin Congress: "Gaudeamus Congressibile," etc. *Home Journal*, (N. Y.)..... 305
The Child Musician..... 353
The Heart: "Two Chambers," etc..... 169
Two Sonnets. *Stuart Sterne*..... 209
Vale! On the Death of John H. Raymond. *F. M. Ritter*..... 289
Venus. *Louise Chandler Moulton*..... 217

Pratt, S. G., Composer, in Chicago..... 222
Preston, J. A.: a rising pianist..... 191
Prout, Ebenezer: his Symphony in G minor (*Graphic*), 166; his history of the Concerto..... 331
Punch's, Mr., Select Committees, 75; His Berlin Concert..... 269

Reed Organs: Smith American Co..... 86
Reeves, Sims, at Home. *Lond. World*..... 202
Remedy for Brass Instruments. *N. Y. Times*..... 242
Remenyi, Edouard, the Hungarian Violinist.....342, 348, 351, 352
Rheinberger, Joseph: his "Toggenburg." 351
Ricci, Federico: his Death..... 176
Rietz, Dr. Julius: Obituary..... 113
Rimbault, Dr.: Sale of his Library..... 101
Rivé-King, Mme. (See King)
Rhythm: a Study. *W. S. B. Mathews*...44, 144
Roentgen, Julius..... 184
Rossini: his "Moses in Egypt" as an Oratorio..... 252
Rossini's Widow, Death of 216
Rousseau, J. J. *Harper's Magazine*..... 357
Royal Composer, A..... 72
Rubinstein, Anton, in London..... 52
Rudersdoff, Mme. Erminia..... 23
Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.....98, 103
Roze-Perkins, Mrs. Marie (afterwards Mapleson.).....157, 181

Saint-Saëns, Camille: his "Noël," 29, 31; Suite for Orchestra, op. 49, 133; his "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," 134; S. in Leipzig: his "Danse Macabre," fourth Concerto, &c.....146, 191
Salzburg and Mozart.....53, 81
Sand, Mme. George: her First Meeting with Chopin. (*Karasowski.*)..... 41
Sarasate, Pablo de, the Violinist..... 203
Schiller, Mme. Madeline: Piano Recitals, 151; with Orchestra, 183; Farewell Recitals..... 239
Scharfenberg, William: in a Memorable Concert..... 278
Scharwenka, Xaver: his Piano Concerto in B-flat minor, 183; his Life..... 184
Schumann, Robert: his Position in Art History, 9; Sketch of his Life and Genius, by *Fanny Raymond Ritter*, 25, 33; his Notice of Gade, 49; on Mendelssohn's Piano Preludes and Fugues, 73; on "the Huguenots," 118; his Scenes from Goethe's "Faust" (*Hanslick*), 265; S. and Thibaut (*L. Nohl*)..... 331
Schumann, Mme. Clara, 340; her 50th Anniversary as Artist..... 347
Schubert, Franz: his "Reiter-Marsch" transcribed by Liszt, 134; his great Symphony in C, 142; Overture to "Rosamunde," 198, 214; "Night Song in the Forest." 255
Seiler, Mme. Emma: her School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.....78, 192, 279, 324
Sgambati, the Roman Pianist..... 219
Shakespeare in Opera. *Alfreton Hervey*.... 89
Shebeck, Dr. Edmund: his historical sketch of the Violin Manufacture in Italy, &c. *Lond. Mus. Standard*..... 3, 10, 35
Sherwood, Wm. H., 143, 166, 191, 215, 230, ...295, 342
Singing and Singers. *Miss Fannie C. Howe*. 356
Singing Clubs, Good Advice for..... 303
Songs, National. *Carl Engel*..281, 289, 314, 322
Smart, Henry: his "Bride of Dunkerron," 167
Spitta, Philipp: his Monumental Work on Bach. *Lond. Mus. Times*..... 26
Spinet, The (*Gazette Musicale.*)..... 261
Story, Wm. W.: his Tragedy "Stephania," 45
Sullivan, Arthur: his Career..... 179
Sumner, G. W., the Pianist..... 142
Symphony Concerts in Boston.....310, 334
Swabian Poets, The (*Th. Rode.*)..... 313
Swedish Ladies' Quartet..... 175

Tamberlik 102
Tappert, W.: his "Wagner Lexicon," or Dictionary of Impoliteness..... 7
Taste, Musical, in Boston. *Atlantic Monthly*..... 341
Technics (*L. F. B.*) 120
Telephone Revolution in Music (*Cincinnati Gazette.*) 16
Terminology of Music, some Defects in (*W. S. B. Mathews*)..... 107
Thalberg, Mlle. Zaré, the Singer..... 92
Thayer, A. W.: his Life of Beethoven: German Criticisms, 42, 49; his Notes and Queries, 103, 111, 260; his Critical Contributions to Beethoven Literature, 121, ...129, 137, 145, 151, 153.
Theatre Music, 197; too much of it 262
Thomas, Theodore: his Orchestra (*N. Y. Tribune*), 123; Called to Cincinnati Musical College.....293, 299, 302
Thursby, Miss Emma C., the Soprano, 7, 30, 54, 128, 158, 207, 222; in London..... 256
Tietjens, Mlle. Teresa: her Last Illness, her Career, 52; Obituary Notices of, 113, 114; Tribute of Mme. Rudersdorff..... 119
Touch in Piano-playing (*Mathews*), 132, (*A. Mees*)..... 162
Travelling Concert Troupes as Educators. *J. C. Fillmore* 18
Trenkle, Joseph: Obituary..... 342
Tuning by the Blind.....156, 354
Tziganes, The: their Music (*Liszt*)..... 269

Unity and Variety. *W. S. B. Mathews*.... 185
University, The: Who will Endow it Musically?.....78, 102, 110

Verdi-Wagner..... 95
Verdi, Giuseppe: his Manzoni Requiem, 141; an Italian View of it, 226; Do., in Boston, 227, 231, 238, 240, 350; in London, 340
Violin Manufacture in Italy: its German Origin (*Dr. E. Schebek*), 3, 10, 35; Violin School (J. Eichberg's) in Boston.... 39
Virtuosity *versus* Art. *Lond. Mus. Standard.* 329
Vocal Art: Mme. Seiler's School in Philadelphia 78, 192, 279, 324
Voice, an Artificial, 192; Weak Middle Tones in the 220
Voice Culture, Female. *E. E. Hale*..... 220

Wagner Festival in Boston, 6, 126; in London (*Punch*) 40
"Wagner Lexicon," A, by W. Tappert.... 7
Wagner, Richard: his "Lohengrin," 6, 126; "Tannhäuser," 6; "Flying Dutchman," 6; "Die Walküre," 12, 13, 14, 260, his new opera, "Parsifal" (*E. Hanslick*), 210; Do. (*Figaro*), 216; Compared with Verdi, 95; his Ideas, 9; his Stage-Festival-Play criticized by *H. M. Schletterer*, 57, 65; his "Leitmotive" (*Do*), 62; his Complaint in *Bayreuther Blätter*, 321; his Toilet at Home: Letters to a Dressmaker (Berlin *Echo*), 75, 82, 90
Weak Middle Tones in the Voice (*Annie M. R. Barnette*, 220; Do. (*Mme. Brinkerhoff*,) 232
Wellesley College, Music at.....55, 229
White, Richard Grant, on the Modern School..... 46
Wilde, Mathilde, the German Singer...150, 152
Wilkie, Alfred, Tenor Singer..... 182
Wilhelmj, August: Sketch of his Life, from the German, 86; in New York, 318; in Boston, 327, 333, 335; in Philadelphia, 325, 344, 352; in Baltimore, 326; his Violins..... 348
Winslow, Miss S. S., the Pianist..... 143
Wilt, Mme. Marie, the Prima Donna..... 37
Wippern, Mme. Harriers: Obituary..... 341

Zerrahn, Carl, in California..... 264

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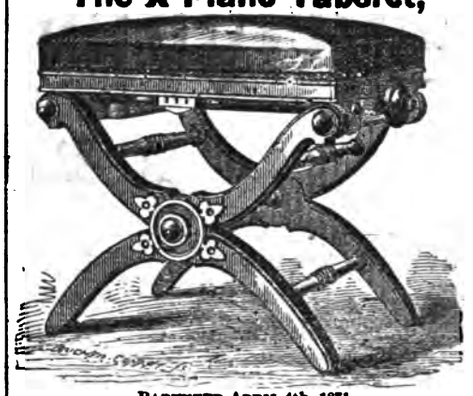

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Joachim at Cambridge.

(*From the London "Times."*)

Cambridge, March 8.

The Senate House presented an animated appearance this afternoon, in consequence of the announcement that the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, granted by Grace of the Senate last May to Herr Joachim, would be conferred on that renowned artist. The floor of the building was occupied by members of the Senate and a large number of ladies. The galleries were, as usual assigned to the undergraduates. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the Congregation, and, with the punctuality usually observed in University proceedings, the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by the Esquire Bedells, entered, his appearance being greeted with applause. But the observed of all observers was Herr Joachim, who, arrayed in the scarlet robes of a doctor, was quickly recognized. A slight interval occurred in consequence of some formal Graces having to be approved and some supplicants for degrees passed by the Senate, and the impatience of the undergraduates was more than once manifested by inane observations addressed to the officials. The routine business completed, the Public Orator, Mr. J. E. Sandys, of St. John's College, preceded by the Deputy Esquire Bedell, Mr. E. A. Beck, of Trinity Hall, was formally introduced to Herr Joachim, and, advancing about midway up the Senate House, Herr Joachim standing on his right hand, he introduced that gentleman to the Senate in an eloquent Latin speech. At the commencement of the oration, which was delivered throughout in a most effective manner, there were indications on the part of the undergraduates that it would be utterly inaudible except to a favored few, for a running commentary of senseless observations commenced, and some bronze coins were insultingly thrown before the Public Orator. But the good sense of the majority of the undergraduates prevailed over the boisterous conduct of a few, and, after the opening sentences, the speech was uninterrupted. The allusions which elicited applause were those relating to Amalie (Weiss) Joachim, the noted contralto referred to as Eurydice, to Haydn, Walmisley, Sir W. S. Bennett, Professor Macfarren, and Herr Brahms. By special request the speech of the Orator has been printed and circulated, and we append it:—

"Dignissime domine, domine Procancellarie, et tota Academia:—

"Quae triginta abhinc annis in hac ipsa curia, coram Alberto Principe Cancellario nostro admodum defiendo, coram ipsa Regina nemini nostrum non dilecta, hunc, vixdum e pueris egressum, eximios cantus fidibus modulantem audivit; eadem Academia virum, per omnem Europam inter principes totius artis musicae iam diu numeratum, hodie reducem salvere iubet. Hodie nobis redditus est Orpheus—utinam ipse etiam adesset Eurydice; nunc iterum, ut postae verbis utar quem Cremonae vicina genuit Mantua, Academi in silvis Orpheus

'obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.'

Quid dicam de illis qui inter fautores tanti ingenii olim exstiterunt, de viris sempiternae memoriae Mendelssohnio et Schumanno? Nobis autem tanquam triplici vinculo hospitii coniunctus est Regiae Academiae Artium apud Berolinenses Professor, trium deinceps Professorum Cantabrigiensium amicus, primum Thomae Attwood Walmisley, deinde Wilelmi Sterndale Bennett, denique illius qui super horum sacrorum antistes a vobis est creatus,

'τὸν πρὶ Μοῦσ' ἐρίηρας, ὅδιον δ' ἐγεῖρον τε παιόν τε,
ἀμβολιῶν μὲν ἄμερσε δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.'

Tantis igitur gloriatur praeceptoribus ars illa, quae in solitudine consolatur, in turba delectat vitaeque communis societatem iucundiorem reddit; quae fessos recreat, segretantibus, si non ipsam dare salutem (sicut olim insanienti Hebraeorum regi), auxilium tamen aliquatenus ferre hodie conatur; quae ipsum Dei cultum adiuvat, et intimos animi affectus exprimit, ipsa intima numerorum cantuumque mixta scientia. Quid autem si ars tanta Musarum nomine vere digna, in hac etiam Musarum domo quasi in ordinem redacta atque via quadam et ratione alumnis nostris tradita, inter severiora nostra studia sedem suam aliquando vindicabit? Quid si inter tot 'tripodas, praemia fortium,' novam quandam laureolam Apollini Musagetae dedicare volueritis? Interim huic Apollinis ministro quem ipsum prope appelluerim Arcitenentem, huic interpreti certe divisorum in arte sua virorum Sebastiani Bach et Ludovici Beethoven; qui magnus ipse vates magnorum vatum memoriam non sinit interire; hanc lauream nostram Apollinarem, hunc titulum Doctoris in Musica, donare licet; qui honos nunquam antehac ab ulla Academia Britannica habitus est alienigenae, uno illo excepto, qui nascentis mundi primordia immortali cantu consociavit, Iosepho Haydn.

"At enim αἶλινον ἐκ' αὐτυχὲ μολπᾷ θείβος ἐαχεῖ, τὸν καλλιφθογγον κιθάρᾳ ἐλαίνων πλήκτρῳ χρυσίῳ. Gravamur hodie abesse popularem huius viri, alterum Musarum Teutonicarum decus, virum in difficillimo musicae genere facillimum, Iohannem Brahms. Quamquam autem ipse fato iniquo procul retentus est, carmen illius egregium quod 'fatorum' nuncupatur vesperi audietis; audietis etiam novum opus, quo non modo ceteros omnes sed se ipsum superasse dicitur. Post tot triumphos nemo negabit tanto viro consentaneam esse requiem. Ceterum quo maiore animi aegritudine illum absentem desideramus, eo elatiore gaudio praesentem salutamus Iosephum Ioachim."

Amid deafening plaudits, Herr Joachim was was led to the Vice-Chancellor's chair by the Public Orator, Dr. Atkinson rose, and in the usual Latin formulary admitted him to the title of Doctor in Music.

The rehearsal held to-day at the Guildhall provided a fair opportunity of estimating in some degree the new music prepared for the commemorative concert in the evening. It may be said at once that the entire programme is worthy the occasion, and creditable to those who direct the proceedings of the Cambridge University Musical Society. This society, now in its thirty-third year, is one of the mainstays of art in a town, perhaps, not altogether prone to bestow over-serious attention upon music in the abstract. For twelve years and more the programmes were in a large measure orchestral—symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc., forming the staple attraction, though glees, madrigals, and part-songs were also included. Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, however, produced in 1856, created a taste for choral music of a high order. This was followed the year after by the *Œdipus in Colonos* of the same master; and thenceforth choral music, as represented by the recognized great composers, became an indispensable feature. It was not, however, until 1872, when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett occupied the Chair of Music in the University, that ladies were allowed to join the undergraduates as "performing associates" of the society; and this important innovation was celebrated a year later by a performance of that distinguished musician's *May Queen*, and as necessary sequel by J. S. Bach's cantata, *My spirit was in heaviness*, Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, the "German Requiem" of Brahms, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, etc. That the reform in this particular direction has acted largely for good is on all sides admitted; and if anything were needed to establish the fact, the admirable execution of Brahms' *Schicksalslied* (Song of Destiny,") which, in honor of the great modern German composer, who was expected to take the degree of "Mus. Doc." in company with his close friend in art, Herr Joachim, and whose absence has caused marked disappointment, is awarded a conspicuous place in the programme of the evening. This remarkable setting of one among the most notable of Holderlin's poems was made known to English amateurs by Mr. August Manns, exactly two years since, at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday performances, to which we are indebted for so many things that, while deserving all publicity, might still for a long time have remained unknown to us.

The orchestra engaged for this eminently musical celebration, numbering between fifty and sixty executants, the majority from London, is one of irreproachable quality. It comprises ten first violins, headed by Mr. A. Burnett, a thoroughly experienced *chef d'attaque;* eight second violins, six violas, four violoncellos, four double basses, three trombones, four horns, two trumpets, a contrafagetto (or double bassoon)—an instrument employed by Beethoven in his fifth (C minor) symphony—and, not forgetting drums, the usual complement of "wood." The force, numerically, is quite sufficient for the hall, the sonority and acoustic properties of which will be more satisfactorily tested to-night, when, notwithstanding the high prices of admission (a guinea and half a guinea), an audience is expected that will completely fill it.

The pieces to be heard for the first time this evening are a symphony in C minor, by Herr Brahms, and an overture in G minor, by Herr Joachim, the newly elected "Doctor in Music." The symphony has already been played at Vienna, where it is criticized in diverse manners, but, on the whole, warmly eulogized. The overture, written expressly for the occasion, may stand for Herr Joachim's credentials, just as the "Oxford Symphony," once familiarly known as "Letter Q" (as not belonging to the "Saloman" set), stood for Haydn's. Of course, such tried masters would not be asked to prove their claim to the distinction conferred upon them through the medium of a probationary exercise; but all honor is due to Herr Joachim for the feeling which prompted him to write an exceptional work in the circumstances. That his overture is a composition of which any modern composer would be proud, may safely be affirmed even at the present moment. It is an elegiac "*in memoriam*" of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic and dramatic poet, whose career was as ill-starred as his aspirations were pure and noble, and whose unhappy end is, in his own country, to this day a theme capable of evoking the strongest sympathy. How deeply Herr Joachim has entered into his subject, and how strikingly, in a musical sense, he has treated it, there will be time enough to show. Doubtless, Herr Johannes Brahms, had he not altered his resolution, at the eleventh hour, of coming to receive the highest honor musical England is able to confer upon an eminent foreigner, would equally have contributed something new, in acknowledgment of the mark of esteem offered him. At the same time, it is no small thing for the Cambridge University Musical Society to boast that, as they were the first to produce in this country the *Faust* music and pianoforte concerto of Schumann, so are they again the first to make us acquainted with such a grand and elaborate work as the C minor symphony of Brahms, to

which, as to the elegiac overture of Herr Joachim, further reference will have to be made. The other pieces contained in the programme of this evening are Beethoven's violin concerto (played by Herr Joachim), two excerpts from J. S. Bach's sonatas in C (also by Herr Joachim); and last, not least, the overture entitled *The Wood Nymph*, by Sterndale Bennett, about which, after its performance at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, Schumann wrote in such glowing terms. As Sterndale Bennett at one time occupied the Chair of Music in the University now filled by Professor G. A. Macfarren, it was only just that on such an occasion some important work from his pen should be introduced; and the programme would have been still more complete and satisfactory had the name of his worthy successor been also represented.

(By Telegraph.)

11 P.M.

The concert to-night in the Guildhall was a brilliant success. The audience was not less enthusiastic than numerous. Dr. Joseph Joachim, as might have been expected, was the hero of the evening. On appearing in the orchestra he was greeted with uproarious applause. This was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's concerto, which he never, even in his happiest moments, played better. Herr Joachim's new overture in commemoration of Heinrich von Kleist was also a success as complete as it was well deserved. This he conducted himself, as he also did the new symphony in C minor by Herr Brahms, which was so finely played from beginning to end that it is a pity the composer himself had not been there to hear it. Two movements from one of the solo sonatas of John Sebastian Bach were also given by Herr Joachim, the last of which being clamorously asked for again, the great virtuoso good-naturedly returned to the platform, but, instead of repeating the movement or substituting another, as was hoped, he showed his open watch to the audience, and retired amid mingled laughter and applause.

Mr. C. V. Stanford, organist of Trinity College, conducted all the pieces except the two new works directed by Herr Joachim, and the spirited performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was creditable alike to him and the orchestra. The "Song of Destiny" was also well executed, the chorus having evidently studied their separate parts with earnestness.

The concert was altogether a success, and among the audience were many well-known connoisseurs and professors from London and elsewhere—a compliment evidently intended for Herr Joachim, upon whom the degree of Musical Doctor had been conferred—an honor never granted to a worthier recipient.

Joseph Joachim.

(*From the "Graphic."*

This admitted chief of living violinists is Hungarian by birth. His native place was Kitsee, a small village near Presburg, whence his family removed to Pesth, where, in early childhood, he showed so strong a disposition for music that he was placed under Szervasinsky, orchestral director at the theatre, who first gave him instructions on the instrument his perfect command of which has earned him such renown. Here young Joseph, after two years application, first appeared in public. From Pesth he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain lessons and friendly advice from the esteemed professor Böhm, to whom many eminent violinists, Ernst and Mayseder among the number, were indebted for similar advantages. After four years' residence in the Austrian capital, Joachim went to Leipsic, with the hope of earning further experience through the counsels of Ferdinand David, who, however, finding he had nothing to teach him, was too ready to make him a companion in his own especial studies. At Leipsic the young musician not only practised harmony and composition with the well-known contrapuntist, Moritz Hauptmann, under whom he made remarkable progress, but was soon on terms of intimacy with Mendelssohn, which continued to the end of that illustrious composer's life. He was the constant companion of Mendelssohn, who spoke of him in the highest and most affectionate terms, instigating his first visit to London, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to Sterndale Bennett and other men of influence. Joachim arrived in London during the spring of 1844; and the attention of amateurs and professors was soon drawn to the extraordinary talent of the boy-violinist, who (born in 1831) was at this period in his thirteenth year. He had already made a great impression by his performance of Spohr's Scena Cantante at the "Società Armonica" (conducted by Mr. Forbes), before his friend and patron, Mendelssohn, came to London, to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. At one of these, under Mendelssohn's direction, he played Beethoven's violin concerto, introducing *cadenzas* of his own, with such success, and such enthusiastic applause, that from that moment he shared with Mendelssohn himself the honors of the musical season.

About Joseph Joachim's subsequent career in England it would be superfluous to say much. He returned to us, successively, in 1847, 1849, 1852, 1858, and 1859, on each occasion bringing with him something that raised him as a composer higher and higher in the opinion of connoisseurs. From 1859, when he joined the Monday Popular Concerts, instituted in that year by Mr. Arthur Chappell, a season has rarely passed without the coming of the great violinist and musician being looked forward to as an event of high importance. How much his splendid playing, his extended repertory, and his invariable adherence to the pure standard of art, which from a mere youth he raised up for himself, has served to promote the material interests of these concerts, and to win for them the honorable position they now occupy, is generally known. Had Joachim done nothing more than familiarize our intelligent musical public with the later quartets of Beethoven, with many things of Bach which had previously met with scant recognition, and with the works of the now reigning star of Germany, Johannes Brahms, he would have entitled himself to the consideration of all those who look upon art as a serious thing. It must not be supposed, however, because Bach and Beethoven are his authors of predilection, that Herr Joachim's wonderful power of "reproducing"—a term applied by Herr Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and their satellites in a manifestly wrong sense—is limited to these masters. The contrary has been proved by his admirable readings of others—not only of his new favorite, Brahms, but of Handel, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, etc., his sympathy for whom is equally unquestionable.

With the honors accorded to Herr Joachim in his adopted country, Germany, we have no space to deal. Enough that he enjoys a consideration there such as few executive artists have enjoyed before him. He has been at various periods *Concertmeister* and teacher, with David, at the Leipsic Conservatory (1848); *Concertmeister*, with Liszt, to the Duke of Weimar (1849); and *Concertmeister* and solo-player, with the exclusive direction of the King's orchestra, at Hanover (1851). He is now in a position to do more for music than he was ever enabled to do previously, being director of the "Hochschule für Musik"—executive department—at the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts, where he is also permanent member of the Senate. Here his example and precept are of incalculable value, inasmuch as the appointment of professors in his department is left entirely to his suggestion—submitted, of course, to the approval of the Minister for Education, an approval which has on no occasion been withheld. The combined purposes of the "Hochschule" are thorough musical education and model performances of works by the great masters.

As a composer, Joachim has chiefly directed his attention to instrumental music. To give a list of his various works would exceed the limits of what is intended for a brief memoir; but the "Concerto in the Hungarian style" may be fairly cited as his *chef d'œuvre*, combining, as it does, the impressions of his early days with the complete mastery he has obtained, both as executant and producer, over all the secrets of his art. This concerto, in its way, is unique, and has, not without good reason, been placed in juxtaposition with the violin concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The degree of "Doctor in Music" at Cambridge University was conferred upon Herr Professor Joachim on Thursday, for which ceremonial he wrote an elegiac overture, *in memoriam* of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic but unhappy dramatist.

London Popular Concerts.

While wisely adhering to his practice of introducing from time to time new works by living composers, the conductor of the Popular Concerts no less wisely tempers his spirit of research in this direction by continued reference to the older masters; and not among the least pleasant remembrances of the series now approaching its termination it will be connected with several quartets of Haydn which had not previously been made known to the audiences of St. James's Hall. Between forty and fifty of these vigorous and healthy works now form part of Mr. Arthur Chappell's extended repertory; but there still remain others of equal value, which will doubtless be added as expediency may admit. There can be no danger in opening the door to the most independent, and even not always immediately intelligible of modern writers, while Haydn and Mozart are at hand to watch as sentinels over the interests of the past. The art would, indeed, be badly off were such pioneers as they ever to be ignored. With the coming of Herr Joseph Joachim we always look forward to something new from the untiring pen of his gifted friend Johannes Brahms; and the B flat quartet (Op. 67), introduced but recently, has added not a little to the increasing repute of that learned musician. It is his last quartet, and in many respects his best. Another welcome contribution from the same quarter has been the *Liebeslieder Walzer* (to words from the *Polydora* of Daumer) for two performers on the pianoforte, and a quartet of voices (soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass) *ad libitum*. Whether the addition of voices was an afterthought, which, as the pianoforte part is complete in itself, is most probable, or whether the contrary, the effect is both original and charming. The quartet, received with such favor at a Monday evening concert, was repeated on the following Saturday afternoon; and so much were the *Liebeslieder Walzer* ("Love-song Waltzes") admired and applauded, that they have been given on no fewer than four different occasions, each time affording increased satisfaction. They could hardly be rendered more effectively than they were on Saturday by Mdlles. Sophie Löwe and Helène Arnim, Messrs. Shakespeare and Pyatt, with Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Miss Agnes Zimmermann (who have been highly distinguishing themselves of late) at the pianoforte. The programme was otherwise more than ordinarily interesting. Mdlle. Krebs played Schumann's trying and difficult *Toccata* in C (Op. 7), and Miss Zimmermann introduced, for the first time at St. James's Hall, an early prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, in E minor, belonging to his *Midsummer Night's Dream* period—a very showy piece, besides giving strong evidence as to how the young musician was just then busy with his contrapuntal studies. More such would be welcome. Mozart's last stringed quartet (in F), which might with pleasure be heard a little oftener, was played—how, need not be said—by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, at the beginning of the concert, which came to an end with what was an unexpected novelty, in the shape of a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in A major, by the late popular operatic composer, M. W. Balfe. Few amateurs were aware that Balfe had at any time

occupied himself with the composition of instrumental music for the chamber, and few could have been otherwise than agreeably surprised by so fluent, melodious, and able an illustration of his talent in that way. No one requires to be informed that Balfe had always melody at command, and that there would be abundance of melody in his trio might have been anticipated. Without any apparent effort at elaboration, each of the four movements has a distinct character of its own, and each is symmetrically constructed. The second theme of the opening *allegro* is graceful, flowing, and essentially vocal. But, though this is the most brilliant, we are inclined to award the preference to its companion movements, and may point to the leading theme of the *andante*, the whole of the *scherzo*, a charming bagatelle, the only fault of which is its brevity, and also to the finale, built upon a pastoral subject, as natural and unaffected as it is tuneful. The entire work was admirably executed by Mdlle. Krebs, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, who did all in their power to make it acceptable, and succeeded. It was warmly applauded throughout, the *scherzo* being encored and repeated.

Since her first appearance, which was duly recorded, Mad. Schumann has been playing, if possible, more nobly than ever. Seldom, indeed, has she been in finer form. As a remarkble instance may be singled out, from among other achievements of hardly inferior merit, the wonderful performance, at a recent Monday concert, of her husband's extraordinary series of variations, bearing the title of *Etudes Symphoniques*, and inscribed to Sterndale Bennett. After this she was twice unanimously called back to the platform. Herr Joachim has added the second and third of Beethoven's Rasoumouski Quartets to the No. 1, led previously to his coming by Herr Ludwig Straus—thus completing the series, which ought to be included every year. At the first concert, after his return from Cambridge, as Musical Doctor, Herr Joachim was greeted in such a manner by the crowded audience as might reasonably make him proud. On Monday he once more led Herr Brahms' sextet in B flat, for stringed instruments, which has won new favor at each successive performance since its introduction ten years ago (February 1867). This might induce the director to try another sextet by the same author (*in* G), also a composition of exceptional merit. The vocal music, almost uniformly well chosen during the present series of entertainments, has brought more or less conspicuously forward certain vocalists from whom a great deal may be expected—among them being Mdlle. Redeker, Herr Henschel, and Mr. Barton McGuckin, the promising young English tenor. Two Mondays, one Saturday, and an extra Wednesday, for Beethoven's so-called "Posthumous" quartets (the first and fifth of which, in E flat and F, are included in the programme of to-morrow afternoon), will bring the 19th season to a close, with the 598rd performance since the Popular Concerts were set on foot.—*Times, March* 20.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK. Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

I.

Although the Italian violin manufacture is universally known, from its chief seat, Cremona, yet it is by no means free from obscurity; and to this fact may doubtless be attributed much of the importance which has attached to it. Instead of seeking for natural explanations, recourse has been had to mystery, around which tradition and legend have woven a veil.

Certainly it is extraordinary that through the Praxis alone a violin model could be created, which, while offering beauty of form, and an easy manner of performance, should prove, with regard to richness and power of tone, to be the best which can be invented, notwithstanding the numerous endeavors which have been made, accompanied in part by the most rigorous and ingenious scientific enquiry. Even the preparation of the Italian lac—upon which such store is set by amateurs and collectors, and which, for color, fire, and transparency, has never been equalled—must be regarded as a secret. It seems, however, erroneous to ascribe to any peculiarity of manipulation in the manufacture, the superiority of tone which characterizes the Cremonese instruments, seeing that the rules adhered to in their construction have been made quite clear to observant and thoughtful masters of the craft by means of disjointed specimens; and experience teaches us that modern instruments constructed on similar principles, would, in the course of time, equal them in tone, and facile tone production. The chief difficulty with which the modern violin manufacture has to contend, is one which, unfortunately, it has to some extent itself engendered, and which arises from the fact that it cannot raise itself to any real importance, nor, consequently, to a lasting and vigorous productiveness.

During the hundred years which have elapsed since the decline of the classical violin manufacture in Italy, new instruments have continuously been produced; but can they be considered to fill the gap which the Italians have left? This may reasonably be doubted. It is not to be denied, that, amongst these results, there is much that is excellent; but, on the whole, the period has been one of experiment. A leading principle has been wanting, like the well preserved tradition which the old Italian masters adhered to, the whole time. Many thought to make them better, and deviated from the right path; and, moreover, a method was discovered of imitating the great Italian masters, and instruments were prepared which, unlike those that had once left their hands, had the appearance of Italian violins of a hundred years old and more, in a worn-out and even damaged condition. In order to make these new productions similar to the old ones in delicacy of tone and easy intonation, it was the custom to reduce the thickness of back and belly, to macerate, or artificially dry the wood, whereby the instrument was robbed of its power to sustain for any length of time the violent shaking to which, as a resonating body, it was subjected by the vibrations; in consequence of which, the tone of such instruments gradually deteriorated. In this manner, the new instruments fell into disrepute, not excepting those that were well and scientifically made, and the demand for well-preserved instruments from the inheritance of the Italians became consequently greater and more exclusive. But how much longer will this continue? Even bow instruments, however great their durability when carefully used, must eventually yield in time, and accident and ignorance hasten their destruction. It now appears to be high time to make a further effort. Here it may be remarked, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that no reference is intended to the instruments in ordinary demand, the provision in this respect already sufficing, but rather to perfected instruments, such as one required for higher solo performance and chamber music. Concerning the method which is to be followed in their construction, no doubt need exist, after the many fruitless experiments and enquiries. There is but one way of attaining to the desired end, which is, to follow in the footsteps of those of the old masters who have left us the best examples with regard to the choice of wood, form, construction, and finish, whereby it is not prohibited—nay, it is desirable—to make in the minor details such alterations as the development of violin virtuosity and the higher pitch of the present day have rendered necessary. The unavoidable self-denial which will be required of the makers must be met by the confidence of the purchasers, for supply and demand stand in the most intimate relations to one another; where the one relaxes, the other must also fail.

For these reasons, the propagation of correct views concerning the violin manufacture, and its development, has also a practical side; indeed, it is the inevitable condition supposed in raising it again to that elevation which, strangely enough, it occupied at a time when the demand for perfect instruments was neither so extensive nor intensive by far as it is at the present day.*

Such was the intended object of the show of Cremonese instruments which, at my incitation, was to have formed part of the plan of the Vienna Exhibition. Assisted by a material such as is otherwise unattainable, the idea was to lay before the most celebrated instrument-makers and musicians, and such physicists as had sifted and led to the solution of debateable questions in this province, the instruments thus collected, illustrating the development of the classical violin manufacture as a whole, and in its various schools and masters; and, at the same time, as far as might be possible, to clear up the still so obscure history of this branch of art, and its representatives. This special collection did not take place, though not, fortunately, because of any difficulties which existed in the nature of the undertaking; therefore, one need not relinquish the hope of seeing, sooner or later, under more favorable circumstances, the realization of the idea.

Although based upon no great selection of instruments, a reference to the progress, and to the part which individual masters, or whole schools, have taken in it, is attended with considerable uncertainty. Being unable to comprehend the general coherency, people are not in a position to judge correctly of cause and effect. Hereby is not be overlooked the fact, that instruments which proceeded from one and the same workshop were not always equally good or well finished; even masters of minor repute have turned out magnificent specimens; while on the other hand, the Coryphæi have sometimes fallen behind their usual excellence in some point or other. If we make the peculiarities which we observe in any one instrument which happens to be at hand a matter for generalization, errors become naturally unavoidable, and representations made after this manner by pretended authorities who wish to appear more learned than they really are, find a ready circulation, and, after a time, become difficult to eradicate. Lastly, a general terminology is necessary, in order that the same ideas may always be expressed in the same language. In all these respects it appears hardly possible to dispense with special exhibitions of Cremonese instruments. Different is it with the superficial history of the violin manufacture, inasmuch as this is reflected in the lives of its representatives, and in the results of an active trade. Here, at least, the material for a future erection may be collected. The following remarks concerning the province to be explored may serve as a guide.

The original form from which the violin and other instruments of the same family; viola, violoncello, and contra-bass—are derived, is very simple, and is found at the present day under the name of Omerti and Ravanastrom in India, and of Rehab or Rebec in Java and Arabia. In all probability these instruments—if, according to our present ideas, they merit the name—were introduced into Europe under the many modifications of the original form which they had acquired amongst various tribes at the time of the migration of the Indo-Germanic races. Even now we find varieties of them in use; for instance, the Gusle of the Servians and the Russian Goudok. To two, apparently, of these original types does it seem possible to trace back the origin of the violin, viz., to the Crwth of the ancient Britons and the Rebec, which, without doubt, passed through Spain into France. Centuries elapsed, however, and a vast number of sometimes very extraordinary transformations were necessary before the violin acquired its existing form. Of these ancient varieties we are in possession of a compendious pattern-list derived from carvings in old churches and sketches in ancient manuscripts. The viola was the instrument of transition, which in its turn passed through many metamorphoses before it acquired a settled form. One can without difficulty picture to one's self this form of the viola; for, by reason of the flat back, the, towards the neck more pointed than rounded body, and the broad sides, it greatly resembled our contra-bass, or the viola d'amour, which, by the way, threatens to become a rarity. Sometimes the sides were only curved, like those of the guitar, in intimate association with voices to accompany which, they came more and more into use. Violas were divided into four kinds, viz., treble, alto, tenor, and bass violas, which were held during performance either at the shoulder or

*In order to avoid an accusation of plagiarism, I may here be allowed to remark, that, in my report concerning the orchestral instruments in the Paris Exhibition of 1855 (the twenty-seventh book of the official reports of Austria), I have already given to the world, in a more extended form, my views upon violin manufacture. This report has been most freely quoted from by Hiacinthe Abele, in his work, *Die Violine*, without the acknowledgment which he accords in other instances. Whole pages are cited verbally from my pamphlet, and have in part been reproduced in other works bearing his name. Under these circumstances, it is by no means impossible that the authorship might be falsely attributed, seeing, moreover, that my report, as part of a large and but little circulated collection, has not become well known in musical circles.

between the knees—hence the term "shoulder violin" (Viola di Spalte, Viola di Braccio, the origin of the German word, Bratsche), and "knee violin" (Viola da Gamba). The bass viola alone, which still exists in a but slightly modified form, as the contrabass, was played, like this instrument, in a free position.

II.

The manufacture of viols of the old sort continued for a considerable time after the new model for violins, violas, and violoncellos, had been introduced, a proof that the flat whizzing tone, which necessarily resulted from its outer form and inner structure, in which often the indispensable bass-bar was wanting, continued to be admired for a long time, before the clear, brilliant, powerful and sonorous tone of the new instruments usurped the monarchy.

Although Galileo, in his "Dialogues," says—"The violin, and the bass or violoncello, were invented by the Italians—perhaps by the Neapolitans (?)," still the statement is open to doubt. In ancient times England displayed great activity in the production of instruments played with the bow; at the same time seeking out, and renumerating freely, performers upon the violin and viola. Is it not possible that the metamorphosis from the original low instruments to the violin took place in that country? Further, it is by no means improbable that the violin was introduced into Italy from Germany; for there were masters whose names hint at a German extraction by whom the manufacture of the violin proper was first cultivated in Italy. The history of ancient commerce is in both countries too obscure to admit of positive proof of this. It is nevertheless certain, that the oldest known violins were made in Italy.

It has been customary, hitherto, to regard Brescia as the cradle of the Italian violin manufacture; but, while this opinion was based upon Gaspar da Salo (circa 1560–1610), it was incorrect. Later enquiries, to which a violin bearing the name "Joan. Kerlino, 1449," gave rise, proved that a maker of that name had lived in Brescia; whereby the above opinion received a justification. On the other hand, Bologna must be accredited with the honor of having been the cradle of a branch of human art industry which, in its productiveness and constantly progressive development, was no less wonderful, for from this town a master, known hitherto by the name of Gasparo Duiffoprugcar, sent forth—from the year 1511, upwards—a series of violins no less remarkable for their technical excellence than for their external beauty.

Simultaneously with Bologna, both Mantua, Verona, and Venice furnished bow instruments; but, from specimens which have been preserved in museums, these appear to have principally consisted of violas of the old species.

Towards the middle of the 16th century, the violin manufacture in Brescia, under Gaspar da Salo, came again to the fore; and it also took firm root in Cremona, through Andrea Amati, who was the progenitor of a highly celebrated family of violin makers which flourished throughout four generations.

Brescia adheres, in the principles of construction and external elaboration, to the line laid down by Duiffoprugcar; but Cremona, although starting from the same point, strikes out an independent path: so, at least, under Antonius and Hieronymus, sons of Andrea, and Nicholas (born 1596, died 1684,) son of Hieronymus. The forms become ennobled, and sometimes considerably smaller, the breasts are more arched; and, at the same time, the purely external ornamentation is dispensed with, while particular attention is given to the choice of wood and varnish. The tone is distinguished more by sweetness than grandeur. The reform brought about by Amati was adopted more or less by the rest of the violin makers. Cremona was, from this time, the chief seat, and the high school of the violin manufacture. Even Brescia relinquished by degrees its peculiarities; and the last maker who honorably represented this town, Johann Bapt. Ruger, of Bologna, was educated in the school of the Amati.

But the ideal of the violin was not yet attained to. That was reserved for Antonius Straduarius,† who, like Amati, sprang from an illustrious Cremonese family. A pupil of Nicholas Amati, he followed at first in the footsteps of his master; but soon struck out into new paths, in his endeavors to attain to perfection; and these endeavors occupied him more than half of his long life—he was born in 1644, and died in 1737—until, at the turn of the century, he attained to his ideal—sweetness and grandeur of tone combined with perfection of form. It is generally imagined that Straduarius created something entirely new; but, in my humble opinion, all the properties which distinguished his instruments from those of earlier periods, were already in existence, but were greatly scattered; and to him is due the merit of having, with great penetration, selected everywhere that which was the best, and united it into one harmonious whole. He had a large number of pupils, and a still greater number of imitators; and some of them produced such excellent specimens, that, doubtless, at the present day, many instruments are falsely ascribed to him. He did not, however, occupy the position of master of the period in the same degree as did Amati, before him.

His most distinguished disciple, Joseph Guarnerius (born 1683, died about 1745), called *del Gesu*, after the trade-sign which he adopted to distinguish him from a cousin of the same name—adhered, in the main, to his master's precepts, but differed from him so greatly in some particulars that their instruments cannot well be confounded. Unlike his master, who consistently strove to attain to his ideal, and on doing so, faithfully adhered to it—his ideas were irregular, and so, consequently, were his productions. Sometimes he turned out instruments which were equal to the most perfect creations of Straduarius—nay, are considered by many to be better. Paganini's favorite violin was a Guarnerius. Sometimes his productions were so inferior, as regards choice of wood and finish, that one is tempted to deny their genuineness. Guarnerius found imitators here and there, but he does not appear to have educated any pupils. According to a tradition, he ended his life in a prison.

At the time that Andrea Amati founded the new era, the manufacture of violins was carried on in several other towns besides Brescia and Cremona. But it was owing to the impulse which the works of Nicholas Amati and Straduarius gave to it that it began to spread. Like a tree that grows in good soil, and to which Heaven sends showers and sunshine, so it sent forth its shoots and branches in all directions. In most of the large towns of Northern Italy it had a seat; and, next to Cremona, it attained to the greatest importance in Venice and Milan. From Northern Italy, it passed through Florence and Rome, to Naples and Palermo. Altogether, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the independent makers numbered about two hundred.

[To be Continued.]

† The names of the various masters mentioned in this sketch, are, for the most part, Latinized; this change having, usually, been undertaken by the masters themselves. Therefore, for Antonius may be read Antonio; Hieronymus—Geronimo; Guarnerius—Guarneri, or Guarnerio; Straduarius—Straduari, or Straduario, etc., etc.—W. E. L.

New York Oratorio Society.

BACH, GLUCK, AND BRAHMS.

The third concert of the Oratorio Society of New York, which took place at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, March 15th, gave us an excellent performance of a very serious and impressive style of music in the form of a Cantata, "Actus Tragicus," by Bach; selections from Gluck's *Orpheus*, and "Ein Deutsches Requiem," by Joh. Brahms. The Cantata and Requiem are similar in form, both consisting principally of choruses interspersed and, at times, interwoven with solos, and founded upon scriptural texts. It is not uninteresting to compare the work written in 1710 with the modern Requiem. In both there is visible in the music the same fidelity to the sentiments expressed in the texts; but while in the one the voices are accompanied only by the plaintive tones of violas, violoncellos and basses, with two flutes, to which Robert Franz added two clarionets and two bassoons, the other has an accompaniment of a full modern orchestra; in the one we have a natural ingenuity, combined with that easy, flowing simplicity of style so characteristic of the great master Bach; in the other, a strong individuality, united with an immense elaboration of detail; in both we find much deep feeling and a great variety of expression, notwithstanding the apparently sombre subject. The Cantata opens with a "Sonatina" for the modified orchestra, which is extremely sweet and tender, and of subdued tone. The first chorus, in canon form, "God's time is the best and surest," breathes a spirit of perfect trust and cheerful confidence. It is followed by a pathetic tenor air, "O, Lord, so teach us to remember," which leads to a *Vivace* for bass, "Come, order thy house." The next chorus for alto, tenor and bass, "It is the law of old, man, thou must perish," possesses immense power. It is written in canon form, and its deep, surging emotion is interrupted by a chorus of the soprani, "Yea, come, my Jesus, come," of which the perfect peace and content forms a charming contrast to the solemnity of the first theme; these two motives alternate, and finally the movement closes with the touching strain for the soprani, gradually decreasing in strength of tone. No. 6 is an air for the alto full of pathos and resignation: "To thee, O, Father." No. 7, an air for bass: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" this is a florid passage, which accompanies a choral of beautiful effect for the alti: "With peace and joy shall I depart;" the solemn strains of the chorus mingling with the melody until this ceases, and the choral also gradually dies away, bringing out into full relief the joyous burst of the hymn of praise, for the full chorus: "All glory, laud and praise," which ends in a magnificent fugue, forming the close of this poetical and stirring composition. Miss Drasdil sang her beautiful solo with deep feeling. Mr. Henry Brandeis was less successful in his tenor air, while Mr. Stoddart, upon whom devolved the greater part of the solos acquitted himself remarkably well.

The first selection from Gluck's *Orpheus* was the grand Scena for solo and chorus, in which the combined efforts of Miss Drasdil, the really good chorus and the fine orchestra produced a highly successful effect. This was followed by the "Dance of Happy Spirits," a graceful picture of peace and tranquillity, and the famous "Air of Orpheus"—"I have lost my Eurydice," sung by Miss Drasdil, to whose mellow, sympathetic voice it seemed to be so well adapted. The Requiem, by Brahms, begins in an exceedingly simple, though noble and elevated style with the words "Blessed are they that go mourning," for full chorus, and is set off by many beautiful passages, which arise from the use of pleasing harmonic changes and the introduction of old hymns. With the words "Seed in sorrow," the composer rises to stirring and even picturesque tone-painting, though it is rather too long drawn out. This descriptive form is continued in the 2d chorus, beginning with "Behold, all flesh is grass," but grows weak in the course of a rather too minute contemplation of the text. A very pleasant impression is made at the words, "until he receives the rains of the morning and evening showers," and "eternal gladness" is very characteristically described. The third movement, "Lord, make me to know," is introduced by an effective, though at times sentimental baritone solo, to which the chorus responds, sentence for sentence, until we are led into a colossal fugue, wonderful as an ingenious masterpiece in counterpoint. One of the most lovely parts in the whole work is the following movement: "How lovely is thy dwelling place," for chorus, in which the sentiments of longing and rejoicing expressed in the text find a fitting and harmonious expression in the music. No. 5, "Ye now are sorrowful," for soprano solo, with chorus, holds us spell-bound with its charming development of the touching theme, principally where it is taken up in an idealized and comforting form by the tenors. The solo is beautifully interwoven and very effective. No. 6 is decidedly the grandest of all the movements, and in its triumph in the victory over death forms the climax to the work. Of great effect is the repetition of the words, "Grave, where is thy sting?" rising in tone at each repetition, until the Fugue "Lord, thou art worthy," brings the part to a close.

The last chorus, No. 7, "Blessed are the faithful," must be regarded as an anti-climax; still the happy peaceful sentiment pervading its tone cannot be considered inconsistent with the state of mind inspired by the hearing of a work at once so elevating and sympathetic.

H. D.

—*Mus. Trade Rev.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, MARCH 28. It was not my intention, in my last letter, to claim for Miss Rivé absolute superiority, although I have heard this done by excellent musicians. Here, as you know, I give my own opinions and impressions, which in the present case were: that, in point of refinement, Essipoff is perhaps superior, although not so much so as any one would suppose who had not heard them on the same pianos; while in point of breadth and vigor of conception, Miss Rivé is decidedly superior. As to

technique there is little to choose. Sometimes I think one is better; sometimes the other. And finally on this part of it, I offer this opinion after hearing them both in something like fifty pieces. There are some things curious about Essipoff's playing. Why is it, I would ask any one that can answer, that while she fascinates you so, her audiences do not increase? Why is it that one finds oneself more disposed to criticize the more one hears her? Miss Rivé is certainly a more magnetic player, at least in the opinion of most of my acquaintances. And I know from experience that her art grows on you as you hear more of her. To be perfectly honest about it, I think they are both great artists.

Now in regard to Miss Rivé's influence in elevating the standard of piano playing. I wish to explain a little. I suppose every artist that plays here does something to raise the standard. How much, depends about equally on *what* they play, *how* they play, *where*, and *before how many*. Now as to the *what*, I place Miss Rivé ahead, her programmes embracing more of the important works which must be brought forward by such artists if at all. Second, as to the how, she certainly plays well enough not to disgrace the works. Her *technique* is immense, and whatever she plays she plays with finish. Third, she has played in all the musical centres, and far besides. At the end of the season Essipoff will have given one hundred concerts; Miss Rivé will then have given nearly three hundred. The Rivé audiences will average larger, very much larger, I think, owing to her having played in so many large concerts. She has played before six thousand people in this city in one week. Besides this, as I pointed out before, she has gone far beyond where Essipoff's manager can afford to take her. She has played as far up in Wisconsin as Ripon, and as far out in Iowa as Boone (half way across the state.) And in all these places she plays Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. In Burlington, Iowa, not long since, she had two Beethoven sonatas on the programme, the "Appassionata" and that in E flat, op. 27. There was a large boarding-school delegation present that desired her to change the E-flat Sonata for the "Moonlight." But as she never changes numbers on her programme (except or illness) she *added* the "Moonlight." Now I say that an artist who will do this, in a place like Burlington, where there are no axes to grind, and at the same time play the pieces so that the audience enjoy them, or *think they enjoy them* (which amounts to the same thing), is doing a great deal to elevate the standard of piano playing in this country. If anyone else is doing more, I would take it as a favor to have her or him pointed out to me. In other words, my observations were calculated from the meridian of Chicago, and not from that of Boston.

The Beethoven Society gave Verdi's "Manzoni" *Requiem* last Thursday night in Plymouth church, with Mr. Eddy at the organ. The solos were taken by Mrs. Thurston, Miss De Pelgrom, Mr. Bergstein and Mr. Dexter. In my opinion Mr. Bergstein carried off the honors. The tenor went dreadfully off the key, and Miss De Pelgrom indulged in the modern *tremolo infernale*, made by vibrating with a lower pitch, which in concerted music has a pleasing influence upon the harmony. Some of her voice is very fine indeed. Mrs. Thurston is a painstaking and careful singer. The chorus went altogether better than at the previous concert, so much better as to make the present performance enjoyable, although it still lacks in purity of intonation, sympathy of voices, and finish in the shading. The director, Mr. Wolfsohn, has worked very hard, and I had no idea he would be able to make them sing so well. Still if he wishes to come up to a high standard of choral work, it will be necessary to adopt and enforce strict rules in regard to attendance at rehearsal. In my opinion their training is radically defective in regard to securing pure intonation. I do not see how striking a chord false, fifty times, is going to bring it true, ever. But the Beethoven society seems to rehearse on a theory of this kind. I must accord them another credit, and that is that they seem to have learned from *Dwight's Journal* or some other paper, that they have a leader, and at the present concert they watched the *baton* religiously. Mr. Eddy did his part splendidly,—at least I hope he did, I saw nothing wrong about it. As to the music, I can only say that it has a great deal of dramatic force, and in its texture seems to me much like scene-painting (as one of the papers here has called it.) I heard it with interest.

Mr. Wolfsohn is about to commence a series of eighteen historical piano recitals. They sell the programmes at 50cts. If I can beg a copy I will send you one. It is too much trouble to copy them all out.

We had the Ole Bull troupe last week with Miss Thursby, Miss Martinez, Tom Karl, and Mr. S. Liebling the young pianist. Of course I need not say that we found Ole Bull the same amiable old fraud as ever. Miss Thursby I like extremely, all but her tremolo. Miss Martinez, I begin to like better than before. They say she is really improving very much. Certainly she sang delightfully at these concerts. But she did sing "O mio Fernando" again, or at least it was on the programme. I would almost rather hear Bro. Sankey sing "What shall the harvest be" than to hear "O mio Fernando" all the time.

Mr. S. Liebling is a younger brother of our Mr. Liebling, and seems to be a very fine pianist. I hope to hear him again, and then will write more at length.

We had also Miss Emma Abbott. I cannot say I was disappointed in her singing. It was about what I expected. The voice is poor, the method bad, and the artistic conception false. For some reason I cannot say that I like her singing. Her clothes and diamonds were very fine. I never begrudge praise where I can conscientiously give it.—On looking it over, this seems a little severe. Let us say then, that Miss Abbott is a person who has worked hard to rise, and is such a concert-singer as will please many.

A set of Popular Concerts at 25 cts. admission, has begun at Hershey Hall. The programme of the first one was the following, and it was played beautifully.

1. Trio in E, No. 3.....Mozart
1756—1791
Allegro—Andante grazioso—Allegro.
Messrs. H. Clarence Eddy, W. Fehl and M. Eichheim.
2. *a*) "The Wanderer's Night Song," Op. 48, No. 5.....Rubinstein
1829—
b) "The May Bells and the Flowers," Op. 63, No. 6.....Mendelssohn
1809—1847
Miss Grace A Hiltz and Mrs. Sara B. Hershey.
3. Trio in D, No. 4.....Haydn
1732—1809
Allegro—Andante—Allegro ma dolce.
4. *a*) "Bride Bells,".....Boeckel
b) "The Flower Girl,".....Bevignani
Miss Grace A. Hiltz.
5. Trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1.....Beethoven
1770—1827
Allegro vivace e con brio—Largo assai ed espressivo—Presto.

Meanwhile I am, Yours,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVI, page 415.)

NEW YORK, MARCH 26. The second part of the programme contained the best Symphony [!?] of modern times, one of the very few which are worthy to go down to posterity in company with the works of Beethoven and of Schumann. This is the "Forest" Symphony, the "Im Walde" of Raff. We remember some four or five performances of this work in New York, but it has been played by no means so frequently as it deserves to be heard. It is full of fresh, vital themes and poetic fancies, the offspring of nothing short of genius, while in point of instrumentation it is a miracle. Raff is *par excellence* the master of all the resources of modern orchestration. What the earlier composers would have accomplished with such resources cannot be told, but Raff has the means and the skill to make a marvellous tone-picture and that he has done.

The Symphony is divided into three parts; but another is obtained by subdividing the second part, so that there are really four separate movements in classical form. The first is an Allegro entitled "Daytime—Impressions and Emotions." This opens boldly with a phrase for the horn, and suggests rather than imitates the thousand and one sounds which are heard by the lover of nature in the heart of the forest. The second movement is entitled "Twilight." It begins with a Reverie [largo] for the strings, broken by recitative passages for horn and clarinet, and leads finally to the "Dance of Wood Nymphs,"—a brief and beautiful scherzo, not unworthy of Mendelssohn, of whose music we are reminded; not that this is in imitation of his style, but because the narrow vein of fairy music was well nigh exhausted by his skill.

The third part (or fourth movement) of the Symphony is entitled "Night." It contains three episodes, first: night in the forest; second: "The entrance and departure of Frau Holle and Wotan;" third: "The break of day," which is suggested by the introduction of reminiscences of the first movement and which brings the symphony to a fitting close.

In this movement we hear the quiet murmur of night in the forest, broken anon by the approach of the wild hunt, which comes rushing by and which is heard passing and repassing at intervals throughout the night, until finally the tramp-tramp of the wild huntsman dies away in the distance to be heard no more, leaving a stillness which is almost oppressive, until there comes the little breeze which is felt just before dawn, and then, with full orchestra, the break of day.

It was a privilege to hear such a work, and a greater privilege to hear such a performance as Mr. Thomas gave. It was not enough to perform the work fluently and correctly, giving due heed to all the directions of the composer; all this was done as a matter of course; and in addition to a careful and finished performance there was on the part of every player a refined perception of the true meaning of each phrase of the music, as well as an accurate conception of the entire work. All the members of the Thomas orchestra are musicians as well as performers, and much of the excellence of their playing is due to this fact.

A. A. C.

OBERLIN, O., MARCH 19.—Oberlin, as a musical centre, is not far behind many of her larger, and Eastern sisters, as the following pragrammes may evidence.

The first was presented at the first *weekly* rehearsal of the Winter term of the Conservatory, by its members. The second at a public rehearsal of the same.

I.

Sonata, No. 3, (2nd and 3d Movements).....Mozart
Sonata, Op. 10 No. 1 (1st Movement).....Beethoven
Song—"The Wanderer.".....Fesca
Mignon and Märchen, Op. 41, Nos. 2 and 3.....Gade
Sonata, No. 16, (1st Movement).....Haydn
Aria—"Und ob dir Wolke" from "Der Freischutz."
Weber
Scherzo and Rondo from Op. 2, No. 2.....Beethoven
Ballade in A flat.....Chopin
Duet—"Were I a Birdling Free,".....Schumann

II.

Overture to Magic Flute (4hds).....Mozart
Duet—"With cheerful notes".....Millet
Sonata for Piano and Violin, No. 3, (1st movement,)
Mozart
String Quartet in G maj.....Haydn
Aria from Elijah—"It is enough,".....Mendelssohn
Spinnerlied from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman,"
Liszt
Motet for ladies' voices.....Mendelssohn
Concerto in D, for Piano and Orches.....Mozart
2nd and 3d movements, with Cadenza by
Reinecke

(The numbers of the Haydn and Mozart Sonatas are those of the Lebert Edition.)

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were here on the 6th of Feb., and very kindly gave a matinée for the benefit of the Conservatory students, at which the following programme was presented:

Overture to "Preciosa,".....Weber
Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1.....Beethoven
Var. Concertantes for Piano and 'Cello. Mendelssohn
Quartet, Op. 90, No. 1, (2nd and 4th movements,)
Rubinstein

The programme of the evening was a varied one, such as is ordinarily given, but not what we had really hoped they would present to us. It ended with a senseless Potpourri. Perhaps they are obliged to play those things, perhaps not, but we certainly hope they will be kind enough to leave it off the next time. The Club are doing

a good work in awakening a desire for better music, but their reputation is strong enough to cast off such works of darkness. This would be a benefit, and a pleasure no doubt, to them. A man cannot habitually do that which is on a low moral plan of action without having his moral sensibilities blunted. A man cannot often read that which is of low literary merit and not have the edge taken off his literary conscience. This is an acknowledged law in every thing, and truer in art, in music. A man cannot continually present to others that which is repugnant to his artistic feeling, that which is of "low order in Art," without having his finer perceptions and feelings correspondingly lowered.

C. B. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1877.

The Wagner Festival.

Mr. Fryer's formidable enterprise has certainly succeeded with the crowd, in Boston no less than in New York. For the week ending with March 31, our spacious Boston Theatre was crowded every night (five times,) and more than crowded at the Matinée on Saturday. The three operas given were not of Wagner's new and thoroughly Wagnerian period; they are not representative of the system; they can still go by the name of "*Operas*," not "Art-works of the Future," not "Dramatic Actions;" in them there are dainty bits occasionally for the unconverted who still hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt. *Lohengrin* was given three times, *Tannhäuser* and the *Flying Dutchman* each once:- all in German, by German singers altogether, with an unprecedently large and splendid orchestra (for an American theatre), and all with a downright German strength and heartiness, a full swing and intensity of purpose and of will, which went far to atone for many imperfections and a too prevailing noisiness and coarseness, wherein "Richard is himself again" and must be arraigned as instigator and chief sinner. Credit for the whole success is surely due to no one more largely than to Herr ADOLPH NEUENDORFF, who proved himself a Conductor of exceptional ability and energy, inspiring and controlling all at every point.

Of the artists in the chief roles one was a star of really rare lustre, two or three were excellent, the rest from fair to middling. The chorus as a common thing was coarse and often out of tune. Mme. PAPPENHEIM was the "star" aforesaid. With a soprano voice of large compass, remarkable volume and intensity, with rare power of endurance, and considerable sweetness; by no means devoid of sympathetic charm for a soprano so "robust" (to borrow a term commonly applied to tenors); throwing herself into each part with full fervor and siezing its individuality by a sure instinct,—she united dignity and grace of person and of manner, particularly fitting her for queenly characters like Elizabeth and Elsa. She is indeed a noble singer, a good actress, and a fine figure in the gorgeous Wagnerian tableaux.

She was at her best as Elsa in the *Lohengrin*, by far the best of the three operas, and the best performed (at least as we heard it given for the second time.) So far as yet persuaded (knowing the "Nibelungen Trilogy" only by multifarious report and hearsay, and by study of its theoretic principles of Art and of the strange librettos of the poet-composer), we are inclined to regard the *Lohengrin*, musically, as the highest manifestation Wagner's genius has reached. In it there is loftiness of purpose, a purity of aspiration which commands respect, and there is a certain nobility and courtliness of style pervading it. There are also melodies and fragments of melodies, both solo and concerted, marches and ensembles, which take the general ear, belonging to the old familiar dispensation, and which, together with the blazing pomp and splendor of effect, constitute its chief hold on the average listener. Now just these elements, as we understand it, are quite eliminated and discarded from the full blown systematic "Art-work" of the newness. A ceremonial pomp and blaze and splendor, an intense sonority, thrilling heralds' trumpets and great instruments of brass, crowded harmonies (by no means always pure,—their impurity disguised by the great gorgeous coloring):—this, it seems to us is wherein lies the chiefest strength of Wagner's music. The high coloring, the massive instrumentation, the redundant, impure harmony, the intense sonority is so persistent, that the "fairy Fine-Ear" who presides over the cradles of the Mozarts and the Chopins, would either find it unendurable, or lose the exquisite fine sense under the cruel, long exposure. As rough physical labors harden the skin, and sometimes too the moral and æsthetic consciousness, so we cannot help apprehending a serious blunting and demoralization of the musical sense, the "ear," in the young generation born into this strange phase of what its disciples call musical "progress." The sensitiveness to discord, to ugliness in tone-combinations, seems to be growing less and less. The young *fanatico per la Musica* is "iron-clad."—But it is no time to go into all this now.

In *Lohengrin*, another element of charm is found in such tender love scenes (wherein melody is *not* yet discarded) as that in the Bridal Chamber of the second act. Much of this is truly beautiful and fine; and it was finely sung both by Mme. PAPPENHEIM, and by the tenor, WERRENRATH, whose Lohengrin throughout was more than respectable.—Then there comes in the mystical element,—the peculiar melodic motive and ærial accompaniment which appears in the dream of Elsa, in the "Swan Song," and in every allusion to the knight and to the Holy Grail. This has a certain charm for a time, though we confess it gradually palls upon us.—Incidentally there are some fine touches, we may say, of genius, which transport the elaborate artificial work for the time being into the more simple world of true imaginative spontaneity. Such is that fresh little scene where after the dark and brooding night scene of Ortrud and Telramund, and of Ortrud and Elsa, warders come out upon the battlements and announce the dawn of day with singularly blithe and stirring trumpet strains. And again, in a much grander way, at the gathering of the clans in the beginning of the last act, where they march in from various quarters, each preceded by its own ringing corps of trumpeters, and the stupendous fortissimo of the great orchestra binding it all into one; this would be indeed glorious, were there more intervals of rest between such stentorian appeals.—On the other hand there is a deal of ugly music, such as that which preludes and accompanies the evil spirits, Ortrud and her husband, and much that is dull and tedious in their long ill tempered dialogue, and also in all that precedes the climax of the first act The Ortrud of Miss CLARA PERL was fair.—by no means equal to that of Annie Cary; she has rich low tones, but the upper voice is thin. Herr PREUSSER, the Telramund, is a restless and uneasy actor, but has a powerful bass voice which he uses well. Herr BLUM, as the Emperor, appeared to fair advantage with his commanding figure and his telling baritone voice.

Tannhäuser proved tedious in comparison with *Lohengrin*. But the wonderful spirit and precision with which the well known Overture was played set off an instantaneous electric battery of applause. The Elizabeth of Mme. Pappenheim was beautiful in song and action, while Herr BISCHOFF was but ill at ease and lost in the part of Tannhäuser. The Venus grotto scene was bare of scenic charms, and without syrens, though Frau Venus sang quite well.—The one new thing to Boston was the early work, the *Flying Dutchman*. This has a truly fascinating story, which is its chief charm. Moreover, the music, much of it, might be anybody's—Marschner's, Donizetti's, Verdi's, Meyerbeer's—being a potpourri of floating melodic commonplaces; and yet, on the other hand, it has musical monstrosities and coarseness—realisms, we suppose, of sailor life—which could be only Wagner's. The spinning chorus, and a few other things, have charm. On the whole we fancy this was the opera that was enjoyed the most. —Next week Mr. Fryer returns with even stronger forces, and will give us for the first time the "Walküre," in some sense transporting us to Bayreuth! Also *Lohengrin*, and—Heaven grant they do it well! —FIDELIO," placed here in curious contrast!

—Whether Wagnerism is to live on as a new Art, of a kind not precisely *musical*; or whether, like a bad dream of a morbid period, it is to cease altogether from the memory and thought of musical mankind, is what time only can determine.

Harvard Musical Association.

The tenth and last Symphony Concert of the twelfth season took place on Thursday afternoon, March 29, with the following programme:

1. Military Symphony, in G (No. 11, E l. of Breitkopf and Härtel).....Haydn
   Adagio; Allegro—Allegretto—Minuet —Presto.
2. Violin Concerto, in D, Op. 61.....Beethoven
   Allegro—Larghetto—Rondo.
   Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

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1. Overture to Shakespeare's "As You Like It." in F, Op. 25..... .....J. K. Paine
   Andante espressivo—Allegro vivace.
2. Songs with Piano-forte:
   a. An die Entfernte.....Mendelssohn
   b. Reiselied..... "
   c. Sei mir gegrüsst.....Schubert
   Charles R. Hayden.
3. Overture: "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage,"..... .....Mendelssohn

The grand feature of the programme was of course the Violin Concerto of Beethoven, greatest of all works in this kind, and equal in length and consequence to a great Symphony. For once we heard the *whole* work, in all three movements; violinists here for a long time, longer than these Symphony Concerts have been in existence, have been singularly shy of more than the first Allegro, which indeed is the greatest movement, very long, and an exacting, almost an exhausting task in itself. It was so admirably played by Dr. DAMROSCH,—the distinguished Conductor of the Philharmonic and the Oratorio Society of New York,—as to make it on the whole the most memorable item of this winter's concerts. He has not, to be sure, the broad, large tone of Joachim, but his tone is purity itself, sweet, musical, finely expressive, and absolutely true in intonation even to the highest notes, to which this music often soars and there hangs poised like a bird half lost in the blue. He has the delicate art too of modulating the tone quality and color in an expressive manner. The whole rendering of the piece was earnestly and thoughtfully conceived and studied out, and though so subdued and free from all exaggeration of accent, and all sentimentality, that some thought it cold, it was to us full of the truest, finest feeling and appreciation. The delicate beauties of the *Larghetto* were exquisitely brought out; and the Finale (*Rondo*) was made more of than we have ever heard through any interpreter except Joachim. Dr. Damrosch played an elaborate *Cadenza* of his own in each of the three movements, which we found ingenious and interesting, and for the most part true to the spirit of the work and wrought, albeit somewhat fantastically, out of its own fibre; at all events they were extremely difficult, especially the first one, and displayed his virtuosity in a very brilliant manner, without compromising the artistic loyalty of the interpretation as a whole. Dr. Damrosch, alike by his performance and his whole appearance, so intelligent, refined and artist-like, held the close attention of every one from the first note to the last, and was recalled with great warmth of applause. Henceforth his appearance in Boston will be sure of a warm welcome.

So symphonic a Concerto was fitly preceded by one of the light, bright, shorter Symphonies, of which Father Haydn has left us a rich store. This one in G is one of his best. We think there is reason to be found in it to justify the title "Militaire." When the *Allegro* sets in after the few bars of slow introduction, with that bright little motive in the high notes of flute and oboe, do you not think of "When the little fifer hangs his head?" And all through the movement do you not seem to see the gaily uniformed, trim ranks marching off at quickstep in the clear morning sunshine on parade? Simple as its themes are, it becomes a perfect work of unpretentious Art in their development, and altogether fascinating. The slower, statelier movement of the *Allegretto*, too, is truly military, ceremonial and grandiose,—not to speak of the great crash and climax suggestive of battle in the midst of it. And in the graceful Minuet and Trio, and in the Presto, we

have the recreations of the camp, the buoyant, careless soldier life. The Symphony for the most part was well played, though there was an unwonted roughness and an uncertainty of pitch sometimes in some of the wind instruments, which we could only account for on the supposition that they had become exhausted and demoralized by a whole week's unstinted blow-out in those Wagner Operas!

Mr. Paine's fresh and charming Overture suffered somewhat from the same cause, as well as insufficient rehearsal, but was evidently much enjoyed. Mr. HAYDEN's tenor voice has gained in power and has improved in quality, and was heard to advantage in the great hall. He sang the simple cantabile song of Mendelssohn "To the Absent One," very sweetly in a refined, expressive style. The "Reiselied," with its hurried wild accompaniment, (in which the horseman, riding through the woods in the windy night, lets "Fancy outstrip his courser" and dreams of reaching his beloved's home, and of the tender passionate reception, until suddenly the sense of reality returns, and, as the wind howls through the thicket, he hears an "old oak" say: "Where now, thou heedless rider? Thy dream hath led thee astray!") was more exciting, and given with much dramatic force. Schubert's "Sei mir gegrüsst" has become a little hackneied, while its restless alternation of key renders the impression not entirely satisfactory. It was sung with feeling; though the voice sometimes swerved from pitch. The accompaniments were played by Mr. DRESEL. Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" Overture sounded best of the orchestral pieces, and with its jubilant termination, representing the good ship coming safely and proudly into port with colors flying, amid signal guns and trumpets formed a fit conclusion to a series of noble concerts.

This twelfth season, we may safely say, has given unusual gratification in nearly every number of its ten programmes, although they have offered comparatively little that was altogether new, yet much that has been heard too seldom here, and *all* of a pure and sterling character. The concerts will undoubtedly go on another season, for it is no small encouragement to have come through a season like the past, disastrous to most concert enterprises, without pecuniary loss. These concerts were designed for permanence, and therefore the elements of permanence, rather than sensational novelties and fashions of a day, have been chiefly studied in their programmes.

Handel and Haydn Society.

Handel is indeed refreshing after a whole week of Wagner. And "Joshua," though not to be ranked with his two greatest oratorios, "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," yet has all the Handelian traits, in nearly all the choruses and several of the Airs, in full perfection; nor is the Handelian inspiration wanting. Coupling these recommendations with its comparative unfamiliarity—since we have heard it only once before—it becomes just now, to the experienced concert-goer, more attractive than its more colossal brethren; it is not always the highest mountain that we care to climb; a change of view is sometimes more to us than height.

We confess to a keen enjoyment of *Joshua* on the evening of Easter Sunday. And that in spite of the fact that the performance was not on the whole so good as that of last year; for frequently the chorus faltered in attack, so that, as the parts came severally in, a few notes of the phrase, the theme, were past before you heard a sound. Then too—probably a result again of the Wagnerian dissipation,—the orchestra was often coarse and careless. "See the Conquering Hero," to be sure, went splendidly, for that sings itself, as the boy said when he whistled, and with such a mass of instruments and voices, with the contrasts of soprano and full chorus, and great Organ too, it did stir the blood. Some of the other choruses were made remarkably expressive. And how beautiful, how grand, how graphic, many of them are! Take for grandeur and for richness of motives, interwoven with supreme contrapuntal mastery, the opening one: "Ye Sons of Israel;" how effectively comes in the later subject: "In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim!" For grandeur too, and for vivid graphic imagery,—figures set in tones as positive and solid as they could be in stone—the Chorus "To long posterity we here record"—to-wit, the passage of the Jordan. So too, "Glory to God! . . the ponderous ruin falls, . . . the nations tremble, . . . tempests roar," etc.; and "Hail, mighty Joshua," which gives such a sense of undying tradition at the words: "Our childrens' children shall rehearse," while the fugue becomes quite monumental at the thought: "And grateful marbles raise." The simply martial and heroic choruses are all quite stirring, much in the vein of *Judas Maccabæus*. For gentle beauty and deep, quiet sentiment we may name such choruses as: "How soon our tow'ring hopes are crossed!" and "For all these mercies."

There was much to praise in the solo singing, and and there was some that was inadequate. Pretty Miss THURSBY, so fresh and natural, with the fresh, sweet voice,—her first appearance in Oratorio—sang the music of Achsa (much of it, however, was omitted) very beautifully and with artistic, true expression, although she did not seem to be in perfect health, and did not put so much of life into her song as we have heard her sometimes. This last remark, however, cannot apply to her "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," which was splendidly delivered. "Hark! 'tis the linnet" too was charmingly sung, just suiting her liquid, bird-like voice. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was thoroughly the artist, ripe and true, in the melodies of Othniel. "Place danger around me" was superbly sung. And the Duet with Achsa was beautifully done. Mr. MAAS, the tenor, sang with sweet voice and refined taste, but seemed to have a cold and lack weight and resonance for songs of the heroic quality of Joshua. Mr. WHITNEY, our grand basso, did not a few things grandly, yet he was not at his best, singing at times so loud that the subdued but quite important accompaniment was lost. "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain" was given with a sustained and noble gravity, on his part; but the flowing chords of the accompaniment, quite as cantabile as the voice part, were played in so *staccato*, or detached a manner, as to mar the effect of the music as a whole. (This same *staccato* habit of the strings was also annoyingly perceptible in many roulade passages accompanying the choruses. We believe it is the rule in orchestras to play in this way when there is no mark to the contrary; but should not such deformities be carefully provided against?)—We have no doubt, most of the shortcomings in the chorus singing were due to the hurried and distracting preparation of so many things for the Triennial Festival in May.—Julius Rietz, whose additional accompaniments were used, does not seem to have done all that he might have done by a great deal to make the work comfortably complete; many of the Arias still shiver thinly clad.

Concerts Unannounced.

THE CECILIA, our choicest and almost our youngest chorus of mixed voices, gave its second concerts (the same programme twice), in Horticultural Hall, on the evenings of March 19 and 22, Mr. B. J. LANG Director. The high degree of perfection in their singing at their first concert surprised and delighted us; this time, though the programme was hardly so interesting as the first one, the execution seemed to us equally, if not even more successful. The concert opened very fitly with a Choral by Bach, from the Passion music—used there several times with different harmony:—"Acknowledge me, my keeper," which was sung without accompaniment, in a very chaste, pure style, with excellent balance and distinct though blended movement of the four parts. Then came the 95th Psalm by Mendelssohn—for solos, (Mrs. GEO. K. HOOPER, Mrs. L. S. IRSEN, and Mr. CHAS. R. HAYDEN) and Chorus. This too was sung very finely, particularly the grandly impressive chorus: "For His is the Sea," and the serious minor chorus with solo at the close. A couple of part-songs by Duerrner ("Morning Wanderings," and "This Love is much like the Wind,") made a fresh and pleasant impression, being sung with spirit and precision, as did also Schumann's quaint part-song "The Smith." To save the voice of Miss E. A. HUMPHREY, who was suffering under a cold, and had a more important task before her, Mr. Hayden sang to great acceptance, Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and that dashing song by Rubinstein: "Auf dein Wohl trink' ich, Maria."

One of the most novel and delightful features of the concert was the singing by Mrs. Ipsen of a number of her native Danish songs. There was something very fresh and naive in the melodies themselves, and they were beautifully sung in a rich and musical contralto voice.—The last and principal piece of the evening, Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen" (*"Schön Ellen"*), was an agreeable surprise to us. We had hardly thought that the siege of Lucknow, and the Scotch maiden who heard the rescuing Highlanders approaching from afar, with snatches of the old tune: "The Campbells are coming," continually recurring in the music, could be musically made so interesting. But it is full of fresh, effective melody and harmony, and graphic accompaniments finely played by Mr. Lang. Miss Humphrey, in spite of her cold, sang the soprano solos with great charm and animation, and Dr. E. C. Bullard, the Lord Edward of the dialogue, did his part in the most satisfactory manner.

On Friday afternoon, March 16, at the house of Mrs. J. H. Dix, Hotel Pelham, we enjoyed the privilege, with some scores of invited guests, of listening to some piano music by a few of the pupils of Mr. HUGO LEONHARD. We do not suppose that we are at liberty to mention names, but here is what *die Ungenannten* gave us to hear:

1. First Movement, from Hungarian Divertissement, 4 hands,.....Schubert
2. *a.* "Erinnerung" op. 5, No. 10,.....Franz
   b. "Stille Sicherheit," op. 10, No. 2..... "
3. First Movement, fr. Concerto A min...Schumann (Orchestral accompaniment for a second piano).
4. *a.* Valse, B flat major.....Raff
   b. Etude, D flat major.....Hiller
5. Variations Serieuses.....Mendelssohn
6. First Movement, from Sonata E flat maj...Haydn
7. Concerto, F minor,.....Chopin (Orchestral accompaniment for a second piano).
8. Song. "Der arme Peter".....Schumann
9. Largo and Scherzo, from Sonate A major, op. 2, No. 2.....Beethoven
10. Capriccio, op. 16, No. 3.....Mendelssohn
11. Two Etudes, Nos. 3 and 12, op. 70.....Moscheles
12. *a.* Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor.....Bach
    b. Two Etudes of op. 10, book 1.....Chopin

And how well they gave it! It was *all* good; but we cannot speak of all, for memory fails us, postponing the record to so late a date. *Facile princeps* was the frail and delicate looking girl, who played the movement from Schumann's Concerto, and played it not only with finished technique and refined taste, but even with a poetic insight into its meaning, which at least suggested the ideas of genius. It was she, too, who played the Prelude and Fugue of Bach and the Etudes by Chopin, with which the entertainment closed, only confirming the same fine impression. Another played the F-minor Concerto of Chopin, in a correct and even style, to which one could listen with pleasure even after the consummate rendering we had just heard in the Music Hall. The *Variations Serieuses* by Mendelssohn was indeed a serious task, but the one to whom it was assigned acquitted herself well in it. It was a child, apparently, who played the Valse by Raff and the Etude by Hiller, but there was an elastic vitality of touch, and an entirely clean and fluent execution, which showed a musical nature not fun to waste through any idle sentimentality and "playing by ear." Others we should mention, but both space and memory fail. The singing was by Mr. Schlesinger, and it was excellent. This really artistic exhibition proved that Mr. Leonhard, whose ill health has deprived us of the old pleasure of hearing him in public,—we trust only for a season—knows how and has the faculty to *teach*.

A "Wagner Lexicon."

Among the announcements of new books in Leipzig, appears: "Ein WAGNER LEXICON: Wörterbuch der Unhöflichkeit, enthaltend grobe, gehässige u. verläumderische Ausdrücke, so da gegen den MEISTER RICHARD WAGNER, seine Werke und seine Anhänger, von den Feinden und Spöttern gebraucht worden sind. Zur Gemüths-Ergötzung in müssigen Stunden gesammelt von W. TAPPERT. Pr. 1 M."

Mr. H. T. Fink, in the London *Musical Record*, a thorough going Wagner organ, translates this title as follows: "A Wagner Lexicon or Dictionary of Impoliteness, containing coarse, insulting, spiteful and calumnious expressions, which have been used against R. Wagner, his works, and his followers, by enemies and scoffers," and thus proceeds to describe its contents:

The list is by no means complete, as we ourselves have within the last two or three years come across a number of expressions deserving a place in the "Lexicon." It would also have been less sensational, though more useful, if the reason for censure had been more frequently indicated. But as far as it goes, the "Lexicon" is a curious study of human nature, and of German journalism in particular. Liberty of the press in political matters is a boon not yet granted to the Germans, their late efforts to secure it having again proved unsuccessful; but they make amends by allowing themselves greater liberties in other matters. All the personal vituperations and anathemas which they would like to hurl against political adversaries are thus reserved for some literary man or artist whose character or principles they do not admire. Some of the expressions used literary propriety forbids our quoting in an English paper, while some of the most characteristic ones, as "Katzenjammer," "Mondkalb," "Gansemarsch," "Ohrenzerreissend," are not translatable. On the other hand, some of those coming under the head of sarcastic are not bad. Thus a Berlin paper announced that "the manager of the royal opera has published the following notice; 'Nobody is compelled the hear the "Meistersinger" twice, as

capital punishment has been abolished.'" In view of the opinion of the merits of Mendelssohn expressed in Wagner's "Judaism in Music," it is interesting to know that Mendelssohn in return considered Wagner but a "talented *dilettante*." So R. Schumann, in a letter dated 1853, wrote, "Wagner is, if I may express myself briefly, not a good musician; he is deficient in the sense for form and euphony." The "gentlemen of the press" have exhausted their ingenuity in inventing complimentary pet names for "His Majesty Richard the First," the "infallible music pope," and "schah of Bayreuth." He has been called a "charlatan," "ruffian," "*enfant terrible*," "fool," "musical Heliogabalus," "swallower of Jews," ditto of Frenchmen, "musical Lassalle," "musical Makart," "*mépriseable Bavarois*," "Bavarian lunatic," "song murderer," "plagiarist of Berlioz," "Saxon schoolmaster," "Richard the Great," "Thersites," "vandal of art," "Don Quixote," "musical Munchausen," etc. Who is not reminded of Dr. Johnson and the fishwoman? The works fare no better than the man. The Berlin Echo speaks of "Richard Wagner's great tragic bombastic opera 'Rienzi,' this operatic monstrosity." According to another paper the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" is an infernal racket (Höllenspektakel.) According to Fetis, "Lohengrin" is a chaos of combined sensations of sound; while an Italian critic thinks that such "algebraic harmonies" can at most give satisfaction in Germany. The "Meistersinger" is a "dramatico-musical humbug," and the effects of this opera on the hearer are "most terrible *ennui*, coupled with feelings of physical torture." "Tristan und Isolde" is a "higher cat music," "sonorous monotony," and "psychological lumber-room." Florentino found that the effect of the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" was to make him sea sick, and Hanslick discovered the same effect to follow the reading of the poem of "Rheingold." Finally, regarding the "Kaisermarsch," H. Dorn says, "the barbarous coarseness of this latest Wagner eruption we cannot characterize as anything but an insult to the majesty of the German emperor." At the end of the "Lexicon," under the head of "Zukunftsmusik," a full account is given of the origin of the expression, "music of the future."

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. M. H. Cross's Madrigal Club, consisting, in a musical sense, of the *elite* of "The Cecilian" and "The Orpheus Club," announces a concert for Saturday evening next, at Musical Fund Hall. Appended to the daintily-printed programme is a short account of the Madrigal, a species of composition in which there may truly be said to be an English school. The selections include works by Dowland (1597), Morley (1694) and Ford (1605). Calcott, Webbe and Stevens are also represented. Besides these we have Mendelssohn's "Vale of Rest," Smart's "Stars of the Summer Night," Hatton's "Ballad of the Weaver" and MacFarren's "You stole my love." The Madrigal Club has already achieved quite an enviable fame. The taste and knowledge of its leader, and the loving care with which its members have devoted themselves to their chosen work, has greatly helped to educate our audiences in regard to many beautiful part-songs, which, until recently, were quite unknown outside of the little circle of intelligent music lovers who had made them objects of especial study.—*Evening Bulletin, March* 14.

On Saturday evening the fifth classical Soirée of Mr. Charles H. Jarvis took place, and, although a very varied and difficult programme was presented, it was successfully interpreted. The first number played was the "Fantasia in C Major," by Schubert, a beautiful composition, irregular, but thoroughly Schubert-like. Mr. Jarvis's playing was comprehensive, and he grasped its difficulties with ease, as in the "Variations," by Mendelssohn. His technique was simply perfect, and the exquisite motive with its graceful and sad arabesques was fairly rippled off. A Duo for Viola and Piano, by Schumann, followed, and then Mr. Jarvis gave some Chopin Preludes and Etudes, and rendered them finely, particularly the familiar one in C sharp minor, and, in fact, the delicate way in which he handled them all deserved the applause which he received. Mr. Gastel sang a very dramatic Aria, by MacFarren, rather tamely, but afterwards gave two Schubert Lieder in fine voice. A grand Duo, the joint composition of Mendelssohn and Moscheles, finished this really excellent concert, and was played with much spirit by Messrs. Jarvis and Warner. The next and last Soirée is to take place on April 14th.—*Ibid., March* 26.

ILLINOIS ACADEMY OF MUSIC. We have received several programmes of Recitals given in the Chapel of the Illinois Female College, Jacksonville, Ill. One of these is classical and worth making note of:

1. Piano Duet—Overture, Hebriden...Mendelssohn
   Mr. and Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
2. Vocal Duet—"I would that my love,"
   Mendelssohn
   Misses Alice Broadwell and Virginia Rutledge.
3. Piano Solos. *a*, Fugue in C Major; *b*, Gavotte in G Minor.....Bach
   Mr. Wimmerstedt.
4. Song—"O had I Jubal's lyre," (Joshua)..Handel
   Miss Lela Minear.
5. Piano Duet—Minuetto in G Major... .....Haydn
   Misses Mary Henderson and May Short.
6. Song—"Adelaide,".....Beethoven
   Miss Carrie Dobyns.
7. Piano Solo—Adagio and Allegretto from Prometheus.....Beethoven
   Miss Annie Smith.
8. Songs.— *a*, Bird and Maiden, (Flute Ob.)Spohr; *b*, Wild Rosebud.....Schubert
   Miss Eugenia Hinrichsen.
9. Duet for Violin and Piano, Senata in G Major, Mozart
   Mr. and Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
10. Song—Aime Moi.....Chopin
    Miss Kate Smith.
11. Piano Solo—Sonata in C minor, Op. 35....Dussek
    Miss Mary Goucher.
12. Vocal Solo—Scena and Prayer from Freyschutz, Weber
    Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
13. Piano Solos—*a*, Slumber Song; *b*, Hunting Song.....Schumann
    Mr. Wimmerstedt.
14. Song—Woodland Dialogue.....Schumann
    Miss Virginia Rutledge.
15. Overture for Piano, Flute and Violin, Iphigenie in Aulide.....Gluck
    Music Faculty, assisted by Prof. J. E. Smith.

The Chicago Musical College.

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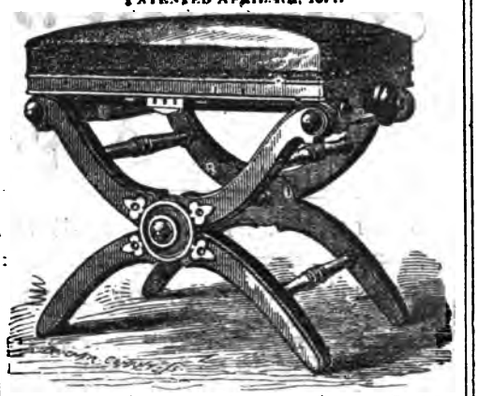

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 940. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Musical Jottings.

A friend permits me to copy from a book of occasional jottings, never, I am assured, in any "manner, shape or form" intended for publication, the following paragraphs, which may not be without some interest and suggestiveness.

SCHUMANN represents a period of transition. He is the last link between pure classical forms and modern extravagance, the last narrow bridge that still maintains itself,—often not without a visible, painful strain and perilous vacillation,—upon the heights of Art. After him there is the deluge and chaos come again, —we plunge straightway into dark abysses, whose depth no one perhaps has yet fully fathomed, and from whose tangled confusion it will not be easy to find a path out again to the clear light of day.

WAGNER repeats himself *ad nauseam*. Hear one of his marches, and you have heard them all. This cannot well be otherwise with one who does nothing but turn around and around again in barren forms that are not quickened or animated by a single thought,—if that indeed may be called form, which is rather a constant violation and distortion of all law and form.—Of course his followers would raise their hands and eyes to heaven in pious horror at this assertion. But nevertheless it is true, must be true, since it is impossible he should know anything but form. For heaven has never blessed him with one musical idea in his life. What ideas he has, cannot be legitimately expressed in music, which is equivalent to saying they cannot be expressed in it at all, and consequently always remain there as so much dead matter.

I understand now what is meant by the words: "BEETHOVEN has pushed forward to the last confines of his art." He presents to us indeed, the almost unparalleled spectacle of a mind so continuous, and I might say, so infinite in its progress and development,—this almost more than anything he has actually done, except as his works give evidence of that development, is what makes him so incomparably and imperishably great,—that he seems to have traversed his field from end to end, mounted to the very top of the ladder without skipping a round. For what note is there so tender or so delicate that he has not sometime sounded, what chord so powerful or majestic that he has not somewhere struck it? He has exhausted his sphere, and arrived at its limits, come to a halt, touched the inexorable point and barrier there is somewhere in all art, which it is impossible to overleap, if indeed the 9th Symphony is not already a straining beyond the legitimate lines.—And all this not in outward form alone, but in the innermost essence of the art. It often seems that there is but one imperceptibly small step more that must be taken the very next instant, a veil so thin that it must be rent, a fetter so slight that it must drop off, between his harmonies and speech. A breath more, it appears, and the *word* would burst triumphant from these strains.—(I wrote this without remembering that Marx, that most sympathetic of Beethoven's biographers, has said almost the same thing,—"these beings of wood and metal, he had '*made them in his own image*,' manlike, endowed with intelligence, so that one often expects: now, now the lips must unclose to utter the word, the human word.") And yet just here resounds with crushing force the awful flat, Thus far shalt thou go and no further! There is something intensely painful in these fetters that seem to clog music more than the other arts,—in its vagueness, its dumbness, its incapability of expressing anything definite, and in view of it I can almost forgive modern musicians their insane ravings, and frantic efforts to make their art convey to us positive ideas, although their antics are as grotesque and hideous as the contortions and incoherent stammerings of poor mute Quasimodo in his wild attempts to pronounce a distinct word. I understand that when they grow conscious of it, this conviction of the eternal dumbness to which they are condemned, must fill the minds of musicians with something like despair, must so have filled Beethoven's.—I have read of him that he called poets happy in having a wider field of action, and occasionally fancy that his was really a poet's soul, (in the more exclusive meaning of the term,) chained down, "gebannt," into a musician's body,—if I may call that body by which I mean rather something spiritual,—that he was in fact too conscious, too broad and clear a mind, too profound a thinker, to find perfect contentment in his art. It seems to me I see the dim consciousness of this, the beginning of the struggle with powers outside of and more powerful than himself, in the 9th Symphony. It was his last great work; after it he could have said nothing more, and he died none too early. Marx too says, "There he stood now at the confines of his symphonic empire. *It must have been the last Symphony!*" This element of discontent, these symptoms of inner dissolution, if I may so express it, make that symphony to me sadder than any dirge. Here the great king in the realms of tone has once more marshalled all his most powerful hosts; Has he not filled it with his noblest thought, his fairest fancy, his sweetest and most heavenly strains! In the Scherzo and Adagio, and even passages in the first movement, he "sings the deepest songs, attunes the fullest chord,"—and still all this does not content him, still there bursts from his struggling soul, his overburdened heart, the sob, the groan, the cry:—"*O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!*"

The New Symphony by Brahms.

[From the London Times.]

The Crystal Palace concert on Saturday afternoon (the 31st) was interesting in more than one respect. It was especially interesting on account of a performance, creditable alike to Mr. Manns and his orchestra, of the "Cambridge Symphony," by Herr Johannes Brahms. This symphony, though not, as has been stated, composed in consideration of the honor proffered to the author on the part of the Cambridge University, was performed on the occasion of the degree of Musical Doctor being conferred upon his friend and worthy fellow-musician, Joseph Joachim, who showed himself sensible of the distinction, and whose actual presence, as conductor and performer, gave *éclat* to the ceremonial. Indeed, but for the symphony in C minor being made the feature of the evening concert at the Guildhall, nobody would have bestowed a thought upon Herr Brahms. That, considering the few rehearsals Herr Joachim was able to obtain, the new work was well played and received with more or less warmth, our readers have been made aware. Mr. Manns was enabled to command more frequent and serious preparation; and, with the exceptional means at his command, it is not surprising that the performance at the Crystal Palace (unlike that of Herr Joachim's *Elegiac Overture*) should, in detail at least, have surpassed its predecessor. Closer familiarity with the symphony in no way tends to alter, or indeed to modify, our early impressions of its worth. It is assuredly a noble production, in which the dignity of art is upheld from first to last, while the hand of a practised master is everywhere apparent. That Herr Brahms is a highly-cultivated musician, the most highly cultivated, perhaps, in an abstract sense, his favored country can just now boast, all must admit. But whether he is absolutely a musician of genius, even after this last and most ambitious specimen of his art-work (the "German Requiem" excepted), is not so easy to decide. In the C minor symphony we recognize every quality belonging to profound scholarship; all the earnestness that reveals lofty purpose and a disdain for mere "effect;" glimpses of melody, here and there, too genuine not to be accounted beautiful; much fancy; expression not infrequently as deep as it is apparently spontaneous; a wonderful richness in the combination of instruments, with a view to the production of color and contrast; a command of orchestral resources, in short, such as only a few musicians have been able to acquire, together with other desirable qualifications towards the realization of that which should be perfect art. At the same time, Herr Brahms, to judge him by the symphony in C minor—unlike Mendelssohn, of whom Cherubini said, "*Il dépense trop de son étoffe*"—seems to us to make a great deal too much out of little. As an instance of this, we would point to the first *allegro* (in C minor), prefaced by a slow introduction, in which two of the chief themes of the succeeding movement are foreshadowed. Here the materials are hardly of sufficient weight to support the lengthy and elaborate development to which they are submitted; so that, in consequence of overwrought treatment, the general impression left by the movement is one of comparative dryness; and this despite passages of real energy and occasional snatches of melody, like bits of sunshine through a prevalent atmosphere of gloom. The second movement, *andante sostenuto* (in the remote key of E major), is beautiful from first to last; full of tender, graceful melody, constructed upon a

very expressive theme, and developed with masterly continuity. Here the episodical matter is everywhere of proportionate interest. The third movement, *un poco allegretto e grazioso* (A flat), is built upon a quaint theme in five-bar measure, which might well pass for a national melody. This has a second part (in B), which serves as *alternativo*, or "trio." The whole without being very original, or in other respects remarkable, is extremely pretty, and, together with the *andante* which precedes it, forms an agreeable resting place between the first and last sections of the work. The *finale*, believed to have been written years later than the other portions of the symphony, is unquestionably the most striking of the four movements into which it is divided. The exact meaning of the long introduction, in the minor key, with its *pizzicato* passages for stringed instruments, we are not as yet able to estimate at its value: but from the very commencement of the *allegro*, in the major, with its broad and ample theme, first given out by the stringed instruments, attention is arrested, and interest goes on increasing, step by step, to the end. The second theme is happily contrasted with the first; and the various episodical phrases are [illegible]. The movement is long, but its interest never for an instant flags. It may be urged, that we are too often led in the course of this *finale* to expect climaxes never actually attained; but we seldom miss finding recompense in something new; and when we reach the much desired peroration it answers all expectations by its splendor. The *coda*, where the time is increased to "*più allegro*," is glorious, and brings to a triumphant end a great, though unequal, work. We have reminiscences here and there, it is true, of the theme upon which the *finale* of Beethoven's Choral Symphony is constructed, and of much of the contrapuntal working out of the last movement in Mozart's so-styled "Jupiter;" but the entire structure is not the less substantial and consistent. If enthusiasts for Brahms would not persist in saying—"Here is a *finale* to be placed side by side with the *finale* of Beethoven's C minor, and that of Mozart's 'Jupiter,'" the work of Brahms might fairly claim the highest consideration on its own account, as something largely conceived and effectively accomplished. We have hinted that the performance was excellent; and the applause which Mr. Manns had to acknowledge at its conclusion showed plainly how the audience were of the same opinion. That the symphony in C minor will hold a permanent place in the Crystal Palace programmes cannot admit of a doubt. The bright and symmetrically built overture to Cherubini's *Faniska* opened the concert, which was brought to an end by the pretty ballet airs from M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*. The vocalists were Miss Emily Thornton (her first appearance), who, in songs by Mozart and Benedict, made a favorable impression, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who gave Mozart's "Dalla sua pace" and Mr. Sullivan's ballad, "Sometimes," in his most finished style. A young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, played Mendelssohn's second concerto (D) with so much spirit and intelligence that she may be said to have made her position at once. Miss Schirmacher has an elastic touch, a legitimate tone, and great fluency of execution. If she continues to study with earnestness she has every chance of winning a prominent position in her art. The audience recalled her with enthusiasm.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK. Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(Continued from Page 4.)

III.

That which not a little assisted its advancement was, the successive inheritance by members of the same family. Before the Amati, we find, in Venice, the Duiffoprugcars and Linarollos carrying on the trade throughout generations; and the period during which the Amati labored in this field extended over a century and a half. Beside these, flourished the families of the Guarneri and Ruger, followed by the Gnadagnini and Berganzi, each of which probably existed throughout a century. In Brescia, we meet with the families of Maggini and Zanetto; in Milan, of the Grancini, and Testore; in Venice, of the Novellos, Tononi, and Gofriller; while, in Naples, the Gagliani have continued to exist from the 17th century to the present day—latterly, however, only as string manufacturers.

Upon the tickets which they were in the habit of affixing to their productions, it was not uncommon for them to give their genealogy; thus—N. N., the son (grandson, or nephew,) of N. N. In this manner, Nicholas Amati, for instance, carries his genealogy back to his grandfather. Often the native town was named; and it was customary to mention the master, or the school—more especially if it could be referred to Cremona, and to Nicholas Amati, or Straduarius. Sometimes the names of firms, such as *Antonius and Hieronymus Amati; Fratelli Grancini*, are met with. Through such remarks, and the mention of name, place, and date, these tickets became a most important—nay, in most cases, the only source for obtaining the history of this interesting branch of art; but, unfortunately, their use is rendered difficult by the fact that trickery has often been resorted to, whereby genuine instruments from which the proper tickets have been removed, are provided with false ones, while spurious specimens are furnished with genuine tickets. Experience and caution are therefore necessary to avoid error. The directors, etc., of museums, and of the libraries of musical societies, should regard it as a duty to assist the investigation, by securing, at every opportunity, exact copies of genuine labels.

A more certain source would be opened up in the registers of births, marriages, and deaths. At present, this source has only been made use of with regard to the Amati, Straduari, and Guarneri, through the unwearying efforts of J. B. Vuillaume, who has regarded it as a pious duty towards his illustrious models; and by S. Ruf, who is to be accredited with similar researches respecting Stainer.

In the case then of these masters, *connoisseurs* are no longer likely to be deceived by labels of instruments dating from a time when the makers were either dead or not yet born, or were still boys at school. Such anachronisms occurred repeatedly in the announcements for the Vienna Exhibition. Even Spohr dated the demise of Straduarius at about forty years later than the actual time; consequently, as, according to Vuillaume's researches, his birth took place in the year 1644, he must have attained to the age of nearly one hundred and forty years! It were to be wished that such "historical disinfection" could be extended to the remaining representatives of the Italian violin manufacture; the history of this department would then soon secure a strong foundation. Again, in the family of Guadagnini, the existence of a certain Joannes Baptista was considered as proved beyond doubt; he was stated to have lived in the eightieth year of the last century; but the fact was overlooked, that, a hundred years earlier, a Joannes Baptista Guadagnini worked independently; and that consequently there must have been at least two masters bearing that name. The active life of Alexander Mezzadrie, of Ferrara, was fixed between the years 1690 and 1710; but genuine instruments of his make, with genuine labels dating from the year 1616, are still in existence. Errors of this, and similar kinds—of which many instances might be mentioned, pass from one work to another, because the searching light of criticism has not yet been brought to bear upon the subject.

To root them out, there are two methods which recommend themselves. The first of these consists in the examination of church-registers, and of such trade-registers as are still in existence. This is a task for clergymen, communal officers, keepers of archives, and local historians.

On the preparation for the Vienna Exhibition, I had, already, this and similar objects in view. The Italian Government was to have been petitioned to give the impulse—for it must be regarded as the national duty of Italy to throw more light upon a branch of art in which it attained to the highest rank. To the Germans may be recommended a similar procedure, with regard to the names of native artists, who, as we shall see hereafter, introduced the violin manufacture into Italy. Particularly should their attention be turned to the history of German lute manufacture, which, in several Bavarian towns, to-wit, Nuremburg, and Munich, and perhaps also in the Tyrol, must have formerly attained to considerable development.

The second requisite, is the avoidance of all generalization—*i. e.*, nothing should be advanced with regard to which the slightest doubt exists; and, in case of uncertainty, the source should be mentioned, whereby persons are placed in a position to make further enquiries into the matter, and are not induced to grant it a greater amount of credence than it really deserves. It is best to mention each label, or each date, in connection with the instrument from which it is quoted, and to give the external peculiarities, referring only to the instrument on which they are apparent, and not—as a well-known writer on musical subjects, who in this province must be read with caution, has often done; namely, constructed whole periods from *one date or other*, and observed in single instruments the particular tendencies evinced by a master during a whole life, or a succession of different periods.

An excellent preparation for a reliable history of the Italian violin manufacture would be found in a statistic of those of its productions which have been left to us—such as has already been commenced by M. Jules Gallay, of Paris. But, in such a case, the masters must be clearly denoted, and the external peculiarities of the instruments described in an unmistakeable manner.

After this digression, let us return to the historical sketch of our subject.

It was but natural that the violin manufacture, which had acquired such importance in Italy, should exert an influence upon other countries. Whether Jacob Stainer (born 1621, died 1683), the celebrated master of Absam, near Innsbruck, served his apprenticeship at Cremona, as was formerly asserted, must, after the thorough researches of his latest biographers, remain undecided. He was unable to withdraw himself from the influence of the Amati, as his—truly but seldom genuine—works (imitations, bearing the name of his firm, particularly from the old Mettenwalder manufactory, are circulated by hundreds), show. He went to greater extremes in the curve of the breasts than was justified by the model of Nicholas Amati, whereby his instruments acquired a peculiar—from the Italian—widely-differing quality of tone, more resembling that of a flute than of strings—which, however, was not wanting in beauty, and formerly enjoyed general appreciation, although at the present day it finds no favor with artists. But in his works may be traced an independency of procedure. He understood how to render the effect of these coarser curves milder by a suitable thinness of the parts; and, further, to give the violin model a certain original individuality, by the perfect accordance of all its parts. But for all that, his imitators—and among the Germans he had many—seized now upon this, now upon that detail, partly following up new ideas; and so led the violin manufacture in Germany into bye-paths.

IV.

After Stainer's time, we find—if the labels do not deceive us—Germans established in Cremona; for instance, the two Pfretzshners, and Fricker. From the inscriptions upon violins, we also learn that the Germans at Cremona produced formal tests of mastership. David Techler, in Rome, Hans Mann, in Naples, and the three Gofriller (Gottfriedl), in Venice, were Germans. Whether the illustrious family of Ruger was of German descent is questionable, seeing that the name Ruger is there likewise native.

On the other hand, Italian violin makers settled in foreign countries. With the Albini, they pushed forward their outposts towards Bozen and Gratz. Others settled in London, Paris, Lyons, and Barcelona. Even in Constantinople, there lived, at the end of the 17th century, an Italian violin-maker, who, however, was sufficiently acute to take into consideration the Oriental taste, when decorating his instruments.

As everything in this life, so the classical period of violin manufacture came to a close. Enigmatical, like its beginning, but still more sudden, was its decline. Neither for the one nor the other have we sufficient grounds for explanation. Without observing a corresponding progress in the art of violin playing, we find the masters from whom the epoch of violin manufacture dates, progressing to ever greater perfection. After the Duiffoprugcars, Amati, Straduari, and Guarneri, came slowly limping Baltazarini, Corelli, Tartini, and Viotti; and from the moment when violin virtuosity reached its zenith, hardly a trace is left of Italian violin manufacture. It would seem that the power of its rep-

resentatives ceased immediately on the attainment of the long sought for ideal. After Straduari and Guarneri, it still continued for a time to assert itself under several of their pupils, and contemporaries; but, in the hands of the immediate successors of these latter, its degeneration became more and more apparent; and, before long, the manufacture had entirely vanished. Peculiarly enough, a foreigner —the Frenchman, Michel Decouet, concluded the period which had been commenced by Germans.

The hypothesis, that the violin manufacture in Italy was founded by Germans, I have already advanced in an article in the Vienna *Presse*, of the 27th October, 1872, (reprinted in the *Gazetta di Venezia*, on the 11th April, 1873). Since that time, no facts have reached me which militate against it; but, rather, such as strengthen it. The following are, in brief, the grounds upon which it is based.

A mustering of instruments at the chateau of Count Lobkowitz, Eisenberg, brought to light several old lutes. Two of these, of fine workmanship, have the inscription—"Laux Maler," (Lucas Maler, the "Amati of lutes," in 1415, at Bologna); a third, to all appearance of similar date, the name of "Marx Unverdorben a Venetia." The establishment in Italy of these undoubted German lute-makers, shows that at this period the profession was either not native, or did not occupy a like high position with that in Germany, where, in the 15th century, Johann Ott, and Hans Frei—the father-in-law of Albrecht Dürer—and the family, Gerle, all of Nuremberg, had attained to celebrity as lute-makers. With lute-making, the manufacture of bow instruments has much in common. The most celebrated Italian violin-makers—for instance, Gaspar da Salo, and Stradivarius—did not disdain to manufacture lutes; while, before them, in addition to lutes, Dardelli and the Linarollos made violas; and Duiffoprugcar, violas and violins. Indeed, there was an instrument which served to link together the two species, viz., the bow-lyre (lire d'arco). In Germany, as long as the lute remained in use, we have evidence that its manufacture was always associated with that of violins, constituting a single profession; as, even at the present day, occasional trade nomenclature shows. In France, there is no other name for the violin-maker than "luthier," which word evidently bears reference to the lute, (luthe), period. Is it then unlikely that these old German lute makers, Lucas Maler, of Bologna, and Marx Unverdorben, of Venice, together with the later Magno Steger, of Venice (a German Tyrolese—the name occurs in other German districts, with the orthograpy, Stöger), one of whose lutes, apparently of the time of Duiffoprugcar, I met with at the Monastery of the Augustines, Neustift, near Brixen—also manufactured violins?

Certainly not a very hazardous conclusion. But even if we argue solely with regard to the production of violins, we shall be equally successful in finding a German origin.

The, as yet, oldest known violin and viola makers, are Kerlino, Dardelli, and Duiffoprugcar. To these may now be added the hitherto unknown master, Johannes Andreas, of Verona, a viola of whose make bearing the date 1511, I found in the Archducal Museum, Modena, at Vienna. Although a splendid specimen, its form is too grotesque to admit of the maker—whose family name still remains unknown —being ranked, by reason of this single instrument, with the professional string instrument makers. Among the above named, only Dardelli may be considered an Italian. He is believed to have lived in Mantua, about the year 1500, and to have manufactured, in addition to lutes, violas of the old description. We find no mention of him whatever as a maker of the violin proper; and, as a monk—he is called Padre Dardelli—he appears to have followed the art more as an amateur. The two others, Kerlino and Duiffoprugcar, are of German nationality.

[To be Continued.]

The Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philada. Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, March 28th, 1877.—The musical season may now be considered about closed. The last of the twenty-one Gewandhaus concerts was given last Thursday evening, and as the hall, so rich and almost sacred with its memories of Mendelssohn and Schumann, was slowly being vacated, while the last chord of the wonderful seventh symphony in A, of Beethoven, was still lingering in the souls of the listeners, an attentive observer might have read gratitude and pleasure in the faces of every one of them.

The new volume which has just been finished in the history of the Gewandhaus will surely compare favorably with any of its predecessors, both as to quality and quantity; every, even the highest, expectation has been realized. An idea of the activity of the Gewandhaus will be conveyed by the following: The programmes of the season embraced 22 symphonies, 21 overtures, 19 concertos, and 12 arias with orchestral accompaniment, 6 choral compositions, 28 songs and 19 instrumental solos.

Of symphonies were performed 7, all but the first and second, of Beethoven; the four of Schumann, both of Schubert's, two each of Haydn and Mozart. Brahms, Raff, Goldmark, Götze and Jadassohn were each represented by a new symphony. The composers represented, alphabetically arranged, were: Auer, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Brassin, Bruch, Cherubini, Chopin, David, Davidoff, Ernst, Franz, Gade, Gluck, Götze, Grieg, Handel, Haydn, Hoffmann, Hinrichs, Jadassohn, Lalo, Liszt, Löwe, Marschner, Massenet, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Popper, Raff, Reinecke, Reissiger, Rheinberger, Richter, Rossini, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Speydel, Spohr, Tartini, Tschaykowski, Vieuxtemps, Volkmann, Weber, Wieniawski and Wagner. The soloists were the violinists: Joachim, Auer, DeAhna, Sarasate, Sauret and Schradieck.

Pianists—Clara Schumann, Door, Reinecke, Nissen-Lie, Brassen, Emery and Schirmacher.

Vocalists—Köller-Murjahn, Peschka-Leutner, Schimon-Regan, Hill, Henschel and Bulss.

Violoncellists—Schröder and Klengel.

On two occasions was the Gewandhaus all aglow with enthusiasm: when Clara Schumann, the wife of the great Robert Schumann, like one inspired, played her husband's A Minor Concerto, and when Johannes Brahms (the same of whom Schumann so prophetically and beautifully speaks in his "Musik and Musiker" introduced in person his new symphony in C minor.

Clara Schumann is far beyond all praise. To hear her interpret her husband's dreamy music is to be thrilled and touched to the core. Her playing has that wonderfully sympathetic power which will hold her audience spellbound from the moment she begins until she ceases playing.

Brahms, with his grand work, took the audience by storm and enthroned himself victoriously for all times (?) to come. His great success is all the more remarkable, the Gewandhaus being, as many of your readers may know, decidedly conservative in its tendency.

Two other notable events were the appearances of Joachim, the king of violinists, and Reinecke, who, as a pianist, has perhaps but one (?) superior in Rubinstein, while as a Mozart player he has no equal.

I do not wish to conclude without having made special mention of Capellmeister Reinecke and his able concertmeister, Röntgen, two noble artists, who, the former since 1861, the latter since David's death, stand at the head of the orchestra. The laurel wreath which crowned the conductor's stand last Thursday honored the receiver not less than the giver.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Music in London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Good service was done at the concert given on Thursday night by the production—first time in England—of the third part of Schumann's music to Goethe's *Faust*. The accomplishment of this work, Professor Macfarren tells us, seems to have been an object of Schumann's ambition for many years. It is difficult, however, to reconcile ardor in the task with the fitful manner of its discharge and the long time that intervened between the beginning and end of the labor. Schumann's original idea was obviously limited to setting only the last scene of the second part of the tragedy, and this he began to carry out in 1844, finishing in 1848, between which time and 1853, when the overture was written, he added music to the various scenes that make up Parts 1 and 2. When completed, the whole was produced at Dresden, and, according to Professor Macfarren, "acknowledged as a masterpiece by the musical world of Germany, many persons declaring that they, for the first time, understood the *Faust* of Goethe through the music of Schumann." The verdict so promptly given may be in all respects true, but the time is certainly not ripe for the popularity of the work. Two reasons are assignable for this:—first, as regards the portion heard on Thursday night, the mystical nature of the poetic theme, which presents little of the clearness and definiteness that make up the grand essential of verse intended for musical illustration. Dramatic power being absent, moreover, the interest of the words lies almost entirely in the profundity of their meaning—a profundity so great that there is need to consider them apart from music in order to gauge, in any exact measure, the truth of their musical expression. This fact could not but influence Schumann, who found in it precisely that which was congenial to his intellectual mood. Although fond of composing descriptive music and of allowing himself to be guided by the influence of external things, he was, perhaps more than any other, a subjective musician. At all events, he appears at his best when, having withdrawn, so to speak, within himself, he communes with his own thoughts. With a characteristic such as this, it is no wonder Schumann fastened upon the poetry of Goethe, which afforded him such matter for musical meditation. No wonder, either, that he commented upon it in the language of his art with reference to nothing but absolute faithfulness of expression, as that was by him understood. Herein we have a clue to much in the *Faust* music which could never have been written with the simple object of pleasing the public ear. Number after number, like the allied text, requires to be read again and again, and looked at from divers points of view, before its meaning and appositeness become evident, and, as the public generally are not disposed to take so much trouble, it will be some time before Schumann's work is received into favor. The musician, of course, finds much in it, as in everything from the same pen, worthy admiration, and there are portions so beautiful even to the casual listener, that he can hardly refuse to hear the whole again and again. If, therefore, exuberant enthusiasm was not aroused on Thursday night, the Philharmonic directors need not despair of adding the *Faust* music to their permanent repertory. It will bear hearing—and, mayhap, find an increasing number of hearers—time after time. The performance, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins, scarcely did justice to its subject, but sufficed to convey a general idea of the composer's intention. As the theme becomes more familiar, its interpretation will doubtless improve. The soloists, who may generally be commended, were Mesdames Osgood, Mary Davies, Duval, Irene Ware, Bolingbroke, Steel, and Reimar; Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, and Pope.

Other important features in this concert were Sterndale Bennett's charming overture, *Parisina*; Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," played, as to the pianoforte solo, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann in her usual correct and musicianly style; and the ever-welcome overture to *Der Freischütz*. Mrs. Osgood sang the Death song from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* in such a manner as to win hearty commendation even from those who least like the music. She is an artist capable of interpreting Wagner aright, and this may have had something to do with an encore that could hardly have arisen from admiration of a scene which, however faithfully it may express the emotion of the words in the consciousness of the composer, is certainly not beautiful. D. T.

—*London Musical World, March* 31.

JOACHIM'S ELEGIAC OVERTURE. Writing on the Crystal Palace concert of March 17th, the *Sunday Times* thus refers to Herr Joachim's new overture:—

"The most important amongst these works was the overture which Herr Joachim wrote for his Cambridge 'Exercise' on the occasion of receiving his diploma. It is dedicated to the memory of the patriotic poet, Herr Heinrich von Kleist, whose unhappy career and self-sought death are familiar events in the annals of German history; but it is not to be considered in any way as a piece of programme music. Indeed, as the writer in the Cambridge programmes appositely states—'The title of the composition sets forth, in some sort, its purpose; but in some sort only, for the overture aims not to depict the circumstances of the poet's life in whose honor it is written, not even to picture, through the most free mediums of expression, his character as an artist, a patriot, and a sufferer; it is designed as an utterance of the composer's sympathy with a man whose genius and whose fate won his love and his reverence.' It is difficult to gauge such a work as this by ordinary art forms, inasmuch as the incidents which instigated its production might well lead an author into involuntary departure from canonical rule, for the better representation of his ideas. Herr Joachim (whose name we would prefix with his new titular denomination of 'Dr.,' if we thought any more dignity would accrue to it) is too firm an upholder of legitimacy in art, however, to be betrayed into any semblance of error and exaggeration; his overture may, therefore, be taken as a model of form and at the same time a master

piece of true emotional expression. The beauty of the ideas, no less than their complete earnestness and remarkable continuity, entitle the work to rank with *chefs-d'œuvre* written on a similar plan. There is infinite technical skill displayed in the evolution and working out of the component parts; but Herr Joachim is no pedant, and never wilfully indulges in intricate combinations merely to show that he has all the resources a musician can need at command. Grace, subtlety, and a certain idyllic charm not easily expressed in words, are to be found in this 'Elegiac' overture, but the tenderness and sympathetic quality of certain passages are lit up by occasional flashes of passionate energy and true martial fire. Notwithstanding the gloomy subject on which the overture is founded, it is neither sombre in character nor heavy in treatment, but pervaded by a certain sweetness of sentiment irresistibly touching and infinitely attractive. There is no necessity to say that the orchestra is handled with the facility of a musician conversant with all its capabilities—Herr Joachim's character as an instrumental writer being already established on too firm a footing. Cambridge ought to feel proud of having caused the production of Herr Joachim's overture; it is true that Alma Mater paid for it with a degree, but the price was none too high."

THE POPULAR CONCERTS. The nineteenth season of these concerts ended on Monday, with the usual "Director's Benefit," which, we are happy to say, was a bumper, the hall being crowded in every part. Thus does Mr. S. Arthur Chappell go on reaping the deserved reward of enterprise and perseverance as well as of faithfulness to a lofty ideal. Let no one remark here that all these qualities are easy of exercise when the tide of success runs strong. The proposition is, in the abstract, perfectly true; but there was a time when the Popular Concerts were almost aground in low water—when classical chamber music was not "popular," and when its presentation year after year demanded important sacrifices, together with no common faith in eventual good fortune. It is for gallantly sticking to his ship under such circumstances that present success takes the form of a special act of justice, and becomes a source of unalloyed gratification to all who desire the progress of music. Moreover, the lesson it conveys is worth having at a time when so many enterprises are begun only to be abandoned after a feeble struggle. "By perseverance," said Dr. Johnson, "the quarry becomes a pyramid," and we all grant the truth of his remark. Nevertheless, it is well to have the pyramid, and the hole out of which it arose, often before one's eyes.

The programme, as customary on these occasions, was of extra length, the artists were numerous, and the works performed of recognized attraction. Indeed, the character of the representations made it resemble the "artists' concert," which, in Germany, so agreeably winds up musical festivals, each leading performer having the choice of a solo for the exhibition of his own special powers. Thus, Mdme. Schumann was heard in the "Scènes mignonnes sur quatre notes," entitled "Carnaval," written in 1834 by her famous husband. Strictly speaking, we should say that the distinguished lady played only a selection from these fanciful effusions, the ability with which she interpreted those chosen making us the more regret that any were passed over. That all their beauty was set forth will be assumed; but not often, perhaps, has Mdme. Schumann thrown so much vigor or rhythmic power into the "March of the Davidsbündler against the Philistines." She was twice called back to receive enthusiastic applause. Miss Marie Krebs contributed a novelty at these concerts in the shape of three studies from the set of twelve, known as Chopin's Op. 25. Such charming examples of the Polish musician's fancy required no more than the help of Mdlle. Krebs's nimble fingers and sparkling style to be at once taken on the list of favorites by all, if any, who had not before made their acquaintance. The young artist, like her more experienced countrywoman, earned the thanks of her audience, warmly expressed. Dr. Joachim's solo was the prelude and fugue by Bach in G minor, which on former occasions had served him as *cheval de bataille*. How he played it we need not tell, since the labor would be as superfluous as a description of the manner in which his performance was received. Worthy of association with the Hungarian master's effort was that of Signor Piatti in Nos. 1, 2, and 4 of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," for violoncello and pianoforte (Mdme. Schumann). Anything more exquisite than this artist's *singing* of the melody in F major (No. 2) cannot be imagined. It was the perfection of skill and taste. Other concerted pieces in the programme were Beethoven's magnificent Quartet in E flat (Op. 74), played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; and Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, as arranged by Joachim for violin and pianoforte. In the hands of the arranger, with Miss Krebs at the pianoforte, these pretty trifles were safe; and with them the Popular Concert season came to a delightful end. The vocalists were Mdlle. Redeker, Friedländer, and Sophie Löwe, all of whom gave satisfaction, the first two being specially successful in Rubinstein's lovely duet, "Der Engel." Sir Julius Benedict conducted.—*Telegraph.*

Die Walküre in Boston.

[From the Daily Advertiser, April 17.]

Boston has had its first hearing of Wagner's "Die Walküre." If a verdict had been asked of the weary throng as it was leaving the theatre at half-past eleven o'clock last night, Richard Wagner, and his trilogy and his theories would have fallen under one sweeping condemnation. This morning, we are aware, things will be different: the Wagnerites will have girded up their loins anew and found their tongues once more; the half converted will have forgotten their fatigue and distress, and again be almost persuaded to swell the fashionable chorus of admiration; in a word, everything and everybody will be ready for a fierce renewal of the endless warfare of words concerning the great German and his music. But for ourselves we must beg to be excused just at present, confessing to an overwhelming sense of weariness with the discussion and to a doubt of its immediate usefulness. The work itself also, we shall not attempt to analyse in detail. That task has already been performed with quite sufficient minuteness by our own correspondents at Bayreuth and by those of other newspapers; and "Die Walküre," as well as the rest of the trilogy, has been carefully scrutinized, both from the literary and the musical points of view.

We shall offer this morning only a few general comments upon the work, with a statement of two or three of the more vivid impressions produced by single scenes. Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded, we suppose, that "Die Walküre" and its fellows are the last and most complete utterances of their author's theory of composition. The imperfections, vocal, scenic and orchestral, in last night's performances of course reduced the pleasure of the listener much below what he would have received from a Bayreuth interpretation. But in spite of all faults, the representation of last night will suffice to give any listener who has been blest with a particle of analytic power some idea of the scope and purpose of Wagner's latest style of music, and some notion, if he will but deal honestly with himself, of his own relation to and enjoyment of such music. After listening to "Die Walküre," one certainly ought to begin to make up his mind whether for him recitative has worthily superseded all other forms of musical expression, and whether symmetrical melody or tune is merely a useless and vacuous invention of the past: whether the orchestra or the voices in an opera are to do the chief work of accompanying; whether the charm of vocal harmony ought to be utterly denied,—giving himself the benefit of an exception in favor of the wild, barbaric choral screams of *Brünnhilde* and her sisters,—and almost a whole work made up of dialogue, where each voice in turn and alone winds through intricate mazes of recitative; whether—to condense our last clause—the world of beauty, sublimity and power, the possibility of effective climax and the capacity of intense expression given to vocal concerted music is to be discarded in opera as a merely worthless thing. We ask the candid reader to consider these matters once more—these and the hundred other thoughts which they suggest—in the lurid light shed by this work, and to make answer as to the worth and beauty and probable longevity of the new style of operatic composition. The accomplished musical critic of the Tribune, whom we must hold responsible for a recent leader in that paper on the subject of Wagner's music, waives for the sake of argument all other modes of defending that music, and—moved by the flagrant faults in the performances which were the occasion of the essay and which he felt would cloud the composer's fame with his auditors in New York—suggests that Wagner may be the inventor and chief producer of a kind of music which is only capable of producing great effects when it is illustrated by or itself illustrates magnificent scenery and perfect stage appointments. That is a terrible form of admission, according to our idea; for if that be really the character of Wagner's music he cannot rank even as a third-rate composer. The best in such a kind will be inferior enough, and will never need or ask the assistance of genius, where talents and industry will suffice.

Looking at "Die Walküre" itself more simply we must say that, while it shows its composer's theory in what we regard as its naked baldness and vileness, it also shows the author's great intellectual power, his learning, culture, force of character, and immense grasp of mind. The orchestral effects are just wonderful, and the variety of beautiful forms, the intricate harmonic combinations effected for the instruments, and the tremendous fulness of the orchestral climaxes, are beyond description, and sometimes almost beyond praise. The highest dramatic power can never be reached, we conceive, with such barrenness of vocal combination, but it is marvellous how so much can be attained with the appliances that are used. The love scene between *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* abounds especially in thrilling passages, and the music in which the lover speaks of spring and its suggestions is exquisitely idyllic and romantic too,—a combination not easily effected. Of course, there are many grand passages suitable for broad, sustained declamation, and of these the most remarkable is *Brünnhilde's* appeal to *Wotan* after she has been left alone to face his wrath. The story is grim and bloody enough, but it is a fascinating fragment of a great imaginative poem, and the libretto, as usual, is written with eloquent directness and power. The whole opera concludes with its most brilliant and captivating music, viz., that which accompanies *Wotan's* invocation of Loge "the fire god," and which was made familiar to us at Mr. Thomas's concerts two seasons ago. The "Ride of the Walkyries" also has a wild, fantastic power, which it is not easy to gainsay or resist.

The performance was open to a good deal of severe criticism; but in view of the appalling difficulties of the work we cannot find it in our heart to be minutely severe. Madame Pappenheim's *Brünnhilde* was fine in action and magnificent in song, wanting only the highest imaginative grace on the histrionic side to be entirely satisfying. The artiste also looked the character grandly, and the pleasure of beholding her in her shield and helmet was one of the chief delights of the evening. Of Madame Pauline Canissa as *Sieglinde* and of Mr. Bischoff as *Siegmund* about the same things are to be said; that they were exceedingly earnest and so zealous that it was a great pity they had neither voice nor presence to fill their parts properly. Mr. Blum gave a careful and on the whole a strong performance of *Hunding*. Mr. Preusser as *Wotan* was dignified and intense; but he had not the requisite force of voice or action, or the majesty of presence, which the character demanded. The eight ladies who appeared as *Walkyries* sang their difficult music roughly and inharmoniously, and there was a great deal of such singing from all the principals except Madame Pappenheim throughout the evening. Not a great deal was attempted in the way of scenery, and for this we beg to express our thanks. The optical effects were well enough, and the approach of the daughters of *Wotan* on the clouds was certainly not ridiculous, but the introduction of *Brünnhilde's* steed was foolish and lame in the extreme.

[From the Globe, April 17.]

Mr. Fryer's second series of Wagner entertainments was opened last night with the long-promised "Die Walküre," which was witnessed by a fair-sized house, not as large as one would have expected from the importance of the event. For it certainly cannot be denied that the event *was* important, whatever value one may set upon the theories which the opera involves. There is no possible reason for denying that in this work Wagner has shown himself in "full blow," with his sentiments matured, stiffened and dogmatized. We confess to turning away from the opera with a saddened and a confused feeling. One may easily understand that the first hearing of such a work necessarily leaves confused, undefined sensations; as to the sad feeling, it was perhaps the result of the aforesaid indistinctness. But Wagner did not appear to us in his most enviable light. A man who is only verging towards extremes may do things which, even if they are startling, are commendable for their originality or freshness; but when a man has drifted into irredeemable radicalism, without hope of compromise or reclaim, that man rather disgusts

sober-minded men, as a specimen of what one's enthusiasm may do when uncurbed. Herr Wagner is radical beyond hope of recall; but he seems like one who fritters away splendid opportunities in order to show to what extent his vagaries may reach. If this seems uncharitable, it has its root in the performance of "Die Walküre" last night. Notwithstanding our inability to form a judgment on the first hearing, we may at least record our impressions, and they were not pleasant. The work, as a whole, seemed like a very desert-like expanse in the realm of music, with only an occasional oasis. With a splendid, almost incomparable mastery of instrumentation, Wagner has for the most part given over the score to the production of weird and discordant effects, or, if not discordant, at least intellectually unmelodious. The most pleasing parts are the recurring themes which are made to signify impersonations of the different characters; yet these seem hardly as marked or as effective as in "Lohengrin," for instance. In the vocal parts there are little phrases now and then of rare loveliness, but there is so much that is hard, dry and uncompromising that one is liable to forget the pleasing passages. The great difficulty of expressing god-like feelings in human phraseology may account for it in some measure, and the vaulting ambition of the composer may explain the rest, especially the outrageously high notes which grace, or disgrace, some of the solo parts. The combined effect of instrumentation and vocal parts is to make one wish that the tone painting and the rich "form" of the author might have been used largely, and not discarded so recklessly. Yet we quite agree with those who found much in the opera to enjoy, and can easily unite in lauding the grandiose, if deafening, results of some phrases, and the fierce, life-like energy that found vent oftentimes in the most "real" sort of music. This ought to atone for anything which we have said in a seemingly detractive spirit; and we will frankly confess that with a more perfect and a larger orchestra, and with all the accessories provided at Bayreuth, we can imagine that the work would have sounded more like the music that "the future," which has become the present, should at least defer to if not accept.

The plan of the work is too long to be given in detail, but in few words it may thus be stated. Siegmund and Sieglinde are twin children of Wotan by an earthly mother. They are separated in their youth and meet at the opening of the opera, where Siegmund has come to the cottage of Hunding, the husband of Sieglinde. The two men are found to be enemies, but Hunding promises his guest a peaceful night, challenging him to mortal combat at dawn. During the night the brother and sister discover their relationship by the ability of Siegmund to pull from an ash tree supporting the roof a sword imbedded to the hilt, some years before, by Wotan, then unknown to the mortals before whom he did the deed. Wotan proposes to defend Siegmund in the fight, and summons Brünnhilde for the purpose, but desists through the demand of his wife, Fricka, who looks with dislike upon the separation of Sieglinde from her husband. Brünnhilde finds sufficient cause, in admiration for Siegmund, whom she in vain warns of the result of the battle and summons to Walhalla to protect him. But Wotan appears against her and Siegmund is slain; while Hunding is frightened to death at seeing Wotan after the battle. Brünnhilde is alarmed at having defied her father, and he condemns her to sleep till awakened by a man whom, as her husband, she should serve. He accedes to her request, however, and surrounds her with a circle of fire, that he who approaches her should be a hero worthy of her.

To speak of the singing as a whole we should say much that is pleasant. We will say at once that we can readily allow a place to the shortcomings, in view of the extremely high range of much of the music. As when here before, we noticed among the singers that tendency to explosiveness and that frequency of false intonation which is not pleasant, and which seriously blemishes the work of artists. Mme. Pappenheim retained the impression she already had made, that of a singer whose mind and soul are both in her work, and who strives zealously to give an intelligent impersonation. If her stage presence has not that vitality and sprightliness which one could wish, it certainly has much in every way to commend, and positively nothing to offend. In her difficult work she sustained her part exceedingly well, and, taking into account the amount of singing she has done for the last few weeks, she keeps her voice remarkably clear, strong, pure and sympathetic. Mme. Canissa is a new comer, who is an addition to the list of good, but not of brilliant singers. Had she a voice somewhat stronger, or the same voice under a trifle better control, she could sing more firmly; but aside from the quality in which it lacked, the voice was agreeable, and was used with fluency. Mme. Canissa is rather a stiff actress, but her honest endeavors make up for what would otherwise be less excusable. Of the men, it is needless to say anything individually. They all sang carefully, faithfully, and with intensity, though they did fail somewhat in accuracy. Their acting was fair. Of the Walkyres the less said is perhaps easiest. They sang some very trying music, and sang some music very tryingly. They sang other music better, but as a whole they only half performed an almost thankless task. The orchestra, enthusiastically led by Mr. Neuendorff, did some capital work—and some that was rough and coarse. The stage setting was good, and the clouds, fire, etc., well managed. The effect might have been heightened by lowering the light in the auditorium.

[From the Evening Gazette, April 21.]

THE "WALKUERE," AND "FIDELIO."

There was not a very large audience, at which we were somewhat surprised, for we believed that curiosity, at least, would have attracted a crowded house. Those who stayed away, however, have no reason to reproach themselves, for they missed nothing except learning the extent to which Wagner has carried his extreme theories of art. Here he has ridden his hobby-horse to death. With the exception of a love duet in the first act, which is an exquisite conception exquisitely carried out, the opera is rampant jargon. It is barely possible that the artists did but scant justice to the composer, and that the orchestra was not all that it should have been; but, surely, the performance was careful and conscientious enough to permit whatever was striking in the work to be seen, if through a glass darkly. With the exception we have named, we discovered nothing but a vague attempt to represent by music that which cannot be so represented. It was insufferably tiresome and yawn-provoking. Doubtless many will find manifold intellectual beauties in it, but to us the whole seemed like a horrid night-mare, giving rise to painful suspense, provoking to the patience, unlovely, unmeaning. Of course, it goes without saying that there were numberless superb orchestral and harmonic effects, but these alone do not constitute music. It may be said that a single hearing is not sufficient for the proper understanding and appreciation of such a composition; but while there is so much noble music already in existence that will better repay study, we are not prepared to devote ourselves to finding out the minute meanings of music which, even when heard at its best and thoroughly understood, cannot give satisfaction proportionate to the labor necessary to a comprehension of its composer's vagaries of thought and of execution. Therefore, not understanding this music, and finding it impossible to understand it, we shall refrain from criticizing it, beyond placing upon record that, with the exception of the solitary duet in the first act, it struck us as hideous, brutal, uninteresting and extravagant. We have never been so thoroughly bored, so completely dispirited, so exasperated by waiting for that which never came, as we were in listening to this opera. It may possibly be fine music; great music; noble music, worthy to take the place hitherto usurped by such old fashioned and wrong principled works as "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio;" but, to our ears, it did not seem music at all, but an incomprehensible gibberish, a mad jangling of tones, a pompous burlesque upon all that is grand and pure in true art. One need not go so far as "Die Walküre" to find the supernatural fitly painted in the orchestra. The "Incantation Scene" in "Der Freyschütz" far surpasses the much-lauded "Ride of the Walkyres." All that Wagner has done is to carry Weber's wild and weird ideas one step further, and in doing so he has not improved upon his model, but has become extravagantly grotesque. We might have been more deeply impressed had the scenic display been upon a grander scale; but we set little value upon that music which needs either such adjuncts or a running commentary descriptive of the composer's meaning.

We were not perplexed on Thursday night to understand Beethoven's "Fidelio." What a blissful relief it was, after the bombast, the noise, the feverish unquiet, the struggling for bizarre originality, the sentimentalism, that distinguished the earlier operas of the week! We have assisted at better performances of the opera—much better. In fact, this representation was, on the whole, a very weak one, but it was impossible to place the composer entirely under a cloud. His effulgence would break through the heaviest gloom by which he could be surrounded. Here we had perfection of form, instead of the suggestion of an indistinct outline. Here, too, we had melody, or perhaps it would be better to say tune, since Wagner claims that his endless recitatives are also melody. Here was no lack of dramatic effect, either; nothing that made one feel that the composer had not given the proper passion and expression to his music—had not colored it appropriately, even though he did resort to simple means. Scenery, costumes, mechanical effects, were not necessary to make his meaning plainer. Were this opera played in a barn, with the barn-door mounted on trestles for a stage, and a sheet hung up for a scene, it would afford intelligent and intelligible enjoyment, interpreted by conscientious artists, even if not of the best quality. That is because it is music, symmetrical, inspired, melodious. How would Wagner's "Die Walkuere" stand the same test? It would prove insufferable. That is because it is unsymmetrical, uninspired, unmelodious. It may be claimed that Wagner having written his music with a view to scenic effect, with a view to appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, we have no right to put it to a trial he never contemplated. To some extent such a claim would be just, but we must then class Wagner's operas as scenic dramas, with descriptive music, and not as operas in which the music is to be judged by itself. Wagner may have created a new species of musical entertainment, which may possibly bear the test of time, but he has not caused one bar of "Fidelio" to appear weak, antiquated or ineffective; he has not aroused one wish to hear how he would treat the same subject.

It has been urged that Beethoven was as much abused for his departure from old forms in "Fidelio" as Wagner has been for his heresies in "Die Walkuere," and that the day may come when Wagner will be received as Beethoven has been. When that day comes Beethoven will have been forgotten; the chief merit of music will become monotony, and music from the soul will have given way to music from the head—dry, mechanical, mathematical music, about as attractive to any but scientists as a catalogue of fossil remains found in a chalk bed.

Of the performances of "Die Walkuere" and of "Fidelio" we may speak in the same terms of general praise we bestowed upon this company on its former visit here, reserving now as then our warmest commendation for the orchestra and its able and energetic leader, Mr. Neuendorff. This gentleman vouchsafed us one of the most vigorous, most clean-cut and most inspiring renderings of the "Leonora" overture, No. 3, we have ever heard. Madame Pappenheim enacted Leonora with fine dramatic power, but the strain to which her voice had been put by the Wagner music she had been singing showed but too plainly, especially in the middle register. She sang, however, with rare intelligence, and acted with a strength and an intensity that almost atoned for the painful labor that was apparent in her vocal efforts. She achieved a great triumph in the Prison scene, and was deservedly applauded to the echo. Madame Canissa sang the music of Marcellina understandingly, and acted with spirit and force. Mr. Preusser interpreted Don Pizarro with the vigor and the intelligence he has shown in all of these performances. As Rocco, Mr. Franosch showed a perfect comprehension of the spirit of the part, and a full knowledge of its music; but he sang shockingly out of tune, and nearly ruined the concerted numbers in which he was interested. Mr. Fritsch manifested a keen sympathy with the music of Florestan, which he sang sweetly and with fervent conscientiousness. His acting was not so good, though it was lacking nothing in earnestness. Mr. William Formes gave a dignified presentation of Don Fernando, and sang exceedingly well. The choral work was all excellently done, the "Prisoner's Chorus" receiving a remarkably fine interpretation.

(From the Sunday Courier.)

However, much praise is due to Mr. Fryer and Mr. Neuendorff for their zeal, and devotion to their task, it cannot but be overbalanced by the blame due to them for undertaking such a task, one so far beyond their powers. As Carlyle says: "To be weak is not so shameful: but to be weaker than our task!" It was by no means absolutely necessary

that the *Walküre* should be given at all. If Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* has lasting merit in it, there is no need of being in a hurry about performing it; but if it is to be performed at all, either in whole or in part, we do absolutely owe it to Herr Wagner that the performance should give at least an approximately adequate idea of the work. To say that Mr. Fryer's troupe did this would be the sheerest flattery. Even accounting such things as mise-en-scene and mere scenic get-up as unimportant accessories (which they are not), the performances were inadequate. No thinking person can wonder at the well-nigh distracted state of mind in which most of the audience came away from the *Walküre*. Just imagine the idea of Shakspeare's *Hamlet* that a man would form if he made his first acquaintance with it through the medium of a performance by Mr. Fryer's troupe! The parallel is not a forced one. With the exception of Madame Pappenheim, Mr. Fryer's artists are exactly as capable of acting *Hamlet* satisfactorily as they are of giving the *Walküre*. The misconceptions of what is required of performers by Wagner, that are current among us, are positively astounding. To believe many of our critics, it would seem as if the orchestra were the central point, the be-all and end-all of Wagner opera. On the contrary, the singing, the actors themselves are the central point of interest. It is the greatest mistake to imagine that the long pauses in the dramatic action, that cast such a damper upon the performances of last week, were intended by Wagner merely for the sake of giving prominence to certain bits of fine orchestral writing. Wagner would have no pauses in the dramatic action at all. If the actors have nothing to sing, they must still continue to act, the orchestra accompanying their action the while; their pantomime must be of the most vividly expressive kind, so expressive that the orchestra shall seem only the indispensable accompaniment to it, and not anything to claim particular attention for itself. With Wagner nothing ever happens in the orchestra unless it is justified and conditioned by something happening simultaneously on the stage. Now what are we to think of a performance in which the actors, when not actually singing are for the most part looking point blank at the conductor and palpably counting their bars? It is no slur upon Mr. Fryer's singers to say that they were for the most part utterly incompetent. They are singers, not actors. Mr. Edwin Booth would be no more out of place if he attempted the part of Pollione in *Norma* than Mr. Bischoff was in attempting the part of Siegmund. Even if Mr. Fryer's singers had been capable of doing justice to the mere music of their parts (which they were not), only one, almost secondary, element in the performances would have been what it should have been. No, without going further into detail, the performances of the *Walküre* were most regrettable. Instead of showing us Wagner as he is, they have done more than the most mistaken treatises, the most absurd criticisms—than mere silence even, could have done towards muddling and perverting our notions of the great poet-composer. Wagner writes music upon a dramatic, not a musical basis. But in the performance of the *Walküre*, in which there was neither musical form, nor dramatic basis, what else could be described save utter chaos? I am induced to speak thus strongly, simply from my intense admiration of the *Walküre*, as a work. It was more than thoughtless and rash, it was lamentably wanting in all due reverence, almost æsthetically criminal, to have attempted performing so great a work as the *Walküre*, in so new and unaccustomed a style, and hence so liable to be misunderstood, with means so necessarily inadequate. It was paying no honor to Wagner, doing him no service, only adding confusion to our already confused and distorted notions of his art-theories and his genius. Of course there were excellencies in the performance: the orchestra played unusually well, Madame Pappenheim shone so royally above her companions that she can only be spoken of with admiration, and there was also much to commend in M. Preusser's Wotan, and Mr. Blum's Hunding. But taking the performances as a whole especially as attempts to realize Wagner's ideal of the Musical Drama, the safest path lies in the direction of sorrowful silence—because the real gist of the work, the prominence of the dramatic element, and the cooperation of the music with the acting—in which cooperation the music, both vocal and instrumental, should always play the secondary, accompanying part—was lost. If our public had been familiar with the *Walküre*, and even been familiar with the class of musical drama of which the *Walküre* is one of the finest examples, it would have been different. The listener's imagination, assisted by his knowledge of what artistic ends the work strives to accomplish, would have aided him in forming an adequate appreciation of its merits, and have led him to a correct comprehension of it. But the work was wholly new, even the style of the work was new and unaccustomed, so that the audience could only judge from what they actually heard and saw. Let me say again that much praise is due to all concerned for their efforts towards realizing the ideal they strove after; they are only to be blamed for attempting what there was no reasonable hope of their being able to accomplish.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1877.

German Opera.—Wagner.—Beethoven.

Manager Fryer's first week of Wagner Opera ("Fliegender Holländer," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin") was so successful that he was induced to return to the Boston Theatre last week and give us a specimen of the Wagnerian "Music Drama" proper—the "latest form of infidelity" in Music. (Herr Tappert may put that in his Wagner Lexicon if he pleases.) This was the second of the four dramas which, with the prelude, "Rheingold," compose the Niebelung Trilogy that made all the world familiar with the name of Bayreuth. It was "Die Walküre," and it was presented twice (on Monday and Wednesday evenings),—also the first act alone on Friday night, when the greatest audience of the season were disappointed in the promise of *Fidelio*. The announcement of Beethoven's masterpiece did not improve the chances of the *Walküre*. Set down at first for Friday, it was found to be so much in the hearts and the desire of Boston music lovers, that many reserved themselves for that, comparatively indifferent to more of Wagner, and such was the demand for seats, that it was concluded to anticipate and give *Fidelio* also on Thursday to accomodate the "overflow." There was also a single performance (on Tuesday evening) of *Lohengrin*, decidedly the most popular, so far, of the Wagner works.

The *Walküre*, reported so successful in New York, attracted but small audiences here,—on the first night especially. And never have we sat in an intelligent assembly which appeared more puzzled, bored, and wearied ont by the great length (four hours), as well as by the strangeness, heaviness and dullness alike of the dramatic characters and plot, the music, and much of the performance, in spite of much that was adequate and brilliant. Indeed the middle act cost such a depressing exercise of patience, that many could hold out no longer and went home, thereby losing what is undoubtedly the best part of the work, the scene between Wotan and Brünnhilde, where the god surrounds his favorite but disobedient Walkürie daughter ("Wunschmädchen," "Schildmädchen," or what not) with fire; this, could one come in to it afresh, would probably reveal some noble recitative (not so utterly unlike that of older masters), and certainly declaimed with noble dignity and passion by Frau PAPPENHEIM, whose whole impersonation of Brünnhilde was of commanding power and beauty. Many also found delight in the moonlight love-song and dialogue between Siegmund and Sieglinde in the first act, which has something like a melody;- to our feeling it gives a suggestion of great beauty, but not quite the satisfactory assurance; the studied accompaniment, with its peculiar rhythm (triplets mutually adhesive, syncopated) was to us cloying and unclear and morbid; so that when its characteristic phrase or motive kept returning afterwards in one or another instrument, we grew sick of its sweetness.—But we anticipate.

The fact of a dull and disappointed audience was as we have stated,—with the exception of a very few admirers (whose admiration possibly may be accounted for without accepting Wagner's theories or his transcendent genius as a musical creator), a few more who were curiously interested, and a few who stand systematically committed to the innovation on the score of "progress," bound to accept it now with reverence and trust and great joy *in futuro*. These last, very naturally, charge the failure mainly to shortcomings in the performance,—and partly to the ignorance or the insensibility of an unregenerate public. (It was not insensible to the beauty, the transcendent genius, the consummate Art, the profound humanity and pathos, the power which we all feel to be divine, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*!). Undoubtedly the performance was immeasurably below the Bayreuth standard. The outward accessories, the scenery and stage effects, on which so much of the charm depended there, were wanting here. Nor, with the single exception of Mme. PAPPENHEIM, had we any very superior singers or actors. The orchestra alone, under the sure and vigorous lead of Herr NEUENDORFF, was excellent; but not placed out of sight, down in that "mystical abyss" where the harsh, coarse noise of brass could be subdued and blended to the mysterious imaginative swell and die-away of the Bayreuthian Œolian harp.—As on their former visit, singers, orchestra and all are to be credited with earnest, conscientious effort, and with the "German heartiness" with which they threw themselves into an ungracious task beyond their means. Mme. Pappenheim, as singer and as actress, steadily grew in favor; she has the large expressive voice, the commanding presence, the effective musical declamation, and the endurance, for the exacting part of Brunnhilde; she could plead for Siegmund with a fervor and an eloquence that might have satisfied the poet-composer himself. Mme. CANISSA acts well, as of old, and sang all faithfully, distinctly, and with certainty, to say the least. Herr BISCHOFF, the tenor, sang the music of Siegmund—the one part blessed with any *finite* melody—with sentiment and pathos, but lacked ease and self-possession as an actor, and the imposing stature for the heroic Volsung, in both of which respects he might well have been replaced by Herr BLUM, the baritone, who looked and declaimed so grandly in the stern character of Hunding. Herr PREUSSER sang the part of Wotan quite effectively, while in figure and appearance there was little suggestive of the All-Father except the traditional blunder over one eye. The eight Walkyrie maidens (of all ages), in their famous "Ride" and gathering after battle on the rocks, shouting and screaming their "ho-jo-to-hoe," on intervals purposely discordant (*of the major triad, with the octave, and sharp fifth!*) made all we had ever known of discord musical and sweet by contrast, keeping up the shrill witches' sabbath for some ten minutes with an intensity, which seemed to indicate that the point was to reach the last extremity of remoteness from all human musical relatedness of tones, that thereby we might conceive what wild, wonderful, poetic creatures in the mind of Wagner these Walkyries were. Yes, "wild" is the word with the admirers: and surely we have no disposition to gainsay its fitness.

But after making all allowance for the imperfect reproduction on our stage, it is in Wagner's own production that we find the secret of its failure to interest our audience. It does not require a perfect performance to reveal the genius, the beauty of a great work of musical or musico-dramatic Art. *Fidelio* was but indifferently well—some would say very badly—performed, and yet the audience were delighted and inspired by it. It is easy to name several reasons, found in the work itself, to show why it never could interest an audience very deeply, except when given under very exceptional cir-

cumstances, as at Bayreuth, and why there, as here, it was precisely the most musical, the most appreciative, who were the least interested and the most offended.—And here, *en passant*, we may point out the fallacy of the cheap and common argument: "Oh, Beethoven was not appreciated in his own day." Beethoven *was* appreciated by the most appreciative, by those with poetry and music in their souls, and notably by other great musicians and men of the finest culture, with a few casual exceptions like Spohr; it took time of course for him to reach the masses. Moreover Beethoven was in no sense a revolutionist in Art; his genius had its own intense and glorious individuality; he was an originator, but an originator within the forms (essentially) and in the same direction, following out the same development with his long line of predecessors. He put forth no theories, nor even thought of any; he never hinted even, when he brought voices into the Ninth Symphony, that Music *as such* had uttered its last word,—that Music thenceforth required to be co-ordinated with, or subordinated to speech, poetry and other arts in order to be music worth the while much longer; he never quarrelled with the family relationship of keys, never renounced the syren Melody, never tried to break the bonds of the law which maketh free; never spurned the pursuit of Beauty in itself as one thing indispensable to all Art; never,—he the most restless of men, and urged by aspirations uncontainable, violated that principle of *repose*, which critics celebrate in all the perfect models of all Arts, but toward which Wagner is the Macbeth that murders sleep. Beethoven was content to do as others do, but do it in his own way and do it better. Real creative genius does not need to quarrel with the past, to break the forms, to shift the arena, in order to show itself original.—

1. Now the first thing we have to name as shutting out the Wagner drama from our sympathies (and here we follow his own order, giving the word, the text, the poetry the precedence)—is the mythological character of his plot and subject. Why should the Scandinavian gods and monsters, giants and Walkyries, Wotan and Fricka, Thor and Loke, Siegmund and Sieglinde and their incestuous amours, interest us upon the stage? One can read the Niebelunglied, that grand old "German Iliad," with interest; and had Wagner drawn his plot entirely from that,—which is in fact a Christian poem and never mentions one of the Norse gods,—he would have had a theme of human interest, and yet as legendary, as *echt-Deutsch*, heroic, national as he could wish. Instead of that, he draws chiefly from the strange old ballads of the Icelandic *Edda*, and peoples his stage with huge shadowy forms, only arriving at the properly human, after the awakening of Brunnhilde, in the beginning of the last play, the "Twilight of the Gods," and mingling it with phantoms even there. How infinitely better, in a dramatic point of view, would have been such a truly poetic condensation of all the real human tragedy of the Niebelungenlied, as that noble play by Geibel, in which Mme. Janauschek has lately given us her magnificent impersonation of a Brunhild purely human!

2. The subordination of Music to Poetry. And very artificial poetry at that. Long-winded dialogue, full of conceits, alliterations, even puns, at all events a tedious play on words. Not without passages of true poetic beauty and dramatic strength; but for the most part affectations, and a laborious, anxious building onward of the lofty (?) rhyme, to endless length, that music, counter-tunnelling from the mountain's other side, may meet it; these two blind factors groping for each other! Now say what you will about not judging this as *Music*, but as a *Music drama*, the human fact is, and ever will be, that when people go for anything that is musical, as distinct from spoken drama, they look for music chiefly, and enjoy the work according as it satisfies the musical desire in man. But here Music is robbed of her own independent being, and made to do drudgery in the word-mills of theory. This is what, borrowing a famous title from an old theological controversy in these parts, we have called "the latest form of infidelity" in music.—If a man does not believe in music, *music pure*, can he expect to win us in the long run by mere side uses of an art he deems so insufficient in itself. He may get up an interesting occasion, a success *sui generis* for the time being, as at Bayreuth; but what after all has Music as such gained by it, or what we as music-lovers, seeing that every time that we go back to older masters we find something so much better?

3. The long spun recitative, and for the singers nothing else—or what Wagner chooses to call his "infinite" or "endless melody," or "melos,"—was fatal to the enjoyment of that audience. And "culture," musical knowledge, special study, did not help the matter. With few exceptions, the most bored were the most musical. For such chanting of long speeches, painfully fitting each word to its tone, committing neither thought nor character nor situation to any winning vital form of melody or music, but requiring for its understanding the fastening of the eye on the libretto and the stage,—save as you may have learned how to interpret certain interpretative hints from the "mystic" orchestra below,—all this we say is not only dry, devoid of charm, and insufferably tedious and *langweilig*; but in the nature of the case it all consumes time fearfully: for though the words are not repeated in the music, yet the words are very many, and it costs time for each wordy speaker to utter himself singly one after another. When Wotan and Fricka (Jupiter and Juno) hold their long dispute on the free love question, or the two lovers their sentimental dialogue by moonlight, you cannot help thinking how much sooner they might get through, and how much more interesting to the hearer, if only both could be allowed to sing at once in a duet. We have always thought it one of the glories, one of the essential advantages of Opera over spoken drama, that in it two, three, six or more characters could sing together, in a concerted piece, each keeping its individuality distinct, each by the magic power of music made transparent to us, all revealed to us both in themselves, their present moods and feeling, and in their mutual relation. You have only to hear the quartet, the masked trio, or the sextet in *Don Juan* to become aware of that. There are brevity, charm, insight into character and feeling all secured at once by the old Art, with the genius to use it; and all these are sacrificed in this wilful, though gigantic, effort to substitute another Art on theory.

4. The paucity and poverty of musical ideas, too, must strike any one in an analysis of the score. Not every new and striking phrase or passage is a musical *idea*. A musical idea is a germ which demands development. But here we have always phrases, phrases,—which for the most part lead to nothing; promises that disappoint. In what is sung, the words dictate all. In the orchestra, where we are told to look chiefly for ideas, it is after all a string of glittering fragments.

5. And here a new trouble, dazzling it may be, but confusing. Those everlasting "leading motives" (*Leit-motiven*), of which so much is said; the unexpected, musically irrelevant, little phrases heard in the instruments at each allusion to a character or incident in the drama. Most hearers of course heard them unsuspectingly. We happened to know enough of the preceding play, the "Rheingold," to recognize the Wotan or Walhalla motive, the Sword motive, etc., etc. They cross and interrupt the natural flow of the music almost every instant; listening *musically*, you cannot feel that they have any right there; for they do not develop, they are only skilfully forced in. Instead of musical ideas, they are simply labels, tags and badges. Exasperating bores, the pack of them!

6. We but allude again to the want of *repose*, resulting from the restless, formless continuity with which the listening sense is dragged on by sheer tyranny of verbal text.

7. And now for the orchestral effects. Strange, wild, brilliant, fascinating very often; sometimes tenderly poetic; but how often hard, discordant, crushing, colorless and empty, ugly! The Wagner orchestra is room and space-filling to be sure; it is remarkably voluminous and rich and overpowering; its sound is never lost. Much of the older and better music may sound thin compared with it. It has some very grandiose and swelling pieces in the *Lohengrin*; but those have not yet parted with all *form*. His orchestra tells for all that there is in it; but in idea, in real *contents*, in genial inspiration, how often it is poor and empty!

8. Cacophony in general. A lack of real beauty. We have the beauty only, as we said before, of phrases, passages, effects of color, contrast and of climax. It seems to us a *bric-a-brac* kind of beauty: such beauty as a child finds in a rare and costly heterogeneous collection of bright things,—the whole together less important than a single masterwork of painting. We have suspected that it is in this way that this instrumentation so arrests and charms the ear and fancy of those who do not listen deeply, do not seek for musical ideas and their development. After long stretches of dull murky, empty, ugly groping in the depths of tone, or of stunning loudness, the momentary flowing together of soft reeds and flutes and horns in a pretty phrase of a few bars, repeated in sequences, of course sounds delightfully. It reminds us of the church chanting all in unison, and very dull, until the final cadence in full harmony; and you exclaim: How wonderful those closing chords! what chords can they be?—only to find that they are just the dominant and tonic chords of the most commonplace of cadences; the long monotony before has made them magical!

9. Finally, what can be the intrinsic genius or worth of the Opera or Drama either, which depends upon an immense scenic outlay for its effect? Hanslick says: "Where all the emphasis is laid upon hitherto unheard of externalities, one can scarcely rid himself of some misgiving about the strength and soundness of the artistic heart and kernel of the matter." Goethe was disturbed when he saw a gifted playwright "waiting for a theatre to come." He wrote: "At any village fair, on planks laid over barrels, I will trust myself to give delight to the whole mass of cultivated and uncultivated people with the plays of Calderon."—Is not *Fidelio* a case in point? The scene a prison court, a prison cell, and then before the gate. But there is music, there is genius, inspiration in its every note; and even in a very coarse performance you cannot help feeling it. So it was here last week. Mr. Fryer did a service to the good old cause in bringing us the "Walküre" followed by "Fidelio." *The Art of Music, after all, is safe!*

Now if we have given all our space to but one topic, to the omission of concerts, correspondence and announcements, set it down to Richard, the Great Claimant, whose claims do so preoccupy the world.

(Crowded out last time.)

A charming matinée was that of Miss BILLINGS,—an accomplished pupil of Mme. Schiller—in Union Hall on Friday, April 6. Both in programme and performance it was choice and artistic:

Trio, op. 12 ..... Hummel
Miss Billings, Miss Shattuck, Mr. Wulf Fries.
Song—"Pur dicesti," ..... Lotti
Miss Clara Doria.
Piano-Forte Solo, Ballade, op. 20 ..... Reinecke
Miss Billings.
Song—"Gute Nacht," ..... Schubert
Miss Clara Doria.
Romance, op. 50, No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Mr. Wulf Fries.
Piano-forte Solos, { a. Warum, ... } Schubert
{ b. Grillen ..... }
{ c. Intermezzo, Scherzo, op. 24. } Hans Von Buelow
Miss Billings.
Songs, { a. Lied des Wanderndes Musikanten, } F. Hiller
{ b. Staendchen, (serenade) }
Miss Clara Doria.
Tarantelle ..... Whitney
Miss Billings.

The Trio by Hummel, a genial and charming work in itself, was capitally well played. Miss BILLINGS has a fine, crisp, clear touch, and very smooth and fluent execution. The young girl who played the violin part (Miss SHATTUCK) did it admirably,—rich and sympathetic tone, good phrasing, and a firm, clear, expressive style. Mr. WULF FRIES could not complain of his associates. Miss Billings distinguished herself by very brilliant playing in the *Ballade* by Reinecke, the piece by Buelow, and the *Tarantelle*. Miss DORIA was in her sweetest voice, and we need not say that all her songs were admirable, while the selections had the charm of novelty to nearly all the audience. Mr. OTTO DRESEL played her accompaniments.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23. The sixth and last Symphony concert of the season took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, April 7, when Mr. Thomas presented:

Symphony, No. 2, in D ..... Beethoven
Largo, (adapted by J. Heimesberger) ..... Handel
For Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ, and Solo Violin by Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn.
Eine Faust Symphonie ..... Liszt

The season has been a brilliant and a prosperous one. Nearly every available place was taken, while the audience represented the highest intelligence and culture of our city.

The second symphony of Beethoven is ever welcome, and its interpretation was another addition to the long and glorious list of orchestral triumphs, which has been increased during the season by equally fine performances of three other symphonies of Beethoven, namely, the fourth, sixth and eighth.

The *Largo* from Handel is a theme of marked simplicity, but a fine effect is attained by the treatment, which gives the motif to a solo violin, accompanied by a harp, and afterwards masses all the violins, violas, 'cellos and full organ upon the same theme. The violin solo was artistically performed by Mr. Jacobsohn, and Mr. Thomas repeated the second part of the work in response to an enthusiastic encore.

The *Faust* Symphony of Liszt was accompanied by the usual printed analysis, and the work certainly needs explanation. It is only after repeated hearing that we are able to discern any meaning in that which at first appears to be "a perfect maze without a plan." The symphony contains three distinct movements: 1. "Faust" (Allegro); 2. "Gretchen," (Andante); 3. "Mephistopheles," (Scherzo and Finale.) Liszt has composed two endings to this symphony: one, which is usually employed, for orchestra alone, and one for Tenor solo and chorus. At the rehearsal on Thursday preceding the concert the orchestral ending was given, and at the concert the symphony was performed with the second ending or "Chorus Mysticus," which was sung by the New York Liederkranz society with solo by Mr. H. A. Bischoff, who sang with excellent effect. The orchestral rendering was superb. In the presence of such clear interpretation and brilliant execution it was easy to forget the immense difficulty of the music.

At the close of the tenth season of Symphony Concerts the question arises:—What will New York do for the man who has worked so long and so successfully in the cause of musical culture and who, by his own persistent and almost unaided effort has made this city one of the

musical capitals of the world? Six concerts in a year will not maintain an orchestra, nor does it pay to travel from place to place with such a number of performers in this country of magnificent distances. In a word, if this orchestra is to be preserved, it must have an abiding place. An effort is now to be made to supply this need, and it is best explained by the following circular "To the Public:"

Negotiations are pending, by an organization to be known as "The Thomas Garden Concert Company," for securing a proper site, and erecting buildings thereon, suitable for a Hall with Gardens, in which Mr. Thomas and his orchestra may be permanently lodged. . . . .

Many of those who have regularly attended the Symphony Concerts have expressed the desire to permanently and securely locate Mr. Thomas and his orchestra in New York. It is believed that they will be desirous of evincing that interest in the most substantial manner—by subscribing in aid of the project—as soon as the undertaking has sufficiently progressed to justify the submission to them.

Among those present at this concert there are doubtless many who will be glad to be made acquainted with the plans under consideration as soon as they shall be definitely determined upon. If they will forward their addresses to the prospectors, a full prospectus, with details of the enterprise, will be sent them as soon as they are prepared, which, it is expected, will be in a short time.

It is hoped that the responses will be numerous enough to indicate a willingness, on the part of the public, to at least become informed of the opportunity that will be afforded them of recognizing Mr. Thomas' labors and of establishing him, upon an assured, permanent basis, in this city, where so much of his life has been spent, and so much of his work has been done.

New York, April 7th, 1877.

(For full particulars address, The Thomas Garden Concert Co., Care of Messrs. Steinway and Sons, New York.)

A. A. C.

[Conclusion next time.]

The Telephone Revolution in Music.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The prediction made by that eminent manager of exotic Italian opera, Mr. Max Strakosch, that by means of the telephone houses will be supplied with music as they are now with gas and water, opens up a great vista of improvement in domestic comfort and alike of musical abundance and economy. If from a central source wires can be laid to carry the music to each house, so that it can be turned on at will, as we turn on gas and water, or as we open a register of a hot-air pipe to heat an apartment, it is obvious that the superiority, cheapness and convenience of this supply will cause families to abandon the making of their own music, just as gas has extinguished tallow dips and oil lamps, and as public water works have done away with wells and rain cisterns.

The relief that this will give to society from pianos alone is so vast a subject that the mind staggers at the conception. What is home without a piano! Taking the population of the United States as 40,000 000, and estimating but one piano to forty persons, makes a million pianos, whose thrumming roll is as continuous as England's morning drum beat, and the sound of whose torment—to use a Scripture figure—goeth up forever and ever. There are people who have indulged a strange fancy in the idea of lifting the cover off that place which for euphony we call the bottomless pit, and of hearing the sounds which would issue. Equally dreadful is the figure of going above and lifting off the cover and letting out the sound of the torment of a million pianos, played upon by the average American girl. But such fancies are too fearful for safe indulgence. No one is justified in trying dangerous experiments upon his reason.

At the low estimate of one girl at a time to a piano, there are a million American girls undergoing lessons and practice on the piano. Of course neither the numbers nor the girls are round, but we choose round numbers for convenience of figuring. To become a fine executioner, a girl must begin at not more than six years old, and keep on always; but although they all begin vigorously, they drop out after a while, like the pupils in our public schools, of whom only about one and a half per cent. pass through the high school. The rest are scattered all along the wayside, in all the years of the school course. We shall, therefore, estimate the average years of practice at only four. When we try to think of a million of girls in perpetual succession, practicing four years, at say two hours a day, on a million pianos, the results become too fearful for the human mind to conceive.

Of this million of American girls, subjected to this practice, and subjecting their families and friends to it, not more than one in a hundred ever gets to such a proficiency as to play to the edification of any but a very infatuated mother, who knows the whole of the painful process by which her little stock of tunes has been learned, and who thinks that they may be less worn to others. Probably not one in a hundred ever gets so far as to play that show piece, 'The Battle of Prague," which has been the masterpiece of so many generations of girls. When we think of all the cost and waste of this, and, what is immeasurably more, of all the suffering it imposes on the girls, and, what is infinitely more, of all the suffering it inflicts on the American household and on visitors, we can see that the sum is too vast for utterance.

The history of the American girl's efforts to become a singer is even more melancholy, and the fruit still rarer. And, whether vocal or instrumental, this labored accomplishment is apt to be dropped when the young woman marries, or as soon as marriage has introduced another kind of music into the family, which, by a queerly mixed poetical metaphor, is called a well-spring of noise. With telephone wires laid to each house, connecting with a central factory where the instrumental and vocal music shall be made by wholesale, from which each household can turn on at will by simply opening a valve or connecting wire, the supply of music from the general source will be so superior to any that private individual effort, even though proficient, can furnish, that the domestic piano and household voice would be as shamed as the tallow candle by gaslight, or the old flint and steel by the lucifer match.

Of course this will raise the alarming question, What will become of piano makers and sellers, teachers, tuners, music sellers, etc.? A similar question has met every labor-saving invention; but experience has shown that the invention itself increased the demand for labor. This invention will create a large demand for musicians in the factory, and a large industry in the making and laying of telephone pipe, wires, meters, and so on. We mention meters, because it is obvious that no family will want music turned on all the while, and that there will be great variations in the demands of different families, and there must be means by which each shall be charged for only as much music as it consumes. This promises a multiplication of that blessing which every household has found in the gas meter. And there is no reason why a meter should not register as satisfactorily the amount of music delivered.

Every great step in the march of progress arouses fear in timid conservatism. The then inhabitants did not want chaos disturbed by creation just as the inhabitants of the present want creation, to go no further. Objections will be raised, but they are easily answered. Although the telephone will naturally be an elevator of musical taste, yet it is not proposed to make it a process can bed—a new figure, caveat filed—to require all tastes to be stretched up to the most classical—whatever that may be—compositions. Different factories and different sets of telephonic wires will be required to suit the variety of tastes. Each house can be supplied with all kinds, or can have that one which suits its taste. Thus the greatest establishment will be for the distribution of the popular American music, negro minstrelsy, while the small class of the cultured can take their choice all the way from the jiggling Sebastian Bach to the intellectual Beethoven.

The objection will be raised that this distribution of music to our dwellings will disconnect it from the balmy and balsamy air of the concert hall, which has become so associated in our minds with musical performances that music must seem strange without it; also that in our own dwellings we shall not have the charming accompaniment of the voice of the young man behind us, who has brought his girl for a rare treat, and who thinks he must make it interesting for her by keeping up the conversation; nor of the two woman who discuss the dresses of the singers; nor of the musical enthusiast who shows his fine musical sensibility by beating time with his foot against our chair, in all the strongly marked passages, nor of the two gentlemen connoisseurs of German extraction who as the piece goes along discuss it in the soft German tongue; nor of the group of American society young people who keep up their chatting and giggling as unconscious of any musical sensations as so many puppies; nor of the American man beside us who spits a pond of tobacco juice on our side of the premises; nor of the son of Israel who feeds his girl with strong peppermint candy, diffusing the odor all around; nor of many other concert and theatre luxuries which are so associated with these performances that to separate music from them seems a hazardous experiment.

Association of ideas is a mental force which cannot be disregarded; but it is likely that substitutes, available in private houses, will be found for these and the other incidentals of the concert room. By means of our heating furnaces our rooms can be overheated, and it is likely that chemical science can furnish odorizers which shall resemble the concert air. Manners will show out under all circumstances, and, under the influence of our free and equal principles, even a small circle will contain the usual features. That social reputation for musical culture which is gained so painfully by many, by attending high art performances, can be more easily gained by the wealthy, by supplying their dwellings with the telephone. This will establish their musical taste as effectually as the purchase of a well bound library does their literary culture. The telephone in churches will enable them to abolish choirs, which are apt to be irreverent and disorderly bodies, and whose presence, facing the congregation, as is usual in our Protestant churches, is distracting to worship.

This is on the supposition that churches will still be continued; but it may be that the speaking telephone will bring the preaching, musical and other service of worship from a central factory, so that each family can enjoy it on its own premises in such postures of luxury and ease as it may have facilities for. As has been said of blue glass, the wonders of the telephone have only just begun to expand.

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may 12

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WHOLE No. 941. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 3.

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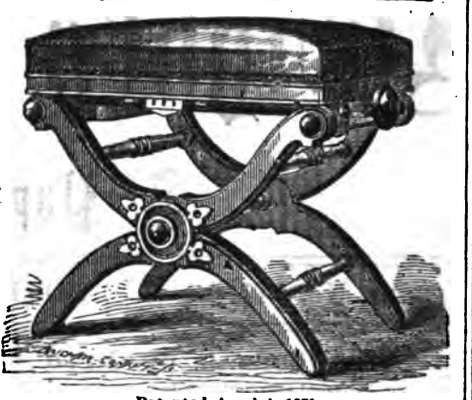

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 941. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 3.

Music in Leipsic.—A Gewandhaus Concert.—The Ninth Symphony.—Operas and Concerts.

[We are permitted to print the following extracts from a private letter, dated Leipzig, March 11, 1877.]

Thursday evening I heard the grandest musical composition in the world, performed by the finest orchestra in the world—the Ninth Symphony at the Gewandhaus. It was the only Gewandhaus Concert I have attended, and will be the only one of the regular winter series I shall be able to hear, as I shall be at Dresden next Thursday, when the last is to be given. It is quite unnecessary for me to tell you much about the Gewandhaus Concerts, for everybody who knows anything of the history of music knows all about them, how Mendelssohn was long the manager of them, how almost every one of the great German composers has been in some way connected with them, how they have always been identified with what is highest in musical composition and execution. The Gewandhaus Concerts are strictly independent of the Conservatory, though it is almost always the case that the director of the Concerts (now Reinecke) is one of the Conservatory professors and that most of the Gewandhaus performers are connected with the Conservatory. The Concerts are supported by the state, the receipts for tickets going but a little way towards meeting the expenses of the great orchestra, almost any member of which would be a concert master outside Leipzig, and many of whom have been such. The Gewandhaus saloon is small and with the adjoining room not able to hold more than a thousand people. Nearly all the seats in the large saloon are held by regular subscribers—the F. F. L's—who are as sure to be at the concerts regularly as at dinner. I meet people who have not missed a Gewandhaus Concert for fifteen years. The only seats sold to the public are at the end of the large saloon and in a small saloon which opens by folding doors into the large hall. But every seat is perfectly good; the acoustic properties of the place are as phenomenal as the poor ventilation, and the concert is as if in your parlor. The concerts are given on successive Thursday evenings, twenty each winter, ending at Easter. The rehearsals take place on Wednesday mornings, and as they are almost as good as the concerts themselves and the expense of attending them is but half as great, they are always full. It is not easy to get tickets for the concerts when the programme is specially attractive. I got my own for Thursday only through the good offices of an acquaintance who lives with the Secretary of the Conservatory, an *American*, by the by, who has passed the highest examination in a class of seventy, in the Conservatory.*

*It is worth noting that quite half the Conservatory students are Americans or English.

The Ninth Symphony was the second part of Thursday's programme. The first part consisted of a new concert piece, called *Zion*, for chorus, baritone solo and orchestra, by Gade—its first performance—and an air from Mozart, sung by Frau Pescha-Leutner, which was new to me. Gade's work has many extremely fine parts, it was evidently received with great interest by the musical people, was much applauded, and is sure to find its way to America. Madame Leutner's tones are as strong and pure and her vocalization as wonderful as when she visited us.

I had heard the Ninth Symphony twice before—once given by the Harvard orchestra and the last time by Theo. Thomas. I feel unwilling to make any comparison of Thomas with the Gewandhaus, because my musical knowledge is so unscientific, and especially because I see that the real reasons for the great difference in the effect of Symphony on me, in my different hearings of it, are almost entirely subjective. Only upon hearing the different orchestras on successive evenings or at times near together could I make a comparison worth anything to myself or worth following out for you. This said, it is right for me to say that I have never heard music rendered in a manner that seemed to me so absolutely perfect as on Thursday evening—so delicate in shadings, so just in proportions, so precise in intelligence, so immediately the expression of the composer's thought. I shall not attempt to discuss detail, though I was tempted to speak specially of the marvellous execution of the second part. The truth is—though of course the truth is more of Beethoven than of orchestra—that perfection seemed ever to be growing more perfect from first to last, becoming most oppressive just as the first premonitions of the chorus appear in the instrumentation. Surely in all music there is nothing so great as this fourth part of the Ninth Symphony. The theme has been perfectly worked out, completely exhausted,—yet the great soul is still surcharged with feeling, and only innovation upon ordinary symphonic form can give expression lofty enough. The orchestra is almost still under the new demands. The great thought struggles for life, and yet is all complete. It is soft calmness, it is deep trembling, it is soaring—we know not in which the highest joy consists. The melody takes perfect form, it rises to full strength, and now the strings all tremble, almost shriek, in the height of inspiration and the glory of vision. And yet more, wood and iron, trumpet and viol, there are not enough. Man must speak immediately, and above the orchestra the full chorus pours, to end—as such could only end—in love and God:—

"Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder, ü ber'm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen."

Was it not a stroke of the highest genius—call it divine inspiration, if you like—that led Beethoven to choose this song of Schiller's for this place?* And who but Beethoven was worthy to use the song for music?†

The lady who was with me at the Gewandhaus remarked that the symphony filled her with sadness, and that this was true not only of this particular symphony, but of almost all great music, whatever its character. This I quite understand, and the feeling is one which to a great extent I share. I was even myself oppressed by a subtle sadness amidst the grandest bursts of gladness in the symphony. But why is this so? It is through nothing objectively real in the music. To the Greek this feeling could never have come from the Ninth Symphony. He could have been moved by it only to joy, could have responded only to the symphony's objective truth. The feeling is rooted in that great undercurrent of subjectivity which has come into the world chiefly through Christianity, which has turned the heart of man into a theatre for spiritual tragedies, made life a consciousness of great antitheses, filled the soul with an oppressive sense of imperfection and of infinite possibilities unrealized and hardly apprehended. This part of life, the real life of all of us who feel and think, is stirred by everything, almost alike by blackest sin and highest beauty. All excellence in art intensifies spiritual longings. As great as the poem is, the picture, the statue, the symphony, so steep is the slope to satisfaction. We leave the Laocoön in sadness unutterable, we rise from Faust in a trance, we turn from the Transfiguration in tears, and our hearts are still when Beethoven sings of God. And nature, too, moves us in the same way. The stillness of morning, the robin on the elm, the brook in the woods, the air of summer noon, the forests of autumn, the falling snow, the Atlantic and Niagara, the mountains in the west, the glow of sunset, the procession of the stars, all are charged with melancholy, all speak of our sins and our sorrows, all tell of what we are not and know not. Yet do they this first and chiefly? And is this all-absorbing subjectivity the ground of highest manhood? It is more than first, it is second, but it is not third. There is surely "a more excellent way."

While speaking of music, I must not forget to tell you that I have heard the "Magic Flute" twice within ten days. This has been a great treat. I do not remember that the opera was given at all in Boston during my years there,

*Fifty-one years ago this month, the Ninth Symphony was performed at the Gewandhaus for the first time. The Leipzig newspaper said, the next morning, that the work was worthless, though the author was unquestionably a great composer. It allowed merit in the 2d part, but said it was completely neutralized by the length of the part. The 4th part was at best only the mockery of devils over human joy!

†Last week I visited the house at Gohlis, just beyond the Rosenthal, where Schiller lived and where he wrote the Ode to Joy.

and my only acquaintance with it was through concert pieces. It is a charming work, full of sweet and graceful melodies. It is admirably rendered here, and it and Gluck's "Armida," have been the events of the season at the opera. Every Saturday we hear the famous Thomas Choir, at the Thomas Kirche. This is a large choir of boys and young men, known to every musical student as having once been under Bach's management and as being superior, far, to all organizations of similar character. It devotes itself to the highest class of sacred music. On Saturdays it gives two pieces (generally without even organ accompaniment), and on Sundays it sings alternately at the Thomas Kirche and the Nicolai. The Saturday concerts are one of the Leipzig *notions*, and the church is always full.

On Tuesday evening the "Elijah" is to be given here, the Gewandhaus orchestra doing the instrumental work. The amount of good music one hears here can hardly be told, and the cheapness of it takes a Bostonian's breath away. The student's seats at the opera—corresponding to the English pit or the last ten rows of seats in our parquet—cost *twenty cents*, and an oratorio or a Bach concert, with the Gewandhaus orchestra, costs only a mark—say 25 cents. The Thomas Choir concerts are free. The Gewandhaus Concerts are all that are at all expensive, and these cost but three and four marks—the rehearsals but half that sum. What would not all this be to a dozen musical students whom I know at home? And my own appreciation of my privileges is surely very real and my gratitude great.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Travelling Concert Troupes as Educators.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

However discouraging to Eastern music-lovers may be the fact that artists are not well supported even in New York and Boston, we who live in the West ought to be able to feel that we may greatly profit by the necessity of travelling which seems to be laid on the members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and similar organizations. At least, those of us who love music, who believe in the power of the *best* music to make its way among the people, wherever it is properly presented, and who are laboring with all our strength to bring whomsoever we can to a real love and appreciation of the best composers, would like to feel that, whenever a company of Eastern artists comes among us, they will give us really artistic renderings of the best music, to our real edification. We certainly do feel that we have a right to expect this. There are teachers scattered all through the West, who do their best to lead their pupils to Beethoven, Schumann, and all that noble company, and who really succeed in doing so, in a multitude of cases. They give their pupils the best music to study; they cultivate a taste for it; they seek to develop an intelligent, discriminating love for it. The greatest lack they feel is the almost total want of opportunity to hear great compositions interpreted by artists who make it their business to interpret them. The teachers are generally overworked, and in no condition to do justice to anything beyond a very small repertoire; the performance of their pupils is, of course, for the most part inadequate. They look therefore to the travelling artist to meet their needs, and that of their pupils, and, it must be added, of the music-loving public; for, wherever pupils study great composers, parents at home gradually acquire a love for good music, and soon find, to their own surprise, that trash does not please them as it once did. The travelling artist, therefore, has it in his power to render a great service to Art; to supplement the work of the laborious, conscientious teacher, to reinforce his teaching by example, and to kindle enthusiasm for the best music. Nothing can be of more importance to musical culture in America at this juncture, than that travelling violinists, pianists and vocalists shall be real artists and art-lovers, shall have an earnest purpose to educate their audiences and be helpful to them, and shall be above the vulgar temptation of stooping to claptrap. Of course it must be admitted at the outset that the path of virtue, in musical matters as elsewhere, is a difficult one. The travelling musician plays to miscellaneous audiences, composed largely of uncultivated people, totally ignorant of good music, and, what is worse, totally void of any desire to know it, or to improve themselves in any way,—people who go to a concert-room simply to be amused, and to whom any other conception of a concert than that of an "entertainment" would be utterly strange. In playing to such people, the really earnest musician labors under a two-fold embarrassment, and has a double temptation to give them only what they will like best, regardless of what will benefit them most;—he has taken to travelling because he was not well supported at home, and must please his audiences in order to make a re-engagement probable, and he finds it terribly uphill work to play good music to an unsympathetic audience. He remembers an excellent and authoritative saying about casting pearls before swine, and since, whenever he plays the best music, he is not applauded, or the applause is, at best, but faint, he concludes, in disgust, that the public are swine after all, and must have nothing but swill. Far be it from me to underrate the difficulties which such musicians have to meet, or to fail to put myself in their place, or to condemn their shortcomings too severely. But I firmly believe that, in many cases, the discouragements are, after all, more apparent than real: that artists only need to respect themselves and their art to make others respect both; and that noisy applause, or the lack of it, is no index to the pleasure of the audience or the permanent effect produced. I have been for nearly nine years a music teacher in a western town, one so small that I know personally a large proportion of its concert-goers. I have carefully studied this public; have been instrumental in getting outside musicians here, and have watched the effect of their concerts. I think my experience warrants me in holding some positive opinions on this subject; and I have thought that a statement of the results of that experience might be useful. The most important concerts given here within the past three years have been two by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, one by Mme. Urso, one by Miss Julia Rive, and one, a few weeks ago, by the Boston Philharmonic Club. Let me briefly state the character of their programmes, and their effect upon the public.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club played, on both occasions, good programmes; the second being much better than the first. The first was played to an overflowing house, (owing largely to accidental circumstances), and was in all respects, apparently, a most encouraging success. The second was played to a very moderate-sized audience, and was, to all appearance, much less warmly received. I think the Club were much discouraged by their second reception; that they regarded it as decisively against their superior programme, and felt that they could not safely repeat the experiment. The public too, I think, regarded this second concert as a failure, comparatively, and I felt this more keenly than anybody else, since it was on the strength of my representations that the Club had ventured to play a much better programme than usual. I had found, to my surprise, that the strictly classical compositions, which the club had played in their first concert, had made the best impression on the public, and I was satisfied that a programme more largely made up of these elements would be successful. Further observation and reflection, and an increased knowledge of the public, has only confirmed me in the opinion I then held. I do not believe that any great part of the apparent ill success of the second concert was due to the classical character of the programme, but mainly to two facts;—first, that there were too few solos, and second, that Miss Kellogg, who sang some Schumann songs, and who had before made an excellent impression, was in very bad voice, had to give up entirely the next day, in fact,—and so disappointed the public. At any rate my conversation with average people, of no musical training, has forced me to believe that they enjoyed the best music most, (though they did not applaud noisily, because they did not feel like it;) that the Club is thoroughly respected and believed in here, and that they would be well received and supported here now. The only thing which prevented their engagement this season was a previous engagement with the Boston Philharmonic Club, the date of whose concert would have conflicted with theirs. On the other hand, this last-named club played a programme, a large part of which was sheer trash, and hardly any of which was of any musical significance. For example, Mr. Weiner's flute solo was a medley, containing "Home, sweet home," "Yankee Doodle," and "O Susannah." I was curious to know how this would impress the thoughtful part of the public, some of whom had complained that artists would not play simple things which they could understand. I believe I speak the exact truth when I say that the feeling with which all the better portion of the audience regarded this performance was one of mingled disgust and contempt. They had become familiar with the notion that artists were above that sort of thing; no artist had done it here before, and the incongruity of it was keenly felt. I took pains to ask men who had grumbled at classical programmes whether they liked this concert as well as those of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and I invariably got a negative answer. It is not too much to say that people felt that the playing of such a programme by artists involved degradation of themselves and contempt of their audience. Moreover, they find it hard to believe that a man who is willing to play "O Susannah" in a concert is not a quack rather than an artist,—one who prefers playing claptrap for the sake of the applause of the small boys in the gallery to playing good music for the edification of intelligent people.

Mme. Urso played last year a respectable, but not a classical programme. It was well received. Miss Rive played two whole Sonatas of Beethoven, the *Appassionata*, and the one in E♭, Op. 27; three pieces by Chopin; the Marche Funebre, the Scherzo in B♭ minor, Op. 31, and the Rondeau in E♭; three by Liszt: Spinning Song, Tannhäuser March, and 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody, and Tausig's arrangement of "Man lives but once." This is as good a programme as she would have played in Boston, and it was thoroughly enjoyed. People said to me afterwards, "I never got much out of Beethoven before, but I thoroughly enjoyed the Sonata Appassionata." Moreover it was felt to be a compliment to her audience that she would assume that they desired to hear such things, and people like to be complimented. I am sure the public here entertain

toward Miss Rive feelings of strong respect and admiration. I for my part feel so strongly impressed with the good service she has rendered to Art that I feel like agreeing with the strongest expressions my friend Mr. Mathews has ever used about her in his correspondence with Dwight's Journal. She thoroughly respects herself, her art, and her audience, and she makes her audiences respect her. Let other artists mark, learn and inwardly digest these facts, and follow her praiseworthy example. In the long run, honesty, straightforward following of earnest convictions pays best, in art no less than elsewhere, in the matter of bread and butter, and from the lowest point of view from which a real artist can possibly look at his work. The sooner travelling artists become thoroughly convinced of this, the better will it it be for musical progress in America.

—*Ripon, Wis., April* 29, 1877.

"Cinq Mars."

THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA.

[Correspondence of Daily Advertiser.]

Paris, April 15, 1877.

On the 5th of April Gounod's new opera, "Cinq Mars," came out (an odd coincidence of date and name), and, as may well be imagined, there was a general rush to hear it. The first representations were criticized so differently by persons equally capable of judging the merits of Gounod's last work that your correspondent was naturally impatient to see and hear for himself; but to get a box or a stall was a difficulty hardly to be surmounted; and had it not been for an accident (happily without gravity) which befell one of his friends (an ill wind always blows somebody good) he could not have hoped to be able to appreciate the opera for many a day to come.

Alfred de Vigny has written a romantic history of Henri d'Effiat, Marquis de Cinq Mars, which, if not altogether to be relied upon in an historical point of view, has, nevertheless, the advantage of being intensely interesting; and Gounod has adroitly seized the dramatic points of this work for his new opera,—an opera, by the by, conceived and executed in the space of a few weeks, which fact justly entitles it to being called an "improvisation." Cinq Mars being really an historical character, we have but to recall the position he occupied in the court of Louis XIII., when he was made, and unmade by *son eminence grise*, in order to understand and follow this four-act opera. The short overture is grave and solemn, and the funeral march, which is introduced twice in the course of the work, is of touching sadness. The curtain goes up, and we find ourselves *chez la Maréchale*. Her son, Cinq Mars, is about to leave for court, and the chorus of gentlemen surrounding him sing, to charming music:—

A la cour vous allez paraître;
Quand vous y serez, croyez moi,
Mon cher Marquis, n'ayez qu'un maître Le Cardinal!

The court scene is cleverly given, with animated discussion between the courtiers, who hold some for the King, some for the Cardinal, and the orchestration is, as indeed throughout the entire opera, admirable. Cinq Mars and his friend De Thou remain alone on the stage, and the former avows the cause of his sadness; he loves the Princess Marie de Gonzague. "Yes," he cries, "I love her madly, but I shall leave without hope, bearing with me a sterile torment." "You but do your duty," replies De Thou. Charming music, whilst the two friends seek to learn their destiny in the page of an open book. There they find the history of two martyrs, struck by the same sword, buried in the same tomb; after a moment's hesitation they sing gaily:—

Vivre, ou mourir, qu'importe!

Hereupon Father Joseph comes in search of Cinq Mars, whom the powerful Cardinal has decided to place near the melancholy King; at the same time he tells the Princess de Gonzague that she is to marry the King of Poland, and the quatuor, "Reine, elle sera reine," is of pleasing composition. Left alone with Cinq Mars, the inevitable duo reminds us agreeably of that in "Romeo," but this first act ends with a painfully long recitative, instead of closing brilliantly with a love song, and the effect is not good.

The second act is divided in two parts. First, the chateau de St. Germain, in Louis XIII's apartments, where we are charmed by a little song of lovely archaism, "*On ne verra plus à Paris tant de plumes, si de moustaches*," admirably sung by M. Barre, and later the superb trio which follows Father Joseph's announcement that Cinq Mars must give up all idea of Marie de Gonzague. Scenic effect, as well as music, is here complete, and, to our mind, the strongest motive of Gounod's new opera. After this serious scene we find ourselves in Paris, *chez* Marion and Ninon, in the midst of a ball. Gounod is inimitable in this sort of episode where acting and voice are completed by symphonic orchestra music. The madrigal sung by Marion (Mlle. Levy), "*Bergers, voulez vous connaître le pays dont l'amour est le maître?*" is charmingly original. The ballet is, as far as a ballet can be, new and interesting, and the scene altogether pleasing. Little by little the guests retire, and the conspirators, resolved to overthrow the despotic Cardinal, alone remain, Fontraille at their head, and Cinq Mars one of them, for disappointed love has filled his heart with vengeance. De Thou is, of course, with his friend. The chorus is menacing, and the thrilling burst in *ut majeur* most effective. An amusing anecdote is told of how the manager of the Opera Comique overcame the opposition of his republican singers, when they were called upon to put more enthusiasm into the chorus, "*Sauvons le Roi, sauvons le noble sang, délivrons le trône, et l'autel!*" "You go to sleep over it!" exclaimed M. Carvalho impatiently.

"How can you expect anything else?" replied one man; "it can hardly be agreeable for real republicans like ourselves to give utterance to such sentiments."

"Just imagine you are singing the Marseillaise!" said the clever director: and this is the way he got the better of his republican chorus!

But to return to the Cinq Mars:—

The third act takes us into the forest of St. Germain, where we hear the echo of distant hunters' horns, *fanfares en mi bémol*, with a curious modulation on *ré bémol*, not quite new in Gounod's music, as the ballad of Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliette" contains the same successful eccentricity. Marie de Gonzague and Cinq Mars are to be married in the forest chapel, and his motive, "Marie, venez, que devant l'autel un serment d'amour immortel nous lie!" is finely developed, and when taken up by the three voices produced a great effect. Whilst the marriage is going on in the chapel, Father Joseph is hiding about amongst the trees, and, after the conspirators take leave of one another and Marie de Gonzague is left alone, he discloses his presence, and informs her that the King and Cardinal have decided to punish the rebellion of Cinq Mars with death, and that her only chance of saving his life is in abandoning him. The sportsmen here appear upon the scene, amongst whom is the Polish ambassador and Louis XIII. Marie de Gonzague, seeing all is lost, gives herself up to despair. Father Joseph sings, "All prayer is useless." The huntsmen's chorus is again heard, and the curtain falls. The fourth act passes in prison, and is, to my mind, the most inspired. Cinq Mars sings softly a tender *cavatina* worthy of Bellini. Suddenly Marie appears in the sombre prison, and the duo between the lovers is certainly the best page in Gounod's opera. The passage, "A ta voix le ciel s'est ouvert," is always encored, and the closing funeral march and canticle, "Seigneur, soutiens notre ame chancelante," is inspired music which seems to open heaven's doors to these young martyrs, bound together by love and faith.

In conclusion, we must remark the just criticisms which are made against "Cinq Mars." It is too uniformly sombre. In spite of the fine *mise en scene* there is a certain dulness about it which does not altogether please our bright, joyous Parisian audiences, and it must be admitted that, after waiting ten years for a new opera from Gounod, he was expected to do better than ever before, and his admirers are disappointed that "Cinq Mars" cannot be compared to "Faust;" still, there is good, *very* good music in it, and if we have the pleasure of hearing "Cinq Mars" *thoroughly* well sung one day, it cannot fail to leave a more agreeable impression than most second-class operas. As it is, the voices are not what we could wish. Marie de Gonzague (Mlle. Chevrier) is timid and undeveloped, and the role of De Thou, who should be barytone, is sustained by M. Stephanne, a poor tenor voice, which has obliged the transposition of some of the best passages. Father Joseph is fairly sustained by Giraudet (bass), and Mlle. Levy has been lucky in having the shepherd song (which has made her reputation) fall to the share of her agreeable though weak voice. Altogether "Cinq Mars" is a disappointment, but contains much which lovers of music must consider as great consolation.

London Operas.—Mr. Gye's Prospectus.

(*From the "Times."*)

The prospectus issued by Mr. Gye to his subscribers and the public, for the 31st season of the Royal Italian Opera, is likely to afford almost unqualified satisfaction. Before referring to general arrangements, it is as well to glance at what yields in importance to no other "item" in a document of the kind—viz., the novelties, or quasi-novelties, intended to enlarge the established repertory, which now comprises no fewer than fifty works at immediate disposal of the management. In the list of projected *addenda* we find the names of five operas new to the Covent Garden stage, two of which, moreover, are altogether new to this country. The *Vêpres Siciliennes*, which heads the catalogue, was composed by Verdi, then in the meridian of his career, for the Paris Opera, during the time of the International Exhibition (1855), when it was produced with Sophie Cruvelli in the chief character (Hélène). Four years later, an Italian version was given at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, Mdlle. Tietjens taking the part of Hélène (now Elena), and the late Signor Mongini that of the principal tenor (Henri.) Awaiting some fresh work from the pen of the composer of *Aïda*, who just now seems inclining rather towards sacred and instrumental than towards purely dramatic music, Mr. Gye could hardly have hit upon a wiser expedient than the revival of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, to which the fact of Mad. Adelina Patti's assuming the character of the heroine will impart exceptional interest. Next on the list we find another revival, in the shape of an Italian adaptation of Otto Nicolai's comic opera, *D'e Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, which, it may be remembered, was presented in 1864, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson (Signor Arditi being conductor), with Mdlles. Tietjens and Bettelheim, Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier, and M. Junca in the cast. The title then selected for it was *Falstaff*, under which Balfe, many years previously, had brought out an opera on the same subject, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Lumley was director and Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa, conductor—the personage of the amerous knight being appropriately represented by "the great Lablache." The *Falstaff* of Nicolai was received with such marked favor that it is difficult to understand why it should not have remained a permanent feature in the repertory. Mr. Gye's prospectus does not mention the distribution of the *dramatis personæ*; but it might easily be guessed from a glance at his company of artists. In any case this other revival—now re-christened *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor*—will be looked forward to with as much pleasure as the one just cited. *Il Vascillo Fantasma*, next on the list, will at once be recognised as another Italian version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, first produced in Italian at Drury Lane, in 1870, during the brief directorate of Mr. George Wood, with the sensational title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, and but recently, it is almost needless to add, under the more familiar one of the *Flying Dutchman*, by Mr. Carl Rosa at the Lyceum—the English version, from the pen of Mr. J. P. Jackson. Mr. Gye having already presented *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* to his patrons, it was doubtless hard to resist completing the triad by the addition of Wagner's other more practicable work. Further than this, the unanimous praise accorded, both by Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites, to the Elsa and Elizabeth of Mdlle. Albani, made it almost a *sine quâ non* that the gentle, fate-struck Senta should swell the catalogue of that accomplished lady's Wagnerian portrayals. The first of the two operas, unknown to the English public, is *Santa Chiara*, composed, many years since, by the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, whose earliest work, *Casilda*, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre as far back as 1852, with Mesdames Charton and De la Grange, Signor Calzolari and De Bassini, in the cast—all famous singers of their day. *Santa Chiara* was first heard at Coburg, in 1854, and, the year following, was performed at the Opéra Impériale, in Paris, under the

title of *Sainte Claire*. The original libretto, by Mad. Birch Pfeiffer, is founded upon a Russian legend. The Czarewitch, Alexis, son of Peter the Great, being impressed with an idea that his wife, the Princess Charlotte, of Austria, is implicated in a conspiracy against him, administers to her, at supper, what he imagines to be a poisoned beverage. This dose, however, is not poison, but merely a narcotic, supplied by a friendly doctor, who has deceived the Czarewitch; and, just as her guilty husband, at the funeral State ceremony, is about to place a coronal of white roses on her brow, the Princess mechanically raises her hand, as if in menace. The appalled Alexis, persuaded that it is an avenging spirit, falls senseless to the ground. When prayers for the departed have been offered up, and the mournful train is out of sight and hearing, the Princess returns to consciousness, the same friendly doctor, the last to remain, conveying her, in disguise, from the Palace to a shelter beyond reach of discovery. The Princess ultimately seeks refuge at Naples, where, by her virtues and good deeds, she obtains so high a reputation for sanctity that the people call her "Santa Chiara." To Naples, moreover, "by a curious coincidence," the Czarewitch, in disgrace with his Imperial sire, also repairs for safety—followed, as it may be surmised, by two officers of the Czar, with orders to arrest him for high treason. Alexis is confronted in the streets of Naples, close by the religious house to which Santa Chiara has given her name. Armed with sword and dagger, the Czarewitch is apparently bent upon some dark purpose. On being summoned to surrender by one of the officers charged with his arrest, he prepares to defend himself; but no sooner are swords crossed than a figure clad in white appears before him, uttering, in sepulchral tones, the words, "Thou must die, Alexis!" Filled with horror at the accents of a voice which he recognizes as that of the wife he believes to have murdered, Alexis staggers back, overcome, and stabs himself with his dagger. The sequel need not be told. The foregoing is but a skeleton of the plot, which has other characters and incidents to diversify it. The chief of the officers despatched by the Czar to arrest his son, for instance, is in love with the Princess Charlotte, whom he met at Vienna before she became the wife of the Czarewitch, but to whom he has never spoken. This, of course, supplies what, time out of mind, has been looked upon as super-essential to opera. On the whole, the drama is interesting, and the music, we have reason to believe, superior to that of *Casilda*, its precursor from the same pen. About the *Nero* of M. Rubinstein, which is to be produced next season at the Théâtre Ventadour, it will be time enough to speak when it appears. That it will speak for itself, trumpet-tongued, may be taken for granted by those acquainted with the antecedents of the composer of the *Maccabées*. We may add that "three at least" (why not four at once?) of the foregoing operas are to be presented.

A mere glance at Mr. Gye's engagements for the season will suffice. The orchestra and chorus are as heretofore, Signors Vianesi and Bevignani again sharing the conductorship between them. The list of prima-donnas comprises the names of Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlles. Albani and Zaré Thalberg, besides those of Mdlles Bianchi, Marimon, D'Angeri, and other favorites. Mdlle. Scalchi is once more chief contralto; M. Capoul, Signors Nicolini, Mariani, and Carpi, etc., are among the tenors; M. Maurel, Signors Graziani and Cotogni head the baritones, Signors Bagagiolo, Capponi, and Ciampi the basses. This would already form a highly-efficient company. The names of several artists, as yet unknown to our public, however, are added. Among these we find two tenors—Signors Gayarre and Tamagno—both enjoying a certain Continental repute. The difficulty that prevented Signor Gayarre from coming to London, in consequence, if we may credit protests, of his having pledged himself both to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, would seem to be surmounted; although we again see his name announced in the prospectus just advertised by Mr. Mapleson, for the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Tamagno's appearance this year depending upon the results of an appeal to a superior Court, against a verdict recorded in favor of the Covent Garden director, Mr. Gye shows good faith in warning subscribers that the advent of that gentleman "cannot" for the present "be relied on." As we know nothing about the new singers announced, we merely cite their names:—Madame Ricci, Mdlles. Avigliana, Eva de Synnerberg (her first appearance on the stage), Sonnino, Dotti, De Riti, Emma Sardá, and Signor Caracciolo—six ladies and one gentleman. It is to be hoped that out of the seven some may be found serviceable. Two new dancers are announced—Mdlles. Helena and Laura Reuters, besides the clever Mdlle. Girod. Mr. Carrodus retains his post as principal violin in the orchestra. Mr. Betjemann that of leader of the ballet, and Mr. Pittman that of organist; the leading "scenic artists" being Messrs. Dayes and Caney. In these respects no improvement could be desired. That old public favorite, Signor Tagliafico, by the way, instead of figuring, as for years gone by, as stage vocalist, is now appointed stage manager. We have nothing to add, except that Mr. Gye's prospectus invites all the more confidence inasmuch as he announces simply what it is his intention to do, without comment of his own, discreetly leaving that task to the public.

Mr. Mapleson's Programme. After some hesitation as to where Mr. Mapleson should find a temporary home for his performances this season, the new house in the Haymarket has been fixed upon, and "Her Majesty's Opera" is once again to be located in Her Majesty's Theatre. The prospectus, already issued, informs us that the season will be a short one—of thirty nights, and that the house will open on the 28th inst. Without preliminary flourish the same official document comes directly to the point, on the strength of a list of singers with whom "engagements have been entered into." From the department of first ladies it suffices to single out Mdlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini and Christine Nilsson, at once to enlist attention. To the names of these distinguished artists are added those of two others unknown to London—the first being Mdlle. Carolina Salla, a young dramatic soprano, now performing in Paris, at the Theatre Lyrique, the other a Mdlle. Mathilde Nandori, of whom we are unable to give any account. Few will regret to welcome back so practised an artist as Mdlle. Varesi, or an aspirant so young, attractive, and promising as Mdlle. Mila Rodani, both of whom, in addition to Mdlle. Valleria, are announced. Among the tenors who have yet to win their spurs in England we observe Signor Gayarre, which, considering that he played the hero of *La Favorita* on Saturday and Tuesday evenings at the Royal Italian Opera, and is to play in the *Huguenots* to-night, requires an explanation which will best come from Signor Gayarre himself. Two other tenors are named, of whom we have never heard till now; while a third, Signor Carrion, is, if we are not mistaken, a son of the at once period highly-esteemed Italian vocalist who bore the same name. That the services of Signors Fancelli and Rinaldini are again secured will surprise no one; while the engagement of the veteran Tamberlik may surprise many, though none, we believe, disagreeably. Tamberlik was last here in 1869, during the period of "coalition" between Messrs. Gye and Mapleson. A strong array of baritones and basses completes the catalogue, the names of Signors Rota, Del Puente, Galassi, Medini, and, last, not least, M. Faure, being conspicuous among them. Nothing is said bearing reference to orchestra and chorus, except that M. Sainton is to be leading violin, Mr. Smithson chorus-master, and Sir Michael Costa "director of the music and conductor." With regard to the repertory, besides selecting from twenty-five operas already familiar to the company, it is intended to add Gluck's *Armida* (adapted by Salvatore Marchesi,) in order to allow Mdlle. Tietjens an opportunity of assuming the character of Tasso's and Quinault's seductive enchantress. Rossini's *Otello* is to be revived for Nilsson, Faure, and Tamberlik; Cherubini's *Medea* for Tietjens, and what will perhaps excite more interest than anything else, Wagner's *Olandese Dannato* (*Flying Dutchman*), with Christine Nilsson as Senta and Faure as Van der Decken. If all these pledges are fulfilled there will be little to complain of. To musicians and connoisseurs the largest amount of interest is likely to attach to Gluck's *Armida*, first produced in Paris close upon a century ago (September, 1777—at the Academie Royale de Musique).—*Musical World.*

Music in London.

New Philharmonic Prospectus. The prospectus of the twenty-sixth season of these concerts is a remarkable document, looked upon as indicative of contemporary public taste. That we may so regard it few will deny, since *entrepreneurs* may always be trusted to give heed to the fashion of the moment rather than to ignore the commercial interests which cannot be kept out of even the regions of art. It is significant, therefore, that Dr. Wylde and Mr. Ganz announce no fewer than eight selections, of more or less importance, from the works of Richard Wagner. These include the "Walkyrie Ride," the "Funeral March," and the "Liebeslied" (*Die Walküre*), from the *Nibelungen Ring*; the Prelude of *Die Meistersinger*, the "Philadelphia March," the "Huldigungs March," and the Overtures to *The Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the performances of these works will take place almost simultaneously with the rendering of them, under the composer's direction, in the Albert Hall; but none the less do the joint conductors deserve praise for the spirit which prompts them to afford another opportunity of becoming familiar with works so much in dispute. Many of us may think that Wagner's music does not present the best model upon which to shape public taste, but, even so, nothing is gained—rather, much may be lost—by discouraging its performance. The bad in it can only have temporary vitality, and, for fear of the evanescent bad, we should not lose the abiding good. But the conductors extend their researches into contemporary art far beyond Richard Wagner's limited region. They offer the *Ocean* Symphony of Rubinstein—in itself enough, if well performed, to leave a mark upon the season. We are led to expect, further, the *Ländliche Hochzeit* Symphony of Goldmark, for the first time in England, and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Dramatic Symphony." Herr Raff contributes his *Ode au Printemps*, for piano and orchestra, and a song, for voice and orchestra, "Traumkönig und sein Lieb." From Lachner the conductors have taken an example of the *Ossian's Gesänge*; from Schubert, a "March Heroique," in A minor; from Liszt, a dramatic scene, "Jeanne d'Arc au bucher," and from Sir Julius Benedict, his admirable Overture to *The Tempest*. We may leave these selections to speak for themselves in the hearing of all curious about contemporary musical thought, and also of those who are fond of reproaching English concert-givers with ultra conservatism. Messrs. Wylde and Ganz, however, do not propose neglecting the masters who hold strictly classical rank. Symphonies and concertos by the greatest composers will be presented, and, as the orchestra is numerous and efficient, there is no reason why the performances should not be attractive to amateurs whose admiration of modern music is small.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Bach Choir. Nothing in connection with the present musical season gave more satisfaction than an announcement that the choir raised and trained last year by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt for the performance of Bach's Mass in B minor had constituted itself a permanent body. This result was hoped for as soon as it became evident that Mr. Goldschmidt commanded resources exceptional not only in point of efficiency but as regards social position and influence. We should be the last to entertain an idea that art is patronized, in the sense of having favor conferred upon it, when amateurs, no matter how "distinguished," come out of their retirement to lend it a helping hand. The honor is rather the other way; nevertheless, work done publicly for the cause of music by such a choir as that now named after the great Cantor, possesses a value beyond the common. Its tendency is to establish a precedent for making available the large store of musical skill acquired by higher and more cultivated classes of society. Time was when the suggestion that a lady or gentleman might take part in a public choral performance without loss of dignity would have been scouted as absurd, and even now it would hardly command universal assent. The Bach Choir, which includes in its ranks amateurs of the highest position, is a protest in favor of a better order of things, and every well-wisher to music hopes that the day may soon come when many such associations will exist, not for commercial purposes, but simply for the devotion to artistic progress of the culture and leisure which wealth is able to command. At present we have reason to believe the choir is strengthened, for public appearances, by the members of several professional bodies. This, however, can only be intended as a temporary arrangement pending the accession of the right sort of amateurs in sufficient force. For the purpose in view homogeneity should be sought, so that the whole may be animated by the same spirit and capable of making the same sacrifices. The prospectus of the choir for the present season is modest in point of quantity of work. But the bane of English musical enterprises often is that we attempt too much. Either our notion of what constitutes an adequate performance is low, or we over-

estimate our powers of preparation. In any case the result is the same, and, though a good deal is done, little is accomplished, as well as it might be. The Bach Choir will not, this year, at all events, commit so serious a mistake. It gave us, on Wednesday last, at St. James's Hall, a repetition of the B minor Mass, and on Wednesday next it will perform a selection including Bach's cantata, *Ein' feste Burg;* an anthem, in eight parts, by Sterndale Bennett; the "Sanctus," from Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli;* and Gade's cantata, *Comala*. The Mass was rendered, its difficulties considered, in most commendable style, while there is every reason to believe that equal justice will be done to the remainder of the programme. On all accounts, therefore, the career of the Bach Choir as an established association opens well and with promise.

As the Mass in B minor received a large share of attention when produced twelve months ago, there is no need again to enter upon descriptive or critical details. But we must once more admire the union of patience and enthusiasm which enabled Mr. Goldschmidt and his amateurs to acquire such a mastery over its very great difficulties. The long and intricate choruses—many interesting only to the trained musical mind—were sung with the ease of perfect knowledge and a *verve* which showed that the performers adequately appreciated their character. Under the circumstances these results implied a good deal of hard work, only possible of accomplishment by rare ability and earnestness. The band, led by Herr Straus, emulated the merit of the chorus; and an admirable quartet of soloists was found in Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli. With regard to these artists, and looking at the excellence of their performance, too much cannot be said by way of praise; for, truth to tell, Bach's airs and duets are not only difficult, but terribly wearisome, uninteresting, and ineffective.[?] The connection of music and words is, strictly speaking, no connection at all; and the singer does little more than use his voice as one instrument among several engaged in the display of ingenious polyphonic exercises. His task is therefore a thankless one; but the artists of whom we now speak labored, painfully perhaps, yet with a zeal and success calling for warm acknowledgment. Herr Goldschmidt conducted in his usual able manner, though his *tempo* sometimes erred, as it appeared to us, by being too slow.—T. E.

—*Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, APR. 19.—For the sake of removing any misapprehension that might exist in the minds of those unacquainted with the situation here, I desire to advert to the article copied from the Chicago *Musical Review* in regard to Essipoff and Rivé. The article itself (in so far as it says anything) is well enough, but it opens by saying that "some of the critics" in Chicago have said so and so, and that this "*may have been their honest opinion.*" I rise here in regard to the "some," though whether I myself am in it or not I really don't know. We have in Chicago four morning papers that give musical criticisms: the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Inter-Ocean*, and *Staats-Zeitung*. The critic of the first I have already spoken of, Mr. Upton, an elegant writer and an experienced, honest and able critic. He has been the responsible critic of the *Tribune* for I believe about eighteen years. Mr. Upton pronounced in favor of Miss Rivé as a great artist before anybody else did here. The musical and dramatic editor of the *Times* is Mr. W. D. Eaton, at one time managing editor of the *Inter-Ocean*. Mr. Eaton is an experienced writer and a high-minded man, incapable of "turning in" opinions he did not believe. The *Times* has lately paid more attention to music than formerly, and in my opinion generally hits it pretty square. Both these papers have a large circulation of from thirty to sixty thousand copies a day. The *Inter-Ocean* is a newer paper. It has sunk several fortunes, and the "situation is still open." Its circulation is not great enough to seriously embarrass the paper makers; and in consequence of its limited resources it goes somewhat slowly. It was started as an "administration organ" at a time when the *Tribune* fell from grace. The musical critic of the *Inter-Ocean* is Mr. Geo. B. Armstrong, an excellent young gentleman who a year or so ago was reporter in another department of the paper. Mr. Armstrong is honest and well-meaning, but for some reason hatches out some rather unexpected ideas. When Sherwood was here he pronounced him a "mere pounder," without any musical feeling whatever. This was in amusing contrast with the *Times* and *Tribune*, both of which recognised in him a superior pianist especially notable for the musical quality of his playing. Miss Amy Fay got much better notices in the *Inter-Ocean* than Sherwood. The *Staats Zeitung* is a widely circulated German paper. Its musical critic seems to be a thoroughly well informed man. Now the long and short of it is that there were on one side three critics; on the other side one, and he by all odds the least experienced of the lot, and not a musician himself. Yet here he comes in the Chicago *Musical Review* saying that "some of the critics say so and so." Decidedly I should say that *some* do say so. And there is "some" sense to it.

I have not strung this out merely for the moral in this instance, but to give you an idea of the standing of these papers; for when one gets a thousand miles from home, such is the journalistic ability to conceal ignorance, it is difficult sometimes to determine whether a paper represents knowledge or not.

There has been a great deal of music here. Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue. The programmes are great and splendidly played. For instance, the sixth, seventh and eighth:

VI.

1. Grand Prelude and Fugue in E minor.....Bach (Peter's Ed., Book II, No. 9).
2. Ave Maria.....Arcadelt-Liszt
3. Rondo Caprice.....Buck
4. Aria—"O God have Mercy".....Mendelssohn Mr. Jas. Gill.
5. Sonata in C minor, No. 3.....Merkel
6. Song—"Inez was beautiful,".....Cowen Mr. Gill.
7. Two Canonic Studies, B major and B minor, Schumann
8. Morceau de Concert, Op. 24.....Guilman

VII.

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....Bach
2. "Canzonetta" from 1st Quartet....Mendelssohn (Best.)
3. Etude in C sharp minor.....Chopin (Op. 10, No. 4. Arranged by Haupt.)
4. Aria—"Jerusalem, thou that killest" Mendelssohn Mrs. O. L. Fox.
5. Sonata in E flat.....Dudley Buck
6. Song—"The Wild Rose Bud,".....Schubert Mrs. Fox.
7. *a.*) Communion in G, Op. 4, No. 1.....Batiste *b.*) Fanfare.....Lemmens
8. Concert Adagio in E, op. 85 .....Merkel
9. Schiller March (Best's arr.).....Meyerbeer

VIII.

[Principal numbers only.]

Grand Prelude and Fugue in G minor.....Bach
Concerto in G, No. 1.....Handel
Theme and Variations in A.....Hesse
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele

To give an idea of what is doing here in the way of organ study I may mention that one of Mr. Eddy's pupils, Miss Carrie Kingman, has played in public here successfully no less a work than Thiele's "Concert-satz in C minor," and next Wednesday at the pupils' matinée of the Hershey School will play Thiele's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue." Mr. Peter Lutkin, another pupil, plays next Wednesday the whole of Mendelssohn's "Second Sonata." Lutkin has been guilty before now of bringing the whole of a great prelude and fugue of Bach's, and playing it by heart for a single lesson. He is a young gentleman about sixteen I suppose, and has been organist at the Cathedral (P. E.) here for some years.

There is a new quartette society formed here by Mr. Adolph Liesegang, whose Philharmonic Society came to grief,—in short, died, after only one concert. Were it in point I would propose that on its tombstone be printed the child's epitaph copied from an old stone:

"If I so soon was done for,
Pray what was I begun for?"

The first soirée of the Quartette Society was given at Hershey Hall, April 2, and brought a Mozart quartet in G, and Schumann's (pianoforte) quintet, besides some rubbish. The second came last Monday night and the programme as played was this:

1. Quartet in G minor (piano).....Mozart
2. Song—"The Requital,".....Blumenthal Miss Curtis.
3. Violoncello Solo: "Souvenir de Spa,"....Servais Mr. Liesegang.
4. Organ Sonata in D.....Guilmant Mr. Creswold.
5. Aria—"Pietà, pietà,".....Meyerbeer Miss Curtis.
6. Quartet in F (No. 1)..... Beethoven

The Mozart quartet was beautifully played, Mme. Klosa taking the piano part. The Beethoven quartet also went well. These gentlemen have the technical ability and the taste to do the work they are undertaking, and I hope they will stick to it. Their names are Dr. Jordan, Mr. Baethge, Mr. Heman Allen, and A. Liesegang.

I was very glad that your Oberlin correspondent gave the Mendelssohn Quintette a rub for their trashy programmes. They played a matinée in Hershey Hall to a very small audience, which was small only because the programme opened with the "Overture to William Tell" ("in words of one syllable" the *Times* said) and followed all the way through in that key, except two movements from a Haydn quartet. I am very glad the time has gone by in Chicago when such a programme will draw. Mr. Eddy's sixth organ recital in the same hall two hours before had a larger audience. You can see how far that was drawn by a "popular programme." I am sorry to see this useful organization falling behind in this way. The *Times* remembered when they played a matinée here six years ago with three entire quartets,—which was the other extreme.

Meanwhile, I am

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEW YORK.—(*Concluded from Page* 16.) On Tuesday evening Apr. 10, Mr. Emil Liebling, the young pianist from Chicago, whose name is already known to the readers of this Journal, gave a concert at Steinway Hall. Mr. Liebling played to a large audience and his performance was received with favor. His first piece was Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, arranged by F. Liszt. This we came too late to hear. His next selections were: *a.* In der Nacht; *b.* Ende vom Lied, R. Schumann; *c.* Etude en Octaves, Th. Kullak. Subsequently he played three Chopin numbers: *a.* Etude, C minor; *b.* Prelude, D flat; *c.* Scherzo, Op. 39, C sharp minor. His closing selections were: *a.* Soirées de Vienne, and *b.* Polonaise Heroique, E major, F. Liszt.

Mr. Liebling has studied to good purpose, and impressed us as as being an earnest and conscientious artist. His technique is excellent, and in left hand passages particularly firm and even; and his performance was free from mannerism. His powers of execution were best displayed in the Study in Octaves, and in the Liszt pieces. In ideality, which is not a power but an inspiration, he seemed deficient and therefore there was something lacking to the full enjoyment of the Schumann and the Chopin music, although the playing was above the average degree of excellence. To be able to interest a large audience with such music is an indication of merit in any pianist, and Mr. Liebling's debut here was certainly successful. The other artists who appeared at this concert were as follows: Miss Anna Drasdil, who sang the "Gebet" of Ferd. Hiller and Schumann's "Aufenthalt;" Sig. G. Tagliapietra, who sang "Les Rameaux" by Faure and his own "Dream of Love;" and Mr. Otto Soldan, a young violinist, who played "La Melancholie" by F. Prume and an *Elegie* of his own composition.

A. A. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 20, 1877.—Lest readers of the Journal should think that the cultivation of good music is utterly neglected in Rhode Island, I send enclosed the

programmes of a series of "Two Classical Subscription Matinées" given in Barney's Hall, Providence, on Friday afternoons March 2d and April 13th by Mr. Robert Bonner of that city, with the assistance of his pupil, Mr. J. H. Mason of Providence, and of Messrs. J. C. Mullaly and Wulf Fries of Boston.

First Matinée.

1. Trio for Piano,* Violin and 'Cello, Op. 99, in B flat.....Schubert
   Allegro moderato—Andante un poco mosso—Scherzo, Allegro—Rondo, Allegro vivace.
2. Sonate for Piano and 'Cello, Op. 58, in D, Mendelssohn
   Allegro assai vivace—Allegretto scherzando—Adagio, Molto allegro e vivace.
3. Sonate for Piano* and Violin, Op. 13, in G, (new).....Ed. Grieg
   Lento doloroso, Allegro vivace—Allegretto tranquillo—Allegretto animato.
4. Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, Op. 8, in G minor, (first time).....Chopin
   Allegro con fuoco—Scherzo, con moto ma non troppo—Adagio—Finale, Allegretto.

Second Matinée.

1. Trio for Piano,* Violin and 'Cello, Op. 63, in D minor.....Schumann
   Mit Energie und Leidenschaft—Scherzo, lebhaft, doch nicht zu rasch—Langsam mit inniger Empfindung—Mit Feuer.
2. Sonate for Piano and 'Cello, Op. 18 in D, Rubinstein
   Allegro con moto—Allegretto—Allegro.
3. Sonate for Piano* and Violin, Op. 5, No. 2, in E flat.....Hauptmann
   Allegro—Larghetto un poco sostenuto—Rondo, Allegretto.
4. Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge for Piano in D minor.....Bach
5. Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, in A flat, Haydn
   Allegro moderato—Adagio—Rondo, vivace.

*Mr. Mason.

The writer was unavoidably absent from the first concert. The second was from an artistic point of view very successful. Mr. Mason, a talented young pianist, deserves great credit for his fine performance of the piano parts in the Schumann Trio and the Hauptmann Sonata.

The Trio is a great work and thoroughly characteristic of its author in its complicated and restless rhythms, especially in the first and third movements. But these and other difficulties of the work were mastered by the performers, and as a whole, it went finely.

The Rubinstein Sonata for Piano and 'Cello is full of beautiful melody, and well-sustained throughout. It is very invigorating and in parts seemed to almost need a full orchestra instead of the two instruments for which it was written. It was splendidly given by Messrs. Bonner and Wulf Fries.

Hauptmann's Sonate is a fine piece of writing and improves with every hearing. It was finely played.

Bach's great chromatic fantasie and fugue came next, but words on this are vain. One must know it to appreciate or enjoy it. Under Mr. Bonner's fingers it spoke for itself.

The trio of Haydn, genial, bright and restful after the other great works, brought the concert to a fitting close.

The Providence Journal of April 14th said, "The Subscription Concerts of Mr. Bonner have been attended by the most accomplished of our musical public and done much to instruct as well as to give pleasure, and it is to be hoped that they may be continued another season."

This is very true with regard to those present. Yet the people of that city do not seem to sufficiently appreciate their native talent, or the opportunities offered by these concerts for communion with the great masters of musical expression.

Mr. Bonner has for several seasons undertaken at considerable risk these series of concerts simply from his love of his art and his desire to further its cause. Surely such praiseworthy efforts should meet with more encouragement than they have yet received, and Providence will have only herself to blame if the hope expressed by the Journal is not realized, and she loses these delightful sources of instruction and pleasure.

A. G. L.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1877.

The Festival.

The Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society begins next Wednesday evening (May 16). The sale of tickets has been large; the chorus rehearsals have been growing more frequent and more earnest as the time approached; full rehearsals of chorus, orchestra and soloists will begin to-night; and there is every prospect of a grand success. A fine list of principal singers is announced, and, for the first time, they are all Americans. For Sopranos, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Emma C. Thursby; Contraltos, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Miss Mathilde Phillipps; Tenors, Mr. Charles R. Adams (who has long held a high position in the Imperial Opera at Vienna, and who will be welcomed back with some enthusiasm to the scene of his old triumphs) and Mr. Wm. J. Winch; Basses, our two stalwart Handelian "men of war," Messrs. J. F. Winch and M. W. Whitney. The chorus will have 600 voices, thoroughly drilled by Carl Zerrahn, and at the Great Organ will sit as usual Mr. B. J. Lang. There will be six concerts as follows:

Wednesday Evening, May. 16.
Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah."

Thursday Afternoon, May 17.
Psalm 18th. "The Spacious Firmament,"...Marcello
"Noël"—Christmas Cantata by.....Saint-Saëns
And Selections by the principal Artists and Orchestra.

Thursday Evening, May 17.
"Christmas Oratorio"—Parts I and II....J. S. Bach
Redemption Hymn.....J. C. D. Parker
Song of Victory.....Ferdinand Hiller

Friday Evening, May 18.
Handel's Oratorio of "Samson."

Saturday Afternoon, May 19.
Grand Concert by Principal Vocalists, B. J. Lang, Pianist, and Grand Orchestra.

Sunday Evening, May 20.
Handel's Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt."

The three great Oratorios have been more or less familiar here,—*Samson* and *Israel* more so formerly than of late years, and probably we shall now hear a more complete and adequate performance of *Israel* than we have ever had before. All the shorter Oratorios or Cantatas, and the Marcello Psalm will be wholly new here, and of decided interest. The miscellaneous portion of the two afternoon concerts will be chiefly given to the solo singers, with some overtures and shorter pieces, but no Symphony, by the fine orchestra which has been made up.

Certainly there is great variety and freshness in the programme, and the length of the Festival will be less exhausting than in former seasons.

Besides the love of music, a patriotic motive is appealed to in the most generous manner by the announcement of the Society that *"One half of the profits of the Festival will be given to the Old South fund."*

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."

The "Christmas Oratorio" was composed in 1734. It is doubtful whether Bach wrote it as one independent whole, or whether it is to be regarded as a connected series of several of those church Cantatas, one of which he composed for every Sunday's service, besides festival days, in the Thomas Church in Leipsic, for some six years, leaving behind him more than three hundred Cantatas, most of which were sung once and laid upon the shelf, only to see the light within the last twenty years in the invaluable volumes of the Bach-Gesellschaft. After so grandly celebrating the sorrows and the crucifixion of the Son of Man in his unrivalled *St Matthew Passion-music*, it was natural that he should also sing the joyful Feast of the Nativity. The Oratorio is in six parts, each having the form of a complete Cantata, consisting of orchestral symphony, arias, chorals, and elaborate choruses. Each part was performed on a separate day,—the first three on Christmas and the two following days, the fourth on New Year's Day, the fifth on the Sunday after New Year, and the sixth on the Epiphany or Twelfth-day.

Only the first two parts can be given in the present Festival, for the reason that this, like nearly all the choral works of Bach and Handel, required that the instrumental accompaniments, for the most part only sketched or hinted in the original scores, should be wrought out and completed in the same manner that Robert Franz has done it for the Passion-music, and he has performed this service as yet only for Parts I and II.

Part I.—As in the Passion-music, the connecting narrative (from Luke ii, 1–7) is consigned to a tenor voice, in recitative, in the character of *Evangelist*. It opens in a most jubilant and joyful prelude,—first with drums, which wake to life the trumpets, flutes, oboes, bassoon, strings, organ, etc., leading in the inspiring chorus, "Jauchzet! frohlocket!" ("Christians, be joyful!"). Then the narrative begins (tenor recitative): "Now it came to pass," etc.,—six verses. This affords a theme for sweet meditation expressed in the alto recitative and aria: "Prepare thyself, Zion, ... haste with ardor the Bridegroom to welcome," etc.,—a chaste, *naïve*, simple melody, (allegretto, 3–8, in A minor), full of virgin piety and tenderness, growing in fervor to the end.

But now serious and mournful strains are heard in the midst of the rejoicing. The old Lutheran Choral, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," the same which Bach has introduced five times, variously harmonized, in the *Passion*, appears now again, to the words of Paul Gerhard's Advent Hymn, "How shall I fitly meet thee," and again in a new four-part setting of inimitable beauty and expression. C. H. Bitter says: "We see the Angel of Death unveil his pale face, bend over the cradle of the Lord, and foretell his sorrows. The Child hears the song which, one day, sung to other words (*Passion*, No. 72), will be his death-song." The Choral dies away sadly in soft tones, and the Evangelist goes on, "And she brought forth her first-born Son," etc. A simple, touching picture, only a few bars of recitative, with oboes, expressing the mother's self-forgetting love.

The next piece (No. 7) is most original and interesting in its form, as well as in its musical ideas. It combines orchestral symphony, a Choral, "For us to earth He cometh poor," sung in unison by trebles only, line by line intermittently, in alternation with short reflective sentences of bass recitative, "Who rightly can the love declare?" etc. The independent and developed instrumental motive which preludes, accompanies, and finishes the whole, is most lovely in itself, and the three elements in combination form a whole of rare and perfect beauty. The jubilant vein returns in No. 8, the strong and brilliant bass aria (in D, 2–4), with trumpets, "Lord Almighty, King all glorious;" and the first part ends with another choral ("Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her,") here sung to quaint words from Luther's Christmas hymn, "Ach, mein herzliebes Jesulein, Mach' dir ein rein sanft Bettelein," translated in our English text, "Ah! dearest Jesus, holy child, make thee a bed, soft, undefiled," etc. The choral is accompanied, and in spite of its innocent and childlike images has stirring trumpet interludes between the lines, which make it at the same time a song of triumph,—a proclamation of the Saviour's birth to all the lands.

Part II. opens with that exquisite pastoral symphony, the masterpiece of all compositions of its kind, which has been heard here occasionally through the Thomas Orchestra. It is in the key of G, in the same broad, tranquil 12–8 measure with that in the "Messiah" which Handel borrowed from Corelli. It is a delicate and lovely idyl, suggesting a scene of purity and peace and holy influence,—shepherds watching their flocks by night. The first theme is sustained by the string quartet;

the two violin parts, as one answers the other, strengthened by two flutes. They cease for a few measures while a second motive, a sweet cradle song, is heard from two pairs of obsolete reed instruments (2 *Oboi d'amore*, 2 *Oboi di caccia*), whose sound must have been peculiarly pastoral. Modern instruments (oboes, English horns, etc.,) must replace these; and here comes in again the loving service of Robert Franz, as well as in the filling out of the middle harmony in general. The strings and flutes resume their melody, the reeds reply in snatches of their own, and all the motives, all the parts, are wrought together with consummate art and beauty, leaving the impression of a perfect night of holy stillness, and pervaded by a light from other worlds, whereat the watching shepherds become "sore afraid." The Evangelist resumes the narrative, "There were shepherds," etc., in a wonderful bit of recitative, in which both the vocal phrases and the singularly well-chosen harmonies give one the sense of a clear and crystal atmosphere of miracle. "The glory of the Lord" shines about *us*, too, as we listen. The solemn choral, "Break forth, O beauteous, heavenly Light," fitly hails the unspeakable significance and promise of the hour, forming the prelude to the soft soprano of the angel, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," sustained by long drawn chords of the string quartet. Again the reflective element comes in in a short bass recitative (No. 14), followed by (No. 15) the exhorting aria for tenor, "Haste, ye shepherds, haste to meet Him," an elaborately florid melody, but of exceeding beauty if the delivery be adequate. It is a strictly three-part composition,—for flute, tenor voice, and *basso continuo*, with organ to complete the harmony. (This aria is prudently omitted in many performances.)

16–17. After the words of the gospel, "Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," etc., we hear again the same choral with which the first part ended, this time in another key and differently harmonized to suit the words, "Within you gloomy manger lies the Lord," etc. The four voice parts are sustained in unison by the quartet of strings and of the same reeds that took part in the "Pastorale," and these latter still continue to accompany the bass recitative which follows, in which the instrumental bass breaks into arpeggio figures, making a harp-like prelude to the "Cradle Song," which "all with one accord" are exhorted to sing "to soothe the infant Lord." But Bach, with a delicate, true instinct, makes the song an alto solo; it is the voice of the mother to her child, "Sleep, my beloved" (No. 10), one of the loveliest of innocent and heartfelt melodies, too well known here to need description. The four reeds of the pastoral oboe family continue to move in unison with the violins and viola, and the flute goes with the voice, while the bass below keeps up a rocking motion. But observe how the voice in entering hangs entranced through three bars on the one note, "Sleep," leaving the sympathetic instruments to carry on the melody, then drops unconsciously down and lingers upon lower tones before taking up the melody itself, which naturally grows more fervent and more florid in the second part.

The second part ends (or mainly ends) as the first part began, with a great chorus (No. 21). It is the multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest!" Bitter's description will serve here. "Instantly they are here, the heavenly hosts, all simultaneously, with loud jubilation and in richly colored sounds, these voices of the mighty chorus, supported by full orchestra, singing the praise of the Most High. A wreath of shining blossoms soars and circles; with might and freedom all are striving, pressing upward. And 'peace on earth' resounds in the midst of it, borne up by softly-broken chords upon the tranquil *organ-point* of the bass, in gentler manner, until the jubilee burste forth anew. With the words, 'Unto men in whom he is well pleased,' the wreath entwines itself more and more richly in radiant curves and windings, until, completed as it were by angel hands, and briefly summing up the leading motives, the sound dies out as if lost in the clouds. In fact, there is a grandeur and a splendor in this composition that befits the festal day on which the Lord, in fulfilment of his promises, has sent his only begotten Son into the world. Joyful and exalted we look up to the light-gleaming clouds whence the song streams forth, and which we find, as in a Raphael's picture, all alive with hundreds of thousands of shining angels' heads." If this chorus forms the climax of this second part, yet not the less interesting is the short and beautiful postlude or reflection which Bach adds in (No. 22) a sentence of bass recitative, "'Tis right that angels thus should sing," and then (No. 23), for the third time, that Choral which concluded the first part; but not, as then, with trumpet tones, and not, as in No. 17, in calm and serious contemplation of the lowly cradle of the Lord, but in response to the angelic chorus and in greeting to the new-born child. It is the human group assembled with the mother around the cradle. This time the measure of the choral melody is changed to the broad and tranquil 12–8 of the pastoral symphony, the second theme of which is brought back in the intervals between the choral verses by the flutes and oboes of the orchestra, so that by this exquisite device the second part concludes as it began.

If these two parts of the "Christmas Oratorio" make fortunately their due impression, it surely will have to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the entire work must be brought out before another season passes.

Concerts.

Madame Rudersdorff, with a number of her pupils, past and present, gave a somewhat unique and very interesting Matinée, at Union Hall, on Saturday, April 28, of which here is the programme:

Part Song, "Sleep, noble child."..... Cherubini
Madame Rudersdorff's Pupils.

Aria—"Menti eterne,"..... Handel
Madame Rudersdorff.

Song—"I am a Roamer," (From "Son and Stranger,")..... Mendelssohn
Mr. M. W. Whitney.

Romanza—"Ah Fatima," (Abu Hassan)..... Weber
Miss Clara Stutsman.

Quartet—"I scarcely dare to trust." (Rival beauties)..... Randegger
Miss Fanny Kellogg, Dr. Langmaid,
Mr. —— —— and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

Ballata—"C'era una volta un principe," (Guarany), Gomes
Miss Emma Thursby.

Piano-forte Solo, Fantasie in F minor, op. 49. Chopin

Nursery Rhymes—"Humpty Dumpty," "Old King Cole," Arranged after H. Farmer by E. Rudersdorff
Madame Rudersdorff's Pupils.

Song—Romance from "Masaniello,"..... Auber
Dr. Langmaid.

Romanza—"T'amo d'amor dolcissimo,"..... Salaman
Madame Rudersdorff.

Piano-forte Solo. Barcarole. Op. 183, Theodore Kullak
Mr. W. H. Sherwood.

Kinderlieder, { *a.* "Little Jacob," *b.* "The farmer and the pigeons," *c.* "Little Ladybug," } Taubert
Miss Fanny Kellogg.

Song—"I love my love."..... W. H. I. Graham
Miss Emma Thursby.

Quintet—"Di scrivermi" (Così fan tutte).... Mozart
Miss Kellogg, Miss Stutsman, Dr. Langmaid,
Mr. —— —— and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

The three-part chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence* was sung by the same young ladies (about sixteen of them), who sang it at a Harvard Concert, and with the same beautiful blending of rich, pure voices and fine light and shade; we only question the propriety of that explosive accent upon each utterance of the word "sleep!" which sounded more like *wake!* The Nursery Rhymes, too, were full of an exquisite, quaint humor, and charmingly sung, the accompanying *twiddles* of the "fiddlers three" being happily hinted by a portion of the voices; while Madame herself stood in the front conducting as if it were Mother Goose in person.—The Quartet by Randegger and the Quintet by Mozart were given with the refinement, the artistic spirit and the fine blending of choice qualities of tone to be expected from such singers, the anonymous baritone proving that he had little need of such a screen.

Mme. Rudersdorff herself sang the impassioned Aria from Handel's *Lotario* with all her old fire and energy and thorough understanding of this noble school of song; and she was equally at home in the softer sentiment of the piece by Salaman. Miss Thursby's exquisite bird-like voice, and facile, florid vocalization appeared to rare advantage in the Ballata by Gomez, which in itself is of slight importance otherwise than as a showpiece for a singer. Her ballad, too, was sweetly sung, in a true sustained *cantabile*. Miss Fanny Kellogg was happy again in rendering the spirit and the beauty of the little Taubert songs. Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Whitney both sang admirably, the latter revealing a *vis comica* in the Pedlar's song, by which some were agreeably surprised. Mr. Sherwood's contributions were of his usual excellence.

Miss Emma Abbott, the much discussed, much advertised American Soprano, who has been studying abroad in Paris and chiefly in Italy, and who is not without experience on the operatic stage, made her first appearance before a Boston audience in two Concerts at the Music Hall on Thursday evening, May 3, and Saturday afternoon, May 5. The great Hall was very nearly full on both occasions. The programmes, to be sure, were of the commonplace description commonly called "popular," but there was great enthusiasm. Miss Abbott has an upper voice of remarkable purity and clear, vibrating quality; her intonation is perfect; her execution facile, even, highly finished; and she has the art of holding out, diminishing and swelling a tone to a degree which we have hardly heard surpassed. Some of her middle tones are a little obscure, dry, slightly nasal; but she sings always with expression, feeling and refinement; and with great animation and vitality, even with fine *espiéglerie* in such scenes as the duet with the old sergeant from the *Fille du Regiment*, in which she was well matched with Ferranti, droll as ever. Her voice, we should have said, is of slender, wire-drawn calibre; and of its "linked sweetness long drawn out," its exquisitely shaded pianissimo, in sentimental pieces, we felt at times a surfeit. But then again she would come out in a strong passage with a resonant and vibrating tone of glorious breadth and freedom. Her best power, however, seemed to us to lie in the lighter and more ornamental music, that which the voice can play withal. We unfortunately lost her largest, most dramatic selection, the "Robert, toi que j'aime" of Meyerbeer, in which we hear she made a very marked impression; and Handel's "I know that my Redeemer," put upon her programme without her own knowledge, was wisely omitted.

The song of Mignon (Ambroise Thomas): "Knows't thou the land," was sung with great feeling and refinement. So too was the singularly operatic, florid and elaborate setting of the well-known hymn: "Nearer, my God, to thee." As a singer of Scotch and English ballads she is certainly very superior. Perhaps nothing which she did showed more of an original, peculiar power than her embellished and fantasia-like delivery of "Auld Lang Syne." The lady altogether impresses us as full of life and talent; and with more experience, particularly in the nobler kinds of music, she may take a conspicuous rank among fine singers.

Her assistants were Sig. Ferranti, the irresistible buffo, full of good nature and of fun, whose voice has all the rich Italian warmth of his complexion, and whose songs of "Morra," "Femine, femine," "Vedi Napoli," etc., are more grotesque than ever; Sig. Brignoli, whose tenor voice is just as fine as it always was, and who is the same admirable singer, though we heard him this time only in English (American) ballads;—and Mr. Wm. R. Case, rather more than a respectable pianist, from the Conservatoire of Paris.

It remains to speak of Mme. Essipoff's six afternoon Concerts, which have drawn deeply interested audiences to Union Hall this week, and of the remarkable exhibition of Mr. Eichberg's Violin Classes,—"four and twenty fiddlers," two thirds of them young girls.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB gave the third concert of its fourth season in the Music Hall last evening. On this occasion it introduced its auxiliary chorus of ladies, and the programme was as follows:

Ave Verum. Mixed chorus.....Mozart
Psalm XXIII. Female voices.....Schubert
To the Sons of Art. Boylston Club....Mendelssohn
The Water Lily. Mixed chorus.....Gade
a. Birdling. } Female voices, { .....Rubinstein
b. The Cuckoo. } { .....Hiller
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....Mendelssohn
The Long Day Closes. Boylston Club.....Sullivan
My Love is Far Away. Mixed chorus.....Osgood
a. In May-time, } Boylston Club,
b. Do I e'er Think of Thee? } Billeter
Abt
a. Down in a Dewy Dell. Female voices, } ..Smart
b. Capstan Chorus. Boylston Club,
My Love's like a red, red Rose. Mixed chorus, Garrett
Guarda che Bianca Luna. Boylston Club..Campana
Glee, "Allen-a-Dale." Mixed chorus....De Pearsall

In the letter written to the *Globe* by Mr. Osgood, a few weeks since, the object of the club in its future efforts was stated to be the union of two separately drilled choruses, which should be heard each by itself as well as in combination with the other. It is a unique plan, so far as we know, but judging from last night's performance it must prove as fascinating as it is unusual. The best illustration of the merits of the case is to be found in the contrast between the different selections on the list, which is varied enough to keep the attention untiringly and to add a certain richness not attained in any other way. In the selection of voices Mr. Osgood has, as usual, shown his good judgment, and the results of their training reflect very strongly his admirable ability as a leader. The female voices are all as fresh and sweet as one could imagine, and are strong enough to bear severe test without a perceptible diminution of their power or their mellowness. A clearer, more resonant body of altos we never heard, while the sopranos united give a body of tone of almost flawless purity. There could be an addition of a few voices to either part, for the reason that the male voices are at times a trifle too strong for the others. This, however, is an advantage even while it suggests an increase of force; for it shows what a splendidly full and resonant volume comes from male voices which have been so carefully improved by separate training. There is no chorus in Boston certainly, that has such a magnificent corps of tenors and basses; and in this is to be seen one of many reasons why the uniting of two choirs like these gives a result not quite reached by the practice of the chorus with reference only to combined effects. At future concerts it is the intention of the society to produce some important choral works, which this array of force will enable it to do in grand style. Last night, as will be seen by the programme, the selections were with one or two exceptions, familiar. The character of such as were chosen, however, was of the ripest sort and the performances were well-nigh faultless. In selecting such works for the first concert as were tolerably well-known much wisdom was shown. It was the very best opportunity to disclose what the united choruses could do at the outset of their career, and so gave royal promise for the future, when the more extended works are brought out. Mr. Osgood's song was one in a list of six encores. We must candidly say that he has made his music rather too strong and brilliant for the sentiment of the words, but as to the effect of the composition in itself there can be but one opinion, and that a favorable one. There is a certain dramatic flavor about it which is very captivating. It was exceedingly well sung, and a high sustained note for the sopranos was given with delightful clearness and a refreshingly positive accuracy. Hiller's "Dame Cuckoo" is a very sprightly catch and full of a quaint realism quite picturesque in its effect. The two songs by Smart were admirable specimens of part-writing for the two kinds of voices. To instance all the numbers would be to give a succession of eulogistic phrases for the performance of so many different works, all judiciously selected, carefully varied and sung with every requisite of light and shade, a thorough intelligence, rare unity and unfailing surety of attack. Among all the rest, our preference would incline us to the selections by Mozart, Schubert and Gade, as most exquisite in themselves and most exquisitely done. In the future we may look for grand achievements by the Boylston Club and its female chorus. The concert of last evening is a certain pledge of this and of the wisdom which suggested the enlargement of the original chorus. There will be one more concert this season somewhere about the 23d of May.—*Globe, April* 19.

THE APOLLO CLUB gave an admirable example in their last week's concerts of what a pitch of perfection part-singing can be brought to. Yet it is difficult not to bring in the ungracious "but" very soon in speaking of these concerts. The programme was as follows:—

1. Night on the Ocean.....Brambach
2. He's the Man to Know.....Zoellner
3. Duet: The Lord is a Man of War.....Handel
4. Wanderer's Night Song.....Lenz
5. Bass Solo: The Bell Ringer.....Wallace
6. Scene from Lohengrin.....Wagner
7. At Sunset (Tenor Solo and Chorus.....Billeter
8. Bass Solo: I am a Roamer.....Mendelssohn
9. Evening Scene.....Dubois
10. Italian Salad.....Genée
11. Morning.....Rubinstein

The performance of all the concerted numbers in the above list was as near perfection as the soul of man can well desire, excepting, now and then, some bits of faulty elocution. But it is painful to see such excellent material spent on such a programme. Whether it is in the bounds of possibility to form an interesting, even a merely unfatiguing programme of music for male voices only is a question about which there may be two opinions,—I for one do not think it is. Let it not seem ungracious to say this: I know that the Apollo Club gives these concerts—which are entirely private affairs—to give pleasure to their friends and for the enjoyment of singing together. The audience is an invited audience, not wholly of a distinctly musical character, and if we of the press are invited too, we have no right to turn up our critical noses. The point I wish to make is this: A club like the Apollo have no right—that is, no moral right, for a legal right they certainly have—to give concerts on such a scale merely for their own amusement and for the sake of giving an only semi-musical audience pleasure. They have the most transcendent means of performing, or doing their part towards performing all that is greatest, highest and also most difficult in choral music. They have done Art in Boston one great service, the same service that Mr. Thomas did with his orchestra in 1869: they have shown us what a technically fine performance is. That is already a great deal, but they should not stop here: they should direct their efforts to producing really worthy works. The Boylston Club have already taken a great step forward in throwing open their door to women's voices. By so doing they have increased their repertory about two thousand per cent. Show me a really fine work for male chorus, and I can show you twenty as fine, or finer for mixed chorus. Let no one fall back on the German *Liedertafel* as an example. They have beer and tobacco. Bring in the element of beer and tobacco, and you put the whole affair upon an entirely different footing. It is no longer to be looked upon as a musical example—as the Germans say: *musikgilflich*—and whether it sets a good or bad one is no matter. The Apollo club entertainments are on such a scale that they cannot but be looked upon as concerts with a musical object, and the example they set—and only think of the prestige their example has—is undeniably bad. It is a maxim of equity that a man may amuse himself as he likes as long as he does his neighbor no harm. But by giving such a programme with such eclat, the Apollo Club sets an example which does do harm to the musical culture of our city. There! I have had my say, and feel better after it. The solo performances did something towards giving variety to the occasion and were, especially the rollicking pedlar's song from the *Son and Stranger*, capitally sung.—*Courier.*

THE MUSIC HALL CONCERTS. The concerts given in Music Hall, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, were attended by large audiences, and gave general satisfaction. The programmes presented a great variety of music, and were long enough to satisfy the most voracious amateur. But the old proverb about the inch and the ell again proved its truth. Each concert was tediously lengthened by the rapacious greed of the encore thieves. Has it never occurred to these people who take by force without paying, that their conduct is wonderfully like that of the late Mr. Turpin? The New York Glee Club sang glees, part-songs, and the like from English and German composers, with their habitual finish. It now includes, in addition to Misses Beebe and Finch and Messrs. Nilsen, Baird and Aiken, two new singers, Mrs. Anna B. Hills, an excellent contralto, and Mr. George Eliard, a light tenor. There were included in the programmes four part songs by Mr. Goldbeck. We wish that Mr. Goldbeck's songs were less artificial as a rule. Occasionally he writes a phrase of real beauty and positive inspiration. Mr. Florio's song, *Beneath a Willow*, with his own lines for text, was very charming. A part song by Abt. was also a setting of words by Mr. Florio, who, as a poet, has apparently followed the lead of Herrick and other old English writers. For vocal solos, Miss Cary sang English Italian and French songs and arias, and Miss Beebe, a bright little song by Taubert. Miss Cary's voice has acquired amid Russian snows a wonderful brilliancy, which, with its natural richness, makes it now the most beautiful contralto in America. Mme. Essipoff's selection were from authors whose writings she has performed with the happiest results—Chopin, Liszt and Mendelssohn. There was, as before, a charming clearness in all, and an overemphatic manner in *legato* movements. It is too late in life for Ole Bull to change his manner or enlarge his repertory, and so long as there are crowds ready to listen to him, there is no reason why he should do either. But what a fame he might have earned had he, years ago, aimed at something higher than fantasies on operatic arias, or even Paganini's compositions. The accompaniments for his performances were played on a cabinet organ and piano by Madame Bull and Mr. Dulcken, respectively; and those for the songs by Mr. Florio.—*Courier.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

We deck their Graves alike Today. Memorial Quartet for male voices. G. 8. G to g. *Danks.* 30

"With blossoms fresh and fair."

A good quartet for Memorial Day. Get it in time.

We are growing Old together. A. 8. E to F. *Richardson.* 35

"The heart that loves forever
Grows stronger, evermore."

A fine and wholesome tribute to friendship.

Hear, Father, hear our Prayer. Alto, Solo and Qt. D. 4. a to g. *Bauer.* 40

"Strength to the feeble, and hope to despair."

The well-known beautiful words are well matched by the music, in which the Alto is conspicuous.

Angel of Beauty. (Sei mir gegrüsst.) Bb. 4. G to g. *Schubert.* 40

"Fond love and duty, ever shall dwell."
"Sei mir gegrüsst, sei mir geküsst."

Fine "Schubert" song in two languages.

Loving Hearts and Hands united. D. 8. d to F. *Ellis.* 30

"Loving hands will gather roses,
Loving hearts their bloom recall."

Sweet melody.

The Bobolink. C. 8. c to F. *Boott.* 30

"Yet rise my spirit, rise and drink
Once more from that cloud fountain brink."

A simple, but elegantly simple song.

Echoes. E. 8. E to g. *Boott.* 30

"At night, in my half dreaming ear,
I hear you singing; singing."

A kind of rich, satisfying sweetness pervades the whole.

Instrumental.

Blue Glass Grand March. F. 4. *Morey.* 35

A powerful march, much in the style of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and much better than its title.

Short Pieces for the Organ. By *W. Spark.* ea. 25; comp. 75

1. Prayer. F. 8. *Arcadelt.*
2. Andantino. D. 8. *Baliste.*
3. Larghetto. A. 8. *Spohr.*
4. Alla Marcia. D. 8. *Schumann.*
5. Easy Prelude. F. 8. *Spark.*

Welcome additions to the Organist's library, being all moderately easy, with easy pedal notes, and each being long enough (2 pages) for a brief voluntary.

Quadrilles for Violin and Piano. *Winner.* Each, 50

There are 9 Quadrilles, of which No. 1, is: Robinson Schottische Quadrille. G. 8. *Giselle.*

These easy arrangements should be favorites.

March Violets Waltz. G. 8. *Bohm.* 35

There *are* such things as March Violets, and this is a very pleasing blossom of song.

Return! Return! (O kehr zurück.) Song without Words. D. 8. *Giese.* 30

A beautiful transcription, full of expression.

Nocturne. D. 4. *Pacher.* 40

The neat, classic character of the piece will strike one at once, and its study will be a pleasure to cultivated tastes.

Raketen Galop. F. 8. *Moses.* 30

Not much racket in it after all, but it is a melodious piece.

Shepherd's Dream. Reverie. Ab. 4. *Sudds.* 50

Of about the same calibre as Wilson's "Shepherd," but differing as the tastes of the two composers differ. Very graceful and rather brilliant.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 8. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Oliver Ditson & Co's Descriptive List of New Music.

Carefully written by an experienced Music Teacher. Descriptions are short but sufficient. It is quite safe to select music by this list, after which selection the piece or song may be ordered by letter, and will be mailed to any address, post free, on receipt of the retail price mentioned below.

VOCAL, with Piano Accompaniment.

Even bravest Heart. (Dio Possente). Cavatina from Gounod's "Faust." Eb 4. d to g. 35
"A te affido in tanto duol."
"Losing smile of sisters kind."
One of the prominent songs of the well known opera.

Our Comrades 'neath the Sod. Quartet. Bb. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 35
"Our true and gallant comrades,
Who were with us in the fray."
For mixed voices, and is an excellent "Grand Army" song.

I'll strike you with a feather; or Hildebrand Montrose. C. 2. E to E. *Lloyd.* 30
A bright "nonsense song" with pretty melody.

Gentle Spirit, come and Guide me. G minor and major. 3. b to F. *Schelling.* 30
"Help me to be kind and cheerful,
To be loving, good and true."
The melody has considerable variety, and sentiment is good.

Three Sacred Quartets. Mixed voices, by *L. P. Grebl*, each 30
1. **Mourn not.** Eb. 3. F to F.
"Yes, there the kind, meek-hearted dwell."
A nice arrangement from Mendelssohn.
2. **Sleeping in Jesus.** Bb. 3. F to E.
"A calm and undisturbed repose."
The well known funeral song, with good music.
3. **Rock of Ages.** Ab. 3. E to F.
"Should my tears forever flow."
One more good quartet for the ever beautiful words.

Sacred Quartets for Chorus or Quartet Choirs. *C. A. Havens.*
Jesus, I my Cross have taken. Db. 4. c to g. 35
How sweetly flowed the Gospel sound. G. 4. F to g. 35
Two first class quartets, with solos. There is an organ accompaniment, carefully marked for expression. The "Stops" are indicated very particularly.

Fast falls the Eventide. Solo, Trio and Quartet. Bb. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 35
"I need thy presence, every passing hour."
This is "built" on a melody not very different from that of a tune very often used from these words. This is a most beautiful arrangement, and will please greatly where used.

In Thee do I believe. Eb. 3. d to F. *Moras.* 30
"Thee only will I love"
Most emphatic love song.

Those brightly glancing Eyes. For Tenor. F. 3. E to g. *Danks.* 30
"I dreamed that I had sounded all
The wondrous sea of love."
One of Dank's fine melodies, with good words.

Her front name is Hanner. C. 2. d to E. *Armstrong.* 30
"The heart in my bosom has lately been stolen."
Comic.

There was a Time I need not name. Solo and Chorus. Eb. 3. E to F. *Keens.* 30
"Transient as ev'ry faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone."
Words by Byron, and fine melody.

Little Sweetheart, I'm so lonely. Song and Chorus. D. 3. d to D. *Prior.* 30
"Little sweetheart, do you miss me?"
Pretty ballad on a charming subject.

I know a Voice. Vocal Waltz. G. 4. b to b. *Presser.* 60
"Chide me not, chide me not,
For loving thee."
The Waltz is by Burgmuller, and, with it's vocal addition will be a very effective concert song. It will be noticed that there is a compass of two octaves. Few can sing both the highest and the lowest tones; but here, as in similar pieces, it is very easy to "dodge" the extreme notes, singing others instead.

My Lady sleeps. F. 3. F to g. *Marston.* 30
"Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light."
Longfellow's beautiful words, with appropriate melody.

I would not. C. 3. e to F. *Bishop.* 30
"I would not kiss the sweetest lip
Unless it kissed me too."
This sensible resolution is carried out by means of a sweet and varied song, in 12-8 measure.

Dare I tell. (Fine Lithograph Title.) Eb. 4. E to g. *Wimmerstadt.* 50
"No, I cannot, dare not tell,
Tell the name I love so well."
One of the best. There are small notes introduced that add to the difficulty; but they may be left out.

A short Year ago. Bb. 4. E to g. *Santley.* 40
"The picture of gladness is folded forever."
A very "singable" sort of song—that should be very effective in public performances.

Will you always be kind to Me? Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to E. *Johnston.* 30
"Love, you are gazing with joy on me now,
Your eyes in their sweet beauty shine."
Words by Geo. Cooper and of course good, as is the air.

I leaned out of the Window. F. 4. b to F. *Stuart.* 40
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes,—my one lover.
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait."
Jean Ingelow's sweet poem, which would make a good song to any music; and the music is so good as not to need good words.

That Rosebud has faded. Eb. 3. E to F. *Bishop.* 30
"'Twas the blossom of love, when it's beauties were new."
Melodious love song.

My Love is like a Nosegay. A. 3. e to E. *Bishop.* 20
"Her teeth are like a string of pearls."
Comic mixture of very pretty and "minstrel" jokes.

One little Year ago. Ab. 4. c to F. *Wiegand.* 30
"But now the flower of all,
Too fine for earth to view."
Beautiful. Finely elaborated accompaniment.

That Charming Girl. Bb. 3. d to E. *Eustace.* 35
Comic ballad.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Blossoms of the Opera. By *Joseph Andri*, ea. 25
No. 6. March from Norma. G. 2.
" 9. Suon la Tromba, from Puritani. C. 2.
" 10. Aria. Zauberflöte. F. 2.
These three pieces may serve as specimens of the whole 25 in the set, which may be taken on trust as the simplest possible arrangements of the best operatic airs. Capital for beginners.

Invitation to the Dance of Von Weber, arranged for the Piano. Db. 6. *Tausig.* 1.25
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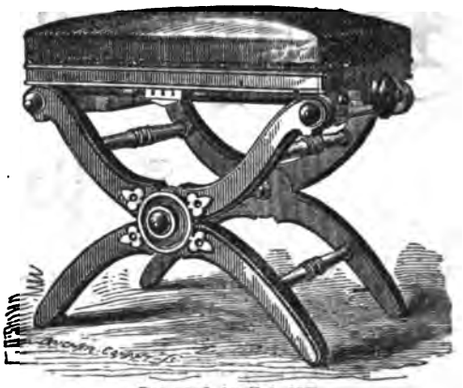

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WHOLE No. 942. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 4.

Robert Schumann.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.*

Born at Zwickau, in Saxony, on the 8th of June, 1810, Robert Schumann was the youngest of five children, not one of whom, save himself, evinced artistic genius. His home atmosphere was so far fortunate, that his father, a well-known bookseller and publisher, possessed considerable talent for, and appreciation of, poetry (to which talent his translations of Scott and Byron bear witness); while his mother would seem to have been a sensitive and sympathetic woman, but for her opposition to Robert's choice of music as a profession. Had August Schumann lived beyond his son's early youth (he died in 1826), Robert's slowly developing genius, darkly struggling towards the light during his boyish studies, might have been sooner understood; his mother, determined to make a jurist of her son, did not comprehend the opposing bent of his faculties. But we may often observe, that even the most affectionate eyes are so blinded by close resemblances in small things between members of their families, as to be wholly mistaken in regard to great differences in important qualities.

In reading Robert Schumann's sketch of Sterndale Bennett, we may infer something in regard to his own early trials and reflections, where he says:—"Those who, called by irresistible talent to a decided artistic vocation, have found good musicians and guides in their fathers, imbibe music with their mother's milk, and learn, even in their childish dreams; with the first awakening of consciousness, they feel themselves members of that family of artists, into which others can only purchase their entrance through sacrifice." After school and musical studies, and poetic and dramatic youthful attempts, Robert graduated at the age of eighteen, leaving school with high honors, but making a signal failure in the recital of his own poem, "Tasso's Death." He seems from the first to have displayed creative power, united to a lack of talent for reproduction. Then came a delightful tour through Nuremberg, Munich, etc., with his young friend Rosen; visits to Heine, Zimmermann, and the grave of Richter. After a year's residence in Leipzig, where he studied music under Friedrich Wieck, the famous singing and piano-forte master, and where he made many distinguished musical and literary friends, Schumann entered the university of Heidelberg as a law student. But not even the lectures of the learned Thibaut (also well known as a music-lover, and author of the famous work, "On the Purity of Music") could inspire him with juridical enthusiasm. He became quite popular in society as a pianist, heard Ernst and Paganini for the first time, and began to sketch compositions, more formed and inventive than his early efforts,—among them some numbers of the "Papillons," and the Toccata in D major. The struggle between law and apparent duty and interest, on one side, and a decided artistic vocation on the other, was at last ended in 1830, when his mother gave her reluctant but final consent to his adoption of music—which she considered too unremunerative, in a pecuniary sense, to be desirable as a profession.

Taking lodgings in the house of Friedrich Wieck, at Leipzig, Schumann devoted himself with such ardor to pianoforte playing, that he even made mechanical experiments with his right hand, in order to hasten his proficiency; this operation lamed his hand, perhaps deprived the world of a great pianist, but turned Schumann more decidedly than ever to the study and practice of composition. His masters in this were Kupsch, and afterwards Heinrich Dorn, to whom he renders grateful homage in the poetical little review at page 260 of this volume. He remained an inmate of Wieck's house for three years, however; Wieck's daughter Clara, afterwards Madame Schumann, was then a precociously gifted and accomplished child, ten years younger than Robert. It was during this residence in Leipzig, but at the house in Riedel's Garden, and afterwards in Burg Street, surrounded by friends,—the Wiecks, Ernestine von Frickau, a pupil of Wieck, with whom Schumann formed an engagement that was afterwards dissolved by mutual consent, Lyser the painter, Ludwig Schunke the pianist, the accomplished Madame Voigt (see "Reminiscences of a Lady," page 85), Carl Banck, Julius Knorr, and others,—that Schumann formed the plan of establishing his paper, the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," of which I shall speak at length hereafter. He also composed assiduously—though, so far, without any great success among publishers—during this period, when he sketched a symphony and pianoforte sonatas, wrote the Intermezzi, opus 4, some of the "Album Leaves," and published his "Impromptus on an air by Clara Wieck."

The arrival of Mendelssohn at Leipzig in 1835, was, there can be no doubt, highly favorable to the development of Schumann's genius. The works of the latter, perhaps partly owing to his study of Mendelssohn's crystal-clear development and firm control of form, began to gain in roundness and completion. And none can doubt Schumann's frank, noble, disinterested admiration for Mendelssohn, when they read his fine avowals of it in this volume. Base envy of gifts differing from his own, had no place in Schumann's mind. On the contrary, he seems rather to over-rate the talents of others, and to esteem them far beyond his own. But the silence of Mendelssohn (in his "Letters," etc.,) with regard to his friend appears inconceivable; the most liberal construction we can place on this apparent want of appreciation in Mendelssohn, is to suppose that his artistic eye and judgment were unaware of the extent of Schumann's genius. Mendelssohn has been accused of having had some occult share in the attacks of his over-zealous partisans on Schumann. But this I cannot believe. The cast of Mendelssohn's musical genius was of an opposite nature to that of Schumann; although his general intellectual faculties were highly refined and cultured, either he did not fully understand Schumann, or else he was not attracted by his special musical qualities. It is well known that Mendelssohn frankly expressed his disapproval of the tendency of Chopin's compositions, now so universally admired for their rarely exquisite poetic character, and for their great originality. And yet Mendelssohn was the principal cause of the Bach revival, and often held out the generous hand of aid to struggling brother-artists. Every musical reader is aware of the opposition that existed, on æsthetic grounds, between the partisans of Mendelssohn and Schumann,—of elegant, logical, charming ideas contained in clear forms, on one hand, of over-abounding thought and emotion, heavily fraught with "dainty-sweet and lovely melancholy," overflowing the boundaries of old forms, and breaking into newer, sometimes darker paths, on the other side. This Mendelssohn and Schumann partisanship has had its day: only to make way, however—and of course—for another and a hotter contest: since the continually progressive nature of music, that mirror of man's soul, necessitates these alternations of battle and victory, of struggle and repose.

It would have been strange indeed, if such exceptional, artistic natures, as those of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, had not been attracted towards each other during their now frequent intercourse; in the course of the years 1835 to 1838, their affection became a mutual and durable one.

Clara Wieck had been her father's pupil in piano-forte playing, from her tenderest childhood; yet the development of her great musical gifts had been so carefully carried on, that her lively feeling for music, her health, and youthful exuberance of spirits, had not been injured or overstrained. At the age of nine she was able to play concertos by Mozart, and Hummel's A minor concerto with orchestra by heart. A year later, she began to compose, and improvised without any difficulty. At this time Paganini visited Leipzig, and was so astonished at the precocious genius of the little girl, that he sought her presence at all his concerts, and the two artists were continually together. Clara Wieck first appeared in public at the age of eleven, in Leipzig, Weimar, and other places, playing Pixis, Moscheles, and especially, Chopin, whose works she aided much in rendering popular. A year afterwards she visited Paris, to hear Chopin, Liszt, and Kalkbrenner, and was received with such flattering admiration in society, that her father allowed her to appear at a public concert, when her playing, and improvising on two themes selected by the audience, excited great delight and surprise. She then returned home, and gave herself entirely to study,—including composition under Heinrich Dorn, singing under the famous Miekseh, and even violin playing, for several years. In 1836 to 1838 she made her first artistic tour through Germany, accompanied by her father, and regarded everywhere as a musico-poetic ideal, "the innocent child who first unlocked the casket in which Beethoven had buried his great heart," said Grillparzer. She not only played the works of the older masters to perfection, but she established her reputation as a liberal and thoroughly well-informed artiste, by playing, often for the first time, the then little known works of her contemporaries Liszt, Chopin, Henselt, and Schumann.

Schumann aspired to marriage with Clara; the project was not favorably entertained by Friedrich Wieck, who doubtless looked forward to a brilliant artistic career for his daughter, while Schumann's position was as yet an uncertain one. Robert, in the hope of securing competence—beyond that which his small private fortune enabled him to offer—for his future wife, endeavored, in 1838, to establish himself and his paper in Vienna. The attempt was fruitless, however; and after a six months' residence at Vienna, he returned to Leipzig. Schumann's visit to Vienna was marked by his discovery and publication of several of Schubert's manuscripts—among them the C major symphony, which Schumann sent to Mendelssohn, by whom it was brought out at a Gewandhaus concert in 1839. During this period, the most important works composed by Schumann were his "Etudes Symphoniques," his famous

*Being the Introduction to "*Music and Musicians.*" *Essays and Criticisms by* ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY MALONE RITTER. pp. xxiii, 418, 12 mo. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co., 1877.

"Carnival," the Fantasia dedicated to Liszt, the "Scenes of Childhood," the "Novelettes," and "Kreisleriana," etc., etc. As he said, in a letter to Heinrich Dorn, "Much music is the result of the contest I am passing through for Clara's sake." It is interesting to read Schumann's modest reference to his own "Carnival" —a work that has been rendered popular for many years past, by the greatest European pianists—in his article on Liszt, page 144, and then to compare Liszt's allusion to his own performance of the composition, on the occasion referred to by Schumann. Liszt says:—

"In Leipzig I saw Schumann every day (at the beginning of 1840), and for days together; and this acquaintance rendered my understanding of his works more complete and profound. Since my first knowledge of his compositions, I had played many of them in private circles at Milan and Vienna, without having succeeded in winning the approbation of my hearers. These works were—fortunately for them—too far above the then trivial level of taste, to find a home in the superficial atmosphere of popular applause. The public did not fancy them, and few pianists understood them. Even in Leipzig, when I played the 'Carnival' at my second Gewandhaus concert, I did not obtain my customary applause. Musicians—even those who claimed to be connoisseurs also—carried too thick a mask over their ears, to be able to comprehend that charming 'Carnival,' harmoniously framed as it is, and ornamented with such rich variety of artistic fancy. I did not doubt, however, but that this work would eventually win its place, in general appreciation, beside Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a theme by Diabelli (which work it surpasses, according to my opinion, in melody, richness, and inventiveness.) The frequent failure of my performance of Schumann's works, whether in public or private circles, discouraged me in my attempts to place and retain his compositions on my hastily-arranged programmes, which I seldom made up myself, but too often left to the choice of others, partly from want of leisure, partly from negligence and satiety during my most brilliant period of fame as a pianist. This was an error which I recognized and sincerely regretted afterwards, when I perceived that it is less dangerous for an artist, who truly deserves that name, to displease the public, than to be led by its caprices. Every artist is exposed to the latter danger, unless he firmly resolves to carry out his serious convictions consistently, and only to perform such works as he considers best, whether people like them or not.

"No matter how much the prevailing taste of the day may have seemed to excuse my hesitation in regard to Schumann's works, I unintentionally set a bad example, for which I shall scarcely ever be able to make amends. So controlling is the force of custom, so binding is the slavery to which that artist is condemned who depends on the applause of the multitude for the preservation and increase of his fame and fortune, that even the best disposed and most courageous artists—among whom I have the presumption to count myself—find it difficult to defend their better selves from the deleterious influence of those whose aims are selfish, confused, and in every way unworthy."

The year 1840 was perhaps the most important in Schumann's life; in February of that year he was created Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and in September his marriage with Clara Wieck took place at Schönfeld, near Leipzig. The marriage of Robert and Clara was not accomplished without much opposition on the part of the young lady's father; failing to obtain his consent, the lovers were obliged to be satisfied with the permission of the Royal Court of Appeals for their union.

In this year Schumann wrote, besides other works, the amazing number of 138 songs. In this brief sketch of his life, it is not my intention to enter into a detailed description, or a complete enumeration, of the works of Schumann; but I must, at least, recall to every admirer of warm, rich, truthful melody, and of noble, impassioned declamation, the names of some of those now universally famous songs, such as the set entitled "Myrtles," the cyclus of songs from Heine, dedicated to Pauline Viardot, Chamisso's "Woman's Love and Life," Heine's "Poet-love," etc., etc. Nearly all the works written at this period of his life were composed, he says, "under Clara's inspiration solely." Blest with the continual companionship of a woman of genius, as amiable as she was gifted, who placed herself, with undeviating self-devotion, like a gentle mediator between the outward world and Schumann's intellectual life, he wrote many of his finest vocal and instrumental compositions during the years immediately following his marriage—among them the lovely cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," and the "Faust" music. His connection with public life was restricted to his position as teacher of pianoforte playing, composition, and score playing, at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music.

This uniform but happy existence was broken in 1844, by an artistic tour undertaken by Robert and Clara to St. Petersburgh and Moscow; in the same year Schumann transferred his paper to Oswald Lorenz, and removed to Dresden with his family. The "Neue Zeitschrift" had fulfilled its mission; it had erected a barrier between frivolous superficiality or mechanical routine, and the earnest endeavors of poetico-musical art. Schumann felt that his critical weapon was no longer an absolute necessity to musical progress, while he longed to devote himself entirely to composition.

This hope was for a time frustrated; during the first year of his residence at Dresden, he began to suffer severely from the dreadful disorder to which he fell a victim twelve years later. This disease—an abnormal formation of irregular masses of bone in the brain—was probable inherited (in an aggravated degree, and intensified in its effects, by study) from his mother, who, in the latter years of her life, suffered from unaccountable headaches and morbid hypochondria. Schumann was now affected with pains in the head, sleeplessness, fear of death, auricular delusions, etc.; but after a sojourn at Pirna, repose, and a course of sea baths, he was so far restored to health as to be able to give himself up to musical creativeness again. From this time until 1849, Schumann wrote an astonishing number of fine works during the intervals of health that occurred between his frequent attacks of illness. Among these I must mention his opera "Genofeva," his second symphony, his cantata "The Rose's Pilgrimage," more beautiful songs, much pianoforte and concerted music, and his exquisite musical illustrations of Byron's "Manfred." Into this wonderful descriptive music Schumann poured all the riches of his intellect, all the treasures of his profound feeling. He was doubtless attracted to "Manfred" in a threefold manner: by the force of hereditary example,—for his father, a passionate admirer of Byron's poetry, had translated "Childe Harold" and "Beppo;" by the beauty of the fascinating drama itself, which a man of Schumann's literary culture and poetic taste was so thoroughly able to appreciate; and perhaps by a vague sense of mental affinity to the hero of the poem. Seldom has a poet met with such sympathetic musical transfiguration as in this case; Schumann's "Manfred" is also Byron's, —veiled, perhaps, in a still deeper depth of melancholy thought and tragic passion. Of this work, Ehlert has truly said, "Through its fiery leaves passes the road that leads to a correct understanding of Schumann's mind."

Schumann's residence at Dresden was diversified by occasional artistic tours to other cities with his wife, by his direction of the Liedertafel Society, and also of the Dresden Chorus Club, which he founded in 1848.

In 1850, he was called to accept the post of City Music Director at Düsseldorff, and the family removed to that city, where Robert and Clara were received with public honors and a reception banquet. Schumann's position at this time seems to have been an agreeable one; his works were slowly, but surely, winning their way to appreciation; in this year his opera "Genofeva" was performed at Leipzig under his own direction; Jenny Lind sang at his Hamburg concerts; wherever he and his wife appeared, they were received with homage; and his musically creative powers seemed to have reached their highest development. At this period, his personal appearance has been described as that of a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of dignified bearing, and slow movements. His features, though irregular, produced an agreeable impression; his forehead was broad and high; his nose heavy; his eyes, usually downcast, brightened attractively in conversation; his mouth was delicately cut; his hair thick and brown; his cheeks were full and ruddy. His head was squarely formed, of an intensely powerful character, and the whole expression of his face was sweet and yet genial. The frequent calls of directorship on Schumann's time were probably beneficial to his mental health, in drawing him out of himself, and bringing him into more general social relationships. But his position as City Music Director at Düsseldorf did not last many years: Schumann, like Beethoven, lacked the arm of iron, the feet of lead, that constitute a good orchestral conductor—the metronome of the instrumental army. Nor was Schumann ever considered a first-class teacher, from the especial qualities and direction of his mind, inwardly concentrated as these were, and opposed to outward communication; he who found some difficulty in bringing to light, and fashioning to clear expression, the treasures of his imagination, had yet greater difficulty in transmitting his knowledge to others, and in placing himself *en rapport* with natures seldom allied to his own.

[Conclusion next time.]

A Monumental Work on J. S. Bach and his Ancestors.

Johann Sebastian Bach. Von Philipp Spitta. Erster Band. [Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.]

Within comparatively but a few years the study of musical history and biography has, at least in Germany, assumed an importance previously unknown in the art. Thirty years since, details of the lives and works of even the greatest composers were for the most part very incomplete, and frequently difficult to be met with: now, thanks to the labors of such eminent men as Jahn, Chrysander, Thayer, Pohl, and the author of the present volume, we stand in a very different position. As a model biography may be cited Otto Jahn's "Mozart,"—a work familiar by name at least to all our readers; while the lives of Handel by Chrysander, of Beethoven by Thayer, and of Haydn by C. F. Pohl, though all are at present unfinished, promise when completed to be of equal value to the musical student.

It will be noticed that Herr Spitta has not called his book a life of Bach, but has given as his title simply the name of the composer. In his preface he explains why he has done so. His work is not a mere biography; in order justly to estimate the influence of Bach on the development and subsequent history of musical art, it is necessary to know not merely what he did, but what had been previously done—in a word what was the state of the art at the time at which he lived, what were his models, and how he enlarged and improved upon them. Feeling this necessity, Herr Spitta devotes considerable space to analytical notices of the works of Bach's predecessors. He has carefully examined the valuable collections of manuscripts in the large musical libraries of Berlin and Leipzig; and by no means the least interesting part of the present volume is that which treats of the compositions of the numerous ancestors of the great John Sebastian, and of Telemann, Hammerschmied, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, and others

Some idea of the extent and completeness of Herr Spitta's work may be formed from the fact that he describes this instalment as the "first half," and

that it contains no fewer than 890 pages of large octavo. It will be obvious therefore that it is altogether beyond our power to enter into a detailed criticism. All that is possible is to summarize the contents of the volume, referring readers for further particulars to the work itself.

It is well known that for more than a century before the birth of John Sebastian, the Bachs had been distinguished as musicians; and in the first book, which occupies about one-fifth of the volume, the biographer gives all the obtainable information respecting the various branches of the family and its most illustrious members. Much of the information contained in this section of the work is of value chiefly from a historical or antiquarian point of view; the most interesting portions are those in which the compositions of the different members of the family are described. The chapter on Johann Christoph and Johann Michael Bach gives a detailed analysis, with extracts in music-type, of their chief works, which we have read with great pleasure. We see here, especially in the motets of Christoph, whom Spitta calls "the most distinguished motet-composer of the century," the germs, so to speak, of the style of Sebastian; and the points of resemblance and difference are clearly and ably set forth by the biographer.

Coming now to the life of the great composer himself, the present volume takes us throughout the whole period of his early struggles down to his final settlement at Leipzig. We see him first at Eisenach; thence we follow him to Lüneburg, Weimar, Arnstadt, Mühlhausen and Cöthen. Not merely are the fullest biographical details given, but nearly the whole of the compositions named are noticed in detail. Thus the remark (p. 392) that "Bach's nine years' residence in Weimar is the time of his most brilliant activity as organ-player and organ-composer" appropriately introduces a very complete and interesting analysis of his organ works, which organists will read both with pleasure and profit. Quite new to us are the remarks upon Bach's method of registering. On this, unfortunately, but little is known; our author, however, tells us of one manuscript—that of the arrangement of the choral "Ein' feste Burg"—in which Bach has indicated the stops; the indications are unfortunately not given in Griepenkerl's edition of the piece in question. Herr Spitta further points out which of the organ works are written in the style of Bach's predecessors; thus it is interesting to learn that the well-known prelude and fugue in D major is after the manner of Buxtehude, while the *Allabreve* in the same key is in the style of Frescobaldi. Most of our readers will be aware that Bach arranged several of Vivaldi's violin concertos for harpsichord, and four for the organ. Herr Spitta has been fortunate enough to find one of Vivaldi's original manuscripts at Dresden; and now that the question of the arrangement by one composer of the works of another is being so warmly discussed, the comparison of this original with Bach's transcription, which the author gives at considerable length, is of much value. What will the purists say when they learn that Bach not only added harmony in many places to passages for the solo violin which in the original were unaccompanied, but substituted semiquaver runs for quavers, etc., while the slow movement was so changed that, in our author's words, "it became almost a new piece?"

No less admirable are the notices of the works for harpsichord, violin, etc., while the analyses of the various Church Cantatas, many of which are still unpublished, are of the greatest interest. We must forego the pleasure of making extracts, because all is so good that it is difficult to know what to take and what to leave. Herr Spitta, though an enthusiastic admirer of Bach—as who, indeed, will not be that knows him?—is no blind partisan; and his criticisms are the more valuable inasmuch as they are not only appreciative but discriminating.

In our notice of this truly monumental book we have dwelt chiefly upon its more strictly musical aspect. We might speak at length on the personal character of Bach, the simple-minded piety which exerted so large an influence on the style of his sacred works; or we might enlarge on his pre-eminence as a performer. To both these points his biographer does full justice; but for them we must refer readers to the book itself, and will conclude by recommending it most warmly, and expressing our best wishes for its speedy completion.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Heavenly Music.

(A Fable, from the German of RICHARD LEANDER.)

In the days of the Golden Age, when the angels and the peasant children played together, the gates of heaven used to stand wide open, so that its golden light fell down upon the earth like rain. Men looked from the earth straight up into the open heaven; there they saw the holy ones walking about among the stars; and men looked up and bowed to them, and they smiled down in return. But most beautiful of all was the wonderful music which was heard coming out of heaven. The good God, himself, had written out the notes, and thousands of angels, with violins, cymbals, and trumpets, were the musicians. When they began to play, everything on the earth, below, became quite still. The wind ceased blowing—and the water in the sea and in the rivers stopped flowing, and the people looked at each other and, silently, took one another by the hand. They felt such happiness while listening, that it cannot even be described to our poor hearts to-day.

So it was at that time. But this did not last long; for, one day, God commanded the gates of heaven to be shut,—and said to the angels: "Let there be no more music; for I am sad!" Then were the angels also sorrowful and seated themselves, with their music-books, each on a cloud, and with their little golden scissors cut up the leaves of music into many separate pieces; these they let float down upon the earth. Here they were taken up by the wind and wafted like snow-flakes over mountain and valley and scattered through all the world. And the children of men caught each one a piece, some a large one—and others a small one; this, they put carefully away, and treasured it greatly, for it was indeed a part of the heavenly music which had sounded so beautifully. But, after a while, they all began to quarrel and dispute together, because each one believed the piece which he had found, to be the best of all; and, at last, each one declared, that what he had, was the real heavenly Music—and those portions which the others possessed, were all unreal and false. Whoever wished to appear particularly wise—and there were many—put notes of his own before and after the heavenly ones, and imagined he had done something really quite wonderful.

One whistled A—and another sang B; one played in Major and another in Minor. No one, however, could understand his neighbor. In short, it was all a noise, like that at the Tower of Babel.—And so it is even now!

When, however, the last day shall come and the stars fall down to the earth, and the sun into the sea, and men crowd about the doors of heaven like children round a Christmas tree, then, will the good God command his angels to gather again all the pieces of his heavenly music-book—the large and the small—and even the tiniest of all, on which but a single note is written.

The angels will fasten them all together again—the gates will fly open—and the heavenly music peal forth anew, quite as heartfelt as before. Then will the children of men stand and listen, wondering and ashamed, while one says to the other: "You had this! and I had that! But now that it is all put together again and in the right place, it sounds quite different and O, how grand and glorious!"—Yes, Yes! So it will be. You may be sure of it.

The Art of Conducting.

The following is the text of a paper read at the Christmas Convention of the Tonic Sol-fa College, by Mr. G. C. T. Parsons, of Birmingham:—

A Conductor is a necessity. Both custom and the size of our modern choirs, render him such. In the days of glees and madrigals, a conductor was hardly recognized; for beyond the "leader"—himself one of the company, who effected the "lead off" and then took his own part—the singers had but little guidance, save their own knowledge and instincts. Very pleasant must have been the feeling that they were subject to the stick of no arbitrary taskmaster, but were free to trip over lightsome passages, or linger and dwell on sweet swelling sounds at will; or in their turn, to retire into the quiet shade, as other "parts" danced out into the sunlight. Compared with the old glees, our modern chorus is often dolefully mechanical. But with a large choir there must be some centre of absolute authority—one whose "reading" of the music shall be law—since out of a hundred singers there will probably be as many different ideas of the beautiful, and indeed even if they *were* agreed, few would be able to hear or appreciate the music of any "part" save their own. Therefore, in a chorus of any dimensions, a conductor must be reckoned a necessity.

He is, however, necessary for use, not for ornament. Few conductors are as useful as they might be; and still fewer are as ornamental as they think they are. Some, through a nervous self-depreciation, lose much of usual confidence; while others, through an excess of conceit, deliberately sacrifice useful decision to graceful ornamentation. It would be a great benefit if—by being hidden from the audience, and visible only to his choir—the nervous conductor could concentrate on the work in hand the thoughts that will be busy with apprehensions as to his appearance and deportment; and if in like manner the conceited conductor could be deprived of this opportunity of gratifying his conceit, to the audience the advantage would be equally great. Custom has rendered bearable the sight of a man with his back turned upon his patrons—bearable, because looked upon as a necessity—but the dumb gymnastics which he must exhibit, and the meaningless antics which he sometimes does exhibit, must in a less or greater degree prove distracting to any audience. Wagner has, on the same principle, hidden away not only the conductor but also band, recognizing thereby, that the display of any adjunct which does not by its display, strengthen the effect of the music, acts but as a weakening and disturbing element.

The conductor must begin to be useful before the performance. Although not necessarily the teacher of the choir, and therefore not wholly responsible for the correct rendering of the music, he is a venturesome man who will conduct a public performance without having had at least one preliminary rehearsal; for the success of the singing depends in great part on a complete understanding between choir and conductor, and on a hearty recognition of their mutual obligations. The first aim of the conductor should therefore be, to gain the goodwill and confidence of his singers; since, lacking either of these, his instructions are certain to be more or less disregarded. Happily, if a man be but kindly and courteous, believing that his singers wish to do well and helping them accordingly, he may safely count on their goodwill. And if he be but master of his work, he may be equally sure of respect. A cantankerous or inefficient leader can hardly be expected to have contented or respectful followers. In order to become a master of his work, the conductor should be able to "beat" plain time correctly and distinctly, to appreciate the desires of the composer, and to impart those desires to his singers. The first point (that of beating time) although apparently the simplest, is the most neglected by conductors generally. Outside regimental bands, how seldom a definite beat is seen! The military bandmaster keeps his head clear, his eye sharp, and his hand steady. His strokes are short, decided, and plain. His men know to a quarter beat where he is, where they ought to be, and where the style of beating very greatly helps them to be. The orchestral or choral conductor often waves, flourishes, switches, or drags his bâton along. He has not undergone the drill which the bandmaster has had to undergo, and has not therefore acquired such a control over hand, wrist, and arm. Yet neat beating is one of the greatest helps to neat singing; and unless a man will submit to careful self-drill in this mechanical action—unless he will exercise himself in keeping the beats of a mathematically exact and regular time—in beating from the wrist—from the elbow—from the shoulder; in long beats—in short beats: in slow time—in quick time—in moderate time: unless he obtain by this practice a thorough control over the bâton, he misses one of

the best means of being helpful to his singers, and one of the essentials of a really good conductor.

In order to appreciate the desires of the composer, a careful study of the score is necessary. Here a knowledge of Harmony, of Musical Form, and of Composition proves very helpful, and adds much to the pleasure of the work. But the chief thing to notice is that this should always be a preparatory work, undertaken and completed before meeting the choir. The busy conductor is tempted to leave the discovery of "effects" until the actual rehearsal shall reveal them. But choirs do not as a rule create the most valuable effects by intuition; and it is the conductor's business to teach and obtain them; yet if he by previous study have not himself discovered them, how can he teach his singers to do so? A miserable feeling of incompetency must pervade all his teaching; and the knowledge that he is not "master of the situation" will seriously effect his power of controlling and guiding the choir.

Having realized the effects intended by the composer, he is prepared to begin the rehearsal; and has first to gauge the capacity of the singers. He will very soon discover how much they are capable of receiving and reproducing; and should it prove that he has planned too many nicetles of effect, he will do wisely to discard all the more subtle and difficult ones, and in the time thus saved get a few good telling points well done. This will be more satisfactory to everybody than having the whole number scrambled at. It is some comfort at such times to remember that our audiences are not usually so musical as they appear to be, and are quite satisfied with one or two broad and unmistakable effects.

He has now to impart to his singers the ideas which he has formed of the composer's desires. This will call for ready wit on his part, and a quick attention on the part of the choir. The wit he may obtain by practice and perseverance combined with thoughtful observation. The attention is a consequence of the wit. A disorderly choir argues a poor choir master—one not up to his work. Some effects can be shown by "expression marks." The use by the choir of lead pencils will—subject to reminders by the conductor—secure these. But other forms of expression need realizing before they can be produced. Thus, in rehearsing "St. Peter" for one of the Birmingham Festivals, Sir Julius Benedict found that some part of the chorus work was being sung in too rough and work-a-day a style. But on his reminding the choir that "the people on the shores of Galilee were a quiet sort of people" he obtained the peaceful, quiet effect he wanted. A conductor need not talk much. A word, a short simile, or a proverb, will often guide the thoughts of the singers much better than a long description; and if he can use this method of getting the expression, the singing will be more real and spontaneous, and less mechanical.

The use of a code of signals, if well understood by both choir and conductor, will prove helpful as reminders of style and expression. Such as, an opening or closing of the hand, for *crescendo* and *diminuendo*; a pointing upwards, to correct flatness; and downwards to correct sharp singing: a fillip of the finger, for a light, lifting style: and so on. The important point is a perfect agreement between choir and conductor as to their meaning. Therefore the fewer the signals are and the more suggestive in themselves, the more useful are they likely to prove. The right hand also may give general directions as to style and expression by the length and weight of its beats—care being taken however that the distinctness of the time-strokes be not blurred by undue length or shortness. Indeed on the strength or languor of the action, a great deal of the brightness or dulness of the singing depends. Lazy beating will never procure vigorous response: but an animated and energetic style will often enliven and stir up sleepy singers. *Forte, piano, staccato, legato*, energetic or quiet styles of singing may each be suggested by a different style of beat, and if carefully done, without disturbing the symmetry of the measure. Some conductors entirely disregard this ready help, and others—by far the larger number—overuse, or carelessly use it: their choirs in each case suffering thereby. Thus in one of the large choral societies of the Midlands, the singers have sometimes been actually thrown out by the erratic style of their conductor's beating, but have probably had the blame saddled upon themselves in the next newspaper criticism, their conductor having (so the report would probably finish) "conducted throughout with commendable skill and energy." Composers have not unfrequently seriously endangered the first productions of their works, by undertaking to conduct them, without having the previous experience to enable them to do so helpfully. A conductor who does not help, hinders.

Having thus settled musical preliminaries (other arrangements belong properly to a management committee; and if left to the conductor, only serve to fluster and embarrass him), he has now to think—

How he can be most useful during the performance. Since, under the present system, the conductor is visible to the audience, he becomes in his own person a representative of the choir or society by which he is engaged. There being no chairman, he becomes the centre, on which both choir and audience depend; for their sakes, therefore, he should be, in dress and action, quiet and gentlemanly. The man who swells with conscious importance, and accompanies the introductory bow with an oily smile of self-satisfaction, not only fails to win the favor of the audience, but distinctly prejudices them against himself and the choir. A quiet, business-like manner will always command respect. In turning towards his singers, the conductor may well answer their greetings with a pleasant smile—for they meet as old friends, and some being fidgetty and nervous, perhaps think their conductor is also; his pleasant glance will re-assure them. A quiet look round the orchestra will encourage him—for he will see the eager, expectant look of some faces, and the easy self-possession of others. He will also get accustomed to the positions of the different parts, and to his own position in front. The survey completed, let him make up his mind—especially if he feel nervous—to move deliberately and slowly, and to carefully avoid hurry, in any shape or form. This self-government will, in itself, go far towards removing his nervousness, and preserving the choir from flurry, or undue excitement. Let him take time in signalling the "stand up," in giving "the key," in taking the "tuning chord," nor admit of a start, until all are waiting and watching. Once started, he must be—not merely a live metronome—but a governing and stimulating power to the singers. He can be this without being frantic. The audience need know but little of it; for varying expression of face, with the modifications of the time-stroke and the signals before referred to, will do nearly all that is needed quietly and unostentatiously. Nor should these signals be overdone. A conductor who is always signalling, signals to no purpose;—"Familiarity breeds contempt." Sometimes, however, the choir is not up to its work. Then, the unfortunate conductor has not only to encourage and sustain them, but also to conceal their defects from the audience, as far as possible. Helps are here admissible, which the extremity of the case alone justifies—such as beating rhythmically to separate parts, or even singing out any "lead" which may have been missed by the singers. At a recent choral performance, the contraltos had in the middle of a piece an awkward "lead off" on a change of key; they failed at the moment to catch the right note, and led off in the original key. Having sung three or four measures without correction, the basses, as a consequence, missed their entry also; and a general scramble ensued. All of which might have been avoided, had the conductor promptly given the contraltos their correct note, when they first failed. Young choirs, especially, are constantly subject to slips of this sort—through nervousness, or other causes; and many disasters might be prevented by a judicious audible correction from the conductor. Care should be taken to protect the reputation of the choir in this, as in all other cases; and, therefore, not to correct the tenors in a bass voice, or the sopranos in a tenor voice; the correction should always be made in the same octave and register of voice in which the failing part should have sung. At such times, more than any, presence of mind is of the utmost value. There are conductors—members of the Tonic Sol-fa College—who seem perfectly to revel and delight in getting choirs out of difficulties into which they have plunged themselves; they do pull them through, somehow—but how, seems a mystery to singers, and every one, save to the conductor, and he seems amused. Such men are to be envied, for their own easy confidence, and the power they have of making their singers confident. At the same time, any unnecessary interference on the part of the conductor, and especially such as would tend to bring himself prominently forward, should be carefully avoided—choir and audience alike resent it. Some time ago, at a Tonic Sol-fa performance, a humorous part-song was given, the choir singing right well, and heartily; but such were the grimaces and contortions of the conductor that the audience noticed him rather than his singers; and, indeed, the presiding alderman said at the close of the piece that he had found most fun in watching the conductor. At one of the provincial performances by the band of the Coldstream Guards, a march written for the occasion was introduced, and of course the composer was asked to conduct; this composer was a little man—and a "fussy" little man—and, being naturally anxious for the success of his march, and not accustomed to such inexperienced (?) players, he felt it desirable to look after and coach up each set of instruments separately; and so, having put the conductor's desk on one side, and thus cleared the ground, he commenced—and continued through the performance—a series of solo marches and countermarches, now beating at this side of the orchestra now at that side, and anon—as the magnificence of his conceptions dawned upon him—backing, with head aloft, dangerously near to the front edge. Doubtless the "Coldstreams" played his music well, notwithstanding their amusement; but report says of the audience, that they were throughout so concerned for the little man himself, that his music passed almost unnoticed. Both conductors meant well; but each, more or less, defeated his own intentions.

There is another thing of which a conductor should not lose sight during the performance, and that is, that choirs will only sing brightly and well as long as they feel bright and cheerful. Hence, he will not only correct their faults as pleasantly as possible—but will notice, and let them see that he notices, their excellencies. "Prevention is better than cure," and a timely smile may prevent bad singing, which a frown will not be able to cure. If one piece or chorus has been well sung, a bright look or approving nod will help on the next.

Having been helpful, as far as possible, during the performance, the conductor's work has yet to be completed; for—

He may still be useful after the concert. The pieces have all been sung with more or less success; the audience has passed its verdict, and, as far as the public is concerned, the concert is over and done with; but, by both singers and conductor there are lessons to be learnt, and morals to be drawn; and the whole affair will be incomplete to them, unless there can be an opportunity afforded for mutual congratulations and fault-findings. Meantime, the conductor should try to discover the reason of any defects which may have been manifested during the performance, and how best to obviate them in future. Some may be due to a bad arrangement of the programme—this lies at his own door. Others are owing to faults in the general arrangements—this belongs specially to the management committee. Then there are the failures or besetments of the singers themselves; insubordination and violence, or sloth and sleepiness. He may find some difficulty in telling the sopranos that they screamed, or the tenors that they shouted, without mortally offending them; and the fact that the basses almost ruined the effect of one piece by their self-satisfied roaring, will require to be broken to them very gently—for basses are subject to most tender susceptibilities in vocal, as in other matters. Yet it is necessary, for the sake of the singers themselves, and in view of future performances, that these things should be understood and realized by them; and the art of the conductor will be shown in the honest, but pleasant and encouraging way in which the criticism is made. This done, and the points of excellence in the singing having been freely commended by the conductor,—it only remains for the ladies to ventilate their toilet and cloak-room grievances; for the gentlemen to pull to pieces the arrangements of the management committee; for the management committee to upbraid the ladies and gentlemen for not selling more tickets; for a general exchange of chaff, and congratulations; for the singing of the best concert pieces; for pretty speeches, and votes of thanks all round. And the work of the conductor may be said to have closed; for he has been useful *before, during*, and *after* the performances.—*Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.*

Hiller's "Song of Victory."

(From "Notes" to the Festival Programme Book.)

Ferdinand Hiller, pianist, conductor, and composer, one of the most gifted and accomplished musical characters and masters of our day, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 24th of October, 1811, and is consequently in his 66th year. While still a child, he exhibited

a remarkable talent for music, and his parents, wealthy and cultivated Israelites, gave him every facility for its development. At the age of seven he began the study of the piano-forte under a sound and able teacher, Hofmann, who made it a chief aim to form his taste upon good models,—the sonatas, etc., of Mozart and Beethoven. After a couple of years he passed into the hands of Aloys Schmitt, who made him also practise Sebastian Bach. In his tenth year he made his first public appearance in his native town, and played one of Mozart's Concertos. He studied harmony and counterpoint with Vollweiler. His first attempts at composition date back to his tenth year; in his twelfth and thirteenth he composed a great deal and in many kinds.

In his fourteenth year he went to Weimar to study with Hummel, and while there was kindly and encouragingly noticed by the poet Goethe, for whom he felt the greatest childlike reverence. In the two short years at Weimar he mastered all the piano works of Hummel, and wrote himself an enormous quantity of sonatas, songs, string quartets, etc. He also began to compose for orchestra. An overture of his, with *entr'actes*, to Schiller's "Maria Stuart," was performed in the theatre. In 1827, he passed some weeks in Vienna, where he saw and spoke with Beethoven, then lying on his death-bed, and where he published his Op. 1, a quartet for piano and strings. The subsequent fertility of the young composer is shown by the fact that his "Song of Victory," to be given in the present Festival, bears the opus number 151. On the completion of his musical apprenticeship, Hiller spent seven years in Paris (1829 to 1836), where he devoted himself chiefly to classical music, especially to the study of Bach and Beethoven, and gave numerous concerts. There his house became a social centre of artists like Cherubini, Rossini, Chopin (of whom he was one of the first friends and appreciators during his exile there), Liszt, Berlioz, and others; with Mendelssohn he had been always intimate.

In the winter of 1836-37, returning to his native town, he was appointed director of the Frankfort Cecilien Verein. His next move was to Milan, where his successful opera of "Romilde" was produced. The winter of 1839-40 found him at Leipsic, where he produced his oratorio "The Destruction of Jerusalem," which deservedly ranks as one of his best and most successful works. Returning to Italy, he married there in the summer of 1841, since which time he has lived in turn at Dresden, Frankfort and Leipsic, in which latter town he directed the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, in the winter of 1843-44. Dr. Hiller afterwards spent four years in Dresden, where he brought out his two operas, "Der Traum in der Christnacht" (The Dream in the Night of the Nativity), in 1844, and "Coradin der letzte Hohenstaufen" (Coradin, the last Rose of the Hohenstaufen), in 1847. In the same year he accepted the office of music director at Düsseldorf, where he remained three years, removing thence, in 1850, to Cologne, where he was invited to undertake the office of Capellmeister. Here the already existing Concert Institute flourished greatly under his vigorous management, where, also, he founded the Rhenish Music School. In the year of 1851-52 he went to Paris, where he directed the Italian Opera. He passed the following spring in London, and returned in November of the same year to Cologne, where he has since constantly resided, with the exception of occasional journeys, of which the last was to Russia.

Of his numerous compositions, the most notable, besides those incidentally mentioned above, are his various collections of songs,—especially the "drei Bücher neue Gesänge,"—some piano-forte sonatas, two concertos for the same instrument, several excellent studies for the violin and piano, impromptus, rhythmical studies, an operetta without words, *à quatre mains;* and, of vocal pieces for solo, chorus, and orchestra, the "Gesang der Geister über dem Wasser" (Song of the Spirits above the Water), and "O weint um sie" (Oh, weep for her), after Byron; "The Night of the Nativity," "Heloise," the "Loreley," "Night," "The Morning of Palm Sunday," the "93rd Psalm," and "Whitsuntide," may be cited as the most important. His great choral works are "The Destruction of Jerusalem," already mentioned, and the oratorios "Ver Sacrum" and "Saul:" the opera "Die Katakomben" (The Catacombs), and his Oriental dramatic cantata, "Nala and Damayanti" (op. 150). Among his instrumental compositions his Symphony in E flat is particularly admired.

Hiller is a man of rare intellectual culture and resources, and one of the most distinguished in the field of musical literature and criticism. He is a charming writer, and lends all his influence to the side of what is pure and high and earnest in his art. All he writes is at once genial, entertaining, and instructive. His criticisms, which frequently appear in the "Cologne Journal," are always valuable; his reminiscences of "Chit-Chat with Rossini" are delightful. Many of his occasional essays and critiques have been published in volumes, under the titles, "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit" (Out of the Tone-Life of our Times), and "Musical and Personal." His last book, full of interest, published a few months ago, bears the title of "Briefe an eine Ungenannte" (Letters to a Nameless Lady.)

The "Song of Victory" is a sacred cantata, a psalm of joy and gratitude, composed after the conclusion of the Franco-German war in 1870. It is for soprano solo, chorus, and full modern orchestra; it consists of eight musical pieces or numbers.

No. 1 is a strong and jubilant chorus, which reverentially sets forth the ground for the rejoicing in a short, slow introduction, in bold chords, "The Lord great wonders for us hath wrought" (in C major, 3-4 measure). At the words, "Sing and be joyful," the movement grows more animated, and changes to a fiery allegro, in 4-4, at "Mighty is our God," very effectively and brilliantly wrought out, but subdued for a time to an impressive pianissimo at the thought, "There is none that searcheth or understandeth."

2. Treble solo, with chorus, "Praise, O Jerusalem" (adagio, A flat). The solo is very modern in the wide, strange intervals and the declamatory character of its melody, as well as in the peculiar rhythmical divisions of the accompaniment; it is one to task a voice of great powers.

3. Chorus, "The heathen are fallen in the pit" (andante con moto, in F minor, changing to F major, B flat minor, and ending in F major). This is the most elaborate, original, and graphic number in the work. Strange and almost uncouth in its wild, chant-like opening, it has a certain terrible fascination in the bold and restless modulation and the relentless onsweep of its rehearsal of the terrors and the triumphs of war.

4. A short treble solo, "See, it is written in the book." Snatches of mournful recitative, the melancholy prelude to the lamentation over the fallen and the lesson of affliction.

5. Treble solo, with chorus of first and second treble and alto voices, "He in tears that soweth, reapeth a joyful harvest" (andante espressivo, in A major, 3-4). This little episode forms a gentle relief amid the more boisterous choruses of victory and praise, which are resumed in

6. A six-part chorus (sostenuto), "Mighty is our God." With the recurrence of the thought of the inscrutableness of the divine judgments, the harmony grows mysterious and awe-inspiring.

7. Treble solo and chorus, "Praise ye the Lord" (allegro, E flat). Is of a pleasing, cheerful character; and the final chorus, with solo (No. 8), mostly in C major, develops into a clearer, more triumphant, festive strain than any that precedes.

Noël. Christmas Cantata, by Saint-Saëns.

(From "Notes" to the Festival Programme Book.)

The name Camille Saint-Saëns has not yet found its way into the biographical lexicons of music; nor has a pretty careful search through musical journals and reviews, French, German, English, yielded any considerable information concerning his early life, education, and career, although his compositions (of the period since he suddenly became famous by winning the prize for the best cantata, at the Paris Exposition in 1867) have been themes of frequent praise or critical discussion. We have read that he was born in Paris on the 9th of October, 1835, which makes him in his forty-second year. He was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and has resided principally in Paris all his life, though travelling frequently in Germany, where he is highly esteemed, having made his mark as a piano virtuoso and composer at Leipsic with one of his own concertos, and having been highly honored at the "Tonkünstler" (Musical Artists') meeting, in Weimar, in 1870. But he has been longest and chiefly known as the very able organist at the Madeleine, in Paris, a position which he has held for nearly fifteen years, and which he has just resigned, to go upon a concert tour in South Germany and Switzerland.

To be a great organist, in any worthy sense, one must acquire a mastery of counterpoint and fugue; and this young French musician seems to have made a deeper acquaintance with the consummate art and with the matchless masterworks of J. S. Bach than has been common with his countrymen. The fruits of this study appear, not only in the singular union of a certain subtile polyphonic element, a capacity for thematic development, with the strange ultra-modern, "Frenchy," and sensational originality of his orchestral works, but also in his transcriptions for the piano-forte of various movements from the violin sonatas, the cantatas, etc., of Bach, some of which have been presented in this city in the concerts of Mr. B. J. Lang.

Saint-Saëns seems to be a prolific composer in nearly all musical forms, with the exception, we believe, of opera. The best known are his original and odd "Poëmes Symphoniques" for orchestra, which seem to follow in the wake of Berlios, employing all the modern instrumental means of heightening musical, or at any rate, sensational effect. The first three of these. "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaeton," and the "Danse Macabre" (Dance of the Dead), have become somewhat familiar to our Boston audiences. In a fourth work of the kind, produced at the opera in Paris a year or two ago, on the subject of "The Deluge," he employs a chorus and four solo voices, with the orchestra, for his stupendous musical scene-painting. He has published three concertos for piano, with orchestra, which are eminently original and striking, especially the second, in G minor, which has been played here both by Mr. Lang and Madame Essipoff; also numerous string quartets, trios, and all forms of chamber music. His latest composition, Op. 50, now in press, is a symphonic poem on "The Youth of Hercules."

The short Christmas oratorio now to be performed, "Noël," is comparatively an early work (Op. 12). It ventures boldly upon the same ground with the first part of Handel's "Messiah" and the second part of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with what success each listener may compare for himself, and judge. It is scored for five solo voices and chorus, with accompaniment of the orchestral strings alone, and organ, besides a harp in a single number. The absence of the real orchestral oboes, English horns, bassoons, etc., will hardly be entirely made good by reed stops of the organ in the introductory pastoral symphony (No. 1), which is in the same 12-8 measure with the one above described, by Bach, and manifestly modelled on it, however short it may fall of the same deep inspiration, the same intrinsic loveliness and sweetness; and furthermore, he follows Bach in introducing the symphony again as prelude and accompaniment to the last quintet and chorus, as Bach did with the closing choral of his second part.

2. "There were shepherds," and the announcement of the angel, are in recitative, divided between tenor, alto, soprano and barytone solo, leading into the first short chorus, "Glory, now, unto God in the highest."

3. Air for mezzo-soprano, "Firm in faith," simple and melodious, with graceful accompaniment.

4. Tenor air and chorus, "God of all," the air declamatory. The accompanying harmonies to the chorus on the words, "Who upon the earth descended," have the harshness of an antique, ecclesiastical flavor.

5. Duet, "Blessed," between soprano and barytone, an elaborate, in part florid, pleasing composition.

6. Chorus, "Wherefore are the nations raging," is one of the most stirring and impressive numbers. It is in D minor, a series of short ejaculations of the voice parts, single or united, very energetic, the strings keeping up an independent *ostinato* accompaniment, while the organ fills out the harmony. Strangely, perhaps explained by the cathedral service, this bold and graphic movement ends with a change of key and measure (B flat major, 3-4), in the ascription, "As it was in the beginning," etc., a gentle and melodious strain.

7. Trio, "Thou art from first to last," for tenor, soprano, and barytone. Here comes in the harp, with airy arpeggios, lending grace and buoyancy to one of the finest pieces in the work.

8. An interesting quartet follows, "Alleluia," led in by the alto, which gives all the text, dwelling particularly on the words, "And for his poor and lowly hath he mercy;" then comes in the barytone, and instantly the two sopranos, all bearing on the theme in a rich tide together, but leaving it to the alto to end the strain alone, with one more reminder of "the poor and lowly."

9. Quintet and Chorus, "Arise, now, daughter of Zion" (in G, 12-8). The pastoral symphony (abridged) returns as prelude, and fragments of it recur at intervals throughout the chorus, the voice parts at length borrowing its phrases, which gives greater unity to the work as a whole. Not in vain had he studied the Christmas Oratorio of Bach. There follows only a short, plain anthem-like, final chorus, with alleluias, good and solid, but of no pretension beyond simple service.

Music in New York.

MAY 21.—The programme of the last Philharmonic concert of the season, (April 28th), was unusually interesting, and the fact that the house was not filled is not creditable to musical New York. The bill opened with the grand Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" by Glück, with the ending composed by Richard Wagner. This was followed by Beethoven's violin Concerto played by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, whose place at the conductor's stand during the concerto was taken by Mr. Matzka. Dr. Damrosch did full justice to this great composition, and after hearing his masterly interpretation we can only regret that he plays so seldom in public. His tone is invariably pure and his shading and expression admirable. He played as if possessed by the spirit of the music, and gave a sympathetic as well as a comprehensive performance. The third and last number on the bill was the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with chorus by the Oratorio Society and soli by Mme. E. Pappenheim, soprano, Miss A. Henne, contralto, Mr. G. Simpson, tenor, and Mr. E. A. Stoddard, baritone.

On April 26th, Mr. F. Bergner gave his annual concert at Steinway Hall, with a very enjoyable programme, in which the following artists took part: Mlle. Henriette Corradi, Messrs. L. Damrosch, G. Matzka and Master H. Rietzel.

Beethoven's Sonata in A, op. 69, was performed by Mr. F. Bergner, Violoncello, and Master H. Rietzel piano, and a Quartet, op. 33 by J. Rheinberger for piano, violin, viola and violoncello was performed by Master Rietzel and Messrs. Damrosch, Matzka and Bergner.

Mme. Essipoff has given her farewell concert here and it is announced that she will sail for Europe during the present week. At her farewell matinée at Steinway Hall

on Saturday last, Bach's celebrated triple concerto was performed; in this Mme. Essipoff had the co-operation of Messrs. Wm. Mason and F. Boscovitz. The programme also included Schumann's variations for two pianos, performed by Mme. Essipoff and Mr. Mason.

Mme. Essipoff does not need the verdict of America to make her a great artist. She was such when she came to us, but she is fairly entitled to our gratitude for her invaluable service to art in the wonderful interpretations she has given here of the pianoforte music of every school.

We have heard players (but only the greatest) who surpassed her at times, or who reached beyond her in certain special merits, but, judging by the sum of her artistic qualities and the average excellence of her playing, we do not hesitate to rank her as one of three really great pianists who have visited our shores of late years, and left an enduring impression upon the musical history of the country.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1877.

Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The musical festival of last week, with its six Oratorios and concerts and continual rehearsals, was of absorbing interest. It was successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of all concerned. Never before has there been so much enthusiasm, never such constant crowds in attendance and such general expression of delight and satisfaction. It was indeed, in every good sense, a Festival; one in which all united, givers and receivers, on the ground of pure and noble music; one in which listeners and interpreters recognized and felt the holy spell of Art. The enterprise had been wisely planned, skilfully organized and carried out with admirable energy. The programmes, if not in all respects so rich as some we have had before, were yet full of interest, mingling the new with the old, and the most of it easily appreciated, while the old error of a too long and exhausting surfeit was happily avoided. Three grand old favorite Oratorios,—two by Handel, one by Mendelssohn; two parts of the Christmas Oratorio of Bach for the first time,—the rarest, choicest novelty of the whole feast; a specimen, too brief, of the famous Psalms by Marcello; then the new Choral works by Hiller, Saint-Saëns and our own Parker;—these, with the excellent corps of solo singers, all American, and all artists; with the noble chorus of six hundred voices, to whose preparation Carl Zerrahn had given himself heart and soul; with Mr. Lang at that great Organ, and with a truly admirable orchestra of 66 instruments, which proved on the whole quite as effective as the orchestras of 100 upon former occasions,—together formed an irresistible attraction to most music lovers here and for some distance round about. To be sure, the two miscellaneous afternoon programmes were hardly of the high character we have sometimes had before. There was no Ninth Symphony, no Symphony at all; the work of the orchestra was limited to a couple of Overtures, a selection from Beethoven's *Prometheus*, and the accompaniment of solo singers, in whose contrasted powers and qualities so much personal interest was naturally felt. Yet, with the exception of a very few details, even these were remarkably fine programmes of their kind,—far better than the like in most of the Birmingham and other English festivals.

First Concert, Wednesday Evening, May 16.

The Festival opened with a superb performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, before a most appreciative audience that filled every seat and corner of the Boston Music Hall. This most popular of all oratorios was wisely substituted for the more miscellaneous programme that was first announced. It is the Oratorio most sure to draw; the one which the Society all know by heart and are almost sure to sing it well; and it is all-important that the first start in such a Festival shall be an inspiring, unmistakeable success. It was a foregone conclusion that it would be so. Seldom, if ever, on the whole, has the *Elijah* been so splendidly brought out here. The choral work was magnificent, chorus after chorus giving more palpable and more inspiring proof of the great progress the Society has made within the last three years. The enthusiasm, alike of singers and of audience, culminated in the stupendous "Rain" chorus: "Thanks be to God," which it is safe to say was never before given here with such precision, such verve, such grand sonorous volume, carrying all before it; that downward rush of the violins, too, near the end of it had a thrilling effect. The grandeur and the graphic splendor of all the stronger choruses was felt; and equally the loveliness of such gentler ones as "He watching over Israel."

The quartet of principal soloists was excellent. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, to be sure, is somewhat out of her most congenial and accustomed sphere in music of so large and serious a character; her voice seemed thin and hard and worn in several passages, and once or twice, as in the Angel Trio, slightly out of tune. But she is an accomplished and artistic singer, and she gave herself to the task with right good will. The recitatives and Aria of the Widow were beautifully and expressively rendered. and "Hear ye, Israel," "Holy, holy," and the sentences of the Boy, were brilliant and impressive. Miss Annie Louise Cary, now one of the noblest contralto singers in the world, comes back to us in the full ripeness of her golden voice and art. All that she did that night was admirable and absolutely satisfying. The pathos of "Woe unto them" could hardly find expression more sincere and truthful; and "O rest in the Lord" was given in tones of such rich and even volume, such a pure and perfect cantabile, and such chaste and simple fervor, that it required all her judicious amiable firmness to resist the call for a repetition. As the arrival of Mr. Charles R. Adams was delayed by a rough passage from Hamburg, the tenor solos fell to our excellent Wm. J. Winch, whose voice never was sweeter, nor his style more pure, finished and expressive. Mr. M. W. Whitney always makes a grand and stately representative of the Prophet. This time his ponderous bass voice, particularly the upper range of it, was hardly in its best condition; and in some passages he gravitated back to something of that old leaden heaviness which he has mainly overcome of late; but most of his sentences were grandly delivered, the pathetic Arias were sung with feeling and refinement, and the swift, strong, uncontainable: "Is not his word like a fire?" was given with great energy and certainty, making the "divine rage" of the music felt.—In the double Quartet these four artists were assisted by Miss Sarah C. Fisher, Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes, Mr. Wheat and Mr. J. F. Winch, and Miss Fisher joined Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary in the Angel Trio. With the exception of the Trio, all the concerted pieces were uncommonly successful in the rendering.—And so the first night of the Festival was a decided and a fruitful triumph.

Second Concert, Thursday Afternoon.

Another crowded house,—hardly less crowded than the night before. All the principal vocalists appeared in the following programme:—

Overture—"Athalie," op. 74.....Mendelssohn
Air from "The Creation." "Rolling in foaming billows,".....Haydn
Mr. M. W. Whitney.

Aria from "Semiramide," "Ah, quel giorno!" Rossini
Miss Phillippa.
Scena from "Don Giovanni," "Non mi dir," Mozart
Miss Kellogg.
Aria from Requiem Mass. "Ingemisco,".....Verdi
Mr. Charles R. Adams.
Psalm XVIII. "The Spacious Firmament," Marcello
Solos by Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes.
Assisted in the quartet by Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. B. F. Gilbert and Mr. C. E. Hay.
Adagio from "Prometheus," op. 43.....Beethoven
Song from "Naaman," "I dreamt I was in heaven,".....Costa
Miss Cary.
Concert aria. "Ma che vi feci,".....Mozart
Miss Thursby.
Cantata. "Noël." [Christmas].....Saint-Saëns
Solos by Miss Kellogg, Miss Cary, Miss Phillippa, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. J. F. Winch.

The points of most marked interest in this concert were the first hearing of "Noël," the first appearance of Mr. Adams, and the Mozart Aria as sung by Miss Thursby. To begin with the last named, it was a triumph for the fresh, pure, birdlike young Soprano. The Aria itself,—another of the twelve concert arias of which five or six have been given in the Symphony Concerts—proved one of the most beautiful, original and brilliant of the lot. It teems with happy thoughts in the modest, genial orchestral accompaniment. It soars high in the final Allegro and revels in bright florid figures, and the young lady sang in the most crystal clear, sweet tones, with utmost fluency and brilliancy; her intonation perfect, and her style sympathetic where the passage called for that. Miss Kellogg vocalized fluently and gracefully in the "Letter" Aria, but hers is not the Donna Anna sphere of song. Miss Cary sang a flat, sentimental piece as well as she sings everything; there was immense applause for *her*. Miss Mathilde Phillipps seems better fitted for the stage than for the concert room. Her voice is rich and musical, except when she startles one with those exaggerated deep tones; those sudden jerks of emphasis go far to spoil the effect of her otherwise pure and artistic singing. In the *Semiramide* music she is perfectly at home.

Mr. Adams was most warmly greeted as he presented himself with a quiet manly bearing, and an air of experience and distinction, such as one might look for in the American singer who has held the place of leading tenor for nine years in the Imperial Opera at Vienna. There was the stamp of the artist manifest ere he had sung three measures. His is the robust kind of tenor, of large compass, evenly developed, under complete control, and intrinsically very sweet in quality, though, probably owing to the "sea change" from which he had scarcely yet escaped, a certain huskiness obscured his middle tones. He sings superbly, in a frank, large, masterly dramatic style, each tone fraught with meaning and intention. The high B flat was splendid, and his baritone notes are musical and solid. Nothing could be finer than his musical declamation, or his enunciation, for which this impassioned *Ingemisco* from Verdi's Requiem, affected as the composition is and overstrained, afforded him considerable scope. Recalled with hearty plaudits, he sang it even better than before. By the way, it was odd to notice, among the conceits of Verdi, the bit of pastoral accompaniment which he attaches to the mere mention of the word *oves* (sheep),—a *Pastorale* before the throne of Judgment!—This brief taste of Mr. Adams left a desire for more, and it seemed long to wait until the night of *Samson*.—Mr. Whitney was in better voice this time and sang the Air from *The Creation* with great majesty and breadth, descending in the final cadence (where Haydn ascends) to a deep tremendous D, which, of course, "brought the house down."

Of Marcello's 18th Psalm, or the fragments culled from it and here put together, with full orchestral accompaniment, by Lindpaintner, for the use of the

Parisian and other Conservatories, we have briefly remarked elsewhere:

It is a portion only, and the smaller portion, the first movement out of several, of that Psalm which George Sand in her famous novel makes Consuelo sing before the great composer, under the direction of the old maestro Porpora, beginning, "I cieli immensi narrano" ("The heavens are telling.") Marcello's music covers all the many verses of each Psalm; the selection here made has greater unity as well as brevity. The words of Addison's noble hymn, "The spacious firmament on high," etc., are found to suit the music admirably. It is in a cheerful, flowing, even, narrative vein of melody, so simple that it almost sings itself; and being written for alto, first and second tenors, and bass voices, without sopranos, and harmonized with admirable art, it has a singularly rich, full, hearty sound, as refreshing as it is unusual. The alto solo, however, is so little, that we wonder how Madame Sand came to make so much account of it.

And did it occur to George Sand that she was making a Contralto of her budding prima donna? The piece, though well sung, made no very marked impression; the heavy orchestration seemed to overload a work so purely vocal and so modest; and, pleasing as the extract was, it is by no means the best part of the Psalm, nor is this Psalm so good a specimen as could be found among the fifty. The solos were fairly sung by Mrs. Noyes; as was a quartet of soli in one place, reminding us of Haydn's "The heavens are telling."

Much greater interest was excited by the short Christmas Oratorio (or Cantata) by Saint-Saëns, which, though in no sense a great work, shows both originality and learning, and has numerous effective points. As an early composition (op. 12), it may be regarded as a revelation of rare talent, if not genius, for our day. We have imperfectly described it on another page. Had Bach's Christmas music been heard first, every one would have perceived that the young Frenchman had been studying Bach, and would have recognized in the instrumental prelude a palpable imitation of Bach's Pastoral Symphony,—the same 12-8 measure, the same sort of phrasing, the same contrasting of pastoral reeds with strings, etc. Only here the orchestra has only strings; the reeds are represented on the organ; and so distinctly, with such clean outline, such outspoken character and individualization in Mr. Lang's admirable management of it, that we would hardly trust our orchestral oboes and English horns to do it better. Saint-Saëns lets the organ reeds begin it by themselves,—a very realistic suggestion, it would seem, of the Abruzzi peasants heard in the streets of Rome at Christmas time; the strings join later. Bach, on the contrary, gives the first subject to the strings, forming a prelude to the second, a sort of Cradle song, by the reeds. Bach's is ideal, pure, perfect poetry and blissful piety as well as perfect art; he calls up all the beauty, the mysterious heavenly stillness, the spirit, and the promise of that holy night. The ideality continues in Bach's recitative: "There were shepherds," etc. Nothing could be more poetic, more suggestive, more original. But with Saint-Saëns, if the Pastorale was realistic, the narrative and annunciation, distributed among the four solo voices, may be called conventional; much of it is kept upon a mentone like church chanting. The chorus: "Glory, now, unto God, etc., and on earth peace," is concise and effective, and quite skilfully composed. The simple Air: "Firm in Faith," in detached phrases, with graceful instrumental figures between them, was beautifully sung by Miss Cary. Miss Kellogg and Mr. J. F. Winch did justice to the Duet: "Blessed, ever blessed," which, but for the tedious continuity of staccato chord accompaniment by the organ, has a good deal of beauty; the latter portion, however, which is for a while legato, and in which the two voices come together: "God all gracious," is highly interesting. There is nothing more impressive in the whole work than the stirring chorus: "Wherefore are the nations raging?" and nothing more lovely in contrast, though the connection seems strange, than the gentle, flowing ascription to which its turbulent *agitato* mood so unexpectedly gives way.

In the Trio with florid harp accompaniment (finely played by Mme. Maretzek) there is much that is poetic and original, and it was well brought out. Of the "Alleluia" Quartet, the Quintet and chorus: "Arise now" (where, after Bach's example again, the pastoral symphony comes back as prelude), and the short final Chorus, we have nothing to add to what we have said already. Solo singers, chorus, orchestra and organ did their work satisfactorily throughout, and the work as a whole made all the impression, we suspect, it ever will make; for knowing, as we all do, works so infinitely nobler on the same theme, we may well doubt whether, with all its clearness and taking qualities at first hearing, it will be likely to improve upon acquaintance. That it has given a great deal of pleasure here this once, is past doubt.

Third Concert, Thursday Evening.

1. Christmas oratorio. Parts I and II....J. S. Bach
   Solos by Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. J. F. Winch.
2. Recitative—"Deep and deeper still," } Air. "Waft her, angels," }
   From "Jephtha."....G. F. Haendel
   Mr. W. J. Winch.
3. Air from "Eli," "I will extol thee, O Lord." M. Costa
   Miss Emma C. Thursby.
4. Hymn, "Redemption"....J. C. D. Parker
   Solo by Miss Cary.
5. Air from "The Prodigal Son."....A. S. Sullivan
   Mr. J. F. Winch.
6. Cantata, "A Song of Victory,"....F. Hiller
   Solo by Miss Thursby.

The two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio were far more successful, both in their presentation and reception, than we had dared to hope, in spite of the steady growth in public favor here of the Passion Music. So far as we could read the signs, the great majority of the audience, that very nearly filled the Hall, were charmed and deeply moved by nearly every number of the music, so poetic, so ideal, so sincerely Christian in its spirit. It is more easily understood than the Passion music; but there was much to imperil its success. It had had too few chances of rehearsal, while it is a kind of music in which our singers are not much at home. Then it needed the additional accompaniments by Franz to fill out Bach's intention; these unfortunately arrived only the day after the feast. Then the Arias, on the old model, with their two long parts and a *da capo* to the first again (which Franz, in his arrangements of many of them with pianoforte, has happily abridged) could hardly fail, with all their beauty, to prove wearisome to unaccustomed ears. But we were agreeably surprised in hearing the entire performance go so reasonably well. The Chorals (five of them) and the two great Choruses were sung with spirit and a fair degree of precision; the soloists, instead of struggling painfully with their exacting tasks, made the beauty of the music readily appreciable; and the orchestration was passably eked out with parts from England, and, in one or two numbers, from Theodore Thomas, while the organ throughout, handled with discriminating tact by Mr. Lang, went far to make the harmony, if not the counterpoint, complete.

—The opening chorus, than which nothing could sound more glad and jubilant, had a most inspiring influence. All felt its power; all were delighted at the free and hearty childlike way in which this learned old musician could rejoice and shout, and all so musically, and as if unconscious of his own consummate Art. The only drawback was in the awkward English version of the text; the first words: "Christians, be joyful" was not easy for the voices, compared with the original: "*Jauchzet, frohlocket!*" Miss Cary's delivery of the recitative: "See now the Bridegroom" and the Air: "Prepare thyself, Zion," was in the rich heart-felt tones, and the chaste, even, pure *cantabile* style required, with just enough of quiet rapture in the florid passage preceding the *Da capo*. The serious Choral: "How shall I fitly meet thee" was well sung, as were all the Chorals,—all inimitable specimens of Bach's inexhaustible genius for polyphonic harmony,—and had a refreshing and uplifting influence. Mr. W. J. Winch gave the narrative sentences of the Evangelist in a pure and sweet style of recitative, reverentially and simply. The unison Choral for Sopranos: "For us to earth He cometh poor," alternating line by line with a beautiful orchestral strain, as well as with reflective sentences of Bass recitative, was perhaps not quite so clearly brought out as some other numbers of the work, yet enough so to interest by its originality of form as well as by its intrinsic beauty. The long and florid Bass Air: "Lord Almighty," in 2-4 measure, found adequate expression in the at once solid and elastic voice of Mr. J. F. Winch. And the Choral: "Ah! Dearest Jesus," with the trumpet interludes, brought the First Part to a delightful close.

We cannot add much to the mere hints in our last paper in description of the work. And we have just anticipated most that we had to say about the lovely Pastoral Symphony with which the Second Part begins. It was well, perhaps, that we heard it almost directly after the "Noël" of the Frenchman—only dinner and a short walk intervening. Although the reed parts were somewhat blurred, and less distinct than those of the other on the organ, yet the exquisite beauty of this *Pastorale* seemed to be felt by all. It is too ideal, too artistically perfect, to be compared at all with the one we had heard in the afternoon. It is woven out of the most vital fibre, instinct with life in every phrase; every instrument is a melody, each sings the same thought, the same motive out of its own heart, in its own way, as if each originated it and they divinely blended. There is the same ideality and poetic freshness, the same imaginative realization of the scene and the events described, in the recitatives: "There were Shepherds," etc., etc. Nothing conventional here, nothing for a moment commonplace! It is all charm and wonder and presentiment.

—But our space is exhausted, and we must complete the record in our next.

Madame Essipoff's Six Pianoforte Recitals, at Union Hall, were eagerly welcomed as giving an opportunity to hear and appreciate this great pianist in a smaller room. The attendance was large throughout, in two or three instances quite filling the hall. As the recitals came every afternoon in the week (from Monday, May 7, to Saturday, May 12), it could hardly prove convenient to many of her admirers to attend them *all*. We were able to be present only twice; first, at the first Recital, when she played specimens of "The Ancient Masters," none of them *very* ancient, but all interesting. Beginning with Beethoven, she chose one of his smaller Sonatas (*quasi Fantasia*) the companion piece to the "Moonlight," which she played exquisitely; but it was not a great one for the only representative of Beethoven. Then, going back to Bach and Handel, she gave beautiful renderings of the little pieces and transcriptions below named. The Mozart Rondo, too, was finely done, if sometimes with too much emphasizing of the melody; yet Rubinstein's playing of it will be remembered as much finer. The flowery fantasy by Hummel was indeed exquisitely given. And the little things by Gluck, Rameau, Scarlatti (extremely difficult), with the little gem of a Minuet from Boccherini, were singularly perfect. All the rare qualities of touch, clear, fluent, finished execution and poetic grace, which have been repeatedly remarked upon, pervaded the entire performance.—In the programme of "Etudes" there was every sort of style happily presented, and every sort of difficulty overcome with ease and elegance. We only wondered at the

want of any steady tempo, the wholly *ad libitum* treatment, in the arpeggio piece of Chopin, many of whose wide chords, too, were contracted, probably by reason of her small hand. The Etudes by Moscheles, by Hummel, Henselt, and especially by Liszt were wonderfully well done.—For the rest, we must content ourselves with setting down the unique series of programmes in their order.

Recital No. 1.—*The Ancient Masters.*

Sonata.—Quasi una fantasia, op. 27, No. 1..Beethoven
Airs—(Transcription par Camille Saint-Saëns,
J. S. Bach
[a] Largo.
[b] Recitative et air, (de la 30e cantate).
[c] Introduction et air, (de la 15e cantate).
Gavotte—D minor (de la Suite Anglaise)...J. S. Bach
Prelude et Fugue—(C sharp major).....J. S. Bach
Variations—"The Harmonious Blacksmith,"
Haendel
Gigue—F minor .....Haendel
Rondo—A minor.....Mozart
Gavotte—(arranged by Brahms).....Gluck
Larghetto e Cantabile—(de la fantaisie), op. 18,
Hummel
Theme et Variations—A minor.....Rameau
Nocturne—B major.....Boccherini
Menuet in A major, (from the String quintet)..Field
Sonate—A major.....Scarlatti

Recital No. 2.—*Schubert—Mendelssohn—Schumann.*

Sonata—G minor, op. 22.....Schumann
Allegro—Andante—Scherzo—Finale.
Andante et Scherzo—Oy. 7.....Mendelssohn
Impromptu—(De la Rosamonde).....Schubert
Five Songs, without words.....Mendelssohn
[a] Book IV., No. 1, Andante. [b] Book VI., No. 6, Allegretto. [c] Book IV., No. 5, Volkslied. [d] Book V., No. 6. Frühlingslied. [e] Book VI., No. 4, Spinnerlied.
Menuet—(de la Sonate, op. 52).....Schubert
Prelude et Fugue, (avec choral, op. 35)..Mendelssohn
Impromptu—C minor, (Op. 194).....Schumann
Fantasiestueck—Op. 111.....Schumann
Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
Chant Espagnol.....Schumann

Recital No. 3.—*Chopin Recital.*

Sonata—B minor, op 58.....Chopin
Allegro maestoso—Scherzo—Largo—Finale.
Nocturne—D flat, op. 27.....Chopin
Etudes—Op. 25..... "
[a] A flat. [b] F minor.
Mazurka—A flat.....Chopin
Valse—Op. 64..... "
Polonaise—A flat, op. 53..... "
Marche Funebre—(de la sonate, op. 35)..... "
Barcarolle—Op. 60..... "
Impromptu—Op. 29..... "
Tarantelle..... "

Recital No. 4.—*Les Etudes.*

Etude—C major. Op. 25, Book 1.....Chopin
Etude—E major. Op. 25, Book 1.....Chopin
Etude—Chromatique, G major. Op. 70....Moscheles
Etude—A flat major.....Moscheles
Etude—A minor.....Thalberg
Etude—C major.....Scarlatti
Etude—F sharp minor.....Hummel
Etude—C sharp minor. Op. 25.....Chopin
Etude—Les arpeges. E flat major.....Chopin
Etude—F sharp major. "Si oiseau j'etais"..Henselt
Etude de Concert. D flat minor.....Liszt
Etude de Concert. F major.....Liszt

Recital No. 5.—*La Danse.*

Sarabande—de la suite en Re mineur.....J. S. Bach
Bourrée—A minor.....J. S. Bach
Gavotte—D minor.....J. S. Bach
Gigue—D minor.....Haessler
Menuet—E flat.....Mozart
Polonaise Melancolique.....Schubert
Les Patineurs.....Liszt
(Illustration, sur les motifs du ballet du Prophete de Meyerbeer.)
Danses Hongroises.....Brahms
No. 3, F major. No. 7, F sharp minor.
Mazurka—E flat.....Leschetizky
Valse—A flat, op. 27.....Tschaikowsky
Saltarello.....Stephen Heller
Galop Chromatique.....Liszt

Recital No. 6.—*American Composers.*

Fantasie, op. 41.....Fr. Brandeis
Melodie, op. 32.....Fr. Brandeis
Gavotte, B-minor.....Arthur Foote
Gigue—(de la suite en Re pour orchestre),
Bach-Parsons
Valse, op. 1.....W. H. Sherwood
Mazurka, op. 6, No. 4.....W. H Sherwood
Intermezzo, op. 52 (Kiel).....Ernst Perabo
Menuet (from Schubert's 1st string quartet, op. 29),
Ernst Perabo
Marche Funébre.....John K. Paine
Sketches for the piano, op. 26.....John K. Paine
[a] Wayside Flowers.
[b] Under the Linden.
[c] Village Dance.
Tarantelle, op. 91.....R. Hoffman
Silver Spring, op. 4.....William Mason
Caprice—"Pastorella e Cavagliere," op. 32,
L. M. Gottschalk
Transcription—"Home, Sweet Home,"
L. M. Gottschalk
Fantasie grotesque—"The Banjo"..L. M. Gottschalk

Foreign Notes.

(From the London Musical Times, May 1.)

The annual special performances during Passion Week of sacred music in all the more important towns of Germany presented this year some features of unusual interest. The performance on Good Friday of Johann Sebastian Bach's grand interpretation of the "Passion," according to the evangelists St. John and St Matthew respectively, has—thanks in a great measure to the impetus given in that direction by Mendelssohn—become so much a matter of course with German choirs that in order to particularise we should have to furnish a list of more than half the towns comprised in the German empire. We will content ourselves by stating the fact that at St. Thomas's church in Leipzig, for the services of which the work was originally composed, the St. Matthew "Passion" received, as usual, a splendid rendering under the direction of Herr Reinecke. There are, however, among the old masters of church-music not a few whose claims to a revival, if not equally great with that of Sebastian Bach, are at least considerable, and become the more pronounced the greater the dearth among the productions of the present day of works bearing the stamp of original genius. Modern music is still under the immediate influence of the resuscitated masterpieces of Bach, which have come to us endowed at once with the freshness of youth and the solidity of mature age—an influence the importance of which, for the future development of the art, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Nor is there such an abundance even of works of secondary importance among the religious compositions of the day, that similar beneficial results might not be anticipated from the reproduction of the works of masters belonging to a grand period of the art, when musical inspiration was mainly derived from the intense religious feeling of the composer and the devout contemplation of his chosen subject. It is a healthy sign of the time, therefore, to notice among the Passion-performances in Germany this year the names of Heinrich Schütz (born in 1585, the immediate precursor both of Bach and Handel), Melchior Franck, Joh. Gottfr. Schicht, Graun, as well as those of the Italian masters—Durante, Jomelli, Lotti, and others. Schütz's "Passion Oratorio" was performed in church on Good Friday both at Cologne and Darmstadt, and created a deep impression upon the audience. On the same day Graun's Passion Cantata "Der Tod Jesu" was given at St. Peter's church, in Berlin, while at other German towns Bach's great Mass in B minor was produced during Passion Week. Among religious works of recent date may be mentioned the performance at Berlin, Zürich, and elsewhere, of Kiel's Oratorio "Christus," a work which seems to attract greater attention at every hearing.

On the occasion of the recent fiftieth anniversary of the death of Beethoven—which in every German town was marked by special performances, consisting entirely of selections from the works of that great master—his Opera "Fidelio" was performed at the court theatres both of Berlin and Munich. At the latter place the Opera was preceded by a spoken prologue, succeeded by the march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," and the crowning with wreaths of flowers of a colossal bust of the immortal master.

The ceremony of uncovering the tablet in memory of Joseph Haydn—which has been affixed, at the expense of the Vienna *Gesangverein* "Arion," to the house at the small town of Rohrau wherein the composer of the "Creation" first saw the light of the world—took place on Easter Sunday. Deputations from various musical societies of Vienna were present on the occasion, and after the customary speeches the ceremony was appropriately brought to a close by a numerously attended concert in the evening.

At Leipzig the last of the Subscription Concerts of the season at the *Gewandhaus* took place on March 22. The soloist of the evening was the violin-*virtuoso*, Herr Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg, whose playing—according to the opinion expressed by the Leipzig journals—though not entirely free from mannerism, and a certain feminine quality of tone, was yet deservedly admired on the part of a numerous and critical audience. The excellent "Euterpe" Concerts have likewise come to a close with the tenth concert of the season; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (*without* the aid of realistic scenic effects!) and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture having been the prominent features. The usual examinations for the admission of pupils to the Royal Conservatorium of Leipzig were held on the 5th of last month, the new term of instruction at that institution having commenced on the 9th ult.; foreign pupils are, however, admitted for some time after that date.

We read in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* that the recent first performance at Hamburg of Goldmark's Opera "Queen of Saba" resulted in a complete success of the new work. The composer, who was present, had the satisfaction of being repeatedly summoned before the curtain, to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of the numerous audience. The Opera is highly spoken of by the local Press, and has since received repeated representations on the Hamburg stage.

Saint-Saens's Opera in three acts, entitled "Dalila," will, according to the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*, be performed during this month at the court theatre of Weimar.

Special Notices.

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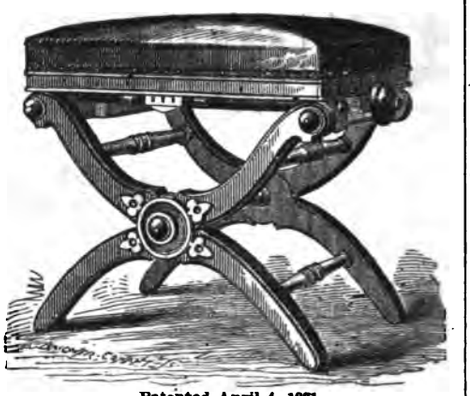

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WHOLE No. 945. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 7.

A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven.—German Criticisms.

(Concluded from Page 43.)

In the next chapter, Thayer begins to explain the long series of errors which have been constructed with such care around the two brothers of Beethoven. The author gives us in this chapter as the result of his powers of investigation, the very probable supposition that Beethoven studied quartet music with the composer Emanuel Aloys Förster, at that time so deservedly celebrated.

The next chapter brings us to the year 1801. Besides the most interesting information concerning the origin and arrangement of the *Prometheus* music, in which we find also great exactitude with respect to time and place; besides the letters of the composer given in other works, but here gaining additional interest on account of their correct chronological order; in addition to these matters of interest, we have also here laid before us a hitherto unknown letter addressed to Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipsic.

The following chapter contains biographical explanations of the letters of 1801. Here the author pours forth from his "horn of plenty" such a glorious mass of fresh facts, that we are almost overpowered.

The fourth chapter gives an account of the year of suffering, 1802. The following chapters of this truly deserving work throw fresh light upon the author's skill in the art of solving problems, and are one continuous stream of entirely new matter. All the fresh letters which the author here brings before our notice are very interesting to all admirers of Beethoven, illustrating as they do, more fully, the nobility of his character and affording us new and brilliant glimpses of the outward life of the great master. But all this is only what we might reasonably have expected when such a man as Thayer set his hand to the work; for whatever he undertakes is accomplished with a thoroughness which must satisfy even the most critical reader.

The nine parts of his appendix also contain very important additions. To these belong the communications from Czerny and Louis Drouet concerning Beethoven's life, which form the natural introduction to "Beethoven's character and person."

So far as the description of Beethoven's outer life is concerned, our author succeeds in laying before the reader the most surprising discoveries, and in maintaining them with great plausibility.

In conclusion let me add that, though this book, like every other human production, is marked by some defects, it is a most superior work; and the trivial defects are quite swallowed up by the wonderful excellencies it possesses. And I can only hope that the much esteemed author will quickly give us his continuation of the biography of this immortal composer.

The "*National Zeitung*," of Oct. 24, 1871, writes:—From among recent musical literary productions we single out A. W. Thayer's "Ludwig v. Beethoven's Life," translated into German from the original manuscript. When five years ago the first volume of this work lay before us, we hailed it as one of the most valuable productions of the Beethoven literature.

After many attempts had been made, and as many failures, an American at length took it into his head to make the life of the great master an object of the closest and most minute personal investigation. With the energy, tenacity and practical forethought natural to his race, he devoted himself to an undertaking which offered as the sole reward for overcoming difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable, offered him the simple satisfaction of feeling that he had to the best of his ability assisted in the spread of truth. The first matter for him to settle was the limit to which his material allowed him to go. He has only to deal with facts; and therefore all professional and scientific leanings, as also all æsthetic critical discussions, must be laid aside. The reader must not, then, expect to find in this work the subject completely exhausted in all respects. What is offered to us is simply a narration, made after the most careful investigation, of the great master's life, and an account of his productions arranged in chronological order. Putting all other matters aside, the author confines himself to a narrative of bare facts given in a plain practical style.

As he himself declares, he has only accomplished the difficult and laborious preparatory work; he has but laid the foundation upon which some future historian of Beethoven may erect a fair and stately structure. We owe, then, to Mr. Thayer the warmest and deepest thanks for the earnestness, zeal, love, unshrinking perseverance and patience with which he has prosecuted a task which will never perhaps receive its full meed of appreciation.

The sources of information respecting Beethoven as a man and a composer, which are available to the general public, are but few and scanty. The most valuable part of his correspondence consists of a few letters addressed to the friends of his youth (which however are scattered over a very long period of time), and also some letters to his publishers. Besides these we possess a number of notes and scraps of letters to all sorts of persons, of the most varied contents, which for biographical purposes are of no great value. Beethoven was not at all communicative, and on very rare occasions was he disposed to speak about himself. We possess, further, solitary expressions of his views and opinions in albums and sketch books, scattered about here and there as chance would have it. In the communications of Wegeler and Ries, who were both friends of the composer, we have a vein of information of the greatest value; for these biographers relate what came under their own personal notice. The biography of Schindler is a much more uncertain source; and any other information we can glean lies scattered over the widest field of literature. All this material Thayer has brought together with most praiseworthy conscientiousness and has reduced to the most perfect order. He has also carefully sifted it and has enriched it by the most assiduous and unwearied inquiries from the contemporaries of the composer.

The second volume of Thayer's work comprises the decade from 1796 to 1806. The arrangement of the matter contained in this work has an almost lawyer-like appearance of exactitude and regularity; and he who expects to have his emotions pleasingly excited, or his idle moments agreeably amused in reading this book, will find himself utterly disappointed.

The author starts with the supposition that the reader possesses a clear comprehension of the importance of the subject; he engages him in the most laborious and minute investigations; spares him the examination not even of the minutest object, if it has the appearance of being able in any degree to assist in unfolding the truth. We have not only the final results set before us, but also the external and internal proofs of everything advanced; the author making us throughout the partners of his toil. If in spite of all his painstaking he has only been able to glean a few meagre notices, as the biographical gain of many a year of the composer's life, this is fully explained by the scantiness of all the sources of information available to us. One especial service rendered by the work of Thayer is the severe criticism with which he has handled all the legends concerning Beethoven. The inclination so common to most biographers to deify their heroes is quite wanting in him. Although, however, he treats his subject with such moderation, it loses nothing by this treatment, but rather the very simplicity of the description adds beauty and grandeur to the theme.

Niels W. Gade.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.*

The following might lately (1843) have been read in a French paper:—"A young Danish composer excites much interest in Germany at present; he is called Gade, and often wanders, with his violin on his shoulder, from Copenhagen to Leipsic and back; he looks as if he were Mozart himself." The first and last parts of this information are correct; a little romance is mixed up with the rest of the sentence. The young Dane really came a few months ago to Leipsic (in the ordinary traveller's style, however, violin and all), and his Mozart head, with hair as thick and heavy as if cut in marble,

* From "*Music and Musicians.*" *Essays and Criticisms by* ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. pp. xxiii, 418, 12mo. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co., 1877.

agreed very well with the good opinions wh his "Ossian" overture and his first symph y had won beforehand among our resident r tists.

Little that is eventful can be told of his life. Born in 1817 in Copenhagen, the son of an instrument maker of that place, he possibly dreamed away his first years surrounded by more instruments than men. His first instruction in music was obtained from one of those commonplace teachers who esteem mechanical industry beyond talent, and it seems that mentor was not very well satisfied with the progress of his pupil. He learned a little about guitar, violin, and pianoforte, without accomplishing much on either instrument. Later, he met with more able masters in Werschall and Berggreen, and the esteemed Weyse also gave him kind advice. Compositions of very different kinds were the result, and their author thinks very little of them; no doubt many of them were the overflowings of an uncommon imagination. He afterwards entered the royal orchestra at Copenhagen as violinist, and here had an opportunity to listen to the secrets of the instruments, which he has since related to us in some of his compositions. This practical school, denied to some, used without understanding by many, was doubtless the principal agent in educating him up to that point of mastery in instrumentation which must undeniably be conceded to him. Through his "Ossian" overture, which, on the approval of Spohr and Schneider, was crowned with the prize awarded by the Copenhagen Musical Union, he attracted the attention of his music-loving king; he then received, like many other talented men in Denmark, a really royal stipend, intended, in his case, to assist him in a foreign journey; thus, for the first time, he turned towards Leipsic, where he has been introduced, for the first time, to a larger musical public. He is still here, but intends shortly to visit Paris, and Italy afterwards. We will, therefore, take advantage of the moment, in which he is yet freshly present to us, to give a brief sketch of the artistic originality of this man, who has favorably impressed us, to a far greater degree than most young composers of to-day.

He who, from Gade's resemblance to Mozart, which is really quite surprising, should straightway conclude that these two men resembled each other musically, would be greatly mistaken. We see quite a novel artistic character before us. It really begins to look as if the nations bordering on Germany desired to emancipate themselves from the influence of German music; this might annoy a German nativist, but it could only appear natural and cheering to the more profound thinker, if he understood human nature. So we see the French-Pole Chopin, Bennett the Englishman, Verhulst the Hollander, besides the representatives of Hungarian music, giving promise and performance that must lead them to be regarded as most worthy embodiments of the artistic tendency of their native lands. And though they all seem to regard Germany as their first and favorite teacher of music, we cannot wonder that they try to speak their own musical language to their own nation, without becoming untrue to their former instructor. For no land can yet boast of masters that equal our greatest ones: who will declare the contrary?

In the further North of Europe we also see national tendencies displaying themselves. Lindblad in Stockholm transcribes old folk-songs for us, and even Ole Bull, though by no means a man of the first rank of talent, has tried to make the tones of his own home at home with us. Perhaps the appearance of so many distinguished modern poets in Scandinavia has given a powerful impulse to musical talent there, if the artists of that country have not been sufficiently reminded by their lakes, mountains, aurora borealis, and antique runes, that the North may well dare to speak its own language.

Our young composer has also been nourished by the poetry of his fatherland; he knows and loves all its poets; old legends and traditions accompanied him on his boyish wanderings, and Ossian's giant harp resounded from the shores of England. A decided Northern musical character makes its appearance for the first time in Gade's music, and especially in his "Ossian" overture; but Gade will be the first to acknowledge all that he owes to German masters. They have rewarded the great industry with which he has devoted himself to the study of their works (he knows nearly all, by all) by the gift they bestow on those who remain true to them—the consecration of mastership.

In the "Ossian" overture we can detect the influence of Mendelssohn in certain instrumental combinations, and in the symphony we find much that reminds us of Franz Schubert; but a very original turn of melody is observable throughout these—a national character such as has not hitherto displayed itself in the higher forms of instrumental music. But the symphony excels the overture in every respect, in natural power as well as in the mastery of technicalities.

We only hope that this artist may not be crushed, as it were, by his nationality; that his imagination, "illumined by the Northern lights," as some one has said, may prove its richness and variety, and that he may study other regions of life and nature. Every artist should be advised, first to win, and then to reject, originality; let him cast off the old skin, serpent-like, when it begins to compress him too closely.

But the future is dark; much happens otherwise than as we expect; we can only express our hopes of the worthiest and finest things to come from such remarkable talent. And as if his very name—like that of Bach—had had an influence in making a musician of him—odd accident—the four letters of his name are those that designate the four violin-strings. Let no one jest away this little sign of the Muse's favor; or the other, that his name, by means of four clefs, may be written in one note,* which cabalists will find easy to discover.

We may expect a second symphony by Gade this month; it differs from the first, in being lighter and softer. While listening to it, we think of the lovely Danish beech-woods.

(Tr.)

*This note is A in the treble clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzosoprano, and E in the baritone clefs:—

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 44.)

Prominent among the English dramatic composers of the eighteenth century stands William Shield. He was born at Durham in 1749, and six years later was taught by his father to play on the violin; he also received, when very young, some lessons in harmony from Avison. He subsequently became an orchestral violin performer, and the principal viola at the Italian Opera House under the leadership of William Cramer. In after years he was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre as musical director, and, upon the death of Sir William Parsons, the master of King George the Fourth's private band, he was appointed to that office.

Shield was a musician of genius. He did not, it is true, discover new paths in the domain of English Opera, neither did he go beyond the requirements of the musical age in which he flourished; but in its then recognized style he displayed very remarkable powers of composition. He was regarded by his musical contemporaries as "one of the greatest ornaments of the English school of music, equal to Arne, and inferior only to the unrivalled Henry Purcell." He enhanced the beauty of English verse by allying it to music in agreement with its expression and spirit—music so tender and pathetic, so vigorous and manly, so melodious and natural, and, moreover, so purely English, that even at the present time, accustomed as we have long been to music, both of native and foreign growth, cast in a higher mould, more richly endowed, and more elaborately constructed, we yet listen to it with satisfaction and pleasure. Shield studied the genius of his native tongue, and adapted his music to its particular accent; thus he illustrated in his vocal compositions the principle of music being "married to immortal verse."

Our gifted countryman travelled to Italy in 1791, and heard in her chief cities the then best specimens of operatic music and singing. He returned from Rome a year later, with his musical mind invigorated, and his taste more refined and cultivated, but with an undiminished love for the pure, unadulterated British school of music, the style to which he always adhered. Shield was fortunate in his singers. Braham, Incledon, Mrs. Billington, and other then famous vocalists, who exercised their wondrous powers of vocal expression and execution when interpreting the music of the admired English composer, doubtless stimulated him to higher efforts, and enabled him to realize his conception of the florid, as well as the pathetic school of vocalization. An *Aria di Bravura* in his Opera of "Marian," composed to display the bird-like quality of Mrs. Billington's voice in its highest flights, its marvellous compass and brilliancy of execution, would tax the vocal powers of the most cultivated among modern *prime donne*. This song was accompanied on the oboe by Parke, the then most celebrated performer on that difficult instrument. In addition to almost innumerable single songs in every style, Shield composed for, and adapted to the English stage, about twenty Operas and Operettas, among which may be noted "Rosina," "Marian," "The Woodman," "The Poor Soldier," "Robin Hood," "The Flitch of Bacon," "The Noble Peasant," "Fontainebleau," "Lock and Key," "The Crusade," "The Travellers in Switzerland," "Omai," "Lord Mayor's Day," and "Patrick in Prussia."

To the probable, and reasonable, inquiry whether these musical dramas are fairly entitled to be placed in the category of Operas and Operettas, it may be answered in the negative according to the Italian idea; and in the affirmative in accordance with the English impressions of Opera which then prevailed. They were English Operas, so called, composed in the fashion of the period. In the Italian Opera the dialogue was sung throughout in *Recitative;* but in the English the dialogue and monologue were spoken. In the former the airs, duets, and trios followed the musical declamation; in the latter, songs, duets, and glees, so called, succeeded to the spoken text. Concerted pieces, elaborated as in modern Operas, were then unknown. The English Opera, says Macfarren, was "a speaking drama with episodical songs, glees, and choruses," and not what it has since become, "a continuous lyrical work in which the entire action is illustrated by music." The following is Dryden's definition of an Opera. "An Opera," he says, "is a poetical tale of fiction represented by vocal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines, and dancing." According to Dr. Burney and other critics of his time, "English Dramatic Opera" is a drama that is either declaimed or spoken, and in which songs and symphonies are introduced; "it differs from Italian Opera, in which there is no speaking, and in which the narrative part and dialogue are set to music." The Opera orchestra in Shield's time was limited to a few instruments; viz., violins, violas, basses, and flutes or oboes. Clarinets were not included. The instrumental accompaniment to the voice was very slight, and the orchestral score was very meagre. Shield's Operas, printed in oblong form in two staves, the higher containing the voice part, and the lower the figured bass, may sometimes be met with, but they are scarce. Some of his most charming and enduring songs are occasionally reprinted in modern form, and may without difficulty be obtained.

A considerable advance towards the modern idea of English Opera is due to the musical genius of Stephen Storace, who contributed many successful dramatic compositions to the English stage, which, as regards increased dramatic effect and fuller orchestral instrumentation, far surpassed the English Operas of his predecessors. He was, moreover, the first native composer to introduce into Opera the "Finale," so called, in which concerted vocal music assists in the development of the scene. Storace's parentage was Italian, but England was both the

land of his birth and of his adoption. He was born in 1763, and he died in 1796. "The Haunted Tower" was Storace's first Opera. It was produced in 1789. His "Siege of Belgrade," represented for the first time in 1791, attracted crowded audiences for sixty nights in succession. "The Pirates," was first performed in 1792. The "Finale" to the first act of this Opera was considered to be the composer's masterpiece. Colman's "Iron Chest," with Storace's music, appeared in 1796. There is a nearer approximation to the modern type of Opera in this dramatic work than in Storace's previous Operas, both in the overture and in the concerted vocal pieces, of which there are many excellent specimens.

On perusing the two latest Operas of Stephen Storace one cannot fail to notice that the composer was not insensible to the captivating, all-powerful *influence* of Mozart, yet retaining his own individuality of style and expression. The quartet, for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices, "Five times by the taper's light," with which the "Iron Chest" commences, was for many years very popular. It was then regarded as a kind of novelty in English Opera, and was greatly admired. It is excellently, though simply composed. A very melodious and well-written quintet, "The sun has tipt the hills with red;" a charming duet of small proportions, "Sweet little Barbara;" a trio, "Listen," with chorus, and the finale to the second act, afford indisputable evidence that Storoce possessed a very remarkable talent for stage-effect, which required only a longer life, accompanied by a larger amount of experience, to ripen into surpassing excellence. Storace ended his brilliant, though brief, professional career with his life, at the age of thirty-three, when his musical judgment had scarcely reached maturity. Had this estimable young composer lived to share the light of modern musical thought, he would no doubt have produced dramatic works of a yet higher stamp than those with which he delighted the critical audiences of his time. He caught cold, it is said, at a rehearsal of his "Iron Chest," and was carried from the theatre to his bed, from which he never again arose. Braham, the greatest tenor singer of his own time, and perhaps of any other, made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in Storace's posthumous Opera, "Mahmoud; or, the Prince of Persia," on the 30th of April, 1796. He was supported by Signora Storace—the sister of the composer—Mrs. Bland, the most accomplished ballad-singer of her day, Michael Kelly, and Suett. In this very charming Opera, which, in consequence of his illness and untimely death, its composer left unfinished, we find a still further progress towards the modern style of Opera. A very fiorid air, in B flat, composed for and sung by Braham, remains to record the marvellous compass of his unparallelled voice and his unexampled execution. A lovely romance, "The shades of night," afforded him scope to display his touching pathos. Two "Finales" in this Opera, specially worthy of notice and admiration, should be highly interesting to musical students as demonstrating the rapid advance of native Opera towards the close of the eighteenth century. The style of Storace's melodies differs materially from that of Purcell, Arne, and Shield. Although they bear in some degree the impress of the Italian type of air, they possess the recognized features of unadulterated English tune. Storace, avoiding plagiarism, wisely availed himself, as all great musicians have done, of the accumulated experience of his predecessors and contemporaries famous in his own and in other countries. He often adapted Italian music to the English stage, and could hardly resist its fascinating influence; but he ever remained faithful to the English school of melody, founded on the tone and accent of the English language.

By the death of their lamented composer, Storace's once popular dramatic works were soon consigned to forgetfulness. The difficult vocal passages he had composed, to display the special powers of certain distinguished singers, were not even attempted by their successors of less merit. This alone would account for the speedy neglect which Storace's Operas experienced. Another cause, yet more powerful, may be traced to the rapid revolutions of fashion in musical taste. After the lapse of ten years or so, music which had been lauded for its novelty and beauty was condemned for its staleness and vapidity. Quondam novelties in melody and harmony were, in turn, superseded by others more in accordance with the fashion of the day: these, again, were doomed to a similar condition. In like manner the contemporaneous music of the Continent has suffered neglect as remarkable as our own, and is, for any practical purpose, as dead.

John Braham on his return from Italy, after a succession of operatic triumphs unprecedented in the history of the lyric drama, produced between 1802 and 1812 many English Operas, whose success was as much, or perhaps more, attributable to the transcendent talent of the vocalists who took the principal parts in them as to the music, which, for the most part, was of the most ephemeral kind. Mrs. Billington, Signora Storace, Braham, and Incledon were the eminent vocalists who then delighted the large audiences who flocked to hear them. Mrs. Billington and Braham were unrivalled, and as great on the Italian as on the English Opera stage.

Incledon, a native of Cornwall, was a very remarkable singer. He was no *musician*, in the true sense of the term, his musical knowledge being very limited; but he was gifted with a "silver-toned" tenor voice of astonishing power; he was alternately tender and vigorous in his expression; and, when interpreting the pathetic or national songs of Charles Dibdin, he was irresistible, and charming by his sentiment, his energy, and earnestness. The once celebrated duet, "All's well," from the "British Fleet," sung by Braham and Incledon, and by all the then amateur tenors of the British Empire, yet lives, and is even now occasionally sung.

Signora Storace's voice had been highly cultivated in Italy. She was very admirable in operatic parts that required fluency of voice and sprightliness of manner. A very florid duet in "Mahmoud," sung by Storace and Braham, remains as evidence of her brilliant voice and style. Domenico Corri, Reeve, and others, assisted, about the same period, to keep English dramatic music alive, despite the powerful attraction of the Italian Opera, supported, as it then was, by the most eminent Italian vocal talent which money could purchase, and, in addition, by the countenance, patronage, and encouragement of the nobility and gentry of England.

Henry Bishop, who was born in London in 1786, was a prolific contributor to the British lyric drama. He was a man of genius, and, when self-reliant, composed music in a style specially his own, which was thoroughly English in form and feature. "He is conspicuous in the musical history of this country," says Macfarren, "for having produced compositions of very high merit at the period when the art was less cultivated here, in comparison with the rest of Europe, than at any other time, and when his music alone gave consideration to the English name." "He combined," says the same excellent authority, "pure, expressive, and forcible English melody with the depth and solidity of the German school; and in every department of the art he has given the public some enduring specimen of beautiful music." After a few successful efforts in dramatic music, commencing in 1806, Bishop composed his first Opera, "The Circassian Bride," for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which unfortunately was burnt down the night after its first performance, on the 23rd February, 1809. The "Maniac," which was produced in 1810, increased the composer's growing reputation. The "Chorus of Banditti," with which this Opera opens, is very fine and dramatic, as well as the Finale to Act I., "The tiger couches in the wood." In estimating the merits of Bishop's dramatic music it should be compared with the music which then existed, and not with that which has since been composed, although even with such music it may, in many respects, bear favorable comparison, especially as regards his finely composed and tuneful concerted vocal music for three, four, five and six voices, with and without the addition of a chorus. Among numerous splendid specimens of this style of music may be named the grand Finale to Act I., of the "Law of Java," produced in 1822; the sextet, "Stay, prythee stay;" the opening sextet, "Listen, he must be near;" the quintet, "Though he be now a grey friar," in the "Miller and his Men" (1813); the sextet, "Oh, bold Robin Hood," in "Maid Marian" (1822). In Bishop's numerous Operas, and other musical pieces for the stage of less proportions, composed, and produced at Covent Garden Theatre, between 1810 and 1824, will be found much fine concerted vocal music, the major part of which has outlived the Operas they once adorned. Bishop was appointed Musical Director and Composer of Covent Garden Theatre in 1810; and, during the fourteen years he held that important musical office, he proved by his industry that he was not insensible to the golden chances it afforded him to bring his works before the public. "The Knight of Snowdon," "The Virgin of the Sun," "The Ethiop," "The Renegade," "The Antiquary," "The Slave," were then produced. The influence of the German school of dramatic music was beginning to be felt in this country in the early part of the nineteenth century, and could not fail to effect so accomplished a musician as Henry Bishop. He has been charged with giving up "his personal identity" during his artistic career, and being infected, so to speak, with the more modern manner of Rossini and Weber. He could not possibly divest himself of his speciality of musical style, which was derived from his peculiarity of temperament and constitution; but he evidently agreed in opinion with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, referring to a sister art, said that "the greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock," and that "he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has so often repeated." "The mind," he adds, "is but a barren soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter." Handel, anticipating these views, did not hesitate to fertilize and enrich his transcendent powers by the attentive study of his great Italian predecessors and contemporaries. Musical ideas, it must be admitted, issue more richly and more copiously from the most cultivated musicians, who, possessing an extensive acquaintance with the finest works of the best masters of every age and country, have "the most materials" for composition, and therefore "the greatest means of invention." He nourishes his musical mind upon the food bequeathed by his predecessors in the art, and avails himself of the discoveries they have made, and the experiences they have acquired, and, in turn, he leaves to his successors the results of his own. In this manner art legitimately and surely progresses.

Bishop understood and recognized the musical spirit of the age, and appreciated the progressive condition of music at the early part of the present century, especially with regard to orchestral instrumentation. He fully estimated, in the Operas of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, and in the one Opera of Beethoven, a fuller development of dramatic effect, the introduction of richer harmonic combinations, the increased resources of the orchestra, the more frequent and effective use of the chorus, and dramatic scenes more amply elaborated, and he at once accepted these modern improvements, and applied them, in principle, to his operatic compositions. "Every period of ten years," says Forkel, John Sebastian Bach's biographer, "has some forms or turns of melody which are peculiar to it, but which generally grow out of fashion before it expires. A composer who desires that his works should descend to posterity must take care to avoid them." Imitating the example of many great painters and musicians, Bishop modified, to some extent, his old manner in his later works. It must be confessed that these have not the charm which attaches to his earlier compositions.

Bishop retired from the Musical Directorship of Covent Garden Theatre in 1824, and then became the Composer and Director of the Music at Drury Lane Theatre. Carl Maria von Weber, the illustrious composer of "Der Freischütz," almost overwhelmed by his great reputation, was engaged to compose an English Opera for Covent Garden. As a counterpoise to "Oberon," Bishop was called upon to compose "Aladdin" for the rival theatre. Despite its charming music, and the great fame of its composer, "Oberon" achieved only a partial success. Bishop's Opera was a failure, and deservedly so, for it is certainly his worst Opera. On perusing it, very little can be found of a redeeming character. The subject was worn out, the text was of the most trivial kind, and the music was deficient in spontaneity, evidently written "to order"—and was totally devoid of spirit. It was a vain attempt to meet the requirements of modern ideas in dramatic music. Poor Weber, in the full blaze of triumphant celebrity, was already standing upon the threshold of eternity. Under such interesting and exceptional circumstances as then surrounded him, it was a crucial ordeal for any English composer, however famous he might be, and with all his powers in full vigor, to be placed in competition with such a composer as Weber. None might hope to pass with success so severe a test.

Bishop's Operas have not been heard on the Continent, and even their fame has hardly reached beyond the limits of English-speaking countries. The

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music of England, however pleasing to English ears, in the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, was perhaps not calculated to satisfy foreign minds and ears. The form of English Opera, so different from that of Italy, France, and Germany, would be distasteful to the people of those countries, who are contented with their own music and consider none other its equal. Then, again, the English language is difficult of pronunciation; and to translate it would be to destroy its point and to sacrifice its music. These causes, added to an ignorant and unjust prejudice against the music and musicians of England, fostered and countenanced to a very considerable extent by the people of this country itself, have in earlier times delayed the introduction of English Opera into foreign countries. As a rule German music has met with but scant favor in Italy, while Italian music alone has been cosmopolitan. Bishop's Operas would not bear revival more than those of Handel, Hasse, Porpora, Jomelli, Scarlatti, Leonardo Leo, Paisiello, Pergolesi, Galuppi, or Sacchini. They are all dead and buried. But choice selections from them will always be welcomed with pleasure by all true lovers of music.

Henry Bishop contributed to the lyric stage of England between sixty and seventy Operas and lighter musical pieces. He received the honor of knighthood in 1842, from Queen Victoria's own hand, in recognition of his high artistic merits. Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, at the death of Dr. William Crotch, was elected to the Musical Professor's chair at Oxford in 1848, and died in 1855. From the year 1826 to 1834 there was an interregnum, so to speak, in the direct line of English dramatic composers. During this blank period for National Opera, English musicians and theatrical managers were engaged in producing foreign works translated for and adapted to the English stage to suit the modified taste of English audiences. It was a period devoted to Opera in English, in contradistinction to English Opera. Rossini's last and finest Opera, "Guillaume Tell," composed in 1829, which had not been a success at Paris, was presented to an English audience in a mutilated form, under the title of "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol." Auber's "Masaniello" and "Gustavus," Marschner's "Vampyre," Paer's "Freebooters," Ferdinand Ries's "Robbers," and other foreign Operas, besides "Der Freischütz" and "The Barber of Seville," were for the first time made known to the English-Opera-going public in an English dress. In 1832 the German Opera in its completeness was first brought to this country, and "Fidelio," with the gifted Schröder-Devrient as the devoted Leonora, drew large audiences in that direction. The charming Malibran, in 1833, attracted admiring crowds to listen to her fine singing, and her impressive acting in a translated version of Bellini's "La Sonnambula." It was said by an esteemed authority that the introduction of foreign Operas, mutilated in some instances, and translated into English, "retarded the public taste in this country, and indisposed English audiences to listen to complete musical works, and thus induced the long delay in the manifestation of the loftiest dramatic pretensions by English composers." A new era in the history of English Opera was soon to be inaugurated, with brilliant prospects looming in the future. This new and hopeful revival commenced in 1834, under exceptionally favorable auspices.

[To be Continued.]

Rubinstein in London.

(From the Times.)

Herr Anton Rubinstein's recitals in St. James's Hall, the last of which was given to an enormous audience, have been even more successful in a pecuniary, if not in an artistic, sense than they proved a twelvemonth ago. Crowds of amateurs and connoisseurs have flocked to them, and if applause could make the most retiring of virtuosos proud, the Roumanian pianist has had enough to turn his head. But Herr Rubinstein is by no means the most retiring of virtuosos; on the contrary, he is the most demonstrative and, we may say it with deference, the most egotistical, of our time. Instead of being absorbed in the work he is interpreting, the work would rather seem to be absorbed in him. He may well be styled "the Lion Pianist,' for no lion (symbolically speaking) on occasions ever roared louder. Yet at times he can be as gentle as a soft breeze. Witness, for example, his performance of Mozart's exquisite *Rondo* in A minor; witness the trio belonging to the Funeral March in Chopin's B flat minor sonata, with other things that might be named. Nothing can be more simple, unobtrusive, and poetically beautiful than his delivery of these. We wish, indeed, that Herr Rubinstein would give us more excerpts from Mozart of the same kind. Many are to be found in the solo sonatas, which, without reckoning the two fantasias, are twenty in number. Then, again, it is delightful to hear him play one of the placid and graceful "notturnos" of John Field, Clementi's favorite pupil, and a celebrity in Russia, before Herr Rubinstein was thought of. In these, as in other pieces of a similar character by Chopin, Henselt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc., (not forgetting Rubinstein), he shines with a special grace, producing a tone from the instrument, combined with the most admirably perfect phrasing, which shows him to be a *singer* by instinct.

His method of dealing with Beethoven is less unreservedly to be commended. This most profound of "tone-poets" cannot be trifled with—cannot, in short, be made the medium of self-display on the part of the executant who presumes to interpret his thoughts. But Herr Rubinstein does so with Beethoven, interpreting the "immeasurably rich master"—as even Wagner devoutly styles him—with the most independent *nonchalance*, as though Beethoven had not written up to his standard of "virtuosity." Yet Beethoven has written much to demand the most scrupulous attention from executants more gifted, if that be possible, than Herr Rubinstein himself—which scrupulous attention Herr Rubinstein does not invariably vouchsafe. He plays always without book, and doubtless, for that reason, is not always exact. Take, for instance, the so-called *Sonata Appassionata* in F minor. Nothing can be more perfect than the way in which he gives the *andante* with variations, nothing more hazy than his delivery of parts of the first movement; while the whole of the *finale*, which, though marked by the composer simply *allegro non troppo* (*non troppo* surely means something), is taken by Herr Rubinstein at such a pace that when the *coda*, marked *presto*, comes, it is little better than confusion. Then, to go to smaller things, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," also included in the programme of the last recital, was utterly ruined by the extravagant speed of the "virtuoso," who seemed to be possessed with the sole idea of getting through it as quickly as possible. We have heard this familiar piece better rendered by many a second-rate performer. In Liszt's monstrous "transcription" of the "Erl King," where poor Schubert is almost smothered, Herr Rubinstein is quite at home; but in Schumann's "Carneval" we find too much display at the expense of the composer—especially in the "Davidsbündler March." Four pieces of Herr Rubinstein's composition, which brought the last recital to an end, were not merely attractive in themselves, but magnificently executed. No music suits the highly endowed pianist so well as his own, which he treats with a devotional reverence that might be advantageously extended, on special occasions, to that of other composers.

On Monday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, a concert was given in Herr Rubinstein's name, the programme of which comprised a symphony and other works from his pen. The symphony was the one in D minor (entitled "Dramatic Symphony,") introduced to a London audience last year at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, and performed under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. This symphony is as long as the "No. 9" of Beethoven, and the first two movements are in the same key; but here the resemblance between the two works ceases. Beethoven keeps us for upwards of an hour in breathless interest, because he has a great deal to say, and all he has to say is worth attention; whereas Herr Rubinstein takes us by the buttonhole for a period just as extended, having little or nothing to say worth saying. So long a work, and one so comparatively destitute of interest, is almost without parallel, even in these later days when the "heavenly length," with which Schumann credits a novel by Jean Paul Richter and a certain symphony by Schubert, has led so many misguided composers to imagine that length and depth are synonymous. The symphony was splendidly played by Mr. Manns's fine orchestra, under the direction of the composer—evidently a conductor of the first class. In his performance of Beethoven's fourth concerto (G) Herr Rubinstein was by no means at his best; and such extraordinary rhapsodies as the *cadenzas* interpolated in the first and last movements we have rarely heard. Beethoven was nowhere—extinguished, in fact, by the overwhelming "virtuosity" of his interpreter. This preponderating self-assertion among our executants when engaged in performing the works of great masters is becoming intolerable. We can only liken Herr Rubinstein's *cadenzas*, thus impeding the course of Beethoven's etherealy beautiful concerto, to Bottom, among the Fairies. Later on in the programme Herr Rubinstein gave one of Schubert's "Soireés de Vienne," *disarranged* by Liszt; a charming romance of his own, played to absolute perfection; and the most familiar polonaise of Chopin, the rendering of which last, for the most part, was little better than a caricature. Why, for example, the hands of the pianist should be lifted above his head, only to fall down upon a succession of chords that any school-girl might strike without moving her fingers from the key-board, escapes our comprehension. It may be what it is of late the fashion to designate as "higher development;" to us it seems nothing but superfluous gesticulation, unworthy one gifted with such wonderful mechanical power as Herr Rubinstein possesses. It pained us to witness it, if only because the chords thus struck had not half the sonority which a more legitimate, if less showy, process might have given. Probably some may think that Herr Rubinstein was achieving a feat of extraordinary difficulty; but those more familiar with the matter were perfectly aware that he was doing nothing in particular. The other pieces by Herr Rubinstein contained in the programme were a duet from his apocryphal opera, *Die Maccabäer*, admirably sung by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Henschel, and the ballet music from his *Feramors*, which had already been heard at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Manns conducted the orchestra in Beethoven's concerto. The applause bestowed upon Herr Rubinstein was frequent and unanimous.

Mdlle. Tietjens.

(From the London "Standard.")

Serious illness, whatever deeper purpose it may serve, furnishes at least a test of the esteem in which the patient is held by friends, or, in the case of a public character, by society at large; and if any doubts could have existed as to the popularity of Mdlle. Tietjens they would have been set at rest by the expression of sympathy from all parts of the country and from all classes, which the news of her alarming condition has called forth. If only a small proportion of those who have been moved by the dignity and pathos of Mdlle. Tietjens's great tragic impersonations were to inquire in person as to her chances of recovery, the doors of her house would be constantly besieged by a mob, or rather by a crowd, in which no small number of notabilities would be included. Among those who have proved their interest in Mdlle. Tietjens at this critical moment the most illustrious person in the realm will not be forgotten. Her Majesty, whose heart is always keenly alive to a tale of suffering, in no matter what shape, desired, a couple of days ago, that special information as to Mdlle. Tietjens's state should be telegraphed to her at Balmoral. The Queen's anxiety will be shared by a very large number of her subjects. Everyone who cares for admirable singing in combination with admirable acting, and who is not unmindful of the perfect manner in which the two arts blended into one have been cultivated by Mdlle. Tietjens, must be grieved to hear of the painful malady by which that very favorite artist has now for some weeks past been afflicted. But it is not only as a great operatic artist that Mdlle. Tietjens deserves praise. She is entitled to the warmest eulogies for the simple reason that, not content with frequently delighting the public, she has made a point of never disappointing it. An opera-goer does not always feel quite inclined to go to the opera, but an opera singer must often feel very much inclined indeed not to sing. The caprices of great vocalists are, indeed, proverbial. "Indisposition" in the operatic vocabulary is commonly interpreted as signifying unwillingness to appear; and it does, indeed, sometimes happen that such indisposition can be promptly cured by causing the indisposed one to be replaced in a favorite part by a dangerous rival. The remedy could never have been applied in the case of Mdlle. Tietjens, both because she has never had a dangerous rival, and also because she has never pleaded ill health as an excuse for not fulfilling her engagements. Until she was attacked by the illness which at last prostrated her, and rendered it necessary for the operating surgeon to be called in, she may, and must occasionally have been unwell; but she never took the public into her confidence on the subject. When the name of Mdlle. Tietjens appeared in the bill, every one felt certain that Mdlle. Tietjens would appear on the stage.

Accordingly, none of those stories have ever been told of her that one remembers in connection with so many great singers of the past. It is said of a distinguished tenor, who had often sung with Mdlle. Tietjens, not only in Mr. Mapleson's time but also in the days of Mr. Lumley, that by affecting "indisposition" he helped to bring on the terrible malady from which he died. He was engaged at the State Operahouse in the capital of a despotic country, where private medical certificates count for nothing, and where every singer claiming to be indisposed is rudely required to remain at home until the physician charged with the duty of verifying such cases calls to see him. Having declared himself indisposed, the distinguished tenor thoughtlessly went to a banquet, where the medical officer, unhappily, met him. Humiliation, stoppage of salary, pique, rage, and signs of incipient madness followed one another in rapid order; the moral of the story being that there are some theatres at *which singers* should not plead indisposition unless they are prepared—at least for a time—to put on a dressing gown and keep their room. The *prima donna* is, as a rule, more liable than the tenor to illness in the form of caprice. For one "robust tenor" who complains of his throat, and especially of that portion or appurtenance of his throat known surgically and operatically as the larynx, at least half a dozen sopranos might be reckoned. The most approved moral method of restoring distressed sopranos to health has been already mentioned. Occasionally, however, physical measures have been found necessary, and thus when Mdme. Mara refused to sing for Frederick the Great, that inconsiderate monarch sent a guard of soldiers to her house, with orders to seize her and bring her to the theatre, no matter in what condition. Apart, however, from all question of nervous ailments, by which artists of delicate organizations may well be affected, and ailments of a purely fantastic kind, it does no doubt happen, now and then, to singers, as to other persons, to be unfit for the work required from them; and Mdlle. Tietjens must often have been in such a position when, by the effort of superior energy and determination to keep her work, she managed, in spite of difficulties, to go through her allotted part. Some notion of her courage in this respect may be formed from the fact that this very season she sang, and went on singing until the day arrived when she not only was obliged to admit to herself her inability to reappear, but was compelled to place herself in the hands of the doctor, and, worse still, of the surgeon. Mdlle. Tietjens had never sung better than she sang this year as Norma and as Lucrezia Borgia: and her performance of these parts—which, apart from artistic requirements, make great demands on the physical powers of those who undertake them—was separated by only the briefest interval from her confinement to a bed of pain. For the sake of Mdlle. Tietjens herself, but also for the sake of the public, we may hope that she will soon be restored to her ordinary health; for she cannot be replaced. In the course of a long and constantly successful career Mdlle. Tietjens has played almost every celebrated part that has been written for the soprano voice; and she has certainly distinguished herself in every style. She is probably the only great artist on the operatic stage who in *Don Giovanni* has appeared as Zerlina, a character she first impersonated at the age of sixteen; as Donna Elvira, who at every German theatre is considered the principal female personage in the work; and as Donna Anna, which in England is associated with the highest lyrical and dramatic genius, and which during the last twenty years has never found adequate representation except at the hands of Giulia Grisi and of Theresa Tietjens. Mdlle. Tietjens has of late years limited herself so exclusively to those tragic characters in which she is entirely incomparable, that the public probably forgets it was she who introduced Martha on the Italian stage, and that, in the first Italian version of *Faust* at Her Majesty's Theatre, she was the original Margherita. Her friends will be deeply grieved should she not have many further opportunities of adding to her already long list of admirable impersonations.

Salzburg and Mozart.

During the Salzburg Musical Festival, Mozart's admirers will be afforded an opportunity of taking part in a small, but not on that account less pleasing, act of homage to the immortal master. As most persons are aware, it is to the generosity of his Highness Prince Starhemberg, that the International Mozart Foundation (*Mozartstiftung*) is indebted for the possession of the little pavilion in which Mozart wrote *Die Zauberflöte*, in 1791. The pavilion then stood in the middle large courtyard of the Freihaus, Vienna, and was lent by Schikaneder to the great master expressly for the purpose. It will now be erected at one of the most beautiful points of the Kapuzinerberg, and thrown open to the public during the Musical Festival. No more fitting spot could, in truth, anywhere be found. In the midst of God's magnificent scenery, to which Mozart was always devotedly attached, the little sacred relic will now find a permanent resting place, and undoubtedly form one of the most interesting sights of Salzburg. Who will not feel a desire to visit the very building in which Mozart's genius produced a work sufficient of itself alone to establish the composer's immortality? But there is something else which will make it worth while to visit the pavilion. In April, 1874, the Committee of the Mozart Foundation took the initiative in forming a collection of *Portraits* and *Autographs*, to include not only celebrated men, artists and others, contemporaries of Mozart, but likewise poets, composers, writers on musical matters, and critics, belonging to the present day. The notion met with the warmest support, and the Institution already possesses a respectable number of autographs, portraits, etc. The collection will be placed in an album in the Mozart Pavilion, and will certainly not fail to interest the admirers and the disciples of art. There are already portraits of Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, Leopold Schefer, author of the *Laienbreviier*, Roderich Benedix, the well-known comedy writer, Friedrich Ritter von Henkl, author of *Thoughts upon Music and Composers*, and Emanuel Geibel, who with his portrait forwarded the following verses:—

"Mag die Welt vom einfach Schönen
Sich für kurze Zeit entwöhnen,
Nimmer trägt sie's auf die Dauer
Schnöder Unnatur zu frönen.

"Zu dem Gipfel treibt sie's heimwärts
Den die echten Lorbeern krönen.
Und mit Wonne lauscht sie wieder
Göthe's Liedern, Mozart's Tönen." *

A contribution which strikes us as especially worthy notice is that from J. Rieter-Biedermann, the well-known Leipsic music publisher, a warm promoter and true friend of the International Mozart Foundation. It is David F. Strauss's sonnet (copy) on *Die Zauberflöte:*

"Dem Gotte gleich, der aus den Thorenstreichen
Der Menschenkinder Weltgeschichte flicht,
Hast Du aus einem närrischen Gedicht
Ein Tönewerk erschaffen sonder gleichen.

"Schon warst Du nahe jenen ernsten Reichen
Wo jede Lebenstäuschung uns zerbricht,
Das Haupt umstrahlt von jenem reinen Licht,
Vor dem die bunten Erdenfarben bleichen.

"Da schien der Menschen Thun Dir Kinderspiel,
Du sah'st den Hass in ew'ge Nacht verbannt,
Die Liebe sich zur Weisheit mild verklären.

"Dank Dir, verklärter Meister! Nah' dem Ziel,
Hast Du uns liebend noch herabgesandt
Vorklänge von der Harmonie der Sphären." †

Besides the above, the following gentlemen have also sent their portraits:—Herr Bauernfeld, with the motto: "*So wollt' ein Plätzchen uns gewähren, den Epigonen, die den Genius verehren;*" Baron von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal; Baron Perfall, Royal Intendant-General, Munich; Baron Johann von Vesque-Püttlingen, known as J. Hoven, and many others, whose names we unfortunately cannot give for want of space. As a matter of course, the collection is still open, and further contributions will be most thankfully received.

* Though the world may for a short time turn from the Simply-Beautiful, it will never consent to serve permanently frivolous monstrosity. It is again impelled towards the pinnacle crowned with genuine laurels; it again listens with ecstasy to Goethe's songs and Mozart's strains.

† Like the god who out of the tricks of fools weaves the history of the children of this world, hast thou created an incomparable tone-work out of a stupid story. Already wast thou near the solemn realms, where every delusion of this world is dissipated, thy head surrounded by that pure light before which the varied colors of earth grow pale. Men's actions appeared to thee child's play. Thou sawest hate banished into eternal night and love gently transformed to wisdom. Thanks to thee, Master, in thy apotheosis. Near the goal, thou hast lovingly sent to us below a foretaste of the harmony of the spheres.

Our Church Music.

There is much good sense in an address on this theme delivered in this city, during Anniversary Week, by the Rev. HENRY G. SPAULDING, before the Conference of Unitarian Ministers. These are his conclusions; we copy from the *Christian Register:*

Briefly stated, the four cardinal points of good church-music are as follows:—

First, it should be both broad and simple in its construction,—neither sacrificing breadth for the sake of simplicity, nor losing simplicity in too great breadth.

Second, it should be at once stately and animated, never degenerating into frivolity, and never stagnating through the want of movement. The uplifting of many hearts on the wings of sacred song demands not the beetle's droning flight, but the joyous up-soaring of the sky, lark, and at times even the mighty sweep of eagles' pinions. We want tunes that we can sing not only with the spirit but *with spirit*,—music that compels us to sing it spiritedly. Much of our old psalmody drags and plods, or halts and limps, as if it had been composed in one of our Boston east winds, and had the chronic rheumatism in all its crotchets and quavers.

Then, third, we want an *eclectic* style of church-music. We should aim to be inclusive rather than exclusive in our choice of tunes. We should go to neither of the two extremes of the music of a cathedral service or that of a camp-meeting, but combine in due proportion the excellences of both styles. The music of the sanctuary should find us at one time on our knees confessing and adoring; again with upturned faces looking into heaven, and then again with steadfast gaze ahead and the earnest preparation for battle. And in saying this I am saying all that need be said on the mooted question of congregational *versus* choir-singing. *Have both kinds, and have each good in its kind.* Have a choir, whether it be boy-choir, girl-choir, chorus-choir or quartet, that is in full sympathy with the congregation, and insist that the members of it shall be spiritually-minded enough to be more interested in the services in which they take so important a part, than in the Sunday newspaper which they bring to read during sermon time. Have a choir, too, that will sing *for* the congregation and not to them; just as you expect your minister to pray for you, and not to or at you. With such a choir, and with a congregation that will meet for musical practice and rehearsal, that it may learn to do its part well, you have the ideal arrangement for church-music,—an ideal that is not beyond the reach of any religious society that cares to be something better than a Sunday-club, or aims at a higher mission than that of a Sunday lecture audience.

And then, fourthly, we want to use more generally than we have hitherto done, hymns and tunes *that go together*. There is much more in this suggestion than appears on the surface. A new departure in our church-music means, first of all, the use of the new and richer tunes already adopted with such success in other denominations. But these are tunes which call for hymns that are real hymns;—sacred lyrics and not merely sacred poems; hymns that in a single word are *singable;* and no hymn that is not singable ought ever to be admitted into our hymn-books. Tunes that come up to the standard of the church-music of to-day demand hymns that are in harmony with the religious sentiments of which the tunes themselves are an expression. You will look in vain for a good tune to go with a purely didactic hymn,—one of those hymns in whose every other line you hear the crack of Duty's whip, or catch a feeble echo of a long-drawn exhortation to be good. Nor can you find any music adapted to another class of hymns not yet wholly banished from our collections; hymns that are either pantheistic reveries about the Over-soul, or introspective and transcendental soliloquies. Tunes that the heart will join in must be set to words that deal with the feelings and affections of the heart. At one time we want a gladsome song of praise that brings us through nature near to nature's God. But we want at other times, and much oftener, too, songs that speak of God in Christ, so much nearer the soul than God in nature is,—songs like this beautiful hymn written by our respected friend, Hon. John D. Long:—

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words,—they are so sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Would'st thou not let me, at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure, confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"GOD SAVE THE KING." I see that the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the Hymn: "My country, 'tis of thee," says of the tune: "It is, as most of you know, the English 'God save the King.' Perhaps the tune belongs to England, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to some other nation."

It may perhaps be of interest to Mr. Smith to know, that there is no *perhaps* in the case.

The tune was composed by Henry Cary, author of "Chrononhotonthologos" and of the song: "Sally in our Alley." Its date was about 1740, and it came into universal favor in England, at the time of the Pretender's attempt in 1745 to recover the English crown.—It was, by the way, the victory over Charles Stuart, which Handel commemorated in *Judas Maccabæus.*

A. W. T.

LONDON. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes (June 14):

An American is fairly stunned by the number of operatic celebrities here at almost one time. Think of Adelina Patti, Zare Thalberg, Albani, Nilsson, Nandori, prima donnas, and Wachtel, Santley, Tamberlik, Nicolini, Scolara and Fancelli, tenors and baritones, singing in one city within a week. They are distributed between Covent Garden Opera House and Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket. The repertoire for the week comprises *Aida, Tannhäuser, Guillaume Tell, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, The Flying Dutchman, L'Etoile du Nord, Un Ballo in Maschera, Il Trovatore, Der Freischütz, Otello, Robert le Diable* and *Rigoletto*.

The Musical Season at Steinway Hall.

The Music Trade Review gives a list of the principal works performed at Steinway Hall during the 120 concerts of the past season, together with the names of the composers represented, and those of the principal performers:

Of symphonies there were sixteen: Beethoven was heard in all of his except the 1st, 3d and 9th; Berlioz in "Romeo and Juliet," Dramatic Symphony, Op. 17; Gade in the C minor; Haydn, D major; Liszt, "Faust" Symphony; Mendelssohn, 3d Symphony (Scotch); Mozart, G minor; C. C. Muller, 1st Symphony; Raff, in No. 8, "Im Walde;" Rubinstein, "Ocean;" Schumann, No. 3, in E flat.

Of suites, symphonic poems, and selections from symphony and opera for orchestra, we heard Bach's Suite in D major, No. 3; Beethoven, "Larghetto" from 2d Symphony, "Funeral March" from Third, "Allegretto" from Seventh, Adagio from "Prometheus," Entr'-Acte and "Larghetto" from "Egmont," Serenade, Op. 8 and Op. 97 (instrumented by Liszt); Bizet, "L'Arlesienne;" Boccherini, "Sicilienne;" Bruch, Vorspiel "Loreley;" Gade, "Novelletten," Op. 53; Glinka, Scherzo from "Kamarinskaja;" Gluck, Ballet Music from "Paris and Helena;" Gounod, "Marche Funèbre d'une Marionette;" Handel, "Largo" (arr. by Hellmesberger); Haydn, Serenade; Hoffmann, parts of "Frithjof;" Iadassohn, "Serenade," No. 2; Liszt, "Rhapsodie" No 2, and "Les Preludes," C. C. Muller, "Romance," "Nocturne;" Mendelssohn, Scherzo from "Reformation Symphony;" Meyerheer, Polonaise from "Struensee;" Rubinstein, "Ballet Music" and "Wedding Procession" from "Feramors;" Saint-Saëns, "Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaeton," "Danse Macabre;" Schubert, music to "Rosamonde;" Schumann, "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," Op. 52, "Traümerei," "Bilder aus Osten," Interlude and Invocation from "Manfred;" Svendsen, "Coronation March;" Tschaikowsky, "Airs de Ballet;" Voigt, "Nachtgesang;" R. Wagner, Introductory to "Die Walküre," Centennial March, Kaiser March, Tannhäuser March, Introduction to "Rheingold," Third Act "Lohengrin," Introduction and Finale to "Tristan and Isolde," "Funeral March," "Götterdämmerung," "Vorspiel," "Siegfried's death," and Finale from "Götterdämmerung;" Weber-Berlioz, Invitation to Dance.

Of overtures there were Auber's "Le Cheval de Bronze," Bargiel's "Medea," Op. 22; Beethoven, Consecration of the House, "Leonore," Nos. 1 and 3, Coriolan, Op. 62, "Fidelio," No. 4; O. B. Boise, "Festival Overture;" Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, "Diane de Solange;" Cherubini, "Ali Baba," "Anacreon;" Gernsheim, "Waldmeister's Brautfahrt;" Gluck, "Iphigenia in Aulis;" Hornemann, "Aladdin;" Leutner, "Fest-ouverture:" Mendelssohn, "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Fingal's Cave," "Schöne Melusine;" C. C. Müller, "Nathan der Weise," "To the Union;" Paine, Shakespeare's "As You Like It;" Rossini, "William Tell," Schubert, "Alfonso and Estrella;" Suppé, "Pique Dame;" Sullivan, "Light of the World;" Ambroise Thomas, "Raymond;" Wagner, "Tannhäuser;" Weber, "Oberon," "Freyschütz" and "Euryanthe."

Of piano-forte concertos, with orchestra, there were: Beethoven, No. 4, G major, and No. 5, E flat; Chopin, "Krakoviac," Op. 11, in E minor, and Op. 21, F minor; Grieg, Op. 16; Henselt's Concerto; Liszt, Fantaisie Hongroise, No. 2; Mendelssohn, G minor; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos and orchestra; Rubinstein, D minor; Saint-Saëns, No. 2, G minor; Schubert-Liszt, Fantaisie in C; Schumann, Op. 92; Weber, Op. 79.

Of violin concertos and solos we heard Bach's Gavotte, Beethoven, Op. 61, and Romanze in G; De Beriot's Third and Seventh Concertos, and "Romanza et Adagio;" Handel's "Largo;" Leclair, Gavotte from Sonata, "Le Tombeau;" Leonard, Fourth Concerto; Mendelssohn's Concerto; Mozart "Adagio;" Ole Bull, Fantaisie on Bellini's "Romeo et Giulietta," "Concerto," and "Siciliana e Tarantella;" Paganini, Concerto and "Le Streghe;" Prume, "Fantaisie Pastorale" and "La Melancolie;" Raff, "Cavatina;" Rode, "Concerto;" Rust, "Sonata;" Spohr, Adagio from Ninth Concerto, and "Gesangsscene;" Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Vieuxtemps, "Fantaisie," "Fantaisie Caprice," "Int., Cadenza and Adagio," "Souvenir de Donizetti," "Airs Variés," "Ballade et Polonaise;" Vivien, "Duets;" Wagner-Wilhemj, "Romanze;" Wieniawski, "Rondeau Brilliant," "Polonaise," "Caprice Fantastique," "Capricio Waltz," "Legende." H. D.

[Conclusion next time.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1877.

Music in Boston.

The musical season,—a remarkably rich one,—which we all supposed had reached its culmination and its close in the Triennial Festival, has had its after-summer in a succession of concerts great and small, consisting of two Oratorios ("for the people") in the Tabernacle, several Conservatory concerts for the winding up of the season, musical honors to the President of the United States, etc., etc.

"THE MESSIAH" AT THE TABERNACLE. The success of *Elijah* led to a repetition of the experiment of Oratorio at popular prices, before five or six thousand people, and with improved conditions as to musical effect,—especially the transferring of the great chorus and orchestra to the opposite side of the long building, and placing them upon the platform. The Tabernacle was again completely full, and the irrepressible enthusiasm of a fresh audience,—a multitude, many of whom never had heard an Oratorio in their lives before—was refreshing to those to whom Handel's *Messiah* was an old story.

The *Messiah* has always been associated with the great Christian festival, when the days of the year are at the shortest. It was a new experience to hear it at the opposite solstice, on the eve of Midsummer's Day, the mid-most, longest day of Nature's festival. One's thoughts involuntarily sought the open air on such a night, and cared more to look up at the stars through cool waving foliage, than to sit pent up in any crowd listening to any music *indoors*. But the performance was so good, the music in itself so inspiring, and indeed newborn forever, that one was soon reconciled to his rich opportunity.

The chorus and orchestra certainly sounded much better from the platform than they did before in the *Elijah*. This we think would be the general testimony, though not perhaps of some hearers who were placed at disadvantage. There was greater resonance, greater intensity of sound, as well as distinctness of outline; and the strings of the orchestra made a much more positive impression; the ear did not have to *go after* the music. The choruses, with hardly an exception, were sung with remarkable spirit, unanimity and precision (several of them, as well as several solos, were prudently omitted). Every chorus, and indeed every number of the music, was provocative of such applause as we have seldom, if ever, heard at any Oratorio. The greatest outbursts, and most pertinacious, were after the "Wonderful" Chorus,—even more than after the "Hallelujah,"—and after the great bass Air: "Why do the nations rage;" for truly Mr. M. W. WHITNEY surpassed himself that night, both in his majesty of voice and manner. The tenor airs and recitatives were in new hands,—Mr. ALFRED WILKIE, who to a sweet, not very powerful, but sympathetic, flexible and well trained voice unites a cultured style and chaste, intelligent expression. His highest tones, to be sure, were brought out with effort and sounded somewhat dry and hard. "Thou shalt break them" was rather too much for so delicate an organ; but "Comfort ye," and especially "Behold and see" were highly satisfactory. Doubtless in a smaller place this gentleman would sing with less constraint.

Much as we admired the flexible and lovely voice, the musical nature, the artistic fervor and sincerity of Miss THURSBY, we were not prepared for so adequate a rendering as she gave us of the great Soprano numbers in the *Messiah*. Her pure high tones in the announcement following the pastoral symphony were electrifying; in "Rejoice greatly" her voice revelled with a hearty bird-like freedom, grace and brilliancy; and in the sublimer and the more pathetic melodies she displayed a breadth and largeness of style, doing all with great deliberateness and self-possession, as well as with earnest fervor, which we had not dared to hope for from a novice in this high field. The Contralto songs could not have been in better hands than Miss ANNIE CARY'S; and never has she seemed more ripe and perfect in voice, method and expression, than in this rich *cantabile* of Handel. But why must the second half of "He was despised," which is much the best half, always be omitted?—The short ecclesiastical quartets (alternating with chorus) near the end: "As by Man came death," etc., we have very seldom heard so finely sung.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The closing exhibition of pupils of the Violin Classes (JULIUS EICHBERG, Director), took place at the Union Hall on Friday afternoon, June 8. This was not an affair of all the four and twenty pupils, like the exhibition in Tremont Temple, which we have described. The very youngest took no part; it was a concert of the more advanced, and it was classical in character. This was the programme:—

Quartet in D major. Allegro moderato, Adagio cantabile.....Haydn
Misses Lillian Shattuck, Abbie Shepardson, and Mr. Edwin A Sabin,
with the assistance of Mr. Wulf Fries.

Cavatina. Op. 85, No. 3.....Raff
Miss Abbie Shepardson.

Hungarian Airs.....Ernst
Mr. Willie Nowell.

Air Varié, No. 6.....De Beriot
Miss Lettie Launder.

Souvenir de Bellini.....Artot
Miss Edith Christie.

Elegie.....Ernst
Miss Lillian Shattuck.

Second Concerto, first movement.....Spohr
Mr. Edwin A. Sabin.

Air Varié. Op. 15.....Wieniawsky
Mr. Albert van Raalte.

Chaconne for Violin.....Bach
Misses Shepardson, Shattuck, and Messrs. Van Raalte, Nowell, and Sabin.

The Haydn Quartet movements were played in a firm, graceful and artistic style. So indeed were all the pieces. It seems needless to particularize, farther than to say that we were charmed by the something like genius in the performance of the youngest, the maiden with the sweet, calm, poetic face, who played the reminiscences from Bellini; struck by the ripe and masterly manner in which Mr. Van Raalte made easy work of all the difficulties of Wieniawski's Variations; and so well pleased by the others that we hardly dare to express a preference between them. But the triumph and most significant feature of the occasion, was the excellent interpretation of the great *Chaconne* by Bach, by five pupils, of both sexes, playing in unison. Since Joachim played it to us, all alone, in his chamber, we have hardly enjoyed it more.

—Here is indeed a Violin School, and we trust that many will be drawn to it.

MUSIC AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE. In this almost new collegiate institution for young ladies, where piety and learning, classical and scientific, go hand in hand, æsthetic influences are by no means excluded. The beautiful locality,—three hundred acres of richly wooded hills and dales, kept like a garden, with their stately edifice in the midst of it,—a most symmetrical and noble pile of architecture, the chef-d'œuvre of Hammatt Billings,—and a picturesque broad lake behind it, on which the three hundred healthy maidens, organized in separate crews, with officers and uniforms and banners, row their little fleet each summer evening,—this in itself is education of the taste and all the finer sensibilities to harmony and beauty. But artistic culture like-wise is brought in, and principally Music. Classical chamber concerts are given in their beautiful chapel before all the pupils; and for these the services of many of the best Boston artists have been employed in turn, under the judicious management of the musical director of the College, Mr. CHARLES H. MORSE. Verily, if there be any danger of pedantry or narrow, formal piety, in such a school, here are freer influences which must go far to correct and make it wholesome.

By invitation of Prof. Morse and his associates, we shared the privilege with several gentlemen, of being present at the last concert of the term, the twentieth of the year, on Friday evening, June 22. After a hospitable reception, which included a survey of the extensive building,—its spacious halls, fine library, chapel, museum, etc., and a delightful ride upon the lake, rowed by one of the vigorous young crews aforesaid,—we were conducted into the chapel, where we listened to the following choice programme, interpreted in their best style by ERNST PERABO and BERNHARD LISTEMANN:

Overture to Egmont.....Beethoven
(Arranged for two hands by Adolph Henselt).
Phantasie for Piano and Violin. Op. 150, C major, Schubert
(Introduction—Allegretto—Andantino—Allegro vivace.)
(First time in this country.)
Piano Solos:—
a. Morceau, Op. 32-1, G major.....W. Bargiel
b. "Dervish Chorus," from the "Ruins of Athens," Op. 113, E minor.....Beethoven
(Transcribed for two hands by Saint-Saëns.)
c. Romance in A major. No. 2.....J. K. Paine
d. Rondo giocoso, C major, No. 4..... "
(From Four Characteristic Pieces, Op. 25.)
Album Leaf.....R. Wagner
(Transcribed for Violin by August Wilhelmj.)
Piano Solos:—
a. Toccatina. Op. 25, C minor.....Ad. Henselt
b. Album Leaf. Op. 7-2, F major..Th. Kirchner
c. Marcia fantastica, from Op. 31, in B flat major.....W. Bargiel
d. Romance, from Soirées à St. Petersbourg, Op. 44-1. E flat major.....Rubinstein
e. Barcarole, A flat major. Transcribed by Franz Liszt.....Schubert
Concerto in E minor for the Violin. Op. 64, Mendelssohn
(*b.* Andante—*c.* Allegro vivace.)

Not unsuspicious of a certain glamour which the spirit of the hour and place may have shed over all, we are yet prepared to say that never have we heard both these artists when they seemed so entirely at their best in each and every work performed. They were favored of the Muses; and, no doubt, such an audience was inspiring:—three hundred young ladies applauding with such fresh enthusiasm, as if each fine masterpiece of music were a new and wondrous revelation to them,—applauding with a physical vigor and endurance worthy of such gallant oarsmen! Without attempting to characterize the several numbers of the programme, or go into any details, let it suffice to say that all was good and well received; that the principal novelty of the evening, the *Phantasie* by Schubert, an elaborate and difficult work, of which the latter and the largest half consists of a very remarkable series of variations on his own well known song "Sei mir gegrüsst," proved exceedingly interesting; and that Mr. Listemann's performance of the middle and last movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto was altogether masterly and heartily appreciated by his young audience.

In further exemplification of the kind of music heard at Wellesley, we append a few of the preceding programmes. The fourteenth concert (April 20) was a Piano Recital by Madame MADELINE SCHILLER, as follows:—

Sonata in A major, Op. 2-2.....Beethoven
(Allegro vivace—Largo appassionato—Scherzo, Allegretto—Rondo, grazioso.)
Suite in E minor, Op. 72.....Raff
(Prelude—Minuetto—Toccata—Romanza—Fuga).
Grand Polonaise in E flat, Op. 22.....Chopin
Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142-2.....Schubert
Variations on "Ludovic," Op. 12.....Chopin
Andante in E flat.....Hummel
Transcription, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn-Liszt

Then followed three chronological programmes of Solo Pianoforte and Vocal Music, with biographical notices of the composers, performed by teachers and pupils of the college:

Fifteenth Concert, May 4.

Preludes and Fugues for the Well-Tempered Clavichord.....John Sebastian Bach, 1685—1750
a. No. 1—bk I, in C major.
b. No. 2— " I, " C minor.
Mr. Dunham.
Aria, "My heart ever faithful".....J. S. Bach
Miss A. L. Gage.
(Teacher of Vocal Culture.)
a. Fugue in G,
b. Air and Variations (The Harmonious Blacksmith.....Handel, 1685—1750
Mr. Morse.
Aria, "He was despised and rejected" (Messiah). G. F. Handel
Mrs. Ellison.
Sonata in E flat, (No. 7, Hallberger ed.), Joseph Haydn, 1732--1809
(Allegro—Adagio—Tempo di Menuetto.)
Mr. Morse.
a. Canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair,".....J. Haydn
b. "Voi che sapete" (Figaro)....Mozart, 1756—1791
Miss Gage.
Concerto in D minor (First movement).....Mozart
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Mr. Dunham.
Song—"Adelaide,".....Beethoven, 1770—1827
Miss Gage.
Sonata in D minor, Op. 31-2.....Beethoven
(Allegro—Adagio—Allegretto.)
Mr. Morse.

Sixteenth Concert, May 18.

Rondo from the Sonata in D, Op. 53, Schubert, 1797—1828
Mr. Morse.
Songs.....Schubert
a. Gretchen am Spinnrade, ("Faust.")
b. Ave Maria.
Miss Gage.
Rondo Brillant in E flat, Op. 29, Mendelssohn, 1809—1847
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Mr. Lewis.
Aria, "Hear ye Israel," ("Elijah").....Mendelssohn
Miss Gage.
Piano Solo.....Chopin, 1809—1849
a. Etude in E major Op. 10-3.
b. Mazurka in B minor, Op. 33-4.
c. Waltz in E flat, Op. 18.
Mr. Lewis.
Songs.....Schumann, 1810—1856
a. "Du bist wie eine Blume."
b. Humility.
Miss Gage.
Concerto in A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann
Orchestral parts on second Piano.
Mr. Swan.

The seventeenth programme is not at hand, but here is one of the "Beethoven Society," a domestic institution of the college, of which we wish we could reproduce the singularly tasteful print and paper, with its well chosen German motto: "*Musik ist der Schlüssel zum Herzen:*"—

Andante con moto—Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven
Mr. Morse and Miss Gage.
Chorus—"The Lord is our Good Shepherd," from the Motet, Op 39-3.....Mendelssohn
Piano Solo—Intermezzo.....H. von Buelow
Miss Lathrop.
Chorus—"Slaves of the lamp,".....Bishop
(Solo by Miss Shearn.)
Chorus—Ave Verum, (new).....Saint-Saëns
Kindersinfonie.....Joseph Haydn
(Allegro—Menuet—Allegro.)
Piano, Miss Turner and Miss Rood.
Chorus—"Charité".....Rossini
(Solo by Miss Fitzsimmons.)
Chorus—National Hymn.....Eichberg

And here is the nineteenth, by the pupils:

Quintet in E flat, Op. 44.....Schumann
(Allegro brillante—Marcia—Allegro non troppo.)
Arranged for four hands by Clara Schumann.
Misses White and Lyon.
Sonata Op. 10-2, in F.....Beethoven
(Allegro—Allegretto.)
Miss Rood.
Piano Solo—*a.* Momens Musical, Op. 34-6...Schubert
b. Nel cor più.....Beethoven
Miss Gale.
Songs—*a.* "Il mazzolin delle Viole,".....Pinsuti
b. The little Shepherdess.....Molloy
Miss Pratt.
Duo Concertant for two Pianos on a March from Weber's "Preciosa"...Moscheles-Mendelssohn
Misses Lathrop and Phoebus.
Sonata, No. 14, in B flat.....Mozart
(Andante Cantabile—Finale).
Miss Nelson.
Piano Solo—Ende vom Lied.....Schumann
Miss White.
Song—"Beautiful bird, sing on".....Howe
Miss Fitzsimmons.
Piano Solo—*a.* Funeral March, from Sonata Op. 26, Beethoven
b. Fairy Tale, from Suite Op. 162...Raff
Miss J. Bill.
Cavalry March.....Schubert
Misses Chase and Gale.
Overture to Leonore, No. III, Op. 72.....Beethoven
Misses Lathrop, Turner, Nelson and Phoebus.

Well for Wellesley! May it prove a wellspring, etc., etc. We have copied these, and other programmes, well aware what danger it involves; for probably there will pour in upon us files of programmes from no end of schools and colleges, all of which in some degree have caught the inspiration, all emulous of such examples, and all, if not coveting, at least consenting to like recognition. Does it not show that musical ambition and devotion, in a rather high direction, has begun to enter largely and penetrate deeply into the education of our country?

URBANA, O. Here is a programme of choice sacred music given at a private residence, May 28, by the Urbana Choral Society, (Rev. Frank Sewall, President, James G. Wentz, Sec.,) during the recent Conference of New Church Ministers:

Chorus—Sicut locutus est. From the Magnificat in D.....J. Sebastian Bach
Aria for Bass—Quia fecit mihi magna—From the same.....J. Sebastian Bach
Chorus—Behold the Lamb of God. From the "Messiah,".....Handel
Duet. Soprano and Baritone—In his hands. From the 95th Psalm.....Mendelssohn

Chorus and Quartet. Hostias; Sanctus; Benedictus: Hosanna. From the Requiem Mass, Mozart
Aria for Tenor—Come unto me.....Coenen
Chorus—He watching over Israel. From the "Elijah,".....Mendelssohn
Aria for Soprano, with 'Cello accompaniment. The Angel's Serenade.....Braga
Chorus—"Thanks be to God." From the "Elijah,".....Mendelssohn

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VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—A concert was given by the New York Mozart Club, on Friday, May 11,—Prof. F. L. Ritter, Director,—with this programme:—

Quintet. E flat, op. 16.....Beethoven
Messrs. A. Eller, Piano; J. Eller, Oboe; Boehm, Clarinet; Schmitz, Horn; Reuter, Bassoon.
"Adelaide,".....Beethoven
Mr. Bischoff.
Albumblatt, } Violin, ...Wagner
Les Lutins, } .....Bazzini
Mr. Arnold.
Hafis' Songs.....F. L. Ritter
Mr. Bischoff.
Concertstück. Oboe.....A. Klughardt
Mr. J. Eller.
Siegmunds Liebeslied, "Walkuere,".....Wagner
Mr. Bischoff.

Septet. C minor, op. 26.....A. Fesca
Allegro con spirito. Andante. Scherzo. Finale, allegro con fuoco.
Messrs. A. Eller, Piano; Arnold, Violin; Gramm, Viola; Reineccius, Violoncello; Uthoff, Double Bass; J. Eller, Oboe; Schmitz, Horn.

B. D. ALLEN'S "EVENINGS WITH THE MUSICIANS." Worcester City and Worcester County—"the heart of the Commonwealth"—is happy in being the abode of such an earnest and intelligent musician and teacher as Mr. Allen. He never wearies in well doing, making continual researches into the history of Music, bringing forth treasures new and old from the repertoire of all schools and periods, wherewith to enlarge the knowledge and improve the taste of his many pupils, both by copious examples and discriminating comments. Since last September, when we copied his first programme, he has continued his lectures, with musical illustrations in many schools and forms, into the past month. The remainder of the programmes are as well worth recording as the first; and we doubt not many readers will be glad to find them in their order brought together here. They were delivered in the course of the Worcester County

Music School, and the attendance has been uniformly good.

Second Evening, Oct. 27, 1876.

CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.

I. Flemish.

Canon.....William Dufay, about 1400.
Canon, composed for Louis XII., of France. Josquin des Pres. 1445–1521
Ave Maria.....Jacques Arcadelt. 1550

II. Italian.

Hymn.—Alla Trinità Beata, Unknown composer. 14—
Sentence—We adore Thee, Giovanni Palestrina. 1514—1594
The Eighth Psalm...Benedetto Marcello. 1680—1739
Quis est homo—(Stabat Mater), Emanuel Astorga. 1681—1736
Solo, from the 31st Psalm, G. V. Pergolesi. 1710—1736
Requiem Aeternam.....Luigi Cherubini. 1760—1842
Pro Peccatis, from Stabat Mater, Gioacchino Rossini. 1792—1868

III. German.

Gloria, from the Imperial Mass. Joseph Haydn. 1732—1809
Tuba Mirum, from the Requiem, W. A. Mozart. 1756—1792
Sanctus, from Deutsche Messe, Franz Schubert. 1797—1828
Offertory. Alma Virgo.... J. N. Hummel. 1778—1837

Third Evening, Nov. 28, 1876.

THE MADRIGAL AND POPULAR MUSIC OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

Madrigal—When all alone, my pretty love, G. Converso. 1575
Carols—(*a*) The First Nowel.....Traditional
(*b*) The Boar's Head Carol.....1521
Madrigal—Now is the month of Maying, T. Morley. 1595
Glee—How merrily we live.....M. Este. About 1575
Madrigal—Come again sweet days, J. Dowland. 1597
Ballad—Sally in our Alley, Popular air of the 17th century.
Madrigal—Flora gave me fairest flowers, J. Wilbye. 1598
Instrumental Music, principally of the 16th and 17th centuries,
(*a*) The Carman's Whistle, (*b*) Old Noll's Jig, (*c*) Saraband, (*d*) Slow March, (*e*) James the Second's March, (*f*) The Rogue's March, (*g*) The College Hornpipe.
Madrigal—Welcome sweet pleasure, T. Weelkes. 1606
Song—My lodging is on the cold ground, 17th century
Madrigal—Since first I saw your face..T. Ford. 1612
Glees—(*a*) Here's a health, (*b*) The Waits, J. Savile. 1667
Madrigal—The Silver Swan.....O. Gibbons. 1612
Song—Down among the Dead Men.....16th century
Solo and Chorus—Haste thee, Nymph, G. F. Handel. 1730

Fourth Evening, Dec. 19, 1876.

THE ORATORIO.

Latin Hymn—"Orientis Partibus."
Chorus, from "L'Anima e Corpo,"..Cavaliere. 1600
Aria, from "San Giovanni Battista," Stradella. 1645—1679
Concluding Chorus from the "St. Matthew Passion,".....Bach. 1685—1750
Aria, from "Joshua,".....Handel. 1685—1759
Chorus, from "Der Tod Jesu"....Graun. 1701—1759
Trio, from "The Creation,".....Haydn. 1732—1809
Solo and Chorus, from "The Mount of Olives," Beethoven. 1770—1827
Duet, from "David",.....Neukomm. 1778—1858
Quartet and Chorus, from "The Last Judgment." Spohr. 1784—1859
Chorus, from "Christus"..Mendelssohn. 1809—1847
Concluding Solo and Chorus, from "Paradise and the Peri,".....Schumann. 1810—1856

Fifth Evening, Jan. 23, 1877.

PROTESTANT CHURCH MUSIC AND SACRED SONGS.

Judgment Hymn.....Martin Luther. 1483—1546
Anthem—Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake, R. Farrant, died 1585
Motet—O come, ye Servants of the Lord, Dr. Christopher Tye, died 1553
Anthem—Praise the Lord, O my Soul, R. Creyghton, D D. 1639—1736
Trio—Suscepit Israel, from the Magnificat, J. S. Bach. 1685—1759
Songs—(*a*) A Morning Song..Dr. Greene. 1696—1755
(*b*) The Hymn of Eve .Dr. Arne. 1710—1778
Anthem—The Lord descended from above, Dr. Hayes. 1739—1797
Miriam's Song—Sound the loud Timbrel. Avison.
Anthem for Easter.....S. Chapple, born 1775
Duet, from Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn. 1809—1847
Eight-part Song—Say, Watchman, A. Sullivan, Contemporary.
Chorus—O how amiable are Thy Dwellings, J. Barnby, Contemporary.

Sixth Evening, Feb. 19.

THE OPERA.

I. Italian.

Un Ballo in Maschera. Cavatina.....Verdi
Semiramide. Overture..... Rossini
Lucia di Lammermoor. Sestetto.....Donizetti

II. French.

Orphée. Air.....Gluck
Horatius Cocles. Overture.....Méhul
Marco Spada. Quatuor.....Auber

III. German.

Der Freischütz. Scene und Arie.....Von Weber
Tristan und Isolde. Isolden's Liebestod....Wagner
Cosi fan tutte. Quintet.....Mozart

Seventh Evening, March 22.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

Corrente e Canzonfe, Girolamo Frescobaldi. 1591—1640
Andantino, Abbate Michael Angelo Rossi. 1620—1660
Gigue.....Giovanni Battista Lulli. 1633—1687
Arietta, "Pur dicesti."....Antonio Lotti. 1667—1740
Studio.....Domenico Scarlatti. 1683—1757
Fuga.....Nicolo Porpora. 1685—1767
Gavotte, Padre Giovanni Battista Martini. 1706—1784
Presto con Fuoco.....Balthasar Galuppi. 1706—1785
Siciliana, "Ogni pena," Giovanni Battista Pergolesi. 1710—1736
Vivace e Toccata, Pietro Domenico Paradisi. 1712—1795
Aria from "Nina,".. Giovanni Paisiello. 1741—1816
Sonata, in three movements, Ferdinando Turini. 1749—1812 (?)
Chorus—"Sleep, noble child," Maria Luigi Cherubini. 1760—1842
Sonata in D. (Three movements), Muzio Clementi. 1752—1832
Solo and Chorus, "La Carità," Gioacchino Rossini. 1792—1868

Eighth Evening, May 3.

Miss Lillian Bailey, *Soprano;* Mr. C. R. Hayden, *Tenor;* Mr. H. G. Tucker, *Pianist;* Mr. L. R. Goering, *Flutist.*

I. THE OLD FRENCH SCHOOL.

{ Le Reveil-Matin.
{ La de Croissy..... .....Couperin. 1716
Air, from Hippolite and Aricie .....Rameau. 1733
Minuetto.....Schobert. 1730—1768
{ Air from Richard.....Grétry. 1785
{ Romance. Le Rozier.....Rousseau. 1762
Gavotte and Variations.....Rameau. 1731
{ Colin prend sa hotte.. .....French Arab Song
{ Margaraton va-t a lian.....French Dance Song
{ Lisetto.....French Negro Song

II. THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.

Romance pour Flute. Op. 37.....Saint-Saëns
{ Melodie. Charmantes Hirondelles.....Boieldieu
{ Romance. Un Secret.....Alary
Polonaise. C minor..... .....Chopin
Jewel Song, from Faust.....Gounod
Barcarolle.....Heller
Duo, from Le Prisonnier.....Della-Maria

Ninth Evening, June 8.

Miss E. J. Sumner, *Soprano;* Miss C. H. Munger, *Contralto;* Mr. Merrill Gassett, *Tenore;* Mr. C. A. Allen, *Basso.*

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

With all the Heavenly Host, Ancient English Christmas Song.
"The King's Hunting Jigg," Dr. John Bull. 1563—1628
Song—Mad Tom.....Seventeenth Century.
Sonate in three movements, Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne. 1710—1778
Glee—Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow, S. Webbe. 1740—
Piano Solos:—
(*a*) Bagatelle, "Jacquenetta," G. A. Macfarren. 1813—
(*b*) Sketch, in A flat..Cipriani Potter. 1792—1871
(*c*) Nocturne, in E flat, Wm. V. Wallace. 1814—1865
Duet—As it fell upon a day, Sir H. R. Bishop. 1783—1855
Piano Solos:—
(*a*) 2d Concerto, 1st movement, John Field. 1782—1837
(*b* 4th Concerto, Barcarolle, Sir W. S. Bennett. 1816—1875
Glee—Mark the Merry Elves, Dr. J. W. Callcott. 1766—1821

Tenth Evening, June 21, 1877

Miss E. J. Sumner, *Vocalist;* Mr. C. H. Eichler, *Violinist;* Mr. Wulf Fries, *Violoncellist;* Messrs. A. W. Foote and G. W. Sumner, *Pianists.*

THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

Piano Solos:—
(*a*) Preambule.....J. S. Bach. 1685—1750
(*b*) Fantasie..... ....G. F. Handel. 1685—1759
(*c*) Minuet.....Joseph Haydn. 1732—1809
Aria—Non so piu.....W. A. Mozart. 1756—1792
Trio in E flat. Op. 1, No. 1, L. Van Beethoven. 1770—1827
Andante and Presto.
Lied—Lob der Thränen..Franz Schubert. 1797—1828
Trio in C minor. Op. 66, F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 1809—1847
Andante and Finale.
Songs:—
(*a*) Spring's Profusion..Robert Franz. 1815—
(*b*) Swiss Song.
Duo for 'Cello and Piano. Op. 70, Robert Schumann. 1810—1856
Adagio and Allegro.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Haunting Eyes. Fine Lithograph Title. C. 3. d to F. *J. R. Thomas.* 40
"Oh, those eyes! their lovely shadow,
Stole the life of light away."
The words are by Constine Newton, who writes well. The music is worthy of the author, and the picture good enough for anybody.

When I am Low. Song and Chorus. F. 3. c to F. *Keens.* 30
"My heart is sad, and hopes are gone."
Poetry by Byron, and good music.

O, Darling, tell me "Yes." C. 4. E to g. *Lyhns.* 30
"One little moment more, Maud,
One little moment more."
Very nice song indeed, on a favorite subject.

'T is where my darling Ada dwells. Song and Cho. D. 3. d to g. *Gianetti.* 30
"My bark shall sail in sunless night,
As fearless as in sunlit day."
Bright and varied music and good chorus.

Miller's Daughter. (Mrs. Weston's Songs, No. 9). Eb. 3 c to F, *Barker.* 40
"That I would be the jewel,
That trembles at her ear."
Words by Tennyson, and a good melody.

The Amphion. A Collection of English Songs. **Sands of Dee.** Eb. 4. d to g. *Cloy.* 40
"The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the strand."
Words by Charles Kingsley. Very affecting ballad.

Drifting. Contralto Song. C minor. 3. c to B. *Grace Elliot.* 35
"Noteing to each that the world can reach,
Nothing lost—but a heart."
A true Contralto song, and an effective one.

Instrumental.

Romance. Ab. 3. *Giese.* 30
A graceful romance, easy and pleasing.

Out in the Green. (Hinaus ins frishe Grun). F. 3. *Giese.* 40
The left hand does considerable "singing" in this fresh and pleasing piece.

Prelude in Db. (Op. 28, No. 15). Db. 5. *Chopin.* 30
As performed ep Mme. Essipoff.

Come il Faut. Waltzes. 3. *Moses.* 50
Good title, as the Waltzes are about "as they ought to be," and they certainly "ought to be" extensively used. A 'Cello may be used in one place.

Little Bells. (Gustav's Glockchen). Eb. 3. *Koelling.* 40
They ring prettily, these little "Gustavus Bellas!"

Diablotins Polka. C. 3. *Missler.* 35
There is nothing Diabl-ous about the music, which is very neat and spirited.

Recollections of '76 Mazurka. Db. 3. *Green.* 35
A rich and pleasing melody, carried principally in octaves by the right hand, a fact which makes it a difficult piece for small hands, but easy for large ones.

Polka Graceuse. Op. 25. F. 3. *Havens.* 30

Silver Ray Polka. Op. 40. G. 3. " 30
The above have the common title of "Deux Polkas de Salon." and are characterized by an exceedingly graceful movement.

Home, Sweet Home. Op. 145. Db. 6. *Sidney Smith.* 75
Not *sweet* Home, under Smith's management, but bright, sparkling, brilliant, wide-awake home, with fireworks in it. Good concert piece.

Dauntless March. For Piano or Organ. D. 3. *Sudds.* 35
A spirited and yet stately composition, which has the extra merit of being attractive on two instruments.

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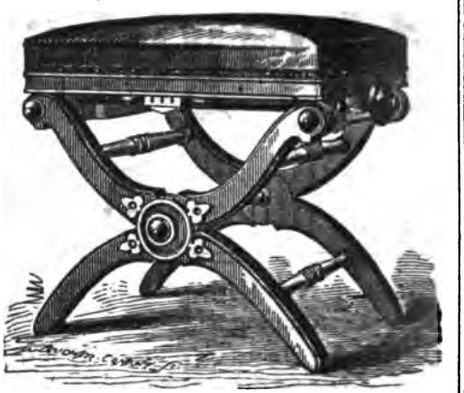

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WHOLE No. 946. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 8.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.

[We translate here the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. SCHLETTERER, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic. The volume is made up of his letters from Bayreuth to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he records his impressions after each day's performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy and Introduction. We think it embodies, on the whole, the best account that we have yet seen, both in the way of description and of critical appreciation, among so many good ones, of Wagner's master effort. We wish some publisher and competent translator might be found for the entire work, which exceeds the narrow bounds of our fortnightly journal.]

—We find ourselves at the end of the gigantic work. Congratulating ourselves on having happily survived it, and registering a vow of renunciation for all time of all repetition of the enjoyment, we will now attempt a *resumé* of the impression of the entire work, and try to see what prospects for future artistic realization these bold innovations, which Wagner has here for the first time brought partially before the world, may offer. Wagner, we know, is proclaimed by the Hotspurs, who follow his flag from various motives, as the greatest poet and greatest composer of his time, as the perfecter of all dramatic-musical strivings. Possibly he believes all that of himself; he has at least given abundant proofs of bold self-consciousness. But let it remain undecided, whether he is fond of hearing himself compared to Aeschylus and other men not altogether insignificant. Whether, as poet, he stands immediately next to Schiller and Goethe, the experts may determine. But, in our deepest, firmest conviction, the place next to Mozart and Beethoven is to this hour unoccupied. The performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy, apart from the manifold shortcomings in the more or less successful representation itself, could not yield any real satisfaction, not to speak of enjoyment. Even the most glowing of his followers had to confess, that helpless dreariness and dullness, infinite exhaustion and prostration were the lot of all who attended the festival plays. The dramas of our great poets also move and thrill us, penetrate and stir us; and it would be terrible to think that people could always go away from the temples of Art only humming or laughing. It will ever remain the highest task of poetry and music to reach what is deepest in man and make him bow beneath the weight of imperishable impressions. But true and genuine Art elevates and refreshes at the same time, for in its inmost nature it conceals the balm for the griefs it brings. With Wagner's dramas it is quite otherwise.

Who has carried away from the *Rheingold* anything but nervous irritation and physical prostration? What artistic or dramatic idea was there to compensate us for the torturing prolixity of this prelude? In the first drama, Siegmund and Sieglinde interest us perhaps, and at the end the noble Walkyrie; but we cannot feel our whole soul warm for the guilty pair, the victims of a dark fate; and before Brünnhilde's destiny is finally fulfilled, we have long since been blunted for all impressions. *Siegfried* offers no moment that could lift us above the commonplace of life; and in the *Götterdämmerung*, of which the text, in point of invention and execution, may be designated as the best and most consistent portion of the Trilogy, it is at bottom only magic draughts that govern destinies. Even the underlying thought of the whole, that all for wretched gold and the guilt that cleaves to it both gods and men must be brought low,—(in the murderous drama all the actors, from Wotan down to the horse Grane, find annihilation,—only the insignificant Gutrune remains alive)—has nothing for us that really takes hold of us, at all events nothing to fill our soul throughout four evenings.

What chiefly enchains us in other poems, the mild relations of sympathy and love, the feelings and emotions of the acting persons, is almost wholly wanting in Wagner's dramas. He succeeds better in describing wild passion and fiery lust, than in expressing in tones the tender blissful feelings of the soul. Cheap effects may always be obtained by a thick laying on of colors. To our heart, which surely has some claims upon a drama, too little is offered in the four Nibelungen evenings, to enable us to begin to talk of satisfaction. Not the slightest interest is awakened in us for the fate of the *soi-disant* Gods; their uncouth progeny, governed by the most unbridled sensuality, soon become repulsive to us; to the men clings not a trace of moral character. Only in a few rare moments is any warmer sympathy excited: as when in the second act of the *Walküre* the love of husband and wife, and and in the third that between child and father, breaks out; when Siegfried yields himself up to the magical charm of the forest, and when Brünnhilde is awakened by him out of her long sleep. For the almost entire want of scenes and traits which work upon our inmost feeling, we are not compensated in the long run by beautiful decorations and costumes, which one very soon sees to satiety, nor by the bold scene shifting and the interesting writs of identification (*Leit-motiven*) which chase one another restlessly about in the orchestra; least of all by lengthy scenes, spun out with evident fondness, in which sensuality is raised to boiling heat and voluptuousness goes up in steaming, stifling vapors. How far a stage play may go in this direction, we will not here inquire; we are far from wishing to preach up absolute virtuousness and the divesting of the drama from any sort of sensuous delight. In pictures, under certain circumstances, even the nude can appear chaste and pure; yet there is a great difference between such noble works of plastic Art and those which purposely present voluptuous scenes merely to excite sensual passion. With Wagner it is too strikingly the case, that the description of wild, reeling sensual ecstacy is often what he aims at; he understands that like a virtuoso, and with a faun-like zest he riots in such exciting tone-pictures. By this means his Art becomes immoral and corrupting, an ideal for hysterical women and nervously exhausted men. The conception of love or sexual relations in his operas is unspeakably unsound, unnatural and loathsome. One must actually find a peculiar satisfaction in risking swoons of the senses, when he can resolve to hear such music often.

Wherein chiefly lies for so many hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repulsiveness of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only slight with Wagner. He is a very skilful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic, in which his reckless sort of counterpoint and modulation mocks at all laws of Art. The inexplicable tone combinations, which one meets with him, have an inexplicable effect upon the laiety, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new is the unartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless groping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of altered (*i.e.*, augmented and diminished) chords. The great masters of the past purposely employed their effects always sparingly; hence the extraordinary effect which they produce even when often heard. Wagner, heaping effect upon effect, appears here too as a spend-thrift; but the consequence of these perpetual stimulants is a speedy satiety which sets in against his music, and a rapid wearing out of even the most brilliant combinations.

But even more than all these sickly symptoms of his composition, the lack of melody in his operas will always stand in the way of their popularity. Just on that side where an opera composer ought to have superabundance, with him we find the most striking poverty and impotence.

Do not speak to us of the sporadic melodies into which he now and then exceptionally goes astray. To be sure, we find such, but, for the wide compass and the pretentious nature of his

operas, far too few. Wagner who gives with full hands what he does possess, would not be a miser in melody, if there were really melodic treasures in his possession. And then, divest his melodies of their harmonic and melodic accessories—and what remains? Allusions to what is well known, nothing conspicuous for originality or grace. Wagner, who constantly appeals to Schopenhauer, is unfaithful to his teachings, the moment he has to do with melody; for this wise man says: "In the compositions of the present time more regard is paid to harmony than melody; but I hold to the opposite view and regard the melody as the heart of the music, to which the harmony bears the relation of the sauce to the roast meat." And about the Opera especially he has these very remarkable words: "It ought never to forsake its subordinate place, to make itself the principal affair and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and sheer perversion. At bottom it is but the product of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening the æsthetic enjoyment by the accumulation of means, by the simultaneousness of wholly different impressions, and by the strengthening of effect through the multiplication of the co-operating masses and forces; whereas music, as the mightiest of all arts, by itself alone, can completely fill the soul that is susceptible. But instead of this, during such extremely complicated opera music, the mind is importuned at the same time through the eye, by means of the most motley pageantry, fantastical images and the liveliest impressions of light and color; with which the fable of the piece has most to do. By all this the mind is drawn away, distracted, stunned, and rendered by no means susceptible to the holy, mysterious, interior language of tones. It all works directly counter to the attainment of the musical end."

Wagner's efforts to renew the life of Opera in subject matter and in form, are highly meritorious. Hitherto a single means of expression (music) has been made too much the end, while the end of expression (the action) has been made the means. Yet the relation of the two does not admit of being precisely reversed, unless the musical Art is to renounce all it has achieved for centuries and grant only a very subordinate position to what has always borne the burthen of all dramatic music, the human voice.

Poetry and Music, essentially hostile rather than friendly, can only work together to the same end through mutual concessions. Had Wagner had as much melodic invention as he has dramatic fire and intellectual reflection, he would never have thought of the Music Drama —essentially a monstrosity—and would have contented himself with bringing what is a hybrid in its very nature nearer to all possible perfection. As we have just spoken of Schopenhauer, we may mention an interesting anecdote we lately read. A gentleman from Zürich, a zealous admirer of the great thinker, paid him a visit in Frankfort am Main. As he took his leave, the philosopher said to him: "A certain Wagner in Zürich keeps sending me his writings. Please tell him he had better spare me; he understands nothing of music."

We have spoken repeatedly of the poetic form in which Wagner clothes his poems, and have shown how no other measure offers greater and more whimsical difficulties for musical treatment than the so-called *Stabreim* (alliterative rhyme). Granting that the poet knows how to fit together his alliterations often very poetically and with graceful ease, and not taking into account the senseless un-German passages, which unfortunately occur in almost every Opera poem, every page of the Nibelungen text affords proofs that knotty, twisted and uneven passages, scarcely intelligible even to the reader, offer almost insuperable difficulties not only to the composer, who through the never changing movement of the verses is doomed to endless rhythmical monotony, but also to the singer. Nothing shows more clearly the wide departure which Wagner has taken from song music proper, than this tendency to to the old alliterative rhyme, whose centre of gravity consists mainly in an arbitrary play with syllables and words, vowels and consonants, entirely worthless for a text for singing. While the Italian poets and the best German librettists have constantly endeavored to furnish the singer with soft, euphonious sentences, rich in vowel sounds, so as to make his task more easy, here is required the enunciation of a text, which sticks already in the reader's throat, and which, apart from its general unintelligibleness, is also musically fatiguing, because it admits of scarcely any but three-fold rhythms.

Heretofore it has been held sovereign law, in an opera text, to compress the action as much as possible; because, through the greater space which the music by its very nature always occupies, the progress of the work must drag somewhat in any case. Now whether what is sung consists of recitatives, arias or duets, etc., or of unmelodic "infinite melody;" whether the orchestra is treated only as an accompaniment, or as a principal person in the conversation; whether the centre of gravity be placed in the human voices or in the instruments, always the word sung demands more time than the work spoken. Hence in a good libretto all that is unessential, all unnecessary repetitions had to be excluded, while reflexions and philosophical inquiries had to be renounced as far as possible. But Wagner, we know, will write no operas in the traditional sense: so all these rules never trouble him. The drama of the future, therefore, has become a drama of long-windedness for the present. Such never ending, wearisome, indifferent jabberers, chewing over and over what is already familiar, the stage has never seen except in the *Ring des Nibelungen;* never was the action dragged out to such length; or, to the dismay of the hearers, expanded to such breadth through unessential and uninteresting episodes; never was a public and its claims to artistic enjoyment so recklessly disregarded and kept upon the rack, as here. Often have we heard the text-book of the *Nibelungen-Ring* celebrated as a master-work of dramatic poetry. But it was by those who knew it only from reading it. The reading of a play very often produces a wholly different, even an opposite effect from its performance on the stage. Readers of the Wagner poems might feel no shock at many faults in them, which to the public, present at the representations, were intolerable. One who was never weary of praising the book, must have been of another mind after attending the performance. A judgment on the text or music for an opera is only possible after its right to live has been tested on the stage. And just as little as from a book, can an authoritative judgment pass upon an opera from a pianoforte arrangement or a score. Poetry and music singly, each in and for itself, may appear excellent, yet both united fail of all effect.

The song as such, the voice part, in the Nibelungen Trilogy, is likewise a monstrosity, a brutal mockery of all that the world has hitherto recognized as beautiful and desirable. It throws us back at once three centuries into the time when the first attempts at Opera were made. These too consisted solely of recitatives. But the singing voice, not enslaved and crushed by the instrumentation, was at least able to predominate: a perfected declamation, a simple *Cantilena*, satisfying to the ear, a natural and unconstrained conduct of the parts, was even then regarded as the composer's most important task. And notwithstanding, when we read, in the enthusiastic descriptions of these performances, that an Italian public at the end of the 16th century listened to the *Music Dramas* (this designation also is an old one) of Caccini, Peri and Monteverde in the highest rapture, we can scarcely believe it. These Dramas *per musica*, sung in the *stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, certainly bored the hearers then, as much as the Trilogy has bored us today; the reports of such proceedings were just as deceptive, as many which were sent out to all the world from Bayreuth; and the great mass of the 17th century, in its opinions and expressions about Art, was just as much terrorized and tricked into a hypocritical enthusiasm, as that of the nineteenth, while in its heart it certainly thought quite otherwise.

But not only do we see ourselves transported back to these beginnings of dramatic efforts. Wagner's treatment of the voice parts resembles in a fearful manner that of the Madrigalists of Orlando Lasso's time. Then it was the practice to print vocal works in several parts under the title: "To be sung or used on instruments." One could, for example, set a five-part song with 3 voice parts and 2 instruments, or with one voice part and four instruments, according as the fitting voices or instruments were available. This barbaric manner of song writing is what Wagner has brought back to us; for his voice parts are in fact only middle parts, without independent personality, only made to fit as well as may be into the thematic wild beast hunt of the orchestra. Drop out the part of Wotan altogether, or let a bass trombone blow it, the effect will be all the same, and the singer not be missed a moment.

As a further musical absurdity it must be mentioned, that the ideal contents (the musical subject matter) of the Trilogy reduces itself to an immense number of leading motives (*Leitmotiven*), which float up and down and cross one another in the orchestra, incessantly, as if caugh in a process of fermentation. Down in that "mystical abyss" it boils as in a witches' cauldron; down there, in fact, you have to seek for the main matter; but the attention is continually drawn thereby away from the action and to mere accessories. And as a further consequence of this arrangement, the musical interest, to which there is less and less that is new offered as the work goes on, and which sees itself continually referred to the same old *motives*, towards the end grows weaker and weaker till it finally dies out. But what musical enjoyment has a hearer, who cannot understand and follow the leading motives at all? If poetically the *Götterdämmerung* is the most successful part of the Trilogy, musically it is the weakest and most tiresome, the poorest in invention, since it is made up almost exclusively of old and long since played out phrases. Of all Wagner's vagaries this on the field of the *Leit-*

motiv is the most unfortunate; for in no way could he more evidently betray the weakness of his creative power to the world, than through this helpless mania of wishing to enchain a theatre public with tone-figures which for the most part say nothing, and which keep repeating themselves through four long evenings?

Not less pernicious than the musical are the scenic innovations,—with the exception of the removal of the prompter's box. The excessive importance attached to decorations, machinery and effects of light, is oppressive and unartistic; and the darkened auditorium is a worthy side-piece to the under-ground orchestra. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have always made a certain effect in the Munich performances; in Bayreuth by the second evening the exhaustion and satiety were universal. Whence came it? In Munich, during the intolerable length of the representation, one could at least occupy himself with his surroundings, with his fellow sufferers; but in Bayreuth every help was cut off. There, if one found not a mild comforter in sleep, he could only count in despair the bald pates which glimmered faintly through the deep twilight of the auditorium.

(To be Continued.)

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 52.)

But for the discouraging distrust, and chilling indifference to native musical talent, which, with rare exceptions, have been perseveringly maintained by our own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, and of which our illustrious musical ancestors, Lawes, Purcell, and others have so bitterly and justly complained, it is more than probable that, with fair opportunities to display their powers of composition, our eminent musicians, who have at all times shown themselves equal to their Continental brethren in musical erudition, would have become as conspicuous for excellence in music for the stage as for the church. Encouragement is essential to the attainment of success. To aspiring genius it is as morning dew to vegetation; without its refreshing influence art droops and withers. It is undeniable that a baleful and unjust prejudice against our native music and musicians has been oftentimes engendered and sustained by the musicians of this country themselves. Instead of boldly asserting and maintaining for native musical talent a fair claim to prominence and acknowledgment, they have, in too many instances, yielded a precedence to inferior foreign musical compositions and performances, and acknowledged in them a super-excellence, which, in numberless cases, has had no real existence. British musicians have also delayed the universal recognition of merit in English music, and done injury to the cause of native talent, by their assumption of foreign names and titles, in order, as it would appear, to conceal their nationality. This evil, so detrimental to our national character as musicians, should receive every possible discouragement, and the severest condemnation. We know that a long-nurtured prejudice against the native musical productions of this country exists: if we would remove it, we must inspire confidence in others by displaying it ourselves.

In the preceding chapters English Opera has been viewed in its infancy, its youth, and in its progress towards manhood. It has now to be regarded under another aspect—in its approach to maturity, and in its ripeness.

However admirable and popular had been, in their day, Bishop's Operas, and those of his countrymen, of his own and an earlier period, it began to be tacitly admitted, before the first quarter of the present century had been reached, that they had grown out of date, that foreign Operas had superseded them, and that, for native Opera again to invite with success the nation's regard, it must be presented under new conditions. It was acknowledged that modern English Opera must conform, more or less, to modern ideas, and be constructed upon principles adopted by the musicians of the Continent, and, moreover, in accord with the increasing general cultivation of the musical art in all countries, without surrendering such special qualities as might be deemed essentially national.

That British composers, with no near prospect of witnessing the representation of their Operas, should occupy themselves in their composition was not to be expected. Not having in England, as in France, Italy, and Germany, national theatres—wholly or partially supported by Government—for the performance of national Opera, the musicians of England have had to await favorable opportunities for producing their dramatic compositions. As none appeared in view when the operatic reign of Henry Bishop was over, legitimate English Opera then closed her eyes, and slumbered.

In the summer of 1834, otherwise musically memorable, appeared the prospect of a bright present, and a brilliant and hopeful future, for native Opera. At this period the new "English Opera House," in the Strand, which had been rebuilt to replace its unfortunate predecessor, destroyed by fire, was completed. With this consummation the hopes of English musicians revived. The old English Opera House, so called, had been erected by the famous Dr. Samuel Arnold, the composer of many English Operas and Oratorios, towards the close of the last, or the commencement of the present century, as a home for native Opera, and with the design to connect with it a National School of Music. This desirable plan was, however, frustrated by the proprietors of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, who obstinately opposed the grant of the Lord Chamberlain's license. It was subsequently obtained, and many English Operas, and Operas in English, were performed there. The proprietor of the theatre was Mr. S. J. Arnold, the dramatist, a son of the late Dr. Arnold. Following the laudable example of his father, he desired to encourage and uphold national Opera at his new establishment, and, with the trumpet of faith and hope, he summoned the composers of England to enter the lists in honorable competition. The first to respond was Edward John Loder of Bath—then about twenty-three years of age. He had been studying music at Frankfort under Ferdinand Ries, and, returning home towards the completion of the new building, received from Arnold a libretto of his own writing, with a commission to set it to music. The book, entitled "Nourjahad," was devoid of interest, and presented no scope to the ambitious young aspirant for operatic fame to introduce into his Opera dramatic situations which might suggest effective concerted music. The songs, duets, trios, and choruses were charmingly composed, and displayed considerable talent for dramatic music, but they were to some extent independent of the plot, and, on that account, perhaps of more commercial value to the publisher, a desideratum too often taken into consideration by English composers, to the injury of dramatic consistency. The success of "Nourjahad" was so qualified as almost to amount to a failure. Loder's ability was acknowledged by musicians, but his Opera failed to attract the public. After several performances, to audiences which "grew small by degrees and beautifully less," to the evident discomfiture of the establishment's treasury, the piece was withdrawn. Despite the non-success of Loder's first Opera, it opened a new field of operation for the dramatic composers of Great Britain. "Nourjahad" was followed, in 1835, by Loder's "Dice of Death." His "Francis I," is an Opera made up of independent, unconnected songs, duets, and trios, which the composer had supplied to D'Almaine and Co., by contract, and which had already been published. It met with no success.

"The Night Dancers," Loder's best and most charming Opera, was successful at the Princess's Theatre in 1846, and again in 1850; and on its revival at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, in 1860. "Raymond and Agnes" (1853) is another Opera of considerable merit, which it is hoped may, at no distant period, be resuscitated. But for his erratic life, and his inattention to professional engagements, Edward Loder would, no doubt, have made a more impressive and enduring mark upon the history of English music.

We now come to a very distinguished name, that of John Barnett, who is remarkable as being the first British musician who composed an English Opera constructed upon modern principles. He was born at Bedford, in 1802. His musical disposition was manifested almost in infancy. When a boy, he attained celebrity as a theatrical contralto singer. He was soon before the public as a composer of songs, many of which became rapidly popular. Barnett was successful in his first essay at dramatic music in 1825, and, in consequence, he received a commission to compose "The Carnival of Naples," for Covent Garden Theatre, in 1830. A small comic Opera, written by Buckstone for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, called the "Pet of the Petticoats," composed by Barnett for Sadler's Wells Theatre, in 1832, attracted to that out-of-the-way establishment all the professional and non-professional world of harmony, to hear music then novel in character, and charming as it was novel. At the urgent request of Braham, Barnett set to music an operatic arrangement of the fine old comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Through no defect in the music, but because the piece was ill suited to musical purposes, it failed on its first appearance. The composer had no time for the composition of an Overture, and borrowed for the occasion Weber's brilliant Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits,' then comparatively unknown. The critics were severe upon the Opera, and the *Post* pronounced the Overture to be the "worst part" of it. Having, by diligent study, patient perseverance, and practice, acquired considerable experience in the technical arrangement of dramatic music, Barnett, with ardent ambition, and high aims, awaited his opportunity to exhibit the results of his ripened powers in the composition of an Opera of greater pretensions than he had as yet attempted. The opportunity was forthcoming in 1834.

It had been arranged by Arnold that Loder's "Nourjahad" should be immediately succeeded by an Opera by John Thompson, of Edinburgh, called "Hermann; or, the Broken Spear," the parts of which were already copied; but, through the irresistible influence of Henry Phillipps, Arnold consented to lay it aside for John Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," which was in process of completion, and in which Phillips desired to sing. This charming Opera, the production of which marks an epoch in the lyric history of England, had, in its inception, assumed the miniature proportions of an Operetta. It was founded upon the subject of the Ballet, "La Sylphide," which was rendered famous, first in Paris, and afterwards in London, by the exquisite dancing of Mdlle. Taglioni. With the growing expectations of the composer, and the prospect of its early appearance on the stage, the work increased in dimensions and importance, and the Operetta became an Opera. The Overture, which has since been entirely re-written, was completed only two days before its performance. The Opera, ably supported by Miss Romer as the Sylph, Wilson, the Scotch tenor, as Donald, and Henry Phillips as the Wizard, gained an immense success. The several scenes in which the dramatic interest of the plot is developed are enriched by characteristic and effective music; and in like manner is the entire action of the Opera supported. Macfarren describes the "Mountain Sylph" as "an Opera in the modern form, in which the music throughout illustrates the action; in which an extensive technical design embodies a continuous dramatic expression." The name of the composer, already distinguished as one of England's most able musicians, was rendered yet more renowned by the successful production of this, his first important Opera. The hundredth night of its performance was celebrated by a grand banquet, given by the manager to the composer, author, singers, and all the other principal persons who were engaged in its representation. Barnett's German proclivities, and the influence which the dramatic music of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr had exercised upon his imagination, are clearly discernible in the construction of this Opera, the arrangement of its concerted vocal music, and his rich instrumental score. In availing himself of the experiences of the great foreign masters of his own time, as well as those of an earlier period, Barnett manifested a true comprehension of his vocation, while he exhibited a firm reliance on his own genius by adhering to a speciality of style, as transparent in his new, as it had been in his earlier compositions.

"Fair Rosamund" was Barnett's next great Opera, and it was also the first English Opera upon an English historical subject. It was composed in 1835, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under Bunn's management in 1837. It had a run of fifty nights. Many causes combined to deprive this able work of the complete success which its high merits should have secured. The composer, by skilfully interweaving with his own original music melodies and snatches of melody of the Old English national type, as in his "Mountain Sylph" he had combined ancient Scotch tunes—the scene of that Opera being laid among the Highlands of Scotland—had aimed at imparting a national tone to his national subjects. This intention was, in "Fair Rosamund," not justly apprehended. A Ballet, of nearly an hour's duration, introduced by the despotic will of Bunn, for the sole purpose, as it appeared, of engaging the

services of a numerous and expensive *corps de ballet*, wearied the audience. The nightly encore of a Madrigal, composed in imitation of the music of the sixteenth century, proved that, while the excellence of the composition was appreciated, the national love for the English part-music of olden times had not died out. Barnett produced his "Farinelli" at Drury Lane Theatre in 1839. The hero of the Opera, who was born in 1702, and died in 1782, was the most renowned *male soprano* singer of his time. By an apparently strange inconsistency, the part of "Farinelli" was given to Henry Phillips, the then best *baritone*. A quarrel between Bunn and Phillips occasioned the retirement of the latter from the theatrical establishment, and the representation of "Farinelli" was entrusted to Michael Balfe, composer, singer, and lyric actor. By an unaccountable fit of nervousness and over-anxiety to succeed, he broke down on the first night of his appearance. It was, nevertheless, performed fifty or sixty times. Barnett's last Opera, "Kathleen," has never been performed, although it was rehearsed for performance at the St. James's Theatre, of which its composer was for a short period the proprietor. Barnett, from some unexplained cause, withdrew from the perilous position of theatrical manager a wiser, although a poorer man, having lost the savings of many years of unremitting professional labor. At the same time, retiring altogether from the metropolis, he established himself as a provincial teacher of singing at Cheltenham. Success having crowned his many years of persevering industry in his vocation, the now venerable composer and esteemed musician is, at the age of seventy-five years, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, yet not wholly unemployed, at his charming country residence near Cheltenham. For many years Barnett has preserved a kind of sullen musical silence. That his Operas should have been overlooked by those who have professed to uphold English Opera must seem as unaccountable to his countrymen and to strangers as it is discreditable to us as a musical nation.

George Alexander Macfarren has perhaps done more than any other composer to sustain the native Opera of England. He is not only an English composer, but a composer of English music. This is evidenced by his selection of subjects for some of his most important works: "Charles II." (1849), "Robin Hood" (1860), "She Stoops to Conquer" (1864), "Helvellyn" (1866), "May Day," and "Christmas." In the four Operas and two Cantatas above named, Macfarren has given to his music a vocal coloring, so to speak, suggestive of the Old English national associations he has desired to revive. The sports and pastimes of the middle ages in England, which the composer has dramatically introduced to the accompaniment of characteristic music in imitation of the ancient national festive dance-tunes of the period, have powerfully assisted to impress a special English character upon his national Operas. Macfarren's intimate acquaintance with every style of music of every country and period, his practical experience in every department of the musical art, and moreover his profound knowledge of all that relates to the national music of Great Britain and Ireland, have specially qualified this accomplished English musician to possess the musical belt of England as champion of her music and as the unflinching maintainer of its rights.

Macfarren was born in London in 1813, and received his musical training at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now the honored Principal. He was first brought to public notice as a dramatic composer in 1838, by the production of his "Devil's Opera." His next Opera, "Don Quixote," performed under the management of Bunn at Drury Lane Theatre in 1846, exhibited even higher musical and dramatic qualities than its predecessor, but, strange to relate, it did not obtain an equal popularity. An eminent musical critic, referring to the production of Macfarren's "Charles II.," remarks: "This was his first genuine English Opera, or, more strictly speaking, his first Opera built upon an English subject, and thus admitting a certain approximation to the English style of melody. That style, it must be understood, was essentially the old style; the influence of foreign dramatic music, German, French, and Italian, upon our composers, during a long series of years, having almost totally annihilated the legitimate English school which Bishop had been the last to enrich, and the first in his 'Aladdin' to repudiate, 'Charles II.' was a successful exemplification of how much could be effected by the aid of this national element, without in any way compromising the higher requisites of operatic forms." It must be admitted that there exists no recognized modern English school of music, and that neither is there any modern foreign school worthy of admiration or adoption. No composer of any pretension to eminence in any country is now-a-days the follower of any particular school of music. He works now independently of all schools—he follows only the instincts of his nature, and the natural bent of his genius. Conventionalism in music has burst its bonds. Music has become cosmopolitan. Nevertheless, by a moderate adherence to the style of our national English music, founded originally, no doubt, upon the tone, accent, and rhythm of our language, and by occasional reference to the acknowledged Old English *school* of music, a distinctive, special character may be given to our native compositions, when desirable, which may fairly claim to be genuine English music. Although it may be sensibly affected by a variety of influences, its national character may be thus not only preserved, but strengthened.

The English language is an aggregate of many foreign languages, in connection with the aboriginal. "There is, perhaps," says Max Müller, "no language so full of words evidently derived from the most distant sources, as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German—nay, even Hindustani, Malay, and Chinese words, lie mixed together in the English language." It is not the less English on that account. Our language is enriched by the combination. In like manner our music, not being a servile imitation of any particular style, but, on the contrary, an amalgamation of all styles, may claim the wide privilege of our language, and be nevertheless essentially English. The thoughtful musician of every country, bee-like, should extract musical honey from the exotics of foreign lands, as well as from his native fruits and flowers. Thus he may form a style of his own; and, avoiding mannerism, impress an unmistakable individuality upon his works, as Gounod, Meyerbeer, Gluck, and others have done.

Macfarren's charming Opera, "Helvellyn," offers a perfect and practical illustration of the foregoing reflections. It is an Opera of the highest rank, which has too long been permitted to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." This genial work, as elegantly melodious as it is musically and dramatically classical, embodies with a large amount of passionately effective music, an undercurrent of pure English tune which imparts a national tone to its scene and subject. Limited space precludes the possibility of entering minutely into the merits of Macfarren's other Operas—which can only be briefly mentioned. The following are amongst the more important: "Robin Hood" (1860); "The Sleeper Awakened." This Opera, composed under promise of performance, which, however, did not take place, was produced as a Serenata, in 1850, at the National Concerts, held at Her Majesty's Theatre. Macfarren's smaller and earlier dramatic pieces are, "The Maid of Switzerland" (1832); "Genevieve" (1834); "I and my Double" (1835); "The Old Oak-tree" (1835)—the three latter Operas were represented at the English Opera House—"Love among the Roses" (1839), at the St. James's Theatre; "Agnes Bernauer," at Covent Garden Theatre (1839); "Emblematical Tribute," a Masque for Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Wedding, at Drury Lane Theatre; and "Freya's Gift," a Masque for the Prince of Wales's Wedding, at Covent Garden Theatre.

William Sterndale Bennett was not a composer of Operas. It is said that George Linley offered to write a libretto for him. "But I must have no drinking chorus," said Bennett. He received the book, which began thus: "Act I. Scene I. Soldiers discovered singing and drinking." The composer read no further, and closed the book. Only some of the most prominent workers in the domain of English Opera have been mentioned in the foregoing account of its history. In the next, and concluding chapter, other British Opera-composers and their productions will be noticed.

[To be Continued.]

Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

(From the London Times.)

June 26th.

The Handel Festival began yesterday afternoon at the Crystal Palace with, according to custom, *The Messiah*. There was an enormous audience—more numerous, it is stated, than that of 1874, on the same occasion. At two o'clock precisely Sir Michael Costa was at his post, and the first chords from the orchestra gave fair promise of what kind of performance was to be expected. The prelude, which would seem to have little or nothing in common with that which comes after, is a masterpiece all the same. So vast a body of stringed instruments as we are used to at the Handel Festival is calculated to give real significance to the fugal movement, and to satisfy those not placed so far off as to dis-enable them from following its development with interest. The appealing recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," quite in another strain, and its joyous sequel, "Every valley shall be exalted," were given by Mr. Cummings with so much genuine artistic feeling that we were sorry to see nothing else set down for him in this or the other two programmes of the Festival. As the overture had already displayed the qualities of the instrumental force, so did the bright and vigorous chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," set forth the strength and excellent training of the host of singers, men and women, summoned from all parts of the country to take an active part in this periodical tribute to the genius of Handel. What was here promised, it may be stated without further preamble, was carried out to the end. "For unto us a child is born" was, as it seldom fails to be, a conspicuous feature; and side by side with this may be named "His yoke is easy," which brought the first section of the oratorio effectively to a close. In the ensuing part, which treats of the "Passion" of the Redeemer, and contains some of the noblest of Handel's choral pieces, the superb series beginning with "Behold the Lamb of God," continued, after the temporary interruption of the contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," by "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and ending with "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (set, like other passages to the text of Isaiah), was in every sense remarkable. The solemn theme of the fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed" (so like one in the *Requiem* of Mozart), was given out and answered with a steadiness, and the wonderfully animated "All we like sheep have gone astray"—arraigned by some of Handel's critics as undignified (!)—with a precision and marked accent which only such a conductor as Sir Michael Costa could have any chance of obtaining from a body of executants, vocal and instrumental, counting in thousands. Equally imposing was "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him"—another majestic fugue, in which may be detected, if such a thing can possibly be in music, a certain expression of irony. About "Lift up your heads," with its continually reiterated query, "Who *is* the King of Glory?" (as Handel quaintly accentuates it), and of the magnificent "Hallelujah!" it is enough to say that both were irreproachably delivered from first to last. To have done with the choruses, which at no previous Handel Festival have been sung with more level excellence, we may conclude by saying that "Worthy is the Lamb," with its glorious sequel, "Amen!"—which perhaps more than any other choral piece in existence conveys the idea of a multitude simultaneously employed in the act of thanksgiving and praise—was a glorious climax to the whole.

The solo singers, in addition to Mr. Cummings, who has been mentioned, were Mdlle. Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs. Santley and Vernon Rigby. Mdlle. Albani, who, more than once at our country festivals, has shown her proficiency in Handel, gave further evidence of this by her singing on the present occasion. "Rejoice greatly" and "How beautiful are the feet" are airs of a widely different character; but both had been studied with earnestness, and in both the gifted lady was eminently successful. In "Come unto Him" Mdlle. Albani had to follow that experienced Handelian singer, Mdme Patey, whose first verse, "He shall feed His flock," created a deep impression. The two singers were well matched—which is paying a deserved compliment to each of them. Mdme. Patey had much more set down for her, and, among other things, the pathetic air, "He was despised;" and with what genuine expression she gave it our musical readers need scarcely be informed. The Passion music, beginning with "All they that see Him" and ending with "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," together with the trying air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," was assigned to Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has rarely sung better or entered with more spirit into his work. Mr. Santley gave "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and "The trumpet

shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper) as only Mr. Santley can. The other bass music, including "The people that walked in darkness," fell to the share of that intelligent artist, Herr Henschel, and—last, not least—Mdme. Edith Wynne undertook the soprano music in the third part of the oratorio, including that most devotional of all songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to which she imparted the true feeling. Sir Michael Costa conducted with all his wonted energy, and Mr. Willing presided with ability at the organ.

June 28th.

The second day of the festival, the programme of which, according to custom, consisted of a miscellaneous series of pieces, sacred and secular—the sacred, as it might have been expected, preponderating—was, so far as the attendance was concerned, even more successful than that of 1874. Nearly 7,000 non-subscribers, added to between 13,000 and 14,000 holders of season tickets, brought the number of visitors up to a total of 20,348. That the extremely favorable weather had something to do with this cannot be doubted; but at the same time it must be admitted that the selection was unusually varied and interesting. The opening piece was the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, which, sonorous and brilliant enough as it stands in the original score, is made trebly so by the orchestral adjuncts deemed requisite on these special occasions, and supplied with the utmost skill by Sir Michael Costa. A more effective performance could hardly have been desired; and the spirit-stirring march which forms its climax was unanimously encored. The overture was followed by "The King shall rejoice," perhaps the grandest of the four Anthems written for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline (October, 1727). The imposing introductory chorus, and the final "Hallelujah," a fugue on two themes, which, though comparatively brief, is in Handel's finest manner, were both given with admirable precision. There were other choral pieces in the first section of the programme not merely noticeable on their own account, but because of the admirable manner in which they were executed by the vast company of singers under Sir Michael Costa's direction. Among these may be named "Sing, O ye heavens," from the too unfamiliar oratorio, *Belshazzar*, comprising another "Hallelujah" (in the fugal style), which, though also brief, is in the most original style of the composer—as the curious second interval of the second theme, added to the ingenious development of the whole, suffices to show. About the magnificent hymn of glorification, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," one of the grandest passages in *Samson*—an oratorio which Handel is said to have placed even before the *Messiah*, its immediate predecessor, we need only state that never in our remembrance has it been more superbly rendered. Here, again, we have a multitude in praise, and Handel giving expression to the universal enthusiasm with a power in which he has never found an equal. We scarcely know whether most to admire, in this chorus, the simplicity of its construction or its amazing power. "Glory to God," from *Joshua*, with its powerfully impressive second part—"The nations tremble"—was also a conspicuous feature in the first part of the programme. Among the striking choral displays of the second was "Galatea, dry thy tears," from the most touching and graceful of musical pastorals. "Tyrants now no more," from *Hercules*, a secular oratorio, which Mr. Henry Leslie, following the precedent set by Herr Joachim in Berlin, has been endeavoring to resuscitate, and "The dead shall live," from the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, equally call for mention. The peroration to the chorus from *Hercules*, "Horrid forms of monstrous birth," with its mysterious sequel, "The world's avenger is no more," forms one of those characteristic and impressive episodes of which Handel has given so many remarkable examples. We have only to add that all the choruses thus enumerated, besides others, to comment upon which in succession would be superfluous, were rendered in such a manner as to sustain the well-earned credit of the Handel Festival singers; and that almost in each particular they were thoroughly appreciated.

Among the other orchestral excerpts were the overture to *Athalia*—which it would be both interesting and instructive to compare with that of Mendelssohn—and marches from *Joshua* and *Judas Maccabæus*—each of short duration, but each more or less imposing. One of the most important instrumental performances of the day, however, was that of the grand concerto in B flat, for organ with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which was given in masterly style, with faultless mechanism and genuine expression, by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, an artist who has long deservedly ranked among the leading organists of Europe. Mr. Best, who, in playing Handel, knows how to employ the modern resources at his command so as not in any way to interfere with the design of the piece or the character of the music, was never more successful than on this occasion. In the first *allegro* he introduced a *cadenza* of his own, chiefly constructed upon the theme of the succeeding movement, and here he displayed to the full his remarkable executive power. The applause that followed was not less unanimous than well deserved.

The solo singers were Mesdames Adelina Patti, Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, to all of whom some familiar pieces were assigned. Mdme. Patti, who received a most cordial greeting, showed her appreciation of the compliment by singing both the airs set down for her to absolute perfection. The first of these was "Let the bright Seraphim," from *Samson* (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper); the second was "From mighty Kings" (*Judas Maccabæus*). Each was followed by loud and continued applause, which in the last instance was so prolonged that, at a signal from Sir Michael Costa, Mdme. Patti came back to the orchestra and repeated the whole. Another marked success was achieved by Mr. Lloyd with "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*), which evoked unanimous and well-merited applause; another by Mr. Vernon Rigby, in "Call forth thy powers" (*Judas*); another by Mdme. Patey, with "In the battle fame pursuing" (from *Deborah*), accompanied on the organ by Mr. Willing; and another by Mr. Santley, in "Nasce al bosco" (from the Italian opera *Ezio*). Mdme. Sherrington sang "Heart, thou seat of soft delight" (*Acis*), with the most refined taste; Mr. Santley, as might have been expected, gave appropriate devotional feeling to the air, "How willing my paternal love;" and Signor Foli threw all his well-known vigor into "Honor and arms scorn such a foe," the giant Harapha's contemptuous defiance of Samson. In fact, the solo singers without exception did their best, and the well-known trio, with semi-chorus and chorus, "See the conqu'ring hero comes" (*Joshua*), in which the leading vocal parts were sustained by Mesdames Sherrington, Clara Suter, and Patey, formed an imposing climax.

The Institutions of Leipzig.—Its Conservatory of Music.

[Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, June 21, 1877. There may not be many cities in Germany that are not either connected with some prominent historical event, or associated with some famous person, or recorded in history as being the location of some remarkable building or institution. Weimar, for instance, that little town in Thüringen—does it not instantly suggest the names of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland? Salzburg and Mozart, Eisenach and Luther, Nürnberg and Hans Sachs, are inseparably united. Tübingen, Halle and Heidelberg have their universities; Cologne, Strassburg and Ulm their cathedrals; Dresden, Munich and Düsseldorf their galleries of art. Leipzig, too forms no exception; the university, royal conservatory, opera house, art gallery Auerbach's Keller (immortalized in Goethe's Faust), the Gewandhaus concerts, the city in which many distinguished in literature, science and the arts have sojourned—these and much more have given the city a prominence and an importance second to none.

The university and the conservatory, with their thousands of students, are two mighty educational establishments, exercising an influence and achieving results which have made themselves felt all over the civilized world.

To the conservatory, which has only recently become a State institution, while it has always been under the direct patronage of the King of Saxony, I wish to refer more directly. A large proportion of its students is composed of Americans, and I think it is safe to assert that a majority of the more prominent musicians in the United States have acquired their education in this conservatory. I will only mention Dresel, Perabo, Petersilea, Listemann and Hennig in Boston; Mills, Mason and Morgan in New York; Zeckwer and Guhlemann in Philadelphia.

The conservatory was planned and organized by Mendelssohn in 1843. He was thoroughly in earnest; sincerity of purpose and devotion to art were his characteristic qualities. Hence what was not strictly consistent with purity in art and science was rigidly excluded from the institution, and, with this principle adhered to, it has realized a success which has far over-reached even the most daring expectations. With Mendelssohn's death, on the 4th day of November, 1847, it lost its dearest friend. It must not be forgotten, however, that other artists too have labored zealously and faithfully in its behalf. From 1843 to the present time the following have been the professors: Robert and Clara Schumann, Moscheles, Hauptmann, David, Gade, Joachim, Rietz, Hiller, R. Dreyschock, Brendel, Hegar, Davidoff, Plaidy, Wenzel, Richter, Röntgen, Reinecke, Papperitz, Coccius, Lübeck, Grützmacher, Götze, Hermann, Hofer, Grabau, Becker, Böhme, Sachse, Klengel, Schradieck, Schröder, Paul, Jadassohn, Grill, Glockner, Schimon-Regan, Weidenbach, Jr., Pintti, Lammers, Zwintscher, Maas, Klesse, Werder and Rebling.

The instructors of the conservatory when it was first opened were:

Mendelssohn—Composition and piano.
David, Klengel and Sachse—Violin.
Gade—Harmony and composition.
Hauptmann—Harmony and counterpoint.
Moscheles—Piano and composition.
Plaidy and Wenzel—Piano.
Böhme—Vocal music.
Brendel—Musical lectures.
Neumann—Italian language.
Richter—Harmony and instrumentation.

Of these only Wenzel and Prof. Richter remain, Hauptmann (died 1868), Moscheles (died 1870) and David (died 1873) were three of the strongest pillars of the conservatory for upwards of a quarter of a century. Hauptmann, the distinguished author of "Harmonik and Metrik," and of many beautiful compositions, mostly of a vocal nature, was a man richly endowed with bright gifts both of the mind and of the heart; his great and comprehensive learning made him the greatest theoretician of the century, while his beautiful character, his unaffected simplicity and modesty of manner, his large kind-heartedness, his truly childlike spirit, endeared him to the hearts of all, and especially to those who had the good fortune to stand in a nearer relation to him either as pupil or friend. The man and the musician are clearly exemplified in his "Briefe an Hauser," a book warmly to be recommended to all who wish to come in spiritual contact with a noble character.

David's loss was, perhaps, most severely felt. He was the founder of a school of violinists, which combined the elegance of the French with the solidity of the German methods; his pupils form the bone and sinew of every orchestra in Germany.

The Conservatory numbers at the present time about 340 students, who are taught by twenty professors. The number of classes: 14 for vocal music; 87 for piano; 4 for organ; 20 for violin and viola; 6 for violoncello, and 2 for elocution.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Miss Kellogg on Japanese Music.

The midsummer holiday number of *Scribner's Monthly* contains an interesting paper on this subject by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, together with three melodies, two of which she heard played by a Japanese troupe of Jugglers in New York. She says:

Several years ago, when the troupe of Japanese jugglers were in New York, I happened to remain in town late in the season, and attended a number of the remarkable entertainments given by them at the Academy of Music. The only drawback to my enjoyment of their wonderful feats with ladder, pole, tubs, butterflies, etc., —and especially those of little All-Right and his father—was the exceedingly harsh and disagreeable noise made by the Japanese orchestra, consisting of five performers seated on the floor at the rear of the stage. But one night—after having attended these performances ten or twelve times—I made what was to me a most curious and interesting discovery. At the moment when little All-Right was performing on the pole, which was supported in a socket attached to a belt around his father's waist—in the midst of the strange sounds made by the orchestra and by the man himself, who was coolly playing on a "samiseng" while balancing the boy in mid air, —I suddenly noticed a melody, at first indistinct, but afterward assuming definite shape as I was able to shut out the discordant accompaniment. After listening intently during several performances, I at last succeeded in following the air and in getting it by heart. Once after this, when little All-Right came to see me with the interpreter of the troupe, I took his forefinger in my hand and made him play the melody on the piano. He recognised it at once,—although separated from the dreadful sounds he was accustomed to hear with it,—and cried out delightedly in Japanese: "O, that is what my father plays when *I* am up on the pole!" I met little All-right after this again in London, and became quite well acquainted with the boy. He had great pride in his profession, and he and his father were grieved at the ac-

cident which happened to the youth during the season in New York, not so much on account of the personal injury, but because a fall during a performance brought such mortification to them as artists. I had desired, while the troupe was in London, to gather more of their melodies, and expressed my regret at the absence of the native orchestra. All Right replied that their music was so widely objected to that it had been withdrawn. I was not surprised at this, for the same feeling prevailed in this country, and was shared at first by myself.

What shall I say of this melody? It is perfect in construction, original, beautifully simple, full of sentiment, and suggestive of touching words. The accent of the first two bars is remarkable, inasmuch as I have never met a musician who was able to annotate it at once, although I have repeated it to some of the most accomplished musical writers, both in this country and in Europe. A distinguished London critic did not hesitate to declare the melody worthy of Beethoven.

After giving the melodies, Miss Kellogg says in conclusion:

I would like to awaken an interest in the music of the Japanese. Judging from the melodies I have given, there should be here a wealth of suggestion to the artistic musician. A company of performers, such as visited this country, would not be likely to make use of the highest order of music. I assume, therefore, that these must be popular melodies, of which a prominent London critic justly remarks that however much they may enter into the national life, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, "they are not art, but rather the material upon which it is the province of art to build." Have the Japanese any higher development in music, or is it all simple, direct and suggestive, like their poetry and their decorative art? Certainly there is a resemblance between these three melodies and the poetry, especially of the Japanese, in the qualities of artfulness and finish.

The "Old Cabinet" adds what follows:

We fear that even musical readers will find it difficult to properly reproduce in sound the first of the three Japanese melodies printed in this number. When rendered with the delicacy and precision with which Miss Kellogg herself sings it, the song has a peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that some one will be able to supply the words which belong to it,—if, indeed, there are any. Since Miss Kellogg's little paper has been put in type, the author of it has read an essay in two parts on "Japanese Music and Musical Instruments," in the June number of *The Leisure Hour*, which has just arrived from London. *The Leisure Hour* essay, by Mr. Samuel Mossman, is based upon a German treatise by Dr. Müller, which appeared in the journal of the German Asiatic Society. An introductory letter is given in *The Leisure Hour* by Professor Lyle, of the Imperial University of Yeddo. The article in *Leisure Hours* closes with the poem published by Mr. Stoddard in *Scribner* for October, 1876, and entitled "The Flown Bird." This is called by Mr. Mossman "a translation." The beautiful refrain "I have forgotten to forget" is Japanese, and so is most of the imagery, but the story is the poet's own.

Miss Kellogg writes with regard to Mr. Mossmann's interesting and able paper: "This writer does not do justice to the beauty of their melodies. Either he has been unfortunate, or I have been particularly fortunate in the selections heard. The two given you by me play perfectly on our scale." The third melody is copied literally from M. De Rosny's work.

BERLIN. The Royal Operahouse closed on the 23rd June. From the 1st September, 1876, up to that date, there were 219 operatic performances. This number does not include a morning performance of Grisar's opera, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*, but it does include the plays with music, such as *Struensee, Preciosa, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Manfred*, etc. The performances were furnished by 47 works of 29 composers. The novelties were: *Die Falkenjäger*, 5 acts, Kretschmer; *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, 4 acts, Götz; *Genoveva*, 4 acts, Robert Schumann; and *Der König hat's gesagt* (*Le Roi l'a dit*), 3 acts, Delibes. The following is the respective number of times the different operas were represented:—12 times: *Lohengrin*. 10 times: *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung, Tannhäuser, Il Trovatore*. 9 times: *Der Freischütz, Faust*. 8 times: *La Fille du Regiment, Fidelio, Das Goldene Kreuz*. 7 times: *Le Nozze di Figaro, Guillaume Tell*. 6 times: *Der Fliegende Holländer, Die Folkunger, Le Prophète*. 5 times: *Die Maccabäer, Le Domino Noir, Genoveva, Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor, Don Juan, Die Zauberflöte, Les Huguenots, Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. 4 times: *Iphigénie en Tauride, La Muette*. 3 times: *Fernando Cortez, Mignon, Cesario, Le Roi l'a dit, Euryanthe, Joseph en Egypte, Hamlet, L'Africaine, Stradella, Le Postillon de Longjumeau, Martha, La Dame Blanche*. Twice: *Armide, Rienzi, Aïda, Tristan und Isolde, Le Porteur d'Eau, Oberon, La Juive, Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*. Once: *Jessonda*. The order of the composers ranged according to the number of performances is: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 works; Mozart, 17, with 3; Meyerbeer, 15, with 4; Weber, 14, with 3; Verdi, 12, with 2; Auber, 10, with 3; Götz, 10, with 1; Gounod, 9, with 1; Beethoven, Brüll, and Donizetti, 8, with 1; Rossini, 7, with 1; Gluck, and Thomas, 6, with 2; Kretschmer, 6, with 1; Flotow, 6, with 2; Rubinstein, Schumann, and Nicolai, 5, with 1; Spontini, Adam, Delibes, Taubert, Méhul, and Boïeldieu, 3, with 1; Grisar, Halévy, and Cherubini, 2, with 1; and Spohr, 1, with 1.—*London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1877.

Musical "Motives" and Wagner's "Leit-Motive."

We trust no one who is interested in the Wagner question will fail to read what we translate to-day, on the first page, from the conclusion of Herr Schletterer's Bayreuth letters. After attending the performance of the *Walküre* here last April, we ventured to jot down a few of our own impressions, and point out several peculiar features of the Wagner music-drama which interfered with real musical enjoyment. Among these were the lack of *human* interest in the mythological and monstrous subject of the drama; the subordination of music to poetry, and very artificial poetry, full of alliterations and conceits; the long spun recitative instead of melody; the poverty of *musical ideas*, susceptible of development; the utter want of *repose*, of all symmetrical and rounded form, etc., etc. And particularly one element, which has been much celebrated as a wonderful new means both of characterization and of unity, the continual employment of *Leit-motive* ("leading motives") which we described as "musically irrelevant little phrases heard in the instruments at each allusion to a character or incident in the drama; . . . . . They cross and interrupt the natural flow of the music at almost every instant; listening *musically*, you cannot feel that they have any right there; for they do not develop, they are only skilfully forced in; instead of musical ideas, they are simply labels, tags and badges: exasperating bores," etc.—We have been pleased to find that we are not alone in these views; they have been far more strongly urged by critics and musicians of the first authority, men like Hiller, Ambros, Hanslick, and that too after a much deeper study and hearing of the works than was within our power. On this point the Ausburg critic has written more fully than any of them, especially in an earlier chapter of his little volume, from which we venture to translate the following paragraphs.

"One peculiarity in Wagner's music-dramas, which not only begets a sense of exhaustion and satiety, but makes it a positive pain to listen, is his way of working with *motives*. A large musical creation, to be sure, is inconceivable without thematic working up. But our great masters always build their most comprehensive instrumental movements out of a very few, say three, or four themes at the most. How imperceptible often in the immortal masterworks (justly so called) of musical Art, is the motive germ or kernel; and with what delight, increasing from bar to bar, we listen to the development of such unpretending series of tones, such outwardly modest musical thoughts!

"What is the reason of this remarkable phenomenon? Each motive, for itself alone, finds a complete and satisfactory development, and rounds itself off into a whole. And only when the different themes of a great movement, one after another, have been thoroughly exhausted in the statement, (shown up in different lights and aspects, etc.), so that the hearer has become fully conscious of them, does the composer undertake to interweave and bind them together, in order thus to gain new tone formations. Take a Fugue of J. S. Bach; how plastically clear it is all the time, even if it has several subjects! The concluding Fugue in the C-major Symphony of Mozart (the "Jupiter,") the finales in several of Haydn's Symphonies,—with what satisfaction one listens to them, although the most complicated contrapuntal art is hidden in them! The fault of Wagner's manner lies not in the thematic work as such, but in his way of treating a countless heap of *motives* never fully carried out. When a motive meets us in a composition of the normal stamp, we enjoy it as a purely *musical* part of the work. When Beethoven said of the famous motive of the Fifth Symphony: "So knocks Fate at the door!" it is very certain that the expression did not occur to him until some time afterward and perhaps only by accident. When he worked upon it, he only sought to carry a happy musical thought artistically through; surely he had no notion then of Fate knocking at the door. What folly it would be, what torment, to seek for every motive an idea, and always be obliged to say to oneself: Now comes the motive of the Rose, and now that of the Sun, and now that of the Shooting Star! That would just annihilate all high and serious Art enjoyment. Through itself, and not through its relations to things and objects of the outward world, must instrumental music work.

"A *motive* is scarcely able in itself to express a feeling, an emotion of the heart with definiteness; it can represent neither joy nor sorrow, neither pleasure nor pain; still less can it designate an activity, a person, a thing. In the extreme case natural sounds may be imitated in the play of tones: the croaking of the frog, the roar of the bull, the crowing of the cock, the trill of the nightingale, the roll of thunder; but motives of the primeval element, of reflection, of ill humor, or the dream of revenge, of murder, of paternal joy, etc., belong to the realm of madness.

"In general, the significance of a *motive* can be approximately understood only when the explaining word has already entered. Wagner has invented very ingeniously formed motives for the flickering of flame, for the groping about of giants. But we should never have known that this was the composer's intention, if it had not been first explained to us; the motives in themselves would suit many other ideas quite as well. How much it is requiring of the hearer! Before he can form a judgment for himself, he must first study the old German mythology in general, then the Nibelungen legends in particular; he must read the text book (libretto) and learn it almost by heart; must make himself familiar with the peculiar sound-symbolism of the poem, the alliterative *Stabreim*; and finally (by no means the least of sorrows) he must play through the pianoforte arrangements, and then make himself master of (according to Wolzogen) more than ninety musical *Leit-motive*, and the name and meaning of each one of them!

"In the regular practice a motive is the product of a dramatic situation, and changes as this changes. With Wagner it is different; he makes it a far more convenient matter for himself both as to the invention and the composition. Every person receives from him a motive to take with him on the way; whenever he is spoken of, whenever he comes near, you always hear his motive. One who is initiated may thereby anticipate who will next come upon the stage. In the same way the different groups,

—the Rhine daughters, the Walhalla associates, the Nibelungen, the Walsungs, the Walküries, the Norns, the Children of Gibich, the Nixes—are furnished with motives, and for every special emergency such are established. There is also a motive for love's deliverance, for the dream of revenge and the conspiracy for revenge, for the instrument of murder, the law of expiation, heroic love, the world's greeting, the world's inheritance, for the zest of love, of life and travelling abroad, etc. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have each 30, *Siegfried* has 22, and the *Götterdämmerung* 13 such motives. There are fewer original motives in the last parts, because those of the earlier parts are continually repeated in the last.

"At first sight this clinging to fixed *motives* seems rich in suggestion, since by this means threads of like thoughts are interwoven through the whole work, knitting all its parts together. But Wagner's way of always coupling certain motives with certain persons and events checks the free flow of the *musical* development, ties the veins of invention, on which after all depends the value of a musical work. However ingeniously he may have been able out of such small tone-pictures to construct four great works, we retain for the most part only the wearisome impression of this petty play with tones, and seldom that of an imagination dealing freely with the means of Art. For the great public—and we must consider that the number of intelligent, appreciative hearers of a stage piece is always small—these over-ingenious thematic interweavings are thrown away at any rate; the public always will come back to the demand for clear and naturally developed melodies, will crave organic forms, with parts clearly bounded and defined.

"But not alone the superficial hearer, he also who knows how to hear, who follows with a true interest and knowledge of the subject, will soon be wearied and exhausted by this unnatural thematic mosaic. All the time one is forced to ask himself: Motive, what do you want of me? When, for example, in *Der Freyschütz*, Samiel appears, and the music marks his entrance by certain well known strains, these always keep themselves subordinate. They do not interrupt the free current of the vocal melody, nor do they disturb the formal shaping of the musical piece as such. The hearer receives a hint through the music to direct his attention to something or other, but he is not thereby distracted from the feeling of the whole. The older masters employed such recurring motives with great prudence and with admirable self-control, although they were not less skilful, and in practical questions certainly not less clear-sighted than Wagner. If the nearly one hundred motives, which form the musical skeleton of the *Nibelungen-Ring*, would always come back in their simple shape, our ear and understanding might at last be able to satisfy their demands. But they not only run through every key—which also might be endured,—they change the rhythm, are stretched out and contracted, are inverted and crumbled into bits, are bound together again piecemeal or decomposed into atoms; and now the hearer, who wishes at the same time to watch the action, to understand the words, and listen to the singing, whose senses are laid claim to in the greatest variety of ways, has also got to follow this pricking, spurring, never resting motive-chase in the instrumentation, which is continually chief spokesman in this music. That seems to be requiring too much, so long as the idea of Art *labor* has not stepped into the place of Art *enjoyment*.

"Notwithstanding that Wagner means wonders in the characterization of his figures, when he hangs a motive round the neck of every one of them, yet they are essentially all alike. To be sure, all tone-colors stand ready at his bidding: bright and sombre, friendly and terrible, earnest and passionate, he can depict all admirably in music; but all these shades and gradations of outward or of inward situations lie in the orchestra, he paints only with instruments, too little through the voices. But in this way one can portray no character in its individuality from within. Only through the *motive*, which has to play the part of a certificate of identity, have we ever any hint of whom we have before us. Verily henceforth the *Leit-motive* should be printed after every person's name upon the playbill. How wholly differently the masters of the Art conceived of musical characterization! Agatha and Aennchen, Max and Caspar, we need to hear only the first tones of their arias to know what stuff each is made of. And then Sarastro and Papageno, Pamina and the Queen of Night, Tamino, Belmonte and Don Ottavio, Leporello and Don Juan, Donna Anna, Zerlina and Elvira, Florestan and Pizarro, Fidelio and Marcellina,—are these too, like the forms of Wagner, mere musical phantoms? Each of the above named persons sings in the way corresponding to his nature and character, and yet always differently as often as he sings, and always intelligibly and always musically; and even in the dark, without electric flashes, we know with whom we have to do. And here too we can recognize already from the *ritornello* of the orchestra who is about to take up the word, not through a *Leit-motiv*, but through the always pregnant and sharply characteristic musical thought.

"In this alone resides for us the essence of characteristic music, and he who can shape out a work of Art in this sense, he is in our eyes a master of Art. In Wagner's works one might often without injury exchange the roles. Fricka could take Wotan's songs, Brunhild could appear in place of Siegfried, and so on. Wagner knows only declamatory accents, and by means of these he seeks to give different tones to the angry man, the flatterer, etc. But this is understood of course and has nothing properly to do with the dramatic characterization. Only the vindictive Alberich, the gloomy Hagen, the volatile Loge, the giant brothers, and above all, Mime, the clumsy dwarf, betray in their ways of song certain peculiar traits which are somewhat characteristic in our sense, but which, to make them available, depend very much on the artistic conception of the performer for the time; while on the contrary a Caspar, a Leporello are not to be annihilated, even if they be ever so poorly sung; as indeed the *Freyschütz* on the most wretched stage and with the most pitiable singers is sure to produce a certain effect. The poorest copy of a Raphael Madonna will always in certain traits reveal the divine sublimity and beauty of the original. But take away from one of Wagner's operas the first-rate singers, the admirable orchestra, the gorgeous frame, and what is left. Or compare the enjoyment which mere pianoforte arrangements of the classical operas can afford, with the cheerless labor of playing through those of Wagner!"

RUSKIN'S DEFINITION OF "CLASSIC." In the Preface to the first number of his "Bibliotheca Pastorum," (a series of classical works to form a Library for the People—this first one being a translation of "The Economist" of Xenophon), Mr. John Ruskin begins with defining the word "classic" as applied to books. Does not the definition apply also to Music and all works of Art? He says:

"The word 'classic,' when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

"'Unchanging' or 'eternal' truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant,—things; and which, therefore, though foolish men may long lose sight of it, remains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

"The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.

"Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded that part of truth remain established for ever; and cannot be superseded: so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of those adamant stones of ancient soul. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air; but on the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past."

New England Conservatory of Music.

The annual Commencement exercises were held on Friday afternoon, June 29, at Boston Music Hall, when the 570th concert of the Conservatory was given in the presence of an invited audience which completely filled the hall. The performances, vocal and instrumental, were by the graduating and other pupils, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club as orchestra. The following programme, much of which was excellently rendered, shows the aim of the instruction to be classical and high.

Grand Quartet in G minor.....Mozart
Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and 'Cello.
Miss Alice L. Jones and Mendelssohn Club.

Aria—"So shall the lute and harp awake"...Handel
(From Oratorio of Judas Maccabæus.)
Mrs. A. F. Hervey

Quartet, Op. 16. Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello. Beethoven
Andante cantabile—Rondo.
Miss Mary C. Kellogg and Mendelssohn Club.

Duet—"Mighty Jove"..... ...Rossini
Mrs Cora A. Sheiden and Miss Stella Gilford.

Fourth Concerto, in G minor. Op. 58 ....Beethoven
(Accompanied by a second Piano and Orchestra.)
First movement.
Miss Lula McWatty.

Organ Sonata in B flat major. . .... .Mendelssohn
Master Edward Lamb.

Third Concerto in C minor. Op. 34 .....Beethoven
(Accompanied by second Piano and Quintette Club.)
Miss Cora Battelle.

Recitative and Cavatina. "Ma la sola ohime! son'io"..... .....Bellini
Mrs. Abbie B. Carrington.

Organ Solo. Prelude and Fugue in E minor...Bach
Mr. Jas. H. Howe.

Recitative and Aria. "Batti Batti!".....Mozart
Mrs. Emilie Knowlton.

Quintet. Op. 44 Piano, first and second Violins, Viola and 'Cello..... ...Schumann
Miss Mattie J. Brooks and Mendelssohn Club.

Air with Variations. "Stelle amate".....Proch
Miss Lizzie F. Kimball.

Pianoforte Solo. Polonaise in E flat.....Chopin
Miss Mattie Young.

Organ Solo. Religious March..... .....Guilmant
Miss Alma Faunce.

Vocal Waltz. "Poter arcan".....Marchesi
Miss Addie G. Smith.

Grand Trio in D minor. Piano, Violin and 'Cello. Mendelssohn
Miss Anna L. Howes and Orchestra.

Organ Solo. Postludium in G.....Whiting
Mr. C. L. Brigham.

Soprano Trios.
a. "First violets of April"...Hauptmann
b. "The Winter hath not a blossom." C. Reinecke
c. "Cuckoo"..... .....F. Hiller
Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding and Miss Angie Merritt.

After the musical exercises were concluded, Dr. Tourjee presented diplomas to the following graduates: Miss Cora Battelle, Miss Martha J. Brooks, Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Miss Anna L. Howes, Miss Alice L. Jones, Miss Mary C. Kellogg, Miss Angie Merritt, Miss Lula McWatty, Miss Margaret S. Noyes, Miss Ida Rosenfeld, Miss Mary J. Stevenson, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding, Miss Mattie Young. Twenty-three others were named as having taken a partial course. The fall term of the New England Conservatory of Music will begin September 10, 11 and 12. Several new and important departments have been added to the institution.

PROSPECTS FOR OPERA. The Sunday *Times* (July 8) says:—

It has already been announced that Max Strakosc will have a concert and operatic troupe in the field n x season, Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary being included among his chief artists. The troupe will be so organize as to give both Italian and English opera, but nothing i likely to be done in the latter way until the return of the troupe from California late in the fall. Another operatic organization of perhaps more importance than the other, for Mr. Strakosch's company is primarily a concert troupe, will be under the enterprising management of Mr. J. C. Fryer, who last year gave America its first hearing of some of Wagner's great operas, or at least of "Die Walkure" Mr. Fryer's troupe will be formed on a broader and more comprehensive basis than his troupe of last year, and his list of artists will of necessity be much more numerous. His engagements already ensure the greatest strength possible in several departments, and negotiations are now pending for securing several eminent European artists. The troupe will open its season about the 20th of September in Boston, and the repertoire of the company will be sufficiently large to make a nightly change of opera in a season of two weeks. Among the operas to be performed are the following: Rossini's "William Tell," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," "La Juive," by Halevy, "Medea" by Cherubini (new here), "Faust" by Gounod, "Der Freischütz" by Weber, "Fidelio" by Beethoven, Wagner's "Rienzi" (new in this country), "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." Flotow's "Martha," Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Trovatore" by Verdi, and Victor Massé's "Paul et Virginie" (new in this country).

VIENNA. The late Dr. A. W. Ambros, whose premature death is so deeply regretted, left behind him a collection of some 1,500 different musical works, dating from the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, arranged by him in full score from the original notation. It is, perhaps, the finest collection in existence of old Netherlandish, Italian, and German masters. Its value is, moreover, greatly increased by historical and biographical notices, and critical remarks, constituting a rich store of materials for connoisseurs and practical musicians. According to report, Herr Wilhelm Westmayer, of this city, in conjunction with an art amateur, outbidding all offers from abroad, has purchased the collection from the family in order to present it to some art institution in Austria for the public benefit.

HERR THEODOR LACHNER, the eldest of the well-known musical Lachner family, died, aged 79, on the 22nd May, in Munich. The other brothers, Franz, Ignaz, and Vincenz are still alive. Theodor settled in the Bavarian capital as far back as 1815. For many years he was organist at the parish church of St. Peter. He was subsequently appointed Court Organist and Chorus Master at the Theatre Royal. His pianoforte arrangement of Chetard's *Macbeth* is considered a model.

A Royal Composer.

Kings out of business take to all sorts of queer things for the sake of killing time, and even rulers not on the retired list now and then stray into eccentricity as a means of avoiding being bored. The present King of Bavaria is the obvious type of this latter class, while of the former the King of Hanover—who, being without a kingdom, may be described as serving on detached duty—will doubtless occur to the reader as an exemplar. Both of these sovereigns have given much time to music, but in diverse ways: the King of Bavaria has had the wisdom to patronize a real musician; the King of Hanover has trusted to his own inspiration—it is almost needless to say the odds are very decidedly in favor of the former.

And now here is another German Prince claiming notice as a composer, to wit, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. For a good while the Grand Duke has been dabbling in the shallow waters of music, writing occasional songs, choruses and other detached pieces not likely to draw much attention to him one way or the other, but affording to himself no small amount of amusement, and to his friends—let us charitably suppose—somewhat of edification. Having tried his strength on these trifles close in shore, he has at last fairly launched out to sea, and to the glory of the Grand Duchy and to his own infinite satisfaction, he has been safely delivered of an opera which he has christened "Santa Chiara." To compass this end he has taken into his confidence Monsieur Appelt, a Belgian writer of libretti, and he, in turn, has drawn upon one of the most florid of the very many florid romances of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer for a theme. The libretto evolved under these circumstances is chiefly remarkable for being desperately dismal; a feature palliated but not condoned by a few touches of real dramatic power. A curious anomaly consists in imprisoning the prima donna in a coffin during the whole of one act—an arrangement provided for by her supposititious death—and thus absolutely shutting her out for this long period from being either seen or heard. We have known prime donne—it would be invidious to mention names—whose disappearance into a coffin or into anything else for any long period of time, would be hailed by the average audience as a positive Godsend; yet this fact can scarcely be held to justify the royal composer in his singular method of temporarily choking off the leading part. But as battle, murder and sudden death are the leading themes, it perhaps but tends to preserve the unities that the stage is so long occupied by a corpse. As to the music, it may be briefly summed up as innocuous to a degree. Somewhat of the Bellini order, only washier, it meanders along peacefully through the three long acts, the little songs and duos tripping happily about as lambs or other innocent creatures skip across broad meadows or other expanses the characteristic of which is exceeding flatness.

Altogether, his Serene Highness does not seem to have achieved a success warranting him in abandoning his throne and taking to music as a profession. In the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, it is reasonable to suppose that during the life of the present Grand Duke "Santa Chiara" will be a standard piece at the Court theatre; but outside of the not excessive limits of the Grand Duchy, its life will be of brief duration. At the Covent Garden theatre, where it was produced by the rash manager under the impression that it would hold the boards for an indefinite period, it had a run of precisely two nights; and the more critical portion of the public considered that this was about twice as long as there was any occasion for. Of course it is pleasant to see Kings and such enjoying themselves in any harmless pastime, for we know what desperately stupid lives they lead, and what a blessing to them is anything to break the dire monotony; but we would earnestly suggest to the Kings that they put a curb on their musical aspirations. There is already quite a lot of fairly good music in the world, enough to serve as a standard, anyway, and if would-be composers fail even to approximate to this standard—though they be live monarchs invested with the control of real realms—they only receive as a reward for their labor the distinction of being laughed at.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Summary of the London Philharmonic Season, 1877.

On Monday evening the sixty-fifth series of the performances of the Philharmonic Society came to an end In the course of the season, during which two morning concerts were given, as in last year, the following works have been performed: Descriptive Piece for orchestra, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (J. F. Barnett); Overture to *Parisina* (Sterndale Bennett); a Song (F. Clay); a Duet (W. G. Cusins); a Violin Concerto and a Song from the oratorio, *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren); the Overture, *In Memoriam*, and a Song (A. Sullivan);—all English. *Scena* from *Le Domino Noir* (Auber); Valse from *Mirella*, and Ode from *Saffo* (Gounod); Romance from *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas); Duo from *Joseph* (Méhul); Symphony (E. Silas); Pianoforte Concerto (Grieg); *Ballade et Polonaise de Concert*, for violin with orchestra (Vieuxtemps); *Ave Maria* (Cherubini); *Aria* (Lotti); *Aria* from *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Rossini); Violin Concerto (Viotti); the Pastoral Symphony, Symphonies in B flat, C minor, and F, Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Lenore*, and the *terzetto*, "Tremate, empi tremate" (Beethoven); Symphony in C minor, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and three *Lieder* (Brahms); Airs from *Semele* and *Acis and Galatea* (Handel); Air from *Orfeo* (Haydn); Elegiac Overture (Joachim); *Lied* (Klengel); Song (Manns); Air from *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Scottish Symphony, Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Melusine*, *Isles of Fingal*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn); Symphony in E flat, Concerto for Harp and Flute, Overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Airs from *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Idomeneo*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and Recitative and Air, "Mia Speranza adorata!" (Mozart); Concerto for Violoncello (Raff); Sonata for Violin (Rust); Grand Fantasia for Pianoforte, in C (Schubert—re-composed by Abbé Liszt); Incidental Music to Goethe's Faust, and Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann); Symphony, "The Power of Sound," Dramatic Concerto for Violin, and Overture to the *Alchymist* (Spohr); Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and *Scena* "Liebestod," from *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner); *Concertstück* for Pianoforte, Overtures to *Euryanthe*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Ruler of the Spirits*, *Jubilee* of Augustus IV., of Saxony, and Romance from *Euryanthe* (Weber).

The Solo Pianists have been—Mdme. Schumann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdlle. Mehlig; Herr Breitner, Mr. Edward Dannreuther, Mr. Jaell, and Mons. J. Wieniawski. Solo Violinists—Mdme. Norman-Neruda, Mdlle. Marguerite Pommereuil, Herr Auer, Mr. Henry Holmes, Signor Papini, Herr Straus, and Mons. Paul Viardot. Violoncello—Herr Hausmann. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Flute—Mr. Oluf Svendsen. The Vocalists were—Mesdames Campobello Sinico, Lemmens Sherrington, Osgood, Patey, Trebelli, Irene Ware, Worrell Duval, and Edith Wynne, Misses Bolingbroke, Mary Davies, Catherine Penna, Redeker, Reimar, Robertson, Thekla Friedlander, and Steele; Messrs. Campobello, W. H. Cummings, Guy, Henschel, Edward Lloyd, Barton McGuckin, Henry Pope, Santley, Shakespeare, and Wadmore. Mr. W. G. Cusins, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen, has, for the eleventh season, conducted the concerts.

The Directors for the year are Messrs Walter Macfarren (honorary treasurer), Francesco Berger F. B. Jewson, Charles Santley, C. E. Stephens, Harold Thomas, and John Thomas.—*Musical World July* 14.

Special Notices.

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"Leave me not with winter's snow."
"Quand l'hiver sera venu."

No. 2. Why strive to hide thy Tears? (Pourquoi cacher tes pleurs?) Db. 4. d to F. *Fragerolle.*

"They tell a hidden tale."
"Les larmes que l'amour."

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"Night shades are falling."
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The Time of Youth. Vocal Duet. G. 3. F to F. *Pinsuti.* 50

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A delicate and sweet duet, in semi-Italian style.

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A very sweet serenade that will please any lady.

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Has a most elastic "spring" to it, and dances along merrily to the end.

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Looks something like a Tarentelle, but is of too cheerful a character for that,—is light, flitting—graceful.

Black Hawk Waltz. (Illustrated title.) 4. Hands. Ab. 3. *Walsh.* 40

Already noticed as for 2 hands. Brilliant Waltz.

Au Revoir Valse. 3. *Waldteufel.* 75

A fine set of fine waltzes with Int. and Coda.

Siegmund's Love Song. Bb. 4. *Lange.* 50

Beautiful Love Song truly. Theme from the "Walküre."

Germania Waltzes. 3. *Auerbach.* 60

Four bright Waltzes, quite Strauss-like in construction.

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Lange's pieces are, like the chivalrous Bayard, "without reproach." One can find no fault with them.

New Grand Turkish March. Bb. 3. *Keens.* 40

A brilliant and original march, as played by Gilmore and his band.

Life is a Dream. (Das Leben ein Traum.) 3. *Zikoff.* 65
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Very bright sort of dream. 5 fine waltzes with Int. and Finale.

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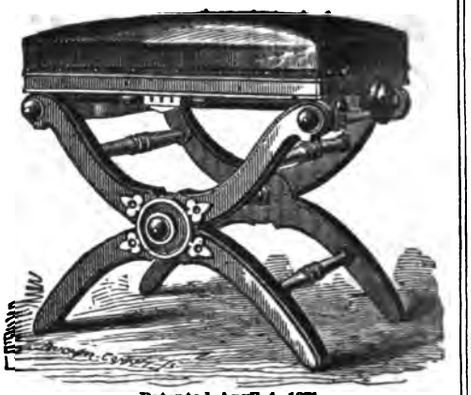

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 948. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 10.

Measures.

I have a dainty cup of glass:
It is not graven by a line;
Its beauty is its fragileness;
A baby hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold;
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent, loving, lingering hold.

He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on its texture rare and fine;
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man
Sat eating, drinking at my board;
Into the dainty, peerless glass
A peerless wine for him I poured.

He drank it at a swallow down;
With smothered wrath I well-nigh burst;
Nor wine nor glass was aught to him,
So that he quenched his boorish thirst.

"Ah, me!" I said, "to him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

—*Scribner's for July.*

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Ferdinand Hiller's "Briefe an eine Ungenannte."

ON MUSICAL CONDUCTORSHIP.

Yes, most honored lady, as a general rule it may safely be taken for granted, that to most conductors their occupation is a pleasure. In however limited a measure, and however transitory, it is at any rate the exercise of a power, —and what a magical charm there is in the possession of even the smallest modicum of that! The so-called history of the world is full of it, and the fates of the smallest places would illustrate it, if it were worth the pains to investigate the facts. I confess that I have never felt the charm of what is called power; to me there is quite as little satisfaction in harassing others, as there is in being harassed by them. In spite of that, my fondness, sometimes passionate fondness, for conducting may be ascribed, above all perhaps, to my love for music, and more to the effect which this activity exercises upon me, than to that which I exercise through it upon others. It gives me in fact the feeling, which is commonly supposed to pervade a fish in the water,—presupposing, that what I am obliged to conduct is not displeasing to me. It need not be ravishing, to give me a pleasant consciousness of breathing quite in my own element, more than I can in any other occupation.

And yet there must be some peculiar self-satisfaction in conducting, since we see what a sense of importance it gives to people who have the most insignificant tasks of that kind to perform, and who scarcely understand how to perform even these. Observe the musical director in the most wretched theatre, in places where the music has no other purpose but to make a distracting noise; always you see a man, from whose every feature, every motion beams the satisfaction of occupying a higher position, a conspicuous seat. On the contrary, to be sure, it is not seldom that we find competent musicians, in whom you can feel how *blasés* they are with an occupation which for a long time has been imposed upon them,—with inadequate means, or in the bringing out of works which they regard partly with indifference, partly with disgust. If a conductor is to experience that artistic joy, which does not consist in merely being greeted with respect by a number of men as the Herr Hof-Kapellmeister, then he must have at his bidding skilful, or at least teachable forces, animated with a good will, who subordinate themselves in full trust to their leader,—no, who are inspired with the same endeavor. For he feels something of the joy of creation in being able to indicate his intentions and see them comprehended, in building up as it were a beautiful structure which he sees in his mind,—sensations, which stream through us, while through an electric chain we feel them at the same time shared by others. Add to this a fascinating illusion, to which one yields himself consciously, yet with a sense of beatitude:—one imagines himself *playing* the orchestra and producing effects, which after all rest on the talent of the executant musicians.

Nor can it be denied that, besides being indispensable to the production of a piece, the conductor can exert an incalculable influence. If his personal character and presence are such as to command respect, the musicians will feel themselves in honor bound to higher exertion; they will respond to all his hints and wishes, will identify themselves with his conception, and become mutually united and more intimately blended. The secret understanding which forms itself, after a long musical life together, between the conductor and the individual members of an orchestra, is one of the finest relations that can be realized among the children of men. An inclination of the head, a look, one or another way of swinging the baton, even an air of passive indifference, bring out *nuances* in the performance of the individual or the mass, which in words would require a much longer explanation. The quickened pulse of the conductor, his growing joy in the successful effort, his increasing rapture with the beauty of a work, all this communicates itself to the musicians, or springs up simultaneously in them. And then the humor of it is, that the bond, which entwines so multifarious an assemblage, with the last chord flies apart; —each goes his way and seeks as quickly as possible again to reach that which is necessary to his most individual existence; the body that was all alive the moment before, is dissolved into its atoms.

Is it difficult to conduct? you ask. My honored friend, it is in the higher sense impossible to one in whom certain qualities are not inborn. And by these I mean not those gifts which must be lent to every musician, if he is to be something more than a mere professional man. A man may be a great composer, and have all the knowledge and experience, besides the genial inventive faculty which that requires, and yet be as unfit for a conductor, as a dancer for a parliamentary orator. Personal power and character, self-confidence, energy, presence of mind, power of ready adaptation, and the gift of speech are requisite; also a certain going out of oneself, which I might compare to the talent of an actor, and which comes in play when one would completely enter into the musical personality of another; the certainty of being able, at the predetermined moment, to give oneself up completely to the appointed task,—and the physical strength to carry it through without exhaustion. A bit of the virtuoso nature belongs to the conductor,—although there is nothing more detestable than your *Conductor-virtuoso*,—a bit of the field-marshall's talent.

And having all these qualities, a conductor will not succeed without a certain dose of luck, —without the good fortune to have heard much that is beautiful and good, and without that other good fortune, of having competent forces to conduct. Lessing's celebrated saying: that Raphael, even without arms, would still have been the greatest painter, is—begging the great man's pardon—false. Raphael would have carried about with him the latent genius of a great painter; but not only would it not have manifested itself, it would not have been complete, since the painter's hand belongs to the painter's genius. And without sufficient forces the most gifted conductor can accomplish nothing that can satisfy himself and do full justice to his talent.

Schumann on Mendelssohn's Piano Preludes and Fugues, Op. 35.*

*From *Music and Musicians*, etc., by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

A hot-headed fellow (now in Paris) has defined the meaning of "Fugue" to be "a composition in which one voice rushes out before the other (*fuga a fugere*), and the listener first of all;" on which account he always began to talk loud, and often to scold, at concerts, whenever he met with a fugue. Really he did not understand anything about it, and resembled the fox in the fable—*i.e.*, he could not write one himself, however much he secretly wished to do so. Those who can—finished students of music, cantors and others—describe it quite differently. According to these, Beethoven never did or could write fugues; even Bach has taken liberties with them, at which we must shrug our shoulders; Marpurg is the only guide; and so on. Others, again, think otherwise; I, for instance, who can luxuriate for hours in Bach's, Handel's, and Beethoven's fugues; and I had thought that only poor, watery, insipid, patchwork things in comparison could be written to-day, until these by Mendelssohn dissipated such ideas.

Those with whom the pattern fugue is a hobbyhorse, deceive themselves greatly when they

fancy they have carried out any of the fine old artificialities, the *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem, etc., or cancricantes motu contrario, etc.*,—as also do the Romantic deserters, who hope to find an undreamt-of Phœnix in them arising from the ashes of the old form. Had they a sense for sound, natural music, they might succeed tolerably, though I would not adjudge them blind praise, for I know that Bach wrote, poetized, quite different fugues. But were he to arise from the grave now, he would—first, perhaps, laying about him right and left in regard to the general condition of musical matters—certainly rejoice that a few, at least, still gather flowers from the field where he planted such giant-armed oaks. In a word, these fugues have a Sebastian-like air, and might really deceive a sharp-sighted reviewer, were it not for the melody, the finer flow which savors of modern times, and here and there those little touches peculiar to Mendelssohn, which betray him among a hundred other composers.

Whether reviewers find this out or not, it is certain that the composer did not write them for pastime, but rather to call the attention of pianoforte-players to this masterly old form once more, and to accustom them to it again; while he has chosen the right way to succeed in this, by avoiding all useless imitations and small artificialities, allowing the melody of the cantilena to predominate, and holding fast to the Bach form. Whether the latter, however, might not be advantageously transformed without losing the true fugue character, is a question which many will endeavor to answer. Beethoven shook at that foundation; but he was too largely occupied elsewhere, too busily occupied on high, building the cupolas of so many other cathedrals, to find time for laying the new foundations of a new fugue form. Reicha also made an effort, but his creative powers lagged far behind his good will; yet his often peculiar ideas are not to be overlooked. However, the best fugue will always be that which the public takes for—a Strauss waltz; in other words, where the artistic rootwork, like that of a flower, is so beautifully concealed that we only perceive the flowers. I knew a by no means contemptible connoisseur of music who mistook a Bach fugue for a Chopin étude—to the honor of both; and many young girls might fancy the second part of a Mendelssohn fugue to be a song without words (the entrance of the parts at the beginning would puzzle them); while the grace and softness of their forms will cause their dreaded name and ceremonious dwelling-place to be forgotten. In short, these are not fugues worked out with the head alone, according to a receipt, but pieces of music sprung from the mind, and carried out in poet fashion.

But as the fugue is the organ of cheerfulness and gaiety, as well as of dignity, the collection contains many of that short, fiery kind, such as Bach has thrown off in abundance with his own master-hand. Every one will find them out; but these especially betray the polished, intellectual artist, who plays with fetters as though they were garlands of flowers. To mention the preludes; many of these, like many of Bach's, do not seem to have been originally connected with the fugues, but rather appended subsequently to these. Most players will prefer them to the fugues, as, even when played separately, their effect is complete; the very first charms at once, from beginning to end. Players may find out what the others are like for themselves. The work is valuable in itself, and would be found so without the surety of the composer's name.

JEANQUIRIT.

Musical Stupefaction.

[From the New York Times.]

More time and money are wasted in this country in teaching girls music than in teaching boys Latin and Greek; and that is saying a great deal. Music has long been a part of every American girl's education, whether she has shown any aptitude or taste for it or not. It has grown into routine; it must be taught because it has been taught; it is fashionable, and therefore the proper thing. As a people we are not musical in the sense in which the Italians, Germans or French are musical. Most of us love it, of course—even though we be destitute of sense of time or tune—but capacity to understand it scientifically, or to execute it, is denied to the many. One might think, however, from the ardor and uniformity with which it is cultivated that the nation is as musically mad as Richard Wagner or Ludwig of Bavaria. It may be mad, but not in the same way exactly; for there is a sort of madness in a general and persistent effort to instruct all young womanhood in what only a small part of young womanhood is able to learn.

To be a very ordinary musician—to sing a little or play a little on this or that instrument—is not much satisfaction, especially when one acquires music as an accomplishment, with the intent and expectation of display. If one take lessons and gain a moderate degree of proficiency, having no other thought or hope than to contribute to one's own amusement or enjoyment, or that of one's immediate friends, the object is amiable and laudable; and it evinces, moreover, an earnest and modest love of music for its proper sake. But this is not the aim of most of our music-teaching; they are taught believing that they shall shine in their art and awaken the envy of their less expert associates. With them it is generally an ambition, and, unfortunately, an ambition without talent. They rarely, if ever, suspect their incapacity; they have all the confidence of that ignorance which cannot see how far it falls short, measuring the attainable by their own limitations. Always ready to show off, they persecute patience or politeness and torture the ear, while they imagine they are winning laurels that are socially imperishable. Who has not some time endured such martyrdom from these gifted stupidities?

The ambition of many American women is measureless; the smaller their capacity the higher it soars. They are carried away by a desire to be professional and grandly professional; they design to be prime donne, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Persuaded by their vanity that they have the powers of Malibran, Grisi, or Parepa, they look confidently forward to stupendous triumphs on the lyric stage. They spend years and thousands of dollars of their own, or of their too enthusiastic and credulous friends—usually the latter—in fitting themselves for the opera-house. They go abroad to Leipzig, Milan, or Paris, and get all that study and instruction can give them. Glowing letters, private and journalistic, are written home from time to time, chronicling their progress, and predicting their future triumphs. By and by the eagerly anticipated début is made at Würzburg or Forli, or Bésançon, and is heralded far and wide as a prodigious and dazzling success. The predestined prima donna returns to her native shores, and paragraphs appear in the society columns and in the weeklies, felicitating the public upon the musical treat that is in store for all capable of appreciation. She manages, through her friends, to undertake *Rosina* or *Amina* at one of the theatres, and several very kindly notices in the press reveal her poverty of performance by trying to hide it in courteous phrase. She afterwards sings at two or three concerts, and her clique of admirers sounds her praises loud and long. Then the great artist sinks out of sight, and it is presently discovered that she is a salaried singer in a fashionable church, and she never rises any higher. How many American artists, for whom everything has been claimed, have had just such an experience? How many more will have it?

The most general and profitless form of musical education in the Republic concerns the piano. The American girl who cannot play on the piano, however badly, is thought to have been inadequately educated. It is of small consequence that she should play with feeling, sympathy or understanding, provided she can master the mechanical part. Hundreds of young ladies, who are pronounced accomplished performers by partial critics, are so absolutely wooden in their method that one might think that machines could be invented to do quite as well. They are correct frequently; they strike the notes clearly and exactly; but beyond that they have no comprehension. Melody, soul, suggestion, warmth, interpretation, sensibility, have no meaning to them; they never guess that these are the essence of all music, that without these music is misnamed. Such forced pianists, if they would wisely employ the time they waste, might learn to do other things creditably for which they are fitted. But they must neglect what they might accomplish for what they never can accomplish. Mental culture, social graces, æsthetic studies, even ordinary branches of education must be neglected, that they may have ample leisure to thrum the keys of a fifteen-hundred-dollar instrument. They may not talk well; they may not be able to write a tolerable letter; they may not be acquainted with the common facts of history. But then you should hear them play! After hearing them once, you think you shouldn't, and you take measures never to be so entrapped again.

Whether you be bored listening to the young ladies' music or not, you are annoyed by being talked to about it in season and out of season. If you visit their parents' house, you are entertained with an account of the number of hours they practice; with what Prof. Weisnichstein has said of their execution; with the indispensableness of their continued studies, etc. You are made to believe them prodigies; and yet the moment they are married their musical enthusiasm evaporates. Marriage is beneficial sometimes in unexpected ways. The piano is a delightful instrument; music is a royal princess of art; but isn't it nearly time that we should learn whether our young ladies have any vocation for music before we drive them through years of fruitless instruction and wasted opportunity?

The Coming Season in New York.

(From the Music Trade Review.)

The month of August has come, and as it can be considered the last month of the hot summer term, managers of opera and concert put their final touches to their arrangements for the musical season, 1877–78. Every one of the managers has his ideas, views and projects, and accordingly makes his own preparations as he deems best, or at least most advantageous for business purposes. The last two seasons were so poor, had to record so many failures, that we are really wondering at the pluck our *entrepreneurs* show in making their plans for the coming season. There is as yet nothing definite as to the details of any of the enterprises; only the outlines are given, and Fourteenth street is daily brooding over new rumors and reports. We only give our readers the sketches of the managerial plans for the next season, and even these under a certain reserve. Managers might change their plans at any moment, and we do not like being held responsible for things beyond our control. Manager J. C. Fryer, the Wagner champion *par excellence*, intends opening a season of German opera in New York, and taking his troupe through the United States. We hardly believe that his répertoire will consist of Richard Wagner only; at least prudence ought to advise a cosmopolitan oariety. His prima donna will be Mme. Pappenheim, his first tenor Charles Adams. Mme. Pappenheim is known, and Charles Adams is an artist of high rank, who will make a success, provided his voice, which never was one of the ringing, metallic, has held out. Adams sang at the Vienna Hofoper more than ten years, and has a versatility of parts which is really wonderful—"Masaniello," "Don Ottavio," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi." He sings everything, and proves in every character the conscientious artist. The rest of Mr. Fryer's company includes the tenors Fritsch and, unfortunately, Werrenrath; Blum as baritone; Wiegand, a gentleman who sang here some ten years ago, with Richard Mulder, as bass; Clara Reinmann, formerly at the opera in Schwerin; Mlle. Tremel, and another lady singer whose name we could not find out. The company is a decided improvement compared with Mr. Fryer's troupe of the Wagner festival, and we should feel gratified, for the sake of the engaged artists, if the season would meet with a success. We hear that Mr. Fryer first intended bringing over here a musical director from Germany, but has abandoned this idea. He did right; a conductor from the Fatherland would have been a drawback for his enterprise. There are many valuable conductors on the other side; but the work of a conductor in this country is so peculiarly shaped, the manner of mounting an opera so entirely different from what is, or, better, how it is done in Europe, that it is an established fact that even inferior musicians, who have lived in America for years, are for an operatic season in the United States more useful conductors than European celebrities. When Hess opened his first Kellogg season of English Opera, he engaged a conductor in England, a very clever musician; after four weeks he was obliged to discharge him, and ac-

cept the services of Frank Howson, a self-made man of very limited ability, but *savoir faire*. We could not learn the name of the conductor Mr. Fryer wants to hire for his operatic enterprise; we only know that the season is to be opened at the New York Academy of Music on October 1st, with Wagner's "Rienzi."

Max Strakosch is this season the protector of home talent. He opens in September in San Francisco with concerts, and after a stay of six weeks in California forms an opera company (English and Italian), headed by Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Cary. Among the artists of his troupe are Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Verdi, or Mr. Green, a young baritone, who is very favorably reported, and Mr. Graf, a tenor, who left this country a few years ago, with the intention of following the operatic career in Germany. Three years ago Mr. Graf could neither sing nor walk. We suppose he learned walking soon enough in a country where nearly everybody is, has been, or will be a soldier; how far his vocal abilities have been developed in Mayence or Cologne, where the American tenor was active, we shall hear when, in December, Mr. Strakosch will produce his troupe in New York, as it is said, *not* in the Academy of Music.

Hess, the former manager of Mlle. Kellogg, made up a somewhat cheap English opera company. His star is a certain Miss Melville, whom he found in California; Mr. and Mrs Seguin, and Mr. Castle, form the stock, and the manager has gone to Europe, with the view of completing his *ensemble*. We do not know whether or not the city of New York will be honored by Mr. Hess's troupe, but it would be a pity if we had to renounce the pleasure of listening to the genial strains of Operti's "Daniel Druce." Operti made a bold step forward—from Josh Hart's Varieties in Central Park Garden to the conductorship of Mr. Hess's opera company; the question will arise which he was best suited for.

There is some talk here about a real Italian Opera Company, which is to play during four weeks in the fall under the management of the Parisian Verger. This gentleman has engaged Mme. Volpini and a strong company for Havana, and is not unwilling to give a series of performances in New York on his way South.

We should not wonder if Mlle. Sasse, the original "Africaine," belongs to the same company; we read in French papers that she has accepted an engagement for America, and we hardly know anybody but Verger who could have made her such an offer. We do not know far the negotiations between Mr. Verger and the stockholders of our Academy are completed, but we hope that they will end satisfactorily for Verger, and especially for our public; it would be very acceptable for our music-loving people to have some performances of a really good Italian troupe, something which has not existed for the last two years in New York.

Maurice Strakosch is said to have offered Marie Roze an engagement for America, but that does not prove anything. Strakosch would *offer* engagements to any singer in the world. Thursby, Roze, Patti, and, who knows, how many more! Thursby dreams of her hundred thousand dollars Strakosch promised to pay her. Marie Roze preferred an engagement in Europe, and Adelina Patti—well, we don't know about her yet. Most assuredly, while we are writing these lines, Maurice Strakosch sits in the boudoir of his sister-in-law, and uses all the eloquence of his sweet phrases, which might persuade her to cross the ocean. We expect her arrival on our shores at a much earlier date than that of Richard Wagner, who is said to be negotiating with Bernhard Ullman about a professional trip to America. Some weeks ago a telegram from St. Louis ran through the papers of the Union, that Wagner had declared to his friend, Professor Bernays, in Munich, his intention of visiting our country professionally. This telegram was manufactured by a nephew of the Munich professor, and the latter declares, suddenly, in a letter addressed to Mr. Fryer, that Wagner never had spoken to him about such an idea, and he only occasionally mentioned, when his nephew lately visited Europe, to him the possibility of such an undertaking. The nephew took this possibility as a fact, and humbugged the entire press of the country. We do not believe in Wagner ever coming to America, and, more than that, we cannot conceive the advantages of the great operatic reformer's stay with us. His works have found a home in our country, and the man himself should better stay away. As long as Wagner speaks to us through his ideas, we adore[!!] him; the *man* cannot command sympathy. Besides, Wagner is too old, and the failurs he made as conductor in London might be easily repeated here. The enthusiasts, of course, will say we are wrong, but partisans are always blind, and lose their mental equilibrium. What ruined Hans von Bülow in this country? That he showed too much of the *man*, instead of being satisfied with his artistic successes. After all, Ullman did not yet bring Wagner, and Maurice Strakosch has not yet engaged Patti. But the Monday Popular Concerts in Steinway Hall will be under Maurice's management. What these Monday Popular Concerts will amount to is not decidedly clear to our understanding. All we can make out is, that they will take place on Mondays; the "Concerts" and the "Popularity" are somewhat misty yet. If they are made after the pattern of the corresponding London enterprise in St. James' Hall, Strakosch would do well in securing for the string-quartet the services of Joachim, Wilhelmj, Mme. Neruda, and other violinists of fame.

Theodore Thomas will appear this winter for the first time as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and at the same time continue his own Symphony Concerts in Steinway Hall. We smell evil in this dualistic activity, and should be too glad if we, at the end of next season, could record our mistake. Dr. Damrosch, the ex-conductor of the Philharmonic band, entertains the idea of organizing a new orchestra, and it would be highly interesting if New York suddenly could boast of three large orchestral societies. The Oratorio Society will be the *cheval de bataille* of Dr. Damrosch, and we have no doubt that this comparatively young organization will turn out next winter in full force.

The Choral Union, German Liederkranz, Arion, some glee-clubs, will appear before the public in some concerts, and of the numerous concerts of instrumentalists and vocalists in Steinway Hall, Chickering Hall, and other minor concert-rooms, it is too soon to speak now. They will come each and every one of them, and will play and sing before half-filled and empty houses, and will feel pride in having appeared before the New York public with the satisfaction of having lost a couple of hundred dollars. Those things happen every season, and the next one will not be lacking in them. Those concerts depend on personal friends; the public at large wants to have nothing to do with them, and even considers the offer of complimentary tickets for those entertainments (?) an insult. Nevertheless the names of the "distinguished artists" appear on posters, in newspapers, and programmes, and Vanity is satisfied.

Mr. Punch's Select Committees.

No. V.—On Music—of the Present, and of the Future. Mrs. Hazy Highfaluter *examined*.

Q. I understand you are passionately devoted to music?

A. For many years I have made the tone-art my *spécialité*.

Q. What do you mean by the "tone-art?"

A. I mean what you would scarcely, I fear, understand, as music. I mean the form that music now takes to the higher, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the more Teutonic order of intelligences.

Q. Do you yourself belong to this order?

A. I am Teutonic, though of the English or lower branch of that great world-family.

Q. May I take it that you have for many years devoted yourself to music?

A. I prefer the phrase "tone-art."

Q. Have your studies and practice been in the vocal or instrumental branches of music?

A. In neither.

Q. Is there any other?

A. Yes; the most important—the æsthetic and appreciative. I conceive it to be my mission to prepare the way for the tone-art of the Future.

Q. Will you define the tone-art of the Future?

A. It defies definition. I should describe it as a mighty system of spiritual æronautics, meant to lift up the soul to the sublime regions of supersensuous harmony, above the gross and earthly restraints of received form in composition, and the vulgar attractions of sustained melody.

Q. I am afraid I must ask you to explain your answer?

A. I decline explanation. I am attempting to give you an idea of the musical standpoint of the higher æsthetic school of tone-art.

Q. In whom do you find this embodied?

A. Wagner is the present embodiment of the tone-art of the Future. Amongst past composers I have no doubt I should class Gluck very high, if I knew his music. I also rank Berlioz and Liszt amongst those who, in the morning twilight of tone-art, anticipated its noonday brightness.

Q. What do you especially admire in the music of Wagner?

A. It is difficult to make this apparent to the uninitiated. But I claim generally for his music—it is difficult to avoid the expression, though I am aware we attach very different ideas to the word—an epic grandeur of intention, with a symbolizing at once of sense by sound, and an uplifting of sound above sense, combined with a subtlety, variety, and color of instrumentation, which gives a new value to the orchestral interpretation of passion and poetry, and throws new tone-lights on man, mind, and nature.

Q. Will you kindly attempt to make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I fear I can hardly expect you to understand me. The subject belongs to the domain of the higher æsthetic, and requires special cultivation of abstract subjectivity. As such subjectivity becomes the fashion, I have no doubt the faculties requisite for its application will be developed. I find this to be usually the case.

Q. Probably I need hardly ask if you admire the music of earlier operatic composers.

A. I do not. The German tone-poets, as Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, may have had occasional glimpses of the higher regions of tone-art; but the Italians are hopelessly condemned to wallow in the mud of sustained melody, and the fetters of fixed form. The French are still further below contempt.

Q. Do you admit within your pale Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, or, in fact, any English composer?

A. Certainly not. They are essentially defective from the stand-point of the higher tone-art—mere writers of tunes, contented wallowers in the melodic bathos.

Q. What do you mean by the "melodic bathos?"

A. The region of recurrent rhythmical form, delightful to the vulgar ear, ere it is cultivated to perception of the higher tone-art.

Q. You have said you conceive it to be your mission to prepare the way for the music—I beg your pardon—the tone-art of the Future. How is this to be effected?

A. By carrying musical fashion a stage higher than even the most serious musical *matinées* do at present.

Q. What is a musical *matinée?*

A. In the popular sense, an assemblage of people of the most various tastes in a crowded drawing-room on a hot afternoon in the height of the season to listen to amateur musical talent.

Q. Taking place in the afternoon, why are these assemblies called "*matinées?*"

A. Everything is called a "*matinée*" that takes place before dinner.

Q. What is the entertainment usually provided at these "*matinées?*"

A. At my own, and those of the school of higher æsthetic to which I belong, all but the higher elements of tone-art—the Wagnerian *répertoire*—is rigidly excluded. In other houses, even of high pretensions to musical culture, the staple is what is called "classical music." If there is a daughter of the house having pretensions to a voice, an occasional operatic solo, or a song by one of the fashionable English composers—as Sullivan or Molloy—must of course be introduced for her.

Q. Will you oblige me by defining "classical music?"

A. I would rather leave that to those who still believe in it. It includes, I should say, the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and some modern composers—in particular, Raff and Brahms. But this, I should explain, is far above the standard of these *matinées*. At a large number the lower forms of Italian operatic music are alone indulged in; while some even descend to the degradation of French *opera-bouffe* compositions.

Q. How is the music usually interpreted at these *matinées*, whether of the higher or lower order?

A. By an amateur quartette band, if one can be got together, with, or without the instrumental aid of professionals. The vocal element is, as a rule, also amateur. Besides the daughters of the house, and any of their friends not likely to interfere with the success of the performances, it is of importance to secure, for these occasions, the fashionable amateur tenor (who is said to be thinking of adopting the opera as a profession), the popular baritone (who sings Santley's songs), or, in some cases of a still lower order of taste, the comic gentleman (who is thought as good as Corney Grain). I know such things are done—from report. I never attend any of these so-called "musical" entertainments myself.

Q. Are such *matinées musicales* largely attended?

A. Very largely indeed, I am sorry to say, if I may trust report; but the music of the Future is rapidly overtaking that of the Present. My own Æsthetic Zukunft's-musik-mornings, for instance, which appeal only to the higher order of musical appreciation, and are very largely and even fashionably attended, are confined, as I have said, to selections from Wagner.

Q. Is this as yet equally fashionable with the so-called classical music?

A. Not yet, perhaps, but it is rapidly becoming so. The tide has set in the right—or Wagnerian—direction. And "set of the tide" is everything in a maritime country like England.

[*The witness (who had listened to the questions through an ear-trumpet) here withdrew.*]

Richard Wagner's Toilet at Home.—His Letters to a Dressmaker.*

The piquant feuilleton concerning Richard Wagner, which I informed you would shortly appear, was published on Saturday in the *Neue freie Presse*. Spitzer, the well-known author of the *Wiener Spaziergänge*, has thoroughly worked out the materials at his command, and not let slip so favorable an op-

*From the Berlin *Echo*, (translated in the London *Musical World*.)

portunity for displaying, under Bengal fire, Wagner's character from a perfectly new point of view. In the preface to some articles which he entitles *Censuren*, and which, by the way, are utter failures, Wagner says: "But my object in this collection is something more serious than to write books; I am desirous of rendering an account of myself to my friends, so that they may be enlightened with regard to much that is difficult to be understood in me." Spitzer desires to assist the composer in carrying out the above notion, and, perhaps, the fact of some one else besides himself devoting his energies to the task, which the composer considers so exceedingly serious, of contributing to our enlightenment respecting him, may get over the objectionable circumstance of the public's seeing the composer only in the light in which he considers it advisable to be seen. Painters and sculptors have idealized away from his head all the mean and ugly traits which force themselves upon the spectator at the first glance; his partisans, too, have surrounded Wagner, the man, with a nimbus, which encircles him with a brilliancy rendering him unrecognizable; and though anyone who can read may discover his real character in his writings, the master has protected the products of his mind, as Wotan protects his daughter, the Walkyre, with a "flickering glow" of wearisomeness, verbal inflation, and obscureness of thought, against the reader "der frech es wagte, dem freislichen Felsen zu nahen."

Wagner, in pink satin drawers, white satin jacket, richly padded pink satin dressing-gown, with a satin sash, five ells long! Who would have believed it possible!—Spitzer takes his "materials" from a collection of sixteen letters written by Wagner. He calls his article "Letters from Richard Wagner to a Dressmaker." Nothing can be happier than the motto which heads the article, "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!" † (*Walküre*, Act I., Hunding). Spitzer says, "In a catalogue lately published by a dealer in autographs of a highly interesting collection of original musical manuscripts, I found offered, for sale, sixteen letters 'of a peculiar nature' written by Richard Wagner in the years 1865–1868." I am in a position to supplement what Spitzer tells us. The well-known composer, K., in Vienna, a zealous collector of and dealer in many things, especially coins and musical manuscripts, came into possession, heaven knows how, of these sixteen letters from Wagner, to which were added three or four letters of similar purport from the pen of Mdme. Kosima. In his catalogue, which was distributed a fortnight since, and comprised manuscripts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, etc., the following notice appeared towards the end: "*Wagner, Richard:* 16 Letters, mostly from Lucerne in Switzerland, with some from Munich and its environs, dating from the years 1865–1868, and one of the year 1864, from Penzing (near Vienna)—all these letters are of a peculiar nature—with 9 interesting documents extra, relating to them." "The somewhat high price demanded for these letters," as Spitzer tells us further on: "slightly diminished my wish to purchase them, though it greatly increased my curiosity, and, as the latter was luckily shared by the editor of the *Neue freie Presse*, I was soon enabled to buy the letters and publish them for the amusement of the numerous readers of the paper." This piece of information, also, I can amplify. The letters were purchased by a private person for 100 florins, and passed from him into the hands of Herr Spitzer; unless, as is more probable, they were bought for Herr Spitzer at first.

But I will no longer keep your readers in ignorance as to the contents of the letters, and you may as well have two or three printed. All the others turn on the same subject, and mostly contain fresh orders.

Dear Miss Bertha,—I am sorry to say that I cannot let you have anything this week, for matters are not going on at all as I could wish, and I shall have probably to be up and stirring to look after my affairs in other places myself. But do not be under any apprehension. Believe me that I am most desirous of fully satisfying and recompensing you, the very instant it is possible, for your patience. On this you may rely. Respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Penzing, 22nd March, 1864.

This was succeeded soon afterwards by the following from Starnberg:—

When I saw you last May in Vienna, you expressed a wish to receive further orders from me.

I feel myself still under obli... ... to you; furthermore, you are acquainted with the models which I use for my house clothes, etc., and it is difficult to find here a good stock of materials from which to choose; besides I prefer having some one to supply me. If, therefore, you like to furnish me permanently for the future with what I want, I am contented; only I should desire both for this, as well as for all you may lay out, as the latter cannot be calculated in advance, an annual account, which I should always settle at the end of the year. If you can comply with my wishes, I would at once let you have some orders. In this case, I should feel much obliged by your giving me the information I require about the following things:—

1. Can you obtain at Szontag's a good heavy satin, of the light brown color I enclose?
2. Likewise of the dark pink?
3. Can a good quality of the enclosed light pink be had for from 4 to 5 florins?
4. The same for the blue, only I should like it lighter; by no means darker.
5. Has Szontag a sufficient stock of the new red or crimson colored heavy satin, with which you lined my white dressing gown (with the flowered pattern?)
6. Have you still any of the dark yellow, of which we made the curtains for the little tables?

Please let me have proper patterns, in small pieces, of these 6 colors and fabrics and, at the same time, be kind enough to inform me whether you can entertain my proposal. I should like you to do so, because such a plan is the most convenient for me, and its adoption would enable me to give you constant employment.

I trust you have still the patterns for the cut of my clothes.

In expectation of your answer, I remain respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

For the present: Starnberg near Munich.

P.S.—Do not confound No. 2. the dark pink, with the old violet pink, which is not what I mean, but real pink, only very dark and fiery.

Passing over intermediate orders for satin trowsers, satin jackets, satin coverlets, and so on, we come to the following:—

Dear Miss Bertha,—Tell me exactly how much money I should have to send, for you to make a dressing gown according to the accompanying directions? The color must be pink, like one of the accompanying patterns, which I have marked 1 and 2, so that you may calculate the prices of both, for I suspect they are not the same. That marked No. 2 is somewhat stiff and slight in the back—probably of Austrian manufacture—but the color pleases me. So—an exact estimate. Of the blue, I select some of the accompanying patterns which I return. I hope it is not too dear: I require 18 ells. In case the money intended for the fresh purchases is not sufficient, I now forward 25 thalers more, which you will be kind enough to put down to my account. Send me with the blue satin at least 10 florins' worth more of the very narrow blond, which was forgotten, for shirt trimming, you know, about an inch wide.

Mad. von Bülow wants her bill for the portfolio, and will settle it immediately. So—how much would the dressing-gown, of which I enclose a specification, cost me? Best greetings. Your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Lucerne, the 1st February, 1867.

Pink satin, stuffed with eiderdown and quilted in squares, like the grey and red coverlet which I had of you; exactly that substance, light, not heavy; of course, with the upper and under material quilted together. Lined with light satin; six widths at the bottom, therefore very wide. Then put on extra, not sewn on to the quilted material—a padded ruching all round of the same material; from the waist the ruching must extend downwards into a raised facing (or garniture), cutting off the front part.

Study the drawing carefully: at the bottom the facing or *Schopp*, which must be worked in a particularly rich and beautiful manner, is to spread out on both sides to half an ell in width, and then, rising to the waist, lose itself in the ordinary width of the padded ruching which runs all round. At the side of the raised facing, three or four rosettes of the same material. The sleeves, like the last you made for me in Geneva, with padded edging—rich; in front a rosette, with a broader and richer one inside at the bottom of the part which hangs down. In addition to this, a broad sash five ells long, the full breadth of the material at the ends, only somewhat narrower in the middle; the shoulders narrower, so that the sleeves shall not pull; you know. So at the bottom, six widths (quilted), and on each side a facing half an ell broad in front. So at the bottom, six widths and an ell broad.

This letter is the gem of the collection; it is something unique, since it contains two pen-and-ink sketches by the master, namely: a sketch of the pink satin dressing-gown padded with eiderdown, a magnificent garment, in which any court lady would create a *furore*, as well as a smaller one of the scarf five ells long, which only makes us anxious lest the wearer, who is small in stature, should stumble over it as he walks along. The sketch of the dressing-gown reveals extraordinary accomplishments after the best models in the books of fashion. The "quilted squares" are executed in light lines and display great tenderness of feeling. The "raised facing" and "rosettes" exhibit broad handling of the pen and an energetic hand. The "padded facing" in front is fantastically executed—after the manner of Callot. And what life in the whole! The master's love for his work has lent animation to the latter, as Pygmalion's did to the statue. Nay; this dressing-gown has a soul; the eiderdown pulsates in the quilted squares; the ruchings are not padded, they are puffed out with sentiment; the rosettes breathe again! I must leave to my fair readers the task of studying more minutely the dressing-gown, that to this interesting object (the photographed sketch is shortly to be published, and given as a supplement to the books of fashions) I may quote something diametrically opposite, which shows us the master in quite a different toilet.

In the *Frankfurter Wochenblatt*, Adolf Oppenheim publishes a short article entitled, "*From Richard Wagner's Stormy Years*," and relates how, among the stock of a peripatetic vendor of old books, he came across a bundle of documents containing sketches of the charge of high treason brought, in 1848, against the Royal Chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, and the draught of the warrant for his apprehension. Wagner, the democrat, the revolutionist, and the composer of *Rienzi*; Wagner, who sounded the tocsin for the attack upon the Dresden Arsenal, looked quite different. The description of him in the warrant ran thus:—

"Wagner is from thirty-seven to thirty-eight years old, middle height, with brown hair and open forehead; eyes, greyish blue, nose and mouth well proportioned; chin, round; wears spectacles. Peculiar marks by which he may be known; quick and rapid both in his movements and way of talking. Dress: Overcoat of dark grey buckskin, trousers of black cloth, velvet waistcoat, silk neck-handkerchief, ordinary felt hat and boots."

I cannot say that the composer of *Rienzi* in an ordinary felt hat and boots appeals largely to my sympathies. He pleases me infinitely better in the character of poet-composer of the *Götterdämmerung*, as we see him to-day, in pink satin Walkyre dressing gown, six widths and an ell at the bottom with a satin sash five ells long!

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

(To be Continued.)

† "How like the woman!"

VIENNA. During the theatrical year just concluded and extending from the 20th August, 1876, to the 30th June, 1877, the Imperial Opera-house gave 261 performances. Nineteen evenings were devoted to ballet exclusively; four to concerts; and three to mixed performances. The list of operas given includes 52, representing 22 composers, as follows: R. Wagner, 37 performances with 6 operas; Meyerbeer, 34 with 6; Verdi, 29 with 5; Rossini, 15 with 3; Donizetti, 13 with 6; Brüll, 12 with 1; Gounod, 12 with 2; Auber, 12 with 4; Mozart, 11 with 3; Boieldieu, 10 with 1; Ambroise Thomas, 10 with 2; Bellini, 7 with 2; Bizet, Goldmark, and Kretschmer, 5 with 1; Schubert, 4 with 1; Weber, 4 with 2; Marschner, 3 with 1; Beethoven, 2 with 1; Halévy, 2 with 1; Nicolai, 2 with 1; Schumann, 1 with 1. *Die Walküre* was performed 13 times; *Das goldene Kreuz*, 12; *Les Huguenots La Dame Blanche*, 10 each; *Robert le Diable, Aïda, Il Trovatore*, 9 each; *Tannhäuser, Faust*, 8 each; *Lohengrin, Guillaume Tell, La Muette*, 7 each; *Le Prophète, L'Africaine, Mignon*, 6 each; *Der fliegende Holländer, Die Zauberflöte, Don Juan, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Ernani, Norma, La Reine de Saba, Carmen, Die Folkunger*, 5 each; *La Traviata, Hamlet, Romeo et Juliette, Der katholische Krieg*, 4 each; *Die Meistersinger, Der Freischütz, Semiramide, Lucrezia Borgia, Le Philtre, Lucia, Ballo in Maschera, Hans Heiling*, 3 each; *L'Etoile du Nord, Rigoletto, Fidelio, La Favorita, La Sonnambula, Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor, La Juive*, twice each; and *Rienzi, Le Nozze di Figaro, Oberon, Dinorah, Don Pasquale, Linda di Chamounix, Le Domino Noir, La Part du Diable, Manfred*, once each. After being a member of it for only a very short time, Mdme. Luise Jaide no longer belongs to the company at the Imperial Operahouse. *Die Walküre* will not be performed again before September, as Mdme. Ehnn, will not return till then, and the management is loth to alter the original cast.

The Opera—"Le Roi de Lahore"—The Grand Opera House.

[From Miss Brewster's Letter to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

CHATEAU DE KERUHIC, COTES DU NORD, BRETAGNE, FRANCE, JULY 25th, 1877.—I went to the Grand Opera House while in Paris last week, and saw the fine scenic opera *Le Roi de Lahore*. The music is not of much value, or at least so it seemed to my ears. It is hardly fair to give first impressions for criticisms, especially when they are confused by many other objects also making their impressions. Nevertheless, I think of the music as vague and unmelodious. There is a waltz in the second act in the Paradise scene that is much admired, but its rhythm or rather accent is most undignified, more like a Scotch jig than a heavenly melody. But the scenic display was magnificent. The singers, however, were the ugliest persons ever put on the stage;

they sang well, but they were so brutally displeasing to the sight, that it was difficult to accept their good singing, except with eyes shut. Madame de Reské, the prima donna, "Sita," had a form that was as repulsive as her face, which is saying a good deal, for she was the homeliest woman I ever saw. She sang and acted honestly, however, had a good voice, correct execution, and a thorough conception of her part, and was dressed exquisitely. The original tenor was Salomon, but another singer supplied his place who was a most ignoble-looking person; it was impossible to sympathize with his wrongs or his love affairs. The baritone, the villain of the piece, Scindia (La Salle), was a little better favored, and sang the best solo in the opera, "Sita, rêve de ma vie," with a great deal of tenderness and feeling.

The story of the opera you know. The lover, Alim, King of Lahore, is killed by his Prime Minister, who usurps the kingdom and takes possession of the queen, Sita. The true king, Alim, goes to Paradise. Indra, the Supreme God, allows him to return to earth for a day, but not as a king, and Sita's lot and his are to be united; if she is unfaithful and perjured, she will die, and he will suffer the torments she will receive. He accepts these conditions, but luckily he finds his mistress faithful to him; she stabs herself to escape the power of their common enemy, Scindia, and they leave the world happy together. Paradise is a very gorgeous place, the spirits of the blest made perfect are most unlike any Christian notions of such beings, but quite to the level of what we are told is the Mahomedan idea of hereafter.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Grand Opera House is a marvellous construction. The architecture of the auditorium, though grandiose and superb, means nothing; it does not seem adapted to its purpose; indeed, the audience are quite out of place in it, and the divisions of the *palchi* or boxes look like the fantastical separations of a gigantic *bonbonnière*. I wished to remove the audience entirely. I am sure the place would be more effective without people. It looks like some semi-barbaric building of far-off Assyrian or Hebrew days, a great edifice meant for unknown or forgotten rites and ceremonies; some strange worship of the God Pleasure, and the auditorium might well be passages for high priests and priestesses to sweep through on their way to the altar upon the stage. The decorations have a curious grandeur, but all rules, all classic or any other known models, seem to have been thrown to the wind. The character of these decorations too, corresponds with the wild barbaric effect of the whole. You know, of course, the style of architecture and decoration of this much talked-of building, so no use in my taking up space in describing it. I will only mention one or two peculiarities. The row of marble masks, a sort of Hermæ, that runs around the auditorium, are ghastly things; they look like death's heads—*memento mori;* and some of the faces are those of dead courtesans. The huge figures over the pediments have a mad, wild, frenzied look, thin, breathless, passion-worn, most unlike the grand repose that characterizes the Michel Angelesque figures we are accustomed to seeing resting on the lofty pediments in St. Peter's and on Roman buildings. Those of Rome are unreal creations and quite unnatural, judged from human rules; but they are gods and goddesses, beings of a visionary world, such as a fine poetic imagination might conceive them; but the figures in the Grand Opera House, even Carpeaux's great group, are representations of human beings maddened by the pursuit of human pleasures.

Late as the season was, there was quite an audience and some distinguished persons were pointed out to me: Madame Garnier, wife of General Garnier; the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld and Monsieur and Madame de Courcelles. De Courcelles was the former French ambassador near the Vatican; Madame de Courcelles is the granddaughter of General de La Fayette.

The staircase of the Opera House is a beautiful construction: it is said to be the finest one ever built. The foyer, too, is very grand. They both look as if made for vast crowds of human beings, who should be forever going and coming, ascending and descending. The decorations are magnificent; everything is real; there is no shabby tinsel and make-believe; superb marbles, fine decorative paintings, glittering mosaics, splendid vases, columns, galleries, balconies and a richness of ornament which is quite foreign to the ideas of good taste that one learns in monumental Rome, but which seems quite in keeping with the place. I thought of "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." In such a building Berenice and her court might have worshiped when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. And it is after all a great Hebrew temple of pleasure; for every good place in it seems to belong to the rich Jewish bankers or to their children, who hold fine titles in the New Jerusalem, as Paris is now called. The box I was in, one of the best in the house, belonged to one of "the chosen people." No need for the Jews to go to Palestine to rebuild their lost city; they have a grand enough one on the banks of the Seine.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON. We take the following from Mr. H. C. Lunn's review of the London Musical Season in the August number of the *Musical Times*.

We could scarcely point to a fact more confirming our impression that "Italian Opera" is almost "played out," as the Americans say, in this country than that of the small effect created by Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" at the Royal Italian Opera during the past season. That vocalists of various nations should be assembled at a lyrical establishment in England to sing a German opera translated into Italian evidently begins to appear a monstrous absurdity to those who are not swayed by their old-world prejudices; and the consequence is that, although Mr. Carl Rosa reckoned the "Flying Dutchman," at the Lyceum, in the English tongue one of his greatest successes, Mr. Gye found "Il Vascello Fantasma," at the Covent Garden Opera, in the Italian tongue a comparative failure. But on the whole the season has been neither better nor worse than its many predecessors under the same management. The lessee has redeemed his promise that "three at least" of the Operas named in the prospectus would be produced; for, in addition to Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma" ("Flying Dutchman,") we have had Nicolai's "Le Vispe Comari (Merry Wives) di Windsor," and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's "Santa Chiara," the presentation of the last-named work being evidently due to an influence quite apart from that which should rule the actions of an operatic *impresario*. It was of course natural that, having encountered so many obstacles in securing the services of Signor Gayarre, he should be placed at once in the highest position, for it was necessary to prove that he was a tenor worth fighting for; but to sit in judgment nightly for the purpose of ascertaining accurately whether his merits sufficiently balanced his defects was found by the audience not a very agreeable duty; and the reception of Signor Nicolini, who, although not a Mario, is a very excellent and reliable tenor, amply showed that the sensational and unequal vocalism of the new comer was becoming a little tiresome. The decisive success of Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg as *Mrs. Ford*, in Nicolai's Opera, "Le Vispe Comari di Windsor," is a remarkable proof how by zealous and conscientious study a vocalist with natural gifts can qualify herself for a position for which at first she may be believed incompetent. That, through the interest of mistaken friends, or from want of judgment on her own part, Mdlle. Thalberg made her *début* on the operatic stage at too early a period of her vocal training can scarcely admit of a doubt; and we are glad therefore that the public has extended to her an indulgence which has often been denied to other talented but immature artists who have from time to time appeared before us. Signor Pandolfini, who made his first appearance as the *Jester* in "Rigoletto," and Signor Ordinas, whose *début* as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" was highly successful, will doubtless be members of the company next season; but, although other aspirants for public favor were well received, we question whether any will be heard of again. Mdlle. Marimon has, strangely enough, appeared too rarely for her many admirers; but Mdlle. Albani has in several parts materially advanced her already high reputation, her performance of *Senta*, in Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma," being especially worthy of praise, both vocally and histrionically. Madame Patti has been, as usual, a powerful attraction; and Signori Marini and Carpi have given much strength to the tenor department. M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Graziani, Cotogni, and Bagagiolo are well known as thoroughly dependable vocalists, and their services have been of the utmost value during the season, the singing of the first-named artist as the *Dutchman* in "Il Vascello Fantasma" being extremely good. The two Conductors, Signori Vianesi and Bevignani, have worked zealously during the season, and both band and chorus are entitled to warm commendation.

Not only should every indulgence be granted to Mr. Mapleson for any shortcomings during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, but the utmost sympathy must be felt for him in consideration of the position in which he was placed by the illness of Mdlle. Tietjens. We have reason to believe that Cherubini's "Medea" and Gluck's "Armida" were in preparation; but as the heroine of both these works was incapacitated from singing, they were reluctantly laid aside, and the lessee was compelled to present his subscribers with the well-known operas which he knew could be safely cast and cordially welcomed, although we can scarcely forgive him for the non-production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," seeing that the services of M. Faure and Madame Christine Nilsson were perfectly available. The absence of so great an artist as Mdlle. Tietjens it might be expected would throw a cloud over the season, the influence of which would be universally felt; and Mr. Mapleson, in engaging Mdlle. Gerster, certainly did all that could be done under the circumstances, for he knew that Madame Christine Nilsson would be sure to attract whenever she appeared, and he has thus been enabled to carry through the whole of his subscription season, and some extra nights also, with very decided success. The marked impression produced by Mdlle. Gerster is not, we think, of that kind which will easily pass away. Her singing is remarkably pure and unexaggerated; and, although we could occasionally desire a little more of that warmth of expression which lends additional eloquence to even the most perfectly executed phrases, we are certain that her exceptional powers have been duly recognized, and that her reappearance next season will be anxiously expected. Mdlle. Chiomi and Mdlle. Salla have won their way to a fair position; the return of Mdlle. Mila Rodani has been warmly welcomed, but Signor Talbo must be mentioned as a vocalist who has gradually worn out the welcome accorded him on his *début*. Mdlle. Alwina Valleria deserves something more than "honorable mention," for her services during the season have been of the utmost value. Not only has she thoroughly proved her efficiency in all the parts for which she was cast, but on one occasion, when Madame Christine Nilsson was indisposed, she sang the music of *Lucia* so well as fairly to earn the warm applause of an audience scarcely predisposed to be satisfied with any substitute for the favorite artist announced. Signor Tamberlik brings to us a voice too much worn to bear the strain of singing through an entire opera, but his artistic feeling makes itself felt with those who can still admire a true style. Signor Wachtel has undoubtedly a fine vocal organ, but there is a want of refinement in his delivery of every phrase which prevents his ever touching our sympathies. Both artists, however, have been well received; and with Signor Fancelli—who has been singing better than ever during the season—the tenor department has been very fairly represented. The engagement of M. Faure has proved of the utmost importance in the cast of several operas, his *Don Giovanni* being unquestionably unequalled by any artist on the lyric stage; and the co-operation of the well-known favorites of this company (Madame Trebelli more especially) has been most valuable to the lessee under the unusually trying circumstances of the past season. The band, under the able direction of Sir Michael Costa, has been thoroughly satisfactory; and the chorus, although at times somewhat coarse, on the whole fairly efficient.

Notes from the Continent.

Referring to the performances in connection with the recent meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein at Hanover, mention should be made of the representation, extending over four successive evenings, of Goethe's "Faust," with the incidental music by Lassen, a work which in its complete form had only once before been performed some time ago at Weimar. In view of the costly and ostentatious representations at Bayreuth last year of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which likewise occupied four days, the tardy justice thus rendered to one of the greatest masterpieces of all ages becomes the more conspicuous. The German press is unanimous in its praise of the very artistic and liberal manner in which the drama was placed on the stage, presenting as it does, especially in its second part, a series of difficulties which would seem to be almost insurmountable. In estimating the importance of this

event the fact should also be taken into consideration that from a financial point of view a representation of this kind must always remain a failure.

Franz Liszt, who has long since retired from the sphere of active *virtuosi*, has greatly added to the long list of his enthusiastic admirers by his exceptional appearance at the pianoforte, both on the occasion of the above meeting at Hanover and latterly also at Jena. The fascination which this unique artist exercised of old upon his audience seems to have increased rather than diminished, if we are to judge by the reports published in some of the German papers.

Preparations on a large scale are being made at the Munich Court Theatre for the performance in 1878 of the entire "Ring des Nibelungen." The first and second part of the Tetralogy have already been several times given at the Bavarian capital, and the contemplated representation of the complete work during next year will be preceded by the separate production of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Herr Wagner, after his recent stay at Ems for the purpose of recruiting his health, intends spending some weeks in Switzerland, where, says the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, he will find the isolation necessary for the continuance of the work upon which he has been for some time engaged.

A new opera from the pen of Flotow is expected shortly to make its appearance on the German stage. It is entitled "Die Musikanten," the authors of the libretto being MM. Genée and Zell.

It will interest the admirers of Herr Wagner to know that a biography of the poet-composer, from the pen of Herr Glasenapp, has just been published by the firm of C. Maurer, of Leipzig. The work is comprised in two volumes, and contains, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, an abundance of interesting material, presented in an attractive and sympathetic form.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

I.

We trust it will not be many years before our universities embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Harvard at last has *one* Professor of this art and science, and so far is beginning to keep pace with the progress of the times in this direction. But a University so all alive, so many-sided, comprehensive, and so rich in means, should cover under its maternal wing a Complete School of Music, on an equal footing with its Schools of Medicine, of Law, Theology, Natural History, etc. Wealthy would-be public benefactors may do as much good for posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Or equally, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, etc., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these opportunities quite above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, would be as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new school or professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, Ichthyology or Palæontology, do more to refine and humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul supporting in life's feverish and perplexed career, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in our Boston Music Hall, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of all a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, *permanent* fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passionate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. *He* believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never *has* been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art be so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years; let Music become as *widely* prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Several ways occur as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair (as Harvard has done) among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another is to establish a complete School of Music under the wing of a powerful University, which shall give it the guaranty of respectability, of disinterestedness—thereby distinguishing it from the one hundred and one so-called "Conservatories" in this country. (So far a *new* University has got the start in this; we allude, of course, to the Boston University, which has its "College of Music." Another way, and one which might result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large *permanent* Orchestra, under wise and strict, yet liberal conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters. This, however, ought to be part and parcel of the true Music School, College or Conservatory.—The time is riper for the agitation of this subject, than it was when we began it in the early volumes of this Journal. We mean to develop these hints further, and we invite suggestions from others.

Mme. Seiler's School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

We had a very pleasant call the other day from this exceedingly intelligent and enterprising lady, who has devoted herself heart and soul, with all her strength, so many years, in Philadelphia, to the practical illustration of the principles of vocal training laid down in that remarkable work of her's, "The Voice in Singing." Her School—now under her own control exclusively, and which aims to make musicians in a larger sense than that of mere vocalists, seems now to be in the full tide of success and to have made astonishing progress in the short period of three years since it was founded. With several musical gentlemen we had the pleasure of listening to the singing of a couple of her pupils—one a high soprano, the other a rich contralto—both voices, however, being of large compass, very evenly developed, strong, flexible, giving the tone out in such a frank and wholesome manner, as to make one feel that such voices have a long lease of life. The musical intelligence likewise, and the style of rendering choice selections from Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others, was highly satisfactory. And, what is most remarkable, all this beauty and power of tone has been developed, we are told, from voices originally by no means promising. It is probable that these young ladies will be heard from in the concert room next season, —perhaps in this city.

At our request, Mme. Seiler has furnished us with the following brief report of the progress of the School from its commencement.

The School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia owes its origin to the liberality of one gentleman, who expended $500 annually upon the musical education of a number of deserving young men and women, with the view of forming better singers for the church service.

Previous to the opening of the School of Vocal Art, from 1869 to 1874, there were, according to the above arrangement, under the tuition of Madame Seiler, thirty pupils, of whom twenty have won positions as teachers and churchsingers. In view of this favorable result it was decided, with the help of other contributors, to open a School for the training of teachers and artists. This was accomplished on the 5th of January, 1875, beginning with *ten* pupils, to whom were added *seven* more during the winter, independently of *nineteen* others under instruction in separate branches. The number of pupils was constantly increasing, till in June, 1877, at the end of the third season, it was eighty-nine, independently of thirty others taking various branches.

The artistic progress of the School during the last year deserves special notice. In the department of sacred music, such compositions as Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*, *As the Hart pants*, Mozart's 12th *Mass*, etc., have been practiced; besides the Hymns and Chants used in ordinary church service.

The Operas of the *Magic Flute* by Mozart, *Orpheus* by Gluck, and *Oberon* by Weber, have been studied and presented by the pupils, with such attention to style and action as circumstances allowed. It is intended to make this training a prominent feature of the School, thus supplying a well known want in this country, and furnishing some means of overcoming the difficulty that artists for the operatic stage experience in gaining dramatic force and freedom of style.

The spirit of the pupils has been beyond praise. All seem to feel the influence of an artistic musical atmosphere, inciting them to perseverance in study and a generous emulation. This being the highest result of Art, is accepted as the best possible evidence of what the School has accomplished, and what its worth may be for the future.

Nor have the advantages of the School proved to be purely theoretical. A large number of the pupils have already become self-supporting by teaching, singing in choirs, etc. Applications are made at the School for choirs and teachers for institutions in other cities; and this opens another sphere for those who are interested in the higher education of young women aiming to make themselves independent.

In conclusion, there can be no better evidence of the success of the School, than the fact that it has now attained to a condition in which it is self-supporting; it no longer taxes the liberality of its friends.

The English National Anthem.

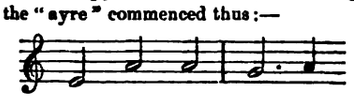
To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music:

The reading of the article in your last issue upon "God Save the King" reminded me of the discussion of this subject in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." If we may allow the authoritative value of this work, we find a ready answer to some of Mr. Moore's queries; whilst your own suggestion of a theory of *growth*, resulting, after various modifications, in a recognized composition, finds considerable support.

The claims of Dr. Bull and of Henry Carey to be considered the authors of this National Anthem appear to be as strong as any. That of the former rests upon a certain manuscript book, dated 1619, containing, among several others, two pieces, one of which, having the title "God Save the King," is founded upon the four notes, *c, g, f, e*, corresponding to the popular cry upon the King's appearance. "These four notes are repeated over and over, with twenty-six different bases, and occupy seven pages of the manuscript."

The other air is very like "God Save the King," but has "no tittle of evidence" to connect the words with the period 1619. As sung at the concerts of Ancient Music and elsewhere it had the following melodic form:—

Mr. Chappell observes that, in its original state the "ayre" commenced thus:—



His examination of the manuscript convinced him that it had been tampered with for the sake of increasing the resemblance to the air now known as "God Save the King." If we allow that he has succeeded in proving this, there remains but little more than a metrical agreement between the two.

The similarity of the Christmas Carol, which is older than Dr. Bull's tune, is to be traced principally in the first four measures of the second part.

The entire air is as follows:—

The notation of "Franklin is fled away," "one of the many tunes from which *God Save the King* has been said to be derived," is thus given by Mr. Chappell:—

Purcell's theme, considered by a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for March, 1796, as the original tune of "God Save the King," or, at least, as furnishing the subject of it, was printed in 1696 in the following manner. The harmony I have omitted.

At least so much of presumptive material was in existence before the time of Carey. The claim of Carey to the authorship of the anthem is thus presented by Chappell:—

About the year 1795, when a pension of £200 a year had been granted to Charles Dibdin, on account of the favorable influence which his naval songs had over the British seamen, George Savile Carey made a journey to Windsor in the hope of a similar recompense. He relates in his *Balusa*, that he was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the purlieus of Windsor Castle, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the Sovereign, thinking it not improbable that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment be bestowed on the offspring of one who had done the state some service." He was met with this answer, "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of GOD SAVE THE KING, that the King is under any obligation to his son." G. S. Carey could not assert anything respecting the authorship from his own knowledge, having been born in 1742, and his father having died in 1743.

Henry Carey is the first person who is recorded as having sung "God Save the King" in public, and he was in the habit of writing both the words and the music of his songs. John Christopher Smith, who composed the music to an opera called *Teraminta*, of which Carey wrote the drama, asserts that Carey took the words and music of "God Save the King" to him, to correct the bass. His evidence is contained in a letter from Dr. Harrington, the celebrated physician and amateur musician of Bath, addressed to G. S. Carey, and dated June 13th, 1795:

"Dear Sir,—The anecdote you mention, respecting your father's being the author and composer of the words and music of 'God Save the King,' is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows: viz., 'that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony.' Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on his authority I pledge myself for the truth of this statement. H. Harington."

The proof of Carey's having sung it in 1740 (five years before it became generally known), rests upon the evidence of Mr. Townsend, who in 1794 stated to Mr. John Ashley, of Bath, that his father dined with Henry Carey at a tavern in Cornhill, in the year 1740, at a meeting convened to celebrate Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello, and that "Carey sang it on that occasion." He adds that "the applause he received was very great, especially when he announced it to be his own composition." (Vide Ashley's letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 1828). This receives some confirmation from the writer of a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1796, who says, "The first time I ever heard the anthem of 'God Save the King' was about the year 1740, on some public occasion at a tavern in Cornhill." (Vide Chappell, pp. 694–5.)

Schoelcher bases his statement in favor of Dr. Bull upon the authority of Richard Clark, who, according to Chappell's representations was untrustworthy.

So also the "*Vive le Roy*" of the French is shown to be simply the patriotic shout which has been common in all nations from the time of the Jewish monarchy to the present. In the annals of English music we have several instances of the recurrence of this shout or cry; as in the anthem for Henry VII:—

"God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be," etc.

in that for Edward VI:—

"King Edward, King Edward,
God save King Edward," etc.;

in that for James I:—

"God Save King James, and still pull downe,
All those that would annoy his crowne;"

in that for Charles I:—

"Let Charles's glorie through England ring,
Let subjects say, 'God save the King.'"

The claim in behalf of Lully is based upon a random assertion in the *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*, a modern French novel!

The claim in behalf of Anthony Young rests on the authority of a Mrs. Henslowe, who received as a legacy the accumulations of a pension granted to the widow of Dr. Arne by George III. This pension, she asserts, was bestowed, not, as we should naturally suppose, because of Dr. Arne's eminence, but because Mrs. Arne was the grand-daughter of Anthony Young, who composed a National Anthem *for the Stuarts*, the reward for which was granted, according to this statement, by a monarch *of the house of Hanover!* We may agree with Chappell that "this claim is too feebly supported to receive any serious attention."

Mr. Moore asks the question: "Why did Dr. Burney say 'the tune was set to music by the Catholic chapel of James II," etc. May it not have been because Benjamin Victor had previously asserted that "the very words and music are an old anthem that was sung at St. James' Chapel for King James II when the Prince of Orange was landed?" But Victor is impeached by Chappell of apparent inaccuracy in this and other statements, as may be seen by reference to page 700 of "Popular Music."

What is known of Henry Carey will not warrant the conclusion that he was a musician of scientific attainments. Neither did he manifest such originality as would raise him above the unconscious expression of the ideas of others. May not this account in some degree for the resemblances between the compositions noted above and the National Anthem accredited to him?

B. D. A.

—*Worcester, Aug. 9th*, 1877.

Summer-Night Concerts in Chicago.—Letter from Theodore Thomas.

(From the Chicago Tribune, July 31.)

On Wednesday evening Mr. Thomas will receive his complimentary benefit, and in this connection his reply to the invitation extended to the citizens will be of special interest. It will be peculiarly gratifying to Chicago and peculiarly ungratifying to New York. Mr. Thomas writes as follows:

CHICAGO, July 28.—*Mr. Wirt Dexter and Others*—GENTLEMEN: In accepting the compliment extended to me in your letter of the 27th, permit me to say, that the cordial welcome I have met with in public and private during my stay this summer has greatly attached me to your city.

When, in 1866, I inaugurated nightly Summer Garden Concerts in New York, I did it with a view of elevating my profession and the public taste for music. In a few years these concerts became a recognized institution of the country. As my repertoire extended, my orchestra had to be increased to meet the enlarged demands of the modern composers. In order to sustain so large an organization, I was obliged to travel a portion of the year, and it was this necessity which first introduced me to the West. But it was New York, Boston and Philadelphia which enjoyed the fruits of all this labor in the shape of the Symphony Concerts, which could never have reached the high standard attained had not the whole country contributed to the support of the organization.

After eleven consecutive years of Summer Night Concerts, I have been obliged to leave New York for want of a suitable hall in which to give them. What New York offered I refused, and what I wanted I could not have. That metropolis not having supplied my needs, I was induced to try the West, and I gladly confess I do not regret the experiment. I find the people here open-hearted, generous, and enthusiastic, and in thanking them through you for their kind appreciation of the labor my colleagues and myself have done here during the last months, it would give me pleasure, circumstances permitting, to return here next summer.

The support we have received justifies me in saying that Chicago is the only city on the continent, next to New York, where there is sufficient musical culture to enable me to give a series of fifty successive concerts.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I will, with your permission, name next Wednesday, Aug. 1, as the evening most convenient for the complimentary concert, and will, with your consent, combine with it a request programme. Very respectfully yours,

THEODORE THOMAS.

(From the Same, Aug. 1.)

Last evening a very large audience was in attendance at the Exposition Building upon the occasion of the second Beethoven night. The programme was a delightful one, opening with selections from the music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," the overture to which is very familiar to concert-goers, as it has been a standing programme piece for years. In addition to the overture there are nine numbers, —two songs, four entr'actes, a larghetto descriptive of *Clara's* death, melodrama, and an allegro con brio. Of these Mr. Thomas selected the overture, entr'actes, the larghetto, and finale. The music was written in 1810, and was first performed in May of that year. The motive of nearly all this music centres about the sorrow of *Clara*, the heroine, but is coupled with that sturdy love of German independence that was always characteristic of Beethoven. In its ensemble it is one of the finest illustrations of Beethoven's dramatic music. One enthusiastic German critic has declared that when Beethoven wrote these fragments he pointed out a new road to art.

The second number was two of the four Equales which Beethoven wrote for four trombones, performed on this occasion by three trombones and tuba (Messrs. Cappa, Boeber, Deis, and Lowack), and transposed by Mr. Thomas to suit the present instruments. The most interesting feature of these two Equales is the fact that they were set to words after Beethoven's death in the form of a Miserere, and sung at his funeral, March 29, 1827. The autograph of these numbers bears date "Linz, Nov. 2, 1812." The 2d of November was All-Soul's Day, in commemoration of which they were written. In massive harmony, genuine antique form, and sublime majesty they are not only solemnly impressive, but colossal. They might have been written for the obsequies of a Titan. The performance of them aroused an enthusiasm that has hardly been equalled this season. It may be added that they were given for the first time in this country last evening.

The third number, closing the first part, was the ever grateful "Adelaide," that most dramatic of all songs, which was sung by Mr. Bischoff in admirable style, with piano accompaniment.

The Symphony chosen for this occasion was the Fifth, in C Minor, one of the grandest of Beethoven's inspirations, and the one most played the world over. The key to its ideas is found in Beethoven's own inscription for the unison commencement of the first movement: "Fate knocks loudly at the portals." It is the old story of every human life. The first movement pictures the struggle of the soul to break through the bonds of pain and misery, the everlasting conflict with destiny. The second paints the consolation of hope. In the third the soul is again beclouded, and darkness sets in. The finale tells of victory, the escape of the soul into the higher regions of earthly happiness, the triumph over fate. It is purely subjective in its motive, and with simple means achieves that emotional result for which Wagner strives so hard, following in the footsteps of the Great Master,—the one working from inspiration, the other from intellect. The Symphony has been played so often here that it is unnecessary to go into any detailed analysis of it. It is pleasanter to acknowledge the obligation to the orchestra and conductor for their noble and dignified interpretation. It is a rare luxury in the present confused condition of our local musical world to hear the Beethoven Symphonies at all, much more to hear them performed as they should be. For this reason the concert-goers will be all the more thankful to Mr. Thomas that this summer he has given them the opportunity of hearing the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh of these great compositions.

The remaining numbers were the overture in C (*Namensfeier*), the Andante Cantabile (Liszt's adaptation), and the Allegro con brio from the *Prometheus* ballet music. Taken all in all, it was a concert which in future will be remembered as one of the most important as well as enjoyable in this remarkable season.

August 2.—The testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Thomas last evening was attended by one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season. The audience both in quantity and quality testified eloquently to the esteem in which Mr. Thomas is held by our concert-goers, and how delighted they are at his announcements for next summer. The programme was an elegant one, including Abert's adaptation of the Bach Prelude, Chorale and Fugue for orchestra; Handel's concerto for two solo violins and 'cello, with Ferdinand David's cadenza, played by Mr. Jacobsohn, Mr. F. Hemmann, and Mr. C. Hemmann; a "Cradle Song" and "Serenade' of Spohr's, also his march from the "Consecration of Tones;" an Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, by Schumann, which is in reality a symphony in three movements; Liszt's glorious symphonic poem of Tasso, "The Lament and Triumph;" Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Caprice;" a song of Lachner's, "Ueberall Du," violin obligato by Mr. C. Hemmann; the ballet music to "Rienzi;" and Schubert's "Erl King," sung by Mr. Bischoff. The testimonial was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion, and one long to be remembered both by Mr. Thomas and his audience. This evening will be devoted to the music of the future, the programme being made up of choice selections from Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, with Mrs. Julia Rivé-King as pianist.

MUSICAL OPTIMISM. A reporter of the San Francisco *Chronicle* who recently visited the industrial school was very much impressed by what he saw and learned there concerning not only the taming but the reforming and refining influence of a "concord of sweet sounds." Attached to the institution is a music teacher who has at all times in active training a number of boys, who perform on the various instruments that make up a brass band. This teacher, who is an intelligent German, and to all appearances an able instructor, testifies to the wonderful efficacy of music in softening the rugged nature of the boys, who are sent to school usually because they are uncontrollable by their parents or guardians. He says he has noticed the singular fact that boys whose aversion to learning was so great that they could not or would not acquire even a knowledge of their "a, b, abs," took hold with evident relish of the comparatively difficult study of theoretical music, and in a very short space of time mastered the notes sufficiently to be able to read a tolerably hard score or piece of music. This seemed to him like a phenomenal phase, and he can only account for it on the ground that a love of music is inherent in the average bad boy. He has usually in training a band of twenty pieces; but he says that this number he could easily augment at any time to two, three or even four times as many, for he very rarely finds a boy that has not a taste for some musical instrument. The greatest trouble he has yet encountered in the formation of his bands is the fact that as soon as his pupils become really proficient they are ready for a discharge for good conduct, the music possessing such an influence for good over them as to completely reform dispositions that would otherwise be incorrigibly bad. Since he has held the position of music teacher at the institution several boys have been discharged for good and promising conduct, who have turned their knowledge of music acquired within the walls of the industrial school to profitable account.

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An affecting ballad in popular style.

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An exquisite idea finely expressed.

When Life is brightest. Vocal Duet. C. 3. E to E. *Pinsuti.* 50
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A very bright duet, and all in praise of summer.

My dear old Home. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to E. *Meyer.* 30
"Oft I think of those dear treasures,
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A simple and very pleasing Home song.

Softly fades the Twilight Ray. Eb. 3. d toE. *Havens.* 30
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Love's Roses. (Die Rose der Liebe.) G. 4. d to g. *Fairlamb.* 30
"These fragrant, blushing roses."
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Rich poetry, both in words and music.

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"And oh! how often, when alone,
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With a fine expression, and with qualities which are sure to secure favor.

When the Tide comes in. E. 4. d to g. *Millard.* 50
"He sailed away at break of day,
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The Dust of a Rose. F. 3. F to F. *Fairlamb.* 30
"It could not bring back the same old time.
No, never! No, never!"
Very rich sentiment to a varied melody.

Roll on, Kalamazoo. Song and Chorus. D. 3. d to F. *Vandercook.* 30
"Free as a bird I roam."
The repitition of the quite musical name of the river, gives a novelty to the chorus and attractiveness to the song.

Good times Come Again. Song and Cho. Eb. 2. E to g. *Hays.* 30
"We gwine to pick de cotton,
An' hoe de sugar cane."
Words, — nonsense, but with the music makes a capital "roust about" or plantation song.

Instrumental.

Vacation Redowa. Bb. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Music Books for Sabbath Schools.

The works of different really good composers of Sabbath School Music, must of necessity be somewhat similar. While the books mentioned below are of the same general character as all successful School books, each has its individuality; and those who introduce one or the other will notice a speedy quickening of interest in school singing.

Good News.

By R. M. McIntosh. Price 35 Cents.

The compiler has had either uncommon tact or uncommon good fortune in the putting together of this fine collection, which impresses every one by the brightness and good taste of the songs. Many of these, of great beauty, are by Dr. A. B. Everett, lately deceased. There is a pretty title page, with a suggestive picture. There are about 270 Songs, of which a few are:

"If ye faint not, you shall reap."
"My Saviour stands waiting."
"Beautiful Christmas."
"Sweet Bye and Bye."
"The Ten Virgins."
"Glory Bright."
"Heavenly Home."

The River of Life.

By H. S. Perkins and W. W. Bentley. Price 35 Cents.

This is a well-known and widely used collection, to which a large number of authors and composers contributed, thus at once establishing the character of the book. Schools that have never used it will do well to try it.

Characterestic Songs are:

"The Water of Life."
"We'll soon be there."
"Shadow of Thy Wings."
"Shining Over."

The Shining River.

By H. S. and W. O. Perkins. Price 35 Cents.

These gentlemen have the pretty fancy of naming Sabbath School books after the Rivers of sacred allegory, and similar ideas have perhaps led to the introduction of so many sweet, pure lyrics, fit to sing "among the green pastures," and "by the still waters." Among them are:

"Whiter than Snow."
"The Shining Land."
"Wandering Child come Home."
"Beautiful Vale of Rest."
"Who are these like Stars?"
"Little Minnie."
"By and By."

Choral Praise.

By Rev. J. H. Waterbury. Price 20 Cents.

This little book was prepared, in the first instance, for schools of the Episcopal Church, but is only so far especially appropriate to them, as it furnishes music for the various occasions of the service.

The hymns and the music are in excellent taste, somewhat higher in character than the average of S. S. Songs, and will furnish an acceptable variety to those who have used other collections.

Some of the Hymns are:

"The first Nowell."
"The fields are White."
"Christ is risen."
"O taste and see."
"A Shepherd band."

REVIVAL AND PRAISE BOOKS.

These books differ little in structure from Sabbath School books, and may very properly be used as substitutes. The newest ones are:

Mrs. Van Cott's Praise Book.

By Mrs. Maggie N. Van Cott. Price 35 Cents.

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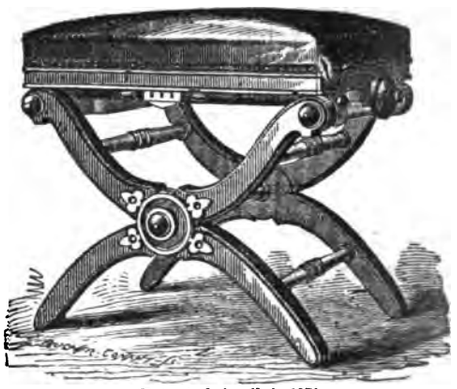

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WHOLE No. 949. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 11.

Salzburger Musikfest.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

Salzburg, July 17.

"A Musical festival in honor of Mozart will be held at Salzburg, his birthplace, towards the end of July. The orchestra will include most of the artists of the Viennese Opera."

Such was the paragraph in the *Illustrated News* which caught my eye one sultry day in June, while I was inhaling the murky atmosphere of London, longing for an "outing" of some kind. My imagination at once took fire. Do you know the wonderland of which Salzburg is the centre, dear friend? Have you looked down from the castle which towers above the old-fashioned Austrian town, and revelled in the beauty of a scene equalled by few—surely surpassed by none other on this Continent?—a view embracing vast tracts of fertile, richly cultivated country, on the one hand; on the other, an immense pile of jagged, precipitous mountains, along whose sides, bathed in a deep blue transparent haze, the lights and shades are forever varying. Beneath the mountain villages and villas innumerable, nestling peacefully amidst the bright green meadows of the Salza—but you do know all this, and therefore I need not attempt to describe what beggars description. Well, looking out upon my chimney pots and my smoke, I began to dream of pure mountain air, of music, and of Mozart; and I said, I will go where all these attractions are combined. So I packed my portmanteau, and here I am. I will send you the programme of the Salzburg Musical Festival. You may, perhaps, like to compare it with those of our London concerts. A supplementary placard, posted on all the walls, sets forth how ticket holders will be received at the station, provided with lodgings, lionized, conducted, and directed, from hour to hour, during the whole of their stay; This part of the arrangement reminds one somewhat of Mr. Cook's railway tours; and though I did not care to avail myself of the proffered help, I was not a little edified at encountering in the street a long procession of hot, dusty pilgrims, laden with vast wreaths and garlands, looking like a detachment of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Shorn of their masonic insignia, their minds, to my thinking, had reached an *abnormally* flat pitch; so I avoided them, and confined my contemplation to the two houses where Mozart lived, and where Haydn (if an inscription on it be correct) died. And I also inquired my way to the pretty cottage where Joachim is wont to spend his holidays, though he is still detained at Berlin just now by the duties of his school of music.

The proceedings of the Festival commenced on the evening of Monday, by a gathering in the "Cur-saal," where musicians met and exchanged salutes, and drank such quantities of beer that the whole might seem to be intended for a feeble charade on the words: "Ale fellow, well met!"—this to the tune of sundry not specially striking polkas and waltzes, performed by a military band—the performances varied by speeches still less striking. My own share of the beer was barely sufficient to keep up my spirits, and I joined but feebly in the vociferous applause bestowed on a *potpourri*, introducing Papageno's air from the *Zauberflöte* and the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. The music of Tuesday evening, however, was a different affair altogether. I have never heard a more perfect performance of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* than that achieved by the admirable orchestra so ably conducted by M. Dessoff, formerly conductor at the Opera of Vienna—and thus no stranger to these artists—now, however, established permanentfy at Carlsruhe. I was very much impressed by the artistic intelligence evinced in M. Dessoff's readings; by the delicacy of gradation from absolute *pianissimo*—not (observe) a toneless *pianissimo*—to *fortissimo*, by the uniform beauty of tone and correctness of intonation; even those frequent sinners, the flutes and horns, being, as I thought, free from all reproach. There was, too, a vigor and *ensemble* of attack, a crispness of accentuation, "a go" about it all, which was most refreshing. A *Passacaglia* by J. S. Bach, with orchestral accompaniments by H. Esser, followed; but, well as it was played, I prefer it in its original form.

Whether the heat of the room may have told its tale before the Mendelssohn *scherzo* came on, I cannot say; certain it is that it sounded just a little tame, and did not quite realize the expectations raised by the admirably spirited rendering of the *Anacreon*. But in the C minor Symphony, which furnished *the whole of the second part of the concert, and could, therefore, be listened to with the concentrated attention it deserves* (in London I have known the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D of Beethoven crammed into *one* concert!)—in the C minor Symphony, the orchestral performers were "all there" again. I think I never heard so fine a performance of the slow movement, *scherzo*, and *finale*. The first movement I thought less remarkable. In the Symphony, as in the first overture, the unerring clearness with which the various subjects were given out; the alternate vigor and delicacy of tone; its fulness when most subdued; its invariably excellent quality, were very remarkable, and, no doubt, the conductor, so long associated with this orchestra, may be credited with a large share in the result.

Among ourselves we have had ample opportunity of observing how much a conductor may achieve, and how much he may mar. I must not omit to mention Mozart's *concertante*, for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniment, efficiently played by Messrs. Grun (viola) and Krancsewics (violin)—an accident having disabled Herr Lauterbach, who was to have taken the violin part. To ears accustomed to Joachim and Straus, comparisons would inevitably suggest themselves; and I thought that, though perfection is not within the reach of other than very exceptional talent, still the music of Mozart should rouse every educated musician to some degree of poetic warmth. The last movement of this work is, as you know, quite captivating in its melodious mirth. I wonder it is not oftener heard.

The singing, as is usual where instrumental performences are made the great feature, was not very remarkable. Mdme. Gompertz-Bettelheim has retired for some years from the public exercise of her art, and her voice, formerly admirable, has lost some of its freshness. She has, however, great power and much dramatic feeling. She declaimed Handel's fine air very effectively. Herr Staudigl, a nephew, as I am told, of the *basso* once so well known in England, has a very powerful and well-trained bass voice of great compass and good quality; but he sang Spohr's song, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," with little warmth of expression or breadth of phrasing.

There was a large and very enthusiastic audience—good listeners, including members of the Imperial family of Austria. The whole orchestra, as well as their talented conductor, had several times to stand up in acknowledgment of the applause so deservedly bestowed upon them. This first evening was a very decided success, and was probably by none more thoroughly enjoyed than by your friend, just now a wanderer.

Wednesday, 18th July.

The second concert of the Salzburg festival opened with Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony"—the performance of which, however, was not of exceptional excellence. Throughout the slow movement the violins used mutes (*sordini*),* the effect of which, in *forte* and *crescendo* passages, was to produce a nasal tone far from agreeable, and destructive of that sustained power so essential to broad phrasing. The wood instruments seemed to have received such strict orders to subdue their tone, that even in passages where they had the lead, they were scarcely heard. The result was not a happy one. Then in the minuet the rhythm was marked and acentuated with a square-toed accuracy, recalling the sober old German waltz before the *deux temps rubato* which came into fashion. Thus, though the first and last movements were vigorously and well played, the whole performance was not of more than average merit. This symphony constituted *the whole* first part of the concert. The second part began with Wagner's overture, called by its composer *Faust*. His worshippers, being in the secret, would know why. To outsiders like myself many other titles might appear equally suitable. I should call it "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," or "*Jerome Paturot à la recherche de la meilleure des républiques*," or take it to symbolize the German idea before Bismarck, so vague and disjointed did it sound. But I had not "the Book" to guide me. Any how, the members of the orchestra were never for an instant puzzled, thanks possibly to their talented conductor, with whom they shared much well-merited applause. Then presently followed the variations on Haydn's theme, in which Brahms puts forth all the resources of his art with such consummate skill and sustained vigor, with such endless variety of rhythm and wealth of melody. This was again most admirably performed, and left nothing to be desired. Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, a very fine and most spirited performance, concluded the list of orchestral pieces—a most brilliant wind up. Besides these, was the pianoforte concerto of Schumann, very well played by Brüll, a most capable performer, himself composer, as well as *virtuoso*.

But in these days, when impossibilities are accomplished as a matter of course by the great stars, no pianist of average, or even more than merely average attainments, can hope to make his mark. He merely goes to swell the tail of one or other comet. Herr Brüll would always take rank as a very good pianist. He will never be gaped at, like Rubinstein, nor abused (let this be his consolation) like Arabella Goddard. Last, not by any means least, let me speak of Mdme. Louise Dustmann. This is one of that school of great singers now growing so rare—an artist in every sense of the term—though considerably past her prime; her every note, her every movement (she is said to be a consummate actress) gives evidence of the highest artistic training. Her voice, though evidently but the remnant of what it once was, is still rich, powerful, and sympathetic; her style, broad, unaffected, and thoroughly musical. She sang Gluck's grand air very finely indeed; and in Mozart's well known duet from *Figaro*, produced an effect which I have rarely heard

* Mozart has so ordered it.—D. P.

equalled. She was capitally seconded by Herr Staudigl. The audience clamored for an encore, and I was partly consoled for her refusal by the admirable grace with which she made *la grande révérence*—the court curtsey—to the venerable Arch-Duke who presided at the Festival performance. May we often see her like again!

This morning was dedicated to an "ovation," which consisted in this: that a gathering of (in every sense) warm Mozart admirers climbed up a steep hill, commanding a lovely view, to a sort of summer-house, where when the spot was not yet disfigured by a very hideous bust of himself, Mozart is said to have written the *Zauberflöte*—in proof of which an old chair and table are shown to this very day. The *ovationers* came furnished with huge wreaths. These they hung on pegs round the chair and table, speechified, and sang part-songs, till some one having incautiously pronounced the word BEER! the assembly abruptly dispersed. They remembered that they were thirsty. To-morrow we are to have a quartet and a farce. Till then, good-bye.

Thursday, July 19th.

This morning a very pleasant chamber concert took place in the Aula, or Concert Hall. A quartet in G by Haydn, and another in G minor by Volkmann were played with considerable finish and great accuracy of *ensemble*, as, indeed, might be expected from leading members of M. Dessoff's orchestra. Of course they would not bear comparison with those performances with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarized us. To me I confess the Volkmann quartet was a novelty. The noble *adagio*, the sprightly *scherzo*, the *finale*, with its charming melody, embroidered, as it were, with *pizzicato* 'cello accompaniment—in a word, the whole most genially tuneful composition—would certainly please all lovers of good music. The author, I am told, still lives at Pesth.

The great hit of the concert was Mdme. Gompertz-Bettelheim's fine declamatory singing of Schubert's beautiful songs, "Der Zwerg" and "Auf dem See," which she delivered with such power and pathos (quite free from exaggeration) as to rouse her audience to loud enthusiasm. She responded to their unanimous wish by giving Rubinstein's romance, "Wenn es nur immer so bliebe." Her success was great and well merited. Mdme. Dustmann had selected songs less generally popular, by Schumann and by Brahms; but she sang them admirably, and, on being re-called, gave Mozart's "Veilchen."

Goldmark's *Suite*, a work of very considerable merit, was well played by Messrs Grün and Brüll, though the hypercritical might object that the pianist sometimes seemed to forget that he had not the leading part, and that the amount of tone to be got out of a piano is not necessarily proportionate to the strength of attack. M. Krancsewics led Volkmann's quartet admirably, with fine tone, right good reading, faultless intonation. Everything was most satisfactory, and thus ended a most enjoyable concert. I should add, by the way, that a certain Countess Gatterburg sang some *Lieder* by Mozart, as countesses generally sing (when their husbands are not called Rossi), and won a *succès d'estime*, such as countesses generally win, even when they sing a little out of tune.

With the chamber concert the Festival comes to an end, so far as regular music is concerned. There will still be "social gatherings" and friendly beer meetings, in the principal out-of-door *cafés*; also two performances at the theatre, of a farce, written, I believe, in the Viennese dialect, and therefore inteiligible to very few foreigners. All these matters, together with the proposed *Liedertafel* (Choral Union) performances with which they alternate, are carefully set forth in the book specially prepared for the guidance of visitors. They have, of course, no other than local interest: and the rain, which has set in resolutely and wholly veiled the lovely mountain views, will perhaps cause an early dispersion of the not very numerous musical guests.

It is proposed to repeat the Festival next year. And I can safely advise lovers of good music and of beautiful scenery to attend.

W. S. B.

Richard Wagner's Toilet at Home.—His Letters to a Dressmaker.*

(Published by the Author of the "Wiener Spaziergänge.")

"Wie gleicht er dem Weibe."—*Walküre*, Act I. Hunding.

(Continued from Page 76.)

The master, as depicted in the last letter, excited our admiration as a great draughtsman. The following letters will afford us an opportunity for astonishment at his sense of color. His correspondence displays an ever increasing wealth of that element. We find mentioned therein all colors, from pale pink to dark green, from innocent white to glowing crimson. I proposed to the Wagnerites the designation of the "Dressing-gown Raffael" for the composer; perhaps, after reading the following additional letters, they will prefer calling him the "Dressing-gown Tintoretto:"—

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I am surprised at not hearing again from you. In your letter of the 2nd February, you refer, it is true, to my last letter with orders, but of the orders themselves you say not a word. I asked you to calculate exactly how much money I should have to send you for making a pink satin housecoat, quilted and ornamented, which I described at length. You do not answer a word. Am I not to know anything either about the blue satin? Have you received the twenty-five thalers subsequently sent? You have not executed correctly my order as to the roses; I wanted some better than the ordinary kind at six florins the ell; I wrote consequently to say that you should order those at ten florins. But they are precisely the same flowers as the previous ones. How is this? I beg you, at any rate, to see about procuring some thirty of the finest and handsomest roses. As soon as you let me hear from you concerning the dressing gown, I will forward the requisite money. Let me, therefore, hear soon.—Your obedient servant,

R. WAGNER.

—*Lucerne, 8th February*, 1867.

* * *

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—Everything is too dear for me, and I have not at present much superfluous cash. The ribbons, also (with the exception of the pink), are exceedingly poor and do not please me. We will, for the present, say no more about the dressing-gown, as your claims have not yet been settled, and I have still something to send you. I now forward, however, seventy-five thalers; take from them the fifty-five florins, which, according to your calculation, are due on the former accounts; pay, also, out of them, for the new roses, and with the rest get me some of the blond, *half-width*, of which I enclose a pattern. As much as possible. Will you, if you can, send me some specimens of pink satin better than the white specimens? The color of number two pleased me better, only the material was stiff and wavy. Send, moreover, a pattern of the nice *green*, which you took for the portfolio. There has been a great deal to do these last few days here in my house, and I could not write sooner. My best thanks to-day.—With best greetings, your most obedient,

R. WAGNER.

—*Lucerne, 19th February*, 1867.

These two letters fill us with a certain melancholy. In the sixth letter we see the composer consumed with a yearning for the quilted pink satin dressing-gown. Despite the pressure put on her, the dressmaker takes no notice of the garment, and "hatte nich geschrieben, ob er gesund geblieben," as Bürger says in *Lenore*. Wagner reproaches her mildly for her silence, but in the very next (the eighth) letter, we find him resignedly renouncing the realization of his ideal. "We will for the present," he exclaims with anguish, "say no more about the dressing-gown." Let us profit by the pause occasioned by the dressmaker's silence, to look through the account he had drawn up and enclosed in one of his letters:—

Account.

Yellow	satin,	8	ells	à 7	florins.
Lilac	"	27	"	7½	"
Crimson	"	20	"	7	"
Blue	"	30	"	7	"
Green	"	8	"	7	"
Light red	"	8	"	7	"
Shamoy	"	8	"	7	"
Light gray	"	8	"	7	"
Pink	"	32	"	7	"
White	"	32	"	7	"
Darker green		20	" à 3 fl., =		"
White		50	" 4 " =	200	"
Grey		50	" 3 " =	150	"
Rose (cotton)		100	" 3 " =	300	"
Blue (cotton)		60	" 3 " =	180	"
Blue (thin)		30	"		

Blue coverlet lined with white.

Rose wreaths, 60 ells .. à 4 fl., = 240 florins.
Rose-Peonies for three baskets .. .. 60 "
1 white satin and embroidery.
3 pairs of insertions à 25 to 30.
Broad white with wreath, 20 ells.
1 pink, 1 blue } coverlet at 200 florins .. .. 400 florins.
Boots: 1 pair, white, " 1 " pink, " 1 " blue, " 1 " yellow, " 1 " gray, " 1 " green } in rose-bouquets à 20 fl. = 120 florins.
Lace shirt à 4 florins, 100 ells = .. 400 florins.
Blond lace. 100 ells à 1 fl.. 50 ells broad 1 fl. 10 kr.
Ribbon: pink à 18, 10 pieces.
" blue, light green, dark and light, 10 pieces, 20 .. .. à 18 florins.

3010

Embroidery,
2 small round cushions, 2 larger cushions } in rose bouquets, rich.

The new account comes to three thousand and ten florins! This may perhaps strike many persons as a great deal for the bill of a German man at a dressmaker's. But it is certainly not too much, if we remember the innumerable ells of satin required. We learn from the bill that even the composer's little boots are satin, so that the harmony of his appearance is undisturbed by any other material. Not only can these little boots boast of "the red, blue, and green tone," as David sings in *Die Meistersinger* to Herr Walther, "the Master of Tones and Tunes," but also of gray, blue, and green. Our attention is then attracted by a lace shirt at 400 florins. With rose satin garments, the master, if he would be consistent, cannot well wear any other kind of shirt, and we certainly cannot, therefore, apply to him the proverb, "Aussen hui und innen pfui." We were surprised only at the composer's consumption of rose wreaths and bouquets, for in section entitled "Eine Capitulation" of his *Lustspiel in antiker Manier* (*Collected Works*, Vol. IX.), which I can most warmly recommend to all admirers of failure in the way of satire, we find bouquets thus laughed to scorn:—

Chor: Er späht! Gambetta, was siehst du jetzt?
Gambetta: Ha! Ich sehe Metz!
Chor: Ah!
Gambetta: Ganz mit Bouquets besät!
Perrin: Das rechte Ballet-Costüm.*

This justifies us in now exclaiming with Perrin, "Das rechte Ballet-Costüm," to our Aristophanes himself, since he, too, is "all sowed with bouquets:"—

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—You will receive herewith—

Two thousand five hundred florins

in South German currency, which at present stands somewhat higher than the Austrian. You will send me the money-changer's account, and apply the sum you receive to the discharge of your claims upon me. It will be necessary for you to forward, at last, for my inspection, your own account for money expended by you and work.

With regard to the commission I sent you last from Munich, I must especially beg you to choose the pink satin ribbon we require of better quality, and, if possible, not of so red a tint, but of the bluish shade which you know.

I should also like to learn the price of the pink satin with which the Baroness's portfolio is lined; I think it is the quality which I have frequently had of you for three florins the ell—on the last occasion in Geneva—I would give a larger order at three or three and a half florins; may I, therefore, beg some patterns and the price.

Do not be too industrious! Let me soon hear from you, and be assured of my lasting thankfulness.—Your obedient,

R. WAGNER.

—*Lucerne, 19th March*, 1867.

With these 2,500 florins for dressing-gowns, I will contrast a little sartorial idyll from the life of Schiller. In the diaries kept by the latter in his own hand and published by Mdme. von Gleichen-Russwurm, we find, among the household expenses for the year 1802, the modest entry, "My clothes . . . 75 thalers." The reader will see what progress in

* From the Berlin *Echo*, (translated in the London *Musical World*.)

* *Chorus.* He's spying! Gambetta, what seest thou now?
Gambetta. Ha! Metz do I see.
Chorus. Ah!
Gambetta. All sowed with bouquets:
Perrin. The proper ballet-costume.

The English language has no equivalent for the clever—and so correct—rhyme of "Metz" with "Jetzt," in which the last word rhymes with the first absolutely to a "t," but, in other respects, the reader is assured that this exquisite piece of humor has not suffered by the translation. Such wit cannot be injured; it is as great in a foreign idiom as in the original German.—TRANSLATOR.

toilet matters our Immortals have made since then!

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I return my best thanks for the things which arrived to-day. You say nothing about the pink dressing-gown. Please give me notice when you dispatch it. I should like to have ordered an *entire* piece, some 100 ells, of the larger rose-satin pattern which I herewith return; only the *texture* must be somewhat *smoother*, just as it is in the *green* pattern; not so much body, but very *open*, as being more lustrous than the large pattern. The color, however, is just what I want. And the price?

Meanwhile you can send the remainder—twenty ells—of the enclosed *pale* pink; and, if it is cheap, the remainder (thirty-eight ells) of the green.

Of the *heavy* pink satin, of which you last sent me twelve ells, I could find a use for twelve more.

Enquire at the ribbon-shop of the Silver Wreath, in the Stock-im-Eisen-Platz, whether they have still any of the very broad, stout, pink and blue satin ribbon, which I once saw there; it was for scarves, and probably a quarter of an ell broad. If there is any to be had, I should like some. Please see about it.

Some very good *narrow* lace would be useful to us; and, also, some of the half-broad at one florin or one and a half florins.

In short, do the best you can for us!

Let me have, also, a regularly receipted bill of the things. I suppose that at present you are not inconvenienced with what you lay out, are you? At any rate, there shall be some money ready in case it is needed. I should, however, like to have a little time. You shall receive your remuneration; I hoped myself to come again soon to Vienna.

Ah! be kind enough to go, or still better, send some one, to Faber, the dentist, Am Graben; get a very large quantity of his tooth-powder, and pay for the same yourself.

There! That is enough for to day! I thank you extremely, and expect soon to have some fine things.—Best greetings from

R. WAGNER.

—*Lucerne, 30th March*, 1867.

In this letter the dressing-gown, lined with eider-down, and which we thought we should have to mourn as lost, again begins to flit before us. Till the eagerly desired article shall arrive, the composer endeavors to divert his mind with a large pattern of pink satin (a hundred ells), a little pale pink (twenty ells), grey satin (thirty-eight ells), and a tiny little piece (twelve ells) of stout-pink satin. "In short, do the best you can for us," he cries, gazing with confidence into the future. This letter differs strikingly from all the others by the fact that we have in it the tooth-powder motive in addition to the satin motive. As the composer "never troubled his head about trifles," he orders "a very large quantity" of the tooth-powder. The presentiment I had regarding this powder was justified when I saw the latter, its color is pink; so it is in harmony with the color of the dressing gowns, hose, and little boots:—

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I thank you for the dressing-gown which has turned out pretty well as I wished it. Perhaps this letter will arrive in time for some articles I forgot to order on the last occasion, and which you can despatch with the next parcel. In order to be provided with everything *for some little time*, we still require:—

1. 6 more pieces of the best pink ribbon.
2. 1 or 2 pieces of orange ribbon (same as the last).
3. 1 or 2 pieces of good *light yellow* ribbon.
4. Some more nice covered silk blond—lace-shirt—if possible, 12 ells, of the *same pattern*.
5. Should you happen to have a very beautiful *white* satin, I would take 12 ells. Very soft. There! now reckon up every thing carefully, so that I may know how much I am in your debt.—Best greetings and compliments from yours obediently,

R. WAGNER.

(To be Continued.)

The New Prima Donna.

(*From "Mayfair."*)

The season of 1877 has been an unlucky one for Mr. Mapleson, in more than one respect. Hardly had the difficulty of finding a house been overcome when, as Edgar Poe has it, "disaster on disaster followed fast, and followed faster." The illness of Mdlle. Tietjens excluded such works as *Fidelio*, and Cherubini's *Medée* from the *répertoire*—not to mention a number of Italian operas, which kept their places on the stage, chiefly owing to the magnificent acting and singing of that great artist. Moreover, the *débutantes* of the early part of the season proved more or less incompetent, while Mdlle. Salla, the most prominent exception to this rule, succumbed to the eccentricities of our temperature. In other cases again, Mr. Mapleson showed unaccountable neglect of the talent at his disposal. Towards the middle of June rumors suddenly gained consistency of the rise of a new star on the horizon—of a star, it was confidently predicted, sufficiently brilliant to retrieve the losses of the campaign. On the 23rd of the same month the first appearance of Mdlle. Ethelka Gerster took place in Bellini's *Somnambula*, and immediately a marked divergence of opinion with regard to her merits became observable amongst amateurs and in the press. Some critics placed her on the top of the Mount of Fame. She was the rival, and more than the rival, of Nilsson, Albani, Patti—and, as if even this were not enough, the great shades of Sontag, Grisi, and Jenny Lind in her prime, were conjured up to find sufficiently complimentary parallelisms for the new favorite. Enthusiasts of this class naturally were dissatisfied with the more moderate views taken by other authorities.

One point, as far as we are aware, has been overlooked by both parties; the fact, namely, that Mdlle. Gerster, whatever she may be at present, will be something very different on attaining the full development of her power—and of her faults we feel bound to add. Want of stage experience may be observed in almost every gesture and movement. She has, for instance, in a marked manner, the peculiar shake or nod of the head, after the achievement of a high note, so characteristic of the novice, also the measured wave of the hand during a difficult passage, which betrays rhythmical uncertainty. A tendency towards over-acting her parts is another besetting sin of the same category. In the mad scenes in *Lucia* and *I Puritani*—operatic heroines the reader is aware, easily get rid of their senses—this tendency, especially as regards facial expression, is carried to an absolutely painful degree, a circumstance all the more to be deplored as Mdlle. Gerster can, when she chooses, act charmingly, *vide* the natural grace of her bearing in the scene with her father in *Rigoletto*, and in the love duet following it. Altogether the perfect ease with which she moves on the stage, and her always expressive, and sometimes truly dramatic action, promise well for her future success. As yet, however, we fear she is unable to truly realize a character in all its bearings. But even for this deficiency there are attenuating circumstances. Few modern operas contain anything like a sustained dramatic conception; and even where this is the case, the prevailing attention paid by the public to vocal achievements naturally leads the artist's ambition in the same direction. We are, indeed, too apt to absolutely identify a part with a single tune or aria pertaining to it. We hardly ask how did a singer impersonate Elvira or Gilda, but how did she sing "Qui la voce" or "Caro nome"? and more especially certain high notes occurring in these pieces. Of these high notes a long tale might be told. We could name a tenor who for years has subsisted on a certain "ut de poitrine," and who, in consequence, had little inducement to cultivate the lower and more natural registers of his voice. He is now past his prime, but he still retains the high note—at once his glory and his bane. Similar apprehensions arise with regard to the new *prima donna* when we notice the immoderate raptures elicited both in and out of print by her "E in alt." Her middle notes are sonorous and full of charm; but she is evidently too much intent on enlarging the upward compass of her voice to rely much on their natural beauty—forgetful, apparently, of the fact that an elaborate vocal cadenza with the inevitable shake at the end of a simple tune, may "bring down the house," but cannot satisfy, in the long run, the requirements of a more refined taste. Speaking of Mdlle. Gerster's *bravura* style, we may add that here also she evinces natural gifts and artistic acquirements of no mean degree, but, as yet, falls far short of absolute finish. Her scale passages are enounced with great volubility, but she finds it difficult to sing them in perfect time, her rhythmical phrasing being altogether somewhat defective.

Here our remarks must end. Their chief purpose has been to protect Mdlle. Gerster from her indiscriminating friends; and we have thought it our duty, while acknowledging her good qualities, to point out such defects as are, in our opinion, most detrimental to her future prospects. Many of these defects are not peculiar to her alone; they are the natural outgrowth of a perverse system. But we should feel sorry to see sacrificed to this system gifts which, if not of the very highest order, at any rate deserve, and will richly repay, the most careful cultivation.

Blindness and Music.

Music seems the natural solace of the blind, and, so far as the pleasure of hearing music is concerned, the blind are at least on an equality with those who see. That, however, does not apply to highly-educated musicians, who follow with interest the progress of the art and look with eagerness for new works. The blind musician cannot make acquaintance with a new composition unless he has someone to play it to him. Of a full score, even with practical assistance, he could gain no complete knowledge. In the case, then, of a musician who loves to observe tendencies and developments, or who is simply desirous from ordinary curiosity to keep himself well informed as to what new music is being brought out, it may be doubtful whether it is not a greater misfortune to be blind than to be deaf. Nothing in the history of music is sadder than the account given by Beethoven's biographers of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Beethoven stood by the side of the conductor, but heard neither his own sublime music nor the enthusiastic applause which it called forth. Then, being told that he ought to bow, he turned for a moment towards the audience, who all at once became painfully impressed by the fact, now brought strikingly before them, that the creator of the work they had found so beautiful knew it only from having imagined it, and that as real music, audible and appreciable to the bodily ear, it had no existence for him. There is this compensation, however, for the deaf composer: that he can read and write music as though he had not lost the faculty of hearing. No sound can reach him; but he hears with his eyes. His mind's ear may be constantly exercised, whereas blind musicians, whatever pleasure they may derive from listening to music, cannot of themselves obtain from the engraved music-paper a single idea.

It must be remembered, however, that the number of musicians of the highest cultivation who in later life became totally deaf cannot be very numerous; while to persons born deaf music must always remain something inconceivable. The position of Beethoven deaf may have been less intolerable than that of Handel blind. But the generality of deaf men cannot read music, whereas the generality of blind men can find great enjoyment in listening to musical performances. It is remarkable, too, how many of the blind possess musical faculties; so much so that, besides being what we have already called it, the "natural solace of the blind," music would also seem to afford them the fittest occupation and the surest means of gaining a livelihood. Basket-making and such humble industrial pursuits as blind people are often employed in yield but little profit. Thus it is impossible to make an ordinary blind asylum self-supporting through the labor of its inmates; and the great majority of blind people who have no means of their own are maintained either through the parish rates or by private charity. It occurred, however, to Mr. F. J. Campbell—who, if he did not originate the idea, was at least the first to introduce it and apply it in England—that blind children, if possessed of those musical aptitudes which belong to so many of them, might easily be enabled not only to keep themselves, but to gain very respectable incomes either as public performers, as teachers of music, or, in case of the higher positions being missed, as pianoforte tuners. Mr. Campbell has himself been blind since early childhood, which has not prevented him from making a thorough study of music, so that besides being an admirable pianist—as those who heard him at a recent Crystal Palace concert must be aware—he has also a full knowledge of the theory of his art. Having cultivated music systematically under the best professors at Leipsic and elsewhere, and possessing a remarkable talent for organization, Mr. Campbell is, of course, the director of that music school for the blind which he has succeeded in establishing on the heights of Upper Norwood. A performance given here a few days ago, in which a certain number of the pupils took part, would alone have sufficed to show that the institution must be producing good results. The invitations to this very interesting concert had been issued by the Duke of Westminster, one of the patrons of the academy; and among the most distinguished of the visitors were the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The concert, in a purely artistic point of view, was excellent. The programme included all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, by composers of all periods, from Bach to Gounod. Thus solo singers, a choir, and several pianists were heard; and the execution, always satisfactory, was sometimes admirable. The students of the piano

are remarkably well taught by Mr. Hartvigson, who, besides giving practical instruction in the ordinary manner, analyzes the most celebrated pianoforte works for the benefit of his pupils, and makes them acquainted not only with the compositions but also with the lives and aims of the great masters. Most of them will only be able to gain their living as pianoforte tuners, some few may find employment as teachers, but all are taught as carefully and as thoroughly as though they were in training for a composer's career; and all will at least learn to play the piano with more than ordinary intelligence and skill. Thus, apart from the question of gain, students at this musical training school for the blind are provided with an indestructible means of increasing their own happiness and the happiness of those around them. Although the school has been established only a few years, it has already turned out a certain number of pupils who are prospering as pianoforte tuners, and who, beginning at £1 and £1 6s. a week, found themselves a year after they had left the school earning from £2 to £2 10s. The school charge for tuition of all kinds and board is £50 a year; so that, to take a purely economical view of the matter, the establishment does some good by turning, at a comparatively small cost, those who would otherwise be useless and burdensome members of society into valuable workers. The blind have, indeed, far more need of education than those whom the blind call "sighted persons." A man with his eyes may pick up a good deal of useful information; but for the untaught blind there is no hope, and persons of this class who are without private means must be supported by charity or starve.

The indigent blind are, by the way, specially cared for by an institution which aims at relieving their wants, spiritual as well as temporal, and at enabling them to support themselves. The Indigent Blind Visiting Society provides its dependants with readers, teachers, and guides, also with instruction in arts and trades suitable to the blind, with the exception of music, which, for any useful purpose to be attained, must be taught thoroughly and to those only who have special aptitudes for it. One fortunate idea conceived and duly carried out by the committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society is that of taking a certain number of poor blind children periodically from London into the country. Fresh air, the scent of flowers, the singing of birds —the numberless odors and sounds peculiar to the country—must be enjoyed by the blind even more vividly than by those who see. Most of the blind attending the classes, says the last annual report of this excellent society, "were enabled by the kindness of various friends to have a day in the country. Two hundred and sixty were invited on two days by Mr. and Mrs. W. Armitage, of Southgate, forty-eight were received by Mr. Powys Keck, of Kingston; while the remainder went on two excursions—one to Hampstead, the other to Epping Forest, for the last of which excursions they were mainly indebted to the Rev. William Cuff."

The children of the Music School for the Blind have no need to be taken into the country; for there is no part of England more beautiful or more healthy than that in which their school is situated. One might fancy they were aware of this fact from their evident enjoyment in walking about the gardens; and the able director who walks, talks, and writes his letters (by the aid of a type writing machine) as though he had the full use of his eyes, is convinced from his own sensations that they can appreciate the charm of the landscape. In any case the grounds, even to the smallest flower-beds, were laid out under the director's orders; and he declares that he should be much annoyed if he found (for example) that geraniums had been placed where he had ordered that roses should be planted. Mr. Campbell, it may be added, is familiar with the contents of the principal picture-galleries in Europe, and standing in presence of a work of art feels its influence as any man of imagination standing on the scene of famous exploits will realize to himself the circumstances under which the exploits were performed. As regards literature, one would expect a blind man to excel in abstract speculation or in lyric poetry rather than in the description of external objects; but Mr. Campbell, who possesses much literary talent, considers descriptive writing his particular forte. He has a very poor opinion of our great public buildings, and declares that if he had to begin life again he would adopt the profession, not of a musician, but of an architect. His school of blind musicians will certainly prosper; and it is probably the best blind school that exists, even for those who possess no great musical talent. A certain amount of musical capacity is, of course, an indispensable qualification for admission to the establishment at Upper Norwood. But, once admitted for a permanence, the pupil is by no means instructed in music alone. The children take delight in arithmetic and—what is more surprising—in geography. Geography, however, is here taught by means of globes with raised surfaces; and the sense of touch is called into activity as the child passes rapidly from one country to another, pausing only to say for what products the land he is visiting with his fingers are remarkable. One pretty golden-haired little girl, with a blue sash tied across her eyes—(her mother had begged that they might in this becoming fashion be always kept concealed)—flew across the globe from point to point, in bird-like style, without once hesitating or making a mistake. Geography seemed to be studied in a reasonable and connected manner, as travellers study it in sketching out the plan of a journey. The child who ought to have had blue eyes went in the most business-like fashion from London to Calcutta *vid* Dover, Calais, and so on, by the overland route; and from Paris to New York *vid* Havre, with an alternate route by way of London and Liverpool. In the arithmetical examinations very complicated questions were quickly answered. Each child was addressed separately; but when there was any delay in replying, those who were ready with a solution held up a hand in token thereof. Any, even the slightest, mistake was at once signalized in the same manner. It could be seen that the children concentrated all their attention on the questions placed before them. It was evident, too, that they were taught in such a manner as to keep them constantly interested in their work. Children, under ordinary circumstances, are not taught. They have lessons given to them which they are told to learn. This method, so simple for the so-called teacher, would not be applicable in the case of blind children. Of course books with embossed characters are used; but the teaching is chiefly oral, and every subject is abundantly explained. This was particularly noticeable in the music classes. Many imagine that the blind learn music "by ear." So the uneducated blind may. But the blind who study music at Upper Norwood learn, like other students, to play from notes which, by a very ingenious and very simple system are dictated to them. When, however, they have once learned a piece, they play it by heart; and in point of memory many of them might challenge Rubinstein himself. The characters in relief from which the blind may read such books as have been reproduced in this style are well known. Various contrivances have been introduced for enabling them to write; and of these the most suitable and the most perfect by far is the "type-writer" already spoken of.

A complete course of training for modern pianoforte playing ought certainly to include gymnastics. That form of "higher development," however, which consists in lifting the hands high above the key-board—sometimes even above the pianist's own head—and bringing them down with a crash on the keys, is not suitable to blind performers, who cultivate a much quieter style of execution; and the gymnasium in the gardens of the Music School has been established with a view to the general health of the pupils. It is curious, and at first somewhat alarming, to see these blind athletes swinging, vaulting, climbing poles, and coming down head first, balancing themselves on high bars, and so on. But the exercise strengthens them, and gives them confidence, and no accidents take place. Sometimes a blind gymnast going down a pole meets another blind gymnast going up. No harm comes of such an encounter, but only a little amusement and a discussion as to which shall give way.

The School of Music for the Blind is open once a week to visitors. It is well worth seeing, and, better still, worth supporting.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Piano Teachers and Concert Pianists.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

Dr. Hans von Bülow is reported to have said; "If I stop practice for one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notices it."

Whether this great master of the piano-forte ever said this or not, the principle embodied in the statement is undeniably true, and its truth can be attested by the experience of every pianist.

The virtuoso, however great his natural gifts, must become and remain such by dint of unremitting daily practice; and what is true of the virtuoso is true, in his degree, of every pianist. Whoever plays anything well must first have so worked it into his brain and fingers by numerous correct repetitions that its execution becomes an automatic process, or rather a spontaneous reflex, so that whatever suggests the piece at once sets in motion the process of artistic performance, which then goes on with as much freedom and spontaneity as the warbling of a bird. Without such freedom, so obtained, no really artistic performance is possible. Appreciation is not enough; enthusiasm is not enough; not even the highest artistic gifts will suffice. If there have been "mute, inglorious Miltons," there have also been those whose real artistic gifts have found no outlet because they failed to become masters of any means of artistic expression. As well might a tongue-tied man expect to become an orator, as a man whose occupations allow him no time or strength for piano practice expect to become a virtuoso. And if one does not aim at virtuosity, but only at becoming a good pianist, it must be said that all *good playing* is of the nature of virtuosity; that however limited a pianist's repertoire may be, what he does play must be below the level of his technical and artistic attainments if he is to play it *well*, and that high attainments, even to the extreme of virtuosity, tell nowhere with more effect than in fine compositions of a simple and easy character. An artist like Annette Essipoff, or Julia Rivé will play a Chopin waltz or mazurka in a way that would prove her virtuosity if she never played anything of greater difficulty. One cannot play too well, however simple the composition.

I suppose there is no earnest, thoughtful piano teacher who does not daily realize, in sad experience, the force of the principles stated above. I say "earnest" and "thoughtful," because, unfortunately, there seem to be some pianists and piano teachers in whom vanity and conceit take the place of earnestness and thoughtfulness, and who cannot get themselves disabused of the notion that they are virtuosos even by the most humiliating experiences, which only excite their envy and jealousy of more favored artists and more generous critics than themselves. But the real teacher has the artist spirit. He recognizes the fact that the art he is called to serve embodies some of the noblest conceptions of the human mind, works to the study of which he may worthily devote his best powers; and he believes with all his heart that whenever he can succeed in bringing his pupils into such relations to the master-pieces of musical composition that they really appreciate them, in form and spirit, are inspired with love and enthusiasm for them, and have learned from their own experience to place the same elevated estimate upon them which he himself does, he has done a noble and a sacred work, one which he would not exchange for any other whatsoever.

But one of the most important, if not indeed wholly indispensable means of accomplishing this work is the giving his pupils opportunity to hear the best compositions, and especially those which they study, played in a way which shall realize their author's conception. In the case of a teacher in a small town, isolated from the musical opportunities of a large city, he himself is often the only available resource for this purpose. Even in a city, virtuosos are only rarely to be heard, and if they were to be heard oftener, the needs of a pupil require still more frequent opportunities of hearing. The teacher, therefore, feels the necessity of being able to play for his pupils the compositions he gives them to study, as an indispensable means of ena-

bling them to realize the composer's idea. Then, too, he is frequently called upon to play in public, and desires to do so. Apart from any desire to shine, assisting the public to a comprehension of good music is a part of his work as an educator, and he would be glad to make his own performances available in this direction also. But it is not too much to say that every professional piano teacher, whatever may have been his attainments as a pianist before he began teaching, however great his ability, and however conscientiously he has labored to improve his talents, finds himself crippled and hampered in every attempt to give adequate renderings of great compositions, as models for his pupils or for the edification of a music-loving public. It is inevitable that it should be so Piano-teaching, though prices seem high to patrons, can only be made to yield such an income as will support and educate a family and supply such a library and such opportunities for hearing good music as are absolutely indispensable to a progressive musician by constant, unremitting labor. Teachers find almost the whole of their available strength taken up in the actual work of teaching, so that only a fraction remains for practice, for study, for reading, for general intellectual improvement. By concentrating his desultory practice on a few things, one may become able to play them somewhat satisfactorily, but there is a vast difference between the performance of even simple things by such a player, and the playing of them by one who continually devotes all his time and strength to playing. Other things being equal, the immense practice and experience of a virtuoso tell on everything he does, and renders all his work superior to that of the man who can only do a little by reason of his limitations. How great these limitations are we learn from the well known anecdote of Czerny, who was obliged to decline Beethoven's request to play his E-flat major concerto in public, on the ground that his constant teaching had unfitted him for its performance. Czerny was one of the first pianists of his day, but he had been earning his living by teaching twelve hours a day; and under such circumstances playing was impossible.

For concert performance, therefore, and for really adequate interpretations of master-works we must look outside the ranks of professional teachers. I would not underrate their service to pupils and the public, even in public performance. I appreciate the fact that culture in music is not obtained solely from our occasional hearings of virtuoso performances; and I know that by far the greater part of our progress is due to the interest inspired by the counsels, instruction and playing of teachers all over the country, and that without these the virtuosos would have had but a limited measure of success; but the fact remains that the performance of teachers is necessarily more or less inadequate, and that allowance always has to be made for it, while it is equally true that performances for which we need make no allowance, and which we can measure by the very highest standard, are extremely desirable in the interest of musical progress. The best results are accomplished where pupils who have been thoroughly trained in good compositions by a conscientious teacher, having obtained all the ideas he is able to give them by precept and example, have opportunity to hear the same compositions interpreted by a master, see them put in new lights, see models of technique and of artistic finish, and get the stimulus which comes of really artistic performance.

What piano teachers really need then, to supplement their work, to increase the interest of their pupils and create musical enthusiasm, is the frequent presence in their own fields of labor of artists whose profession is playing, and who devote themselves solely to the interpretation of the best music. Such artists, making periodical visits to the smaller towns, could accomplish a work of which we have as yet but a faint conception. They could not only assist the earnest teachers whose aims are high, but they would be a constant rebuke to the ignorant and incompetent, and would be a powerful influence in so elevating the standard of piano teaching that inferior teachers would find themselves more and more at a disadvantage.

Unfortunately, the number of artists of the highest rank now available in America for such service as I have indicated above is very limited. I may say indeed that I really know of but one, Mme. Julia Rivé-King. If there are others, I have not had the good fortune to hear them, and the West, at least, knows nothing of them. There is reason to fear, too, that the East is less favored in this regard than could be wished. It is within my knowledge that Mr. Theodore Thomas said only last week, when Mme. Rivé played with his orchestra in Chicago, that there was no pianist in America who could compare with her for a moment. However that may be, it is certain that her technical attainments are above the most difficult tasks, so that she plays such things as Liszt's E-flat Concerto with the most perfect ease, and without fatigue, while her appreciation of the very greatest authors is such that Mr. Thomas remarked of her playing of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, that any man who could think of her technique while she was playing had no music in him. I know too that when she was called upon to play with the orchestra, four days before the first concert, she gave Mr. Thomas a list of twenty-one concerted pieces from which to make his selection. Can any Eastern pianist show a similar repertoire? It is extremely fortunate for Western music-teachers and music-lovers that an artist like Mdme. Rivé is available not only in Chicago, where she resides, and in the larger cities, but in the smaller towns as well. She has played the highest order of music in towns of only 3000 inhabitants, has been received most enthusiastically by her audiences, and has given a stimulus to musical interest and an impetus to musical progress such as I, at least, have not witnessed from the playing of anybody else. But Mme. Rivé is only one, and America is large. We need not only teachers, of whom the number is already legion, but professional pianists, numbers of them, and I believe that thoroughly competent ones would be well supported. Who will supply the lack? Are there not men and women in New York and Boston who are, or might be virtuosos? Why must men like William Mason, for instance, devote themselves to teaching? Is the East behind the West in its patronage of artists? Shall we not soon see a division of labor in the musical field between teachers and pianists, each class supporting and supplementing the other, and working in harmony for the same results? I hope so.

—*Janesville, Wis., Aug. 7, 1877.*

P.S.—I think I ought to have mentioned, in my remarks about Mme. Rivé-King, that my authority for my statement of Mr. Thomas's high opinion of her was Mr. Dietrich, Thomas's assistant conductor. I had this from Dietrich's own lips, and Mr. D. said that he himself, and the whole orchestra, agreed in Mr. T.'s estimate. J. C. F.

Justice at Last.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

For some time past, our attention has been turned to the vigorous debates which have been taking place in the convocation of the University of London on the well-worn question of granting to women the same facilities which have been open to the male sex, and have been unjustly monopolized by them, from time immemorial. For years past the *Musical Standard* has strongly protested against the continuance of a system which shows its weakness more and more plainly as this nineteenth century gathers years. The high intellectual resources and mental capabilities of women have over and over again been proved, not only in the paths of literature and science, but also in the domain of music. The names of Agnes Zimmermann, Natalia Macfarren, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and others that we might mention, are sufficient in themselves to quash the old and much favored notion, that women are intellectually inferior to men. At last, we are informed, the London University Convocation has recorded its vote in favor of rendering all degrees available to women. At what date this resolution will be actually carried into effect is not yet announced; in the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to know that the step has been taken.

Had not the University already decided to add Music to the list of its faculties, the resolution in favor of granting degrees to women would not have concerned our readers so nearly. We have now, however, to realize the fact that female musicians will soon have an equal chance with our own sex of winning a University degree in Music. No right minded man will grudge them this new privilege; and we cannot see in what way the dignity of the degree, or of the profession, will be impaired. The three older Universities will doubtless continue to close their gates against the approach of the gentler sex for some years to come; until, in fact, the younger University shall have nursed the new-made law into a custom, which shall be too strong even for the stubborn resistance of the powers that be at Oxford and Cambridge. When these have yielded—as they must, sooner or later—the professional world will be only too ready to regard with favor a movement which at present excites—we will not say jealousy, but uneasiness.

Stranger than all, close upon the heels of the decision of the London University, comes a kindred announcement, which will be found in another column, under the head of Academical Intelligence. A more sweeping revolution has never taken place in the history of any society of learning, than that which is exemplified in the announcement made today, on the part of Trinity College, London. Many of our readers will remember that some two or three years ago, when the College was less powerful, and consequently more upon its dignity, than it is now, we strongly urged upon the authorities a liberal programme, as the only one the country and the age would accept. They have now taken the final step, which separates them from the decaying ecclesiastical systems of the past, and have opened their higher musical examinations to women. We note that they still appear to reserve their titles of "Licentiate" and "Associate" for males alone; but this is a small matter. What is wanted for women, is a certificate of proficiency and merit, which shall serve as a guarantee that they possess a theoretical and practical knowledge of what they profess to teach. This is now available at Trinity College; but it must not be forgotten, that another institution has gone before it in this matter. From the very first, the College of Organists has, with a wise liberality which has characterized every proceeding of that body, offered its fellowships to women; and the greater commendation is, therefore, due to that institution. As for Trinity College, it cannot expect very high praise for taking a course which has, we might say, been forced upon it by the necessities of the times. Indeed, the preamble of the new regulations gives strong indications of external pressure having been brought to bear upon the governing body—a pressure to which it has yielded with a good grace.

Foreign Notes. Among the operatic works already in active preparation for the coming campaign in Paris, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* mentions the following: "La Clef d'Or" by M. Eug. Gautier, and "Gilles de Bretagne" by M. Kowalski, at the Théâtre-Lyrique; "Les Diamants de la Couronne" (in which Madame Lacombe-Duprez will make her *début*), and Nicolo Isouard's "Joconde," at the Opéra-Comique; and Rubinstein's "Néron," at the Théâtre Italien. Glinka's "La Vie pour le Czar" will likewise be presented for the first time to a French audience during the season. Verdi has, it is stated, definitely refused to the Paris Grand-Opéra the right of performing his "Aïda."

Dr. Philip Wackernagel—well known by his valuable contributions to literary history, and more especially by his "History of German Religious Song"—died at Dresden in June last at the age of seventy-seven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1877.

August Wilhelmi.

[Our readers may be interested in the following account of the artistic career of the remarkable violin virtuoso of whom we hear so much of late. It was contributed to the German periodical, *Ueber Land und Meer*, by Dr. Hans G. von Müller. We are indebted for the translation to Mr. F. Slocum, instructor in French and German at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We have no doubt that Wilhelmi as a violinist is all that he is here represented. But it cannot escape notice that here, as in all the glowing reports which we have had of him, he is completely identified with the Wagner side of the house, which at least throws some shadow of suspicion over the sincerity and depth of his devotion to Bach, and raises the question whether in the interpretation of the old master's music he can be one with him in spirit. The same with regard to Beethoven, profoundly as the Wagnerites profess to reverence him as the precursor and John Baptist to their own Messiah. It is a little singular that in all the praises of Wilhelmi the comparison is never made with Joachim, but always with Paganini and the like. Joachim, staunch and loyal to the traditions of the great inspired, inspiring school of Art, does not seem to exist in the minds of these disciples of "the Future;" one must have accepted Wagner, Liszt, and all the rest of them, before his title to the highest place can be considered.—ED.]

There are few artists who, from their very first appearance in public, have excited so much remark or obtained, within so comparatively short a time, so world-wide a reputation as Wilhelmi, the great German violin virtuoso. Indeed, we may say of Wilhelmi that he enjoys a really "popular" reputation, such as few of his predecessors and contemporaries have gained.

Endowed by nature with remarkable musical talents, he has cultivated them to the utmost, with unwearied industry and indomitable earnestness. He is, first of all, musician, then, violinist. The latter is really his specialty. He must be regarded as an original creator in the region of the violin. He has extended the range of the instrument. Although special talent qualifies him for this, his great, noble, heroic tone, his peculiar handling of double notes, by which he renders whole passages with an effort that defies all description, and many other things that distinguish his grand, sweeping style—all this is the product of a new and deeply thought out system.

Liszt once said of Wilhelmi: "He is so thoroughly adapted for the violin that, if the instrument had not been at hand, we should have had to invent it for him."

Among the peculiarities of his playing, his clearness has always been reckoned first. "Purity of intonation," says Hanslick, "strikes us as something to be expected; and yet it is a very rare thing. I know of no violin virtuoso who, in some difficult fingering, or in polyphonic passages would not spoil some one tone. Wilhelmi's intonation is, in the most difficult as well as simplest pieces, absolutely pure; just as unique in kind as the power, sweetness and fullness of his wonderful quality of tone." This absolute purity is peculiar to him alone. It is the outcome of his thoroughly musical nature. "He can't play false," said his friend Ferdinand Hiller. His fine ear, his deep repose, self mastery and presence of mind preserve him from this. Along with this unique capacity Wilhelmi unites a thoroughly intelligent and effective manner such as few possess. He seems to conceive every piece in an original, more than that, in an entirely novel fashion of his own, so that the reproducing and creating artist seem to permeate one another. The excellent critic of the Cologne Journal could say of him with perfect justice: "He not so much *plays* the violin, as *poetizes* upon it." But enough. It is needless for me to say that Wilhelmi stands equally high as soloist and chamber musician. One should hear one of the last quartets of Beethoven played under his direction to gain an idea of him as a quartet performer.

Wilhelmi, to give a short sketch of his career, was born Sept. 21, 1845, in Usingen, the former residence of the Prince of Nassau Usingen. Not long since Wilhelmi visited the place, on the invitation of the Stadtrath. Here he was the recipient of the most delightful ovations and, among other things, was elected an honorary citizen of Usingen. The same town, in perpetual memorial of the day, founded an institution which bears the name of Wilhelmi.

The artist's father is the widely-known Rhine wine producer, Dr. jur. A. Wilhelmi of Hattenheim. His mother, born Charlotte Petry, was herself a great artist, pupil of the well-known Court Counsellor Antonandre of Offenbach, as well as of Chopin and Marco Cordogni in Paris. August Wilhelmi received his first instruction on the violin at Wiesbaden of Konrad Fischer, Court concert-director of the Duchy of Nassau, a very capable artist; and, certainly, our enthusiastic pupil could not have wished for one more conscientious or better qualified in every respect. His progress must have been remarkable. For, when Henrietta Soutag, the immortal vocalist, at the beginning of her fiftieth year, was on a visit at his parents' home, she could not suppress her astonishment at the boy's unique mastery of tone and style, but, much moved, kissed him and said: "Some day you will be a German Paganini." In his earliest youth he had awakened the astonishment of musical connoisseurs by his fine ear. In November, 1853, it was that he heard a quartet and played in one for the first time. The boy acquitted himself so bravely, that he not only did not lose the time but pointed as musically and played off his part as correctly as though he had been for years at a quartet stand. For all that, Wilhelmi's parents seem to have consented to his choice of profession only under protest. They would have much preferred seeing him walk in the footsteps of his father and become a lawyer, a calling for which he seemed peculiarly fitted on account of his unusually logical and clear understanding.

Meantime, Polyhymnia conquered Justinian. Franz Liszt, whose opinion was to give the impulse in this emergency, made trial of the young man, who had gone to Weimar for this very purpose, and concluded his examination, in astonishment, with the words: "How? People could be undecided as to your calling in life? Why, music is born in you. Work diligently on; the world will talk of you yet, young man." And he at once journeyed with him to Ferdinand David at Leipzig, and gave him into his charge for further training. "I bring you here the future second Paganini"—with this prophetic commendation Liszt introduced our artist to David—"look out for him." So our Wilhelmi became a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory. Here he remained four years, getting his theoretical and musical culture from Ernst Fr. Richter and Moritz Hauptmann, and diligently devoting himself to belles lettres. On leaving the Conservatory he married Sophie v. Liphart and began to travel.

Wherever Wilhelmi appeared his success was the same and almost unprecedented. In a trice the twenty-year old youth obtained a European reputation. Who does not recall the truly phenomenal sensation that he excited in London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna? Despite his great youth, distinctions and honors of all sorts are already his beyond the lot of most men.

Wilhelmi officiated as concert director at the Bayreuth festival, and he devoted himself to his arduous task with a zeal, an industry, an earnestness and a knowledge that find a rival only in Hans Richter, the director of the whole work.

At a musical soirée in Wagner's home, in which all the artists tarrying at Bayreuth took part, Wilhelmi played with Emil Mahr, Thoma of Munich and Grützmacher, the A-minor Quartet of Beethoven and the famous Chaconne for violin alone of J. S. Bach. The enthusiasm of this select audience was indescribable. But after the Bach Chaconne, in the lofty rendering of which Wilhelmi certainly achieves all that is highest in polyphonic illustration and tone coloring—a masterpiece for the independence of its various single voice motives—Richard Wagner passionately embraced his young friend with tears in his eyes. "I cannot speak, dear Wilhelmi," he said deeply moved, "but you must know what an impression you have made on me and what I receive from you."

After the Bayreuth performance Wilhelmi went to England where he has labored steadily since, achieving successes and triumphs hitherto unknown. He has there won laurels, reputation and friends not only by his unequalled achievements as an artist but also, and in perhaps greater measure, by the magnetism of his personality and deportment. As a remarkable instance, may be cited his invitation to the court of Queen Victoria as well as his election as honorary member of the "German Athenæum" at London.

Especially noticeable were his labors on behalf of Wagner, so that the *Times* calls him "Wagner's most zealous and successful supporter." By an exemplary performance of single fine passages from the works of the master he was enabled to create so numerous a following of earnest devotees that he undertook to invite Wagner himself to make a journey to London. He made proposals to him for a series of grand concerts with well-selected pieces capable of being well rendered alone, from the whole body of his operas, together with some of his most important orchestral compositions from his earliest works down; so that an entire anthology from Wagner's repertoire should be presented to the London public. Wagner consented and on May 7th of this year, in the colossal Royal Albert Hall, which holds 12,000 people, the works of R. Wagner are performed in the hearing of an English public. Wagner himself leads; the orchestra consists of 200 of the most noted instrumentalists under the direction of Wilhelmi, and the vocal portions are entrusted to the foremost singers of Germany.

In conclusion, Wilhelmi is the simplest, most amiable and unostentatious of men. Bubbling over in society with wit and intelligence, almost without equal in his combativeness, he has always deported himself kindly and beneficently towards inferiors and the needy, but independently and freely towards his superiors. With a genuine, sound and thoroughly genial artist's nature, loved and honored by all who know him well, the world may yet expect great things of this violinist, who has scarcely completed his thirtieth year.

A Fine Reed Organ.

We were never partial to reed organs, nor can we boast an extensive acquaintance with instruments of this class, omnipresent almost as they are. The greater, therefore, and the more agreeable was our surprise at finding in the organ lately finished by the Smith American Organ Company, for the vestibule of a sumptuous theatre or Academy of Music in Melbourne, Australia, an instrument of power, variety and positive musical quality of tone, with all the requisite means of heightening and combining the effects, adequate for a fair presentation of a grand pedal fugue, for organ Trios and Sonatas,

indeed all the forms of classical, true organ music. To be sure, it is only a reed organ, but these reed tones are all of the purest, most individual of their kind; some of them seem absolutely borrowed from the orchestra,—the oboe for instance. It has two manuals, each of five sounding stops, besides a full range (27 keys) of pedal tones commanding two more stops. The resonance in all these stops is remarkable; the general balance and blending is beautifully even and subdued,—no crying harshness; and the "full organ," when both the manuals and pedal are coupled, has a grandeur which we seldom find in pipe organs of no greater magnitude. For the rest why need we add anything to the record of a pleasant evening which we borrow from the *Globe* of Tuesday morning:—

There was a pleasant gathering at the warerooms of the Smith American Organ Company last evening, drawn by the exhibition of a large and splendid reed organ, recently completed for the Academy of Music at Melbourne, Australia. This organ has been nearly two years in building, and it was intended to show the utmost effects attainable by the use of reeds. The contrasts in quality of tone are very marked, still the body of tone is well balanced and homogeneous. With the "full organ" the majesty and power of the great pipe organ is finely imitated, while the solo stops display a ravishing beauty of tone that we believe has been heard here for the first time. There were present Mr. John S. Dwight, Mr. B. J. Lang and Mr. Shariand, besides other musical persons and representatives of the press. The qualities of the organ were displayed in a great variety of styles of music by Mr. C. R. Ford, organist of Dr. Putnam's church; by Mr. Frank Donahue, organist at the Cathedral, and Mr. Dyer, organist of Dr. Clark's church in West Roxbury. Fugue and canon, solo and choral alternated, and in every one the audience found something new to admire. In the upper manual are five sounding stops: Dulciana, diapason, piccolo, clarion and kalophon. In the lower manual are five: Clarinet, bourdon, hautboy, principal and melodia. In the pedals are two sets—bourdon and violoncello. There are ten mechanical stops, which serve to heighten, to control, or to combine the musical effects; Pedal coupler, octave coupler, manual coupler, great forte, swell forte, principal dolce, swell tremolo, solo tremolo, great organ pedal and swell pedal. The case is of black walnut, after a beautiful design by Mr. Wilson, designer for the company, and is finished in the most elaborate and costly style. The pipes are richly decorated in brilliant colors, relieved with gold. As the organ is not for a church the decorations are intentionally brilliant, though not beyond the limit of good taste. It is a matter of congratulation that our city is able to produce such a perfect and beautiful specimen of art, so attractive to the eye, so satisfying to the musical sense. The organ is to be shipped to Melbourne about the 1st of September. Mr. Vossler provided for the occasion one of his faultless suppers.

OPERA. The *New York World* of last Sunday had the following interesting particulars of the coming opera: "Mr. Charles R. Adams, the American tenor singer, who has made himself famous in German opera, arrived in this city yesterday by the steamer Egypt, and will soon be followed by the other artists who are to help make up the Wagner and Meyerbeer Festival Opera Company. Although born in Boston and a resident of the United States until 1863, Mr. Adams's whole musical career thus far has been spent in Europe. Having discovered that he had a good voice, he put himself in training, and making rapid progress was engaged to accompany a concert troupe through the United States, the West Indies and Canada. The principal singer in the troupe was Mme. Fabbri, whose husband acted as preceptor to young Adams. In 1863 Mr. Adams went to Europe, and was soon engaged for a term of three years at the Imperial Opera in Berlin. At the end of his engagement in Berlin he had a call from Vienna, and was attached to the Imperial Opera of that capital as first tenor for nine years. During his engagement at Berlin he twice got permission from the court to visit London, where he sang at Covent Garden. This was in 1865 and 1866. In 1870, while he was at Vienna, he got permission from the Austrian court to visit Italy, where he sang for a season in La Scala, at Milan. He became a favorite of Wagner, who at that time was conducting his operas "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" in Vienna, and he holds several testimonials from that celebrated composer. After leaving Vienna Mr. Adams sang for one season in Hamburg, and it was during his engagement there that he was invited to come to America and sing at the triennial festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. While he was in Boston Mr. Strakosch tried to engage him, but, as Mr. Adams declined to go into any enterprise without an interest, the terms were not closed. Subsequently Mr. Adams and Mme. Pappenheim made an arrangement to go in together and get up a large company, with Mr. J. C. Fryer as their manager. Mr. Adams at once started off for Europe to engage artists for the company. At Berlin he engaged Miss Matilda Wilde, a dramatic singer just from the Paris Conservatory. At Vienna he engaged Miss Alesandra Hüman, a Russian lady, as light soprano. This lady is said to possess a remarkable voice. Enough others were engaged to make, when joined with the singers already in this country who have been engaged, a very large and strong company. The names of the principal artists are as follows:

Mme. Eugénie Pappenheim, first dramatic soprano; Miss Matilda Wildé, second dramatic soprano; Miss Alesandra Hüman, soprano légère; Miss Clara Reinmann, soubrette; Mr. Charles R. Adams, first tenor; Mr. George Werrenrath, tenor; Mr. Charles Fritsch, tenor; Mr. A. Blum, baritone; Mr. Henry Wiegand, basso. Mlle. Wilde, will sing as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," and Fides in "Le Prophète," Mme. Pappenheim singing Elsa and Bertha in the same operas. This, Mr. Adams thinks, will be an exceedingly strong cast. Mlle. Alesandra Hüman, soprano légère, is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi in Vienna. She had already sung at a trial in the Imperial Opera and won admiration. Herr Wiegand was for six years bass at Frankfort-on-Main. The chorus and orchestra will be organized on the same grand scale as that adopted by Mr. Fryer in the spring. The first performances will be given either in this city or Boston, probably in Boston, and the opening will be made with Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." The company will remain a week in Boston, another week in this city and a third in Philadelphia. The company will open a Western campaign at Cincinnati Nov. 5, remaining there one week, and arriving at Chicago on the 12th for a term of two weeks. They will reach New Orleans on the 26th, remaining there four weeks. They will then take in Memphis and Nashville, arriving at St. Louis Jan. 7. From St. Louis it is intended to go to California. All of Wagner's and Meyerbeer's operas, and some of those of other composers, will be performed, the list including "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Jewess," "The Huguenots," "Robert the Devil," "Fidelio," "Faust," "Don Juan," etc. In the cast for each opera the artists will be assigned to the parts for which they are especially adapted.

Music in Chicago.

CHICAGO, AUG. 17.—The long break in this correspondence has been due rather to my absence from the city, than to any scarcity of interesting material for letters. On the contrary, Theo. Thomas opened a season of Garden concerts here the last week in June which extended to the number of fifty concerts; and best of all, I am glad to record, the patronage proved remunerative. These concerts took place in the south half of the Exposition building, where the introduction of seats for about 2500, and an ornamental provision of flowers and tropical plants provided means for pleasing the eye and supporting the human frame. Ice cream, sandwiches and lager-bier were administered at little tables in the conservatory, and in a garden outside the main building.

Of the musical quality or these concerts of course I need not speak. The usual Thomas features were present, "composers'" nights, "symphony" nights, "request" programmes, etc., etc. Some ten or twelve symphonies were given and a formidable array of the best overtures, as well as a fair representation of Saint-Saens, Liszt, and Wagner. And this leads me to remark that Mr. Thomas's position in regard to the music of the future has been very much misunderstood. He holds, and properly so, too, (I think) that, as the head of one of the best orchestras in the world, giving nearly or quite three hundred concerts a year, it is his duty to the cause of music to play all sorts, the old and the new. Especially he thinks the new likely to suffer from neglect, the more so the newer and more difficult it is. Accordingly he has given a great deal of Wagner, and now lately of Saint-Saëns and other recent writers. The difficult especially has been sought for, in order to improve the technique of the orchestra. At the same time his own personal attitude toward the older masters, and especially to Beethoven, is one of the tenderest admiration. Some months ago an old and highly-prized friend with whom he had been less intimate than formerly for some time, became impressed with the idea that Mr. Thomas had become a convert to the Wagner theory. But in a conversation they had together Thomas used this expression: "I suppose you know that I recognize but *one* in music, namely Beethoven. All the others are *surroundings*." This attitude is quite unlike that of one of our pianists here, who finds the Beethoven concertos too easy to be interesting; and who remarked to a friend of mine that Beethoven's sonatas were "fit only to sit upon." Such opinions as these deserve embalming in print, even at the risk of violating the sanctity of private conversation.

Among the symphonies played in these concerts was Schumann's third, in C, the one so rarely played. Speaking of Mr. Thomas's own opinions I am tempted to add a couple that I had from him myself. The first in regard to this Schumann symphony. I had called upon him to solicit the privilege of hearing it rehearsed (for the sake of twice hearing it) and took occasion to inquire why it was so rarely played, and how Mr. Thomas liked it himself. He said to the first that it was rarely played in consequence of its difficulty. And to the second, "Oh well," he says "Schumann could not write a Symphony. His scoring is bad, and the works lack unity. The first is the best because it has more unity." Then followed details in regard to the scoring, in which he criticized the treatment of the violins especially, saying that throughout the symphony there was hardly a chance for a long sweeping stroke of the bow, and consequently the violin had no chance to bring out a free and telling tone. "But," he added, "it will not do to tell the public this; they must hear all, and find out for themselves what is good." As this journal is for the inner circle of music-lovers, I trust I violate no confidence in these revelations. I took occasion at this time to inquire in regard to Mr. J. K. Paine's symphony. Mr. Thomas regretted that he had not brought it from New York, and said that it was a fine work, "by far the best yet from an American."

The patronage of the season was very uneven. The opening fortnight was cold weather. Then during the strikes there was no business. Early in the season Mr. Liebling played Mendelssohn's G-minor concerto with the orchestra, with a fair sort of success. Later Mr. Julius Fuchs played Beethoven's Choral fantasia, which went badly all around—the fault being of course with the chorus, and the pianist who lacked force for so large a room. Then later Mme. Rice played Chopin's E minor concerto, and this also went without effect. The last week, however, brought Mme. Julia Rivé-King on Friday night in the Liszt E-flat concerto, and Saturday in Beethoven a lovely third. On Friday evening the audience numbered about five thousand, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The work went splendidly, the piano sounded well, I am told, throughout the vast room, and the fair pianist was greeted with three or four recalls. On Saturday evening the audience numbered over eight thousand, and the furor was proportionally greater. Everybody, Thomas himself, the orchestra, and the audience were delighted. From all the accounts I have had of it, this must have been the greatest success the Rivé ever made, splendid as many of her former ones have been. At all events Mr. Gosché (the manager) gives her the credit of having saved the season financially.

The music-schools are moving for the coming season. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews has resigned from the Hershey School. Mr. F. G. Gleason of Hartford, comes in his place. Mr. Gleason has written an opera, selections from which Mr. Thomas will play next year. Mr. Eddy brought his organ recitals to a close with the twentieth one, and was then made the recipient of a fine watch and chain from his friends and admirers. The recitals will be resumed in the fall.

The Musical College has issued a new circular and promises a good record of musical performances next year. If adequately carried out, I shall be glad to make them a matter of record here. Speaking of these two schools there is one very curious fact about them. The Hershey School, as this correspondence shows, gave a fine list of music last year, making a total of some forty concerts and evenings, all of which were very poorly attended. The Musical College gave about twelve concerts with less artistic programmes, all of which were *fully* attended. Yet the Hershey affairs took place in a more central location, and the performances were by the most reputable players here. I would be much obliged if somebody would assign a valid reason for this freak of the public.

Mr. Oren Locke of your city has just been appointed Professor of Music in the Methodist Female School at Evanstown, a Chicago suburb. Yours,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

The London Season of 1876-77.—Concerts.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have been remarkable for the number of important works included in the series. It is true that we could well have spared many of the compositions, the chief merit of which was that they had not been heard before in this country; but we owe a deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Manns for the attention bestowed upon Brahms's new Symphony, the reception of which fully justifies its repetition next season. We must also mention Mr. Gadsby's clever music to "Alcestis," which, although consisting of ten numbers exclusively choral, is so well contrasted and so sympathetically illustrative of the text as to ensure its ready acceptance. The band is in every respect thoroughly satisfactory, but more attention must be paid to the choir; and we cannot but believe that the standard of these fine concerts is materially lowered by the occasional exhibition of incompetent solo vocalists.

The Sacred Harmonic Society need occupy but a small share of our attention, for the season has been more barren than usual of results. Some little interest was excited by the revival of Handel's "Solomon" and Haydn's "Seasons;" but, with such resources as this Society has at command, surely some work hitherto unheard in London might be attempt-

The culmination of interest will occur on Friday evening, when Handel's heroic oratorio, "Joshua," will be given, with Madame Pappenheim, Mlle. Henne and Messrs. Maas and Whitney in the solo parts, and the choruses by the whole force of the association, with the Germania orchestra and the great organ.

Such a variety of music, by such artists, is a venture, even for Worcester, where the former efforts of the association have been sustained. It will demand and require a generous patronage. The association merits patronage because it is a home institution which has done much to develop and cultivate musical taste, and also because they offer to the public something which is well worth more than it costs.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVAL. The programme of the 154th Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, to be held at the first-named place in the first week in September, has been issued. Although hopes were entertained a fortnight since that Mdlle. Tietjens would be sufficiently recovered to fulfil her engagement as principal soprano, that hope is abandoned. Mdlle. Albani will take the major part of the music originally assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens. The Festival opens on Tuesday, the 4th of September, with full morning service at the Cathedral, on which occasion the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who has hitherto held aloof from active participation in these Festivals, will preach the sermon on behalf of the widows and orphans. In the afternoon *Elijah* will be given; on Wednesday morning Bach's *Passion* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and in the evening Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and Part I. of Haydn's *Creation;* on Thursday morning a miscellaneous selection of sacred works, including Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Brahms' *Requiem*, "Blessed are they," and the late Dr Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness;" on Friday morning Handel's *Messiah*. There will be secular concerts at the Shire Hall on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and Evening Service, with band and chorus, in the nave of the Cathedral on Friday. The list of stewards includes the names of nearly two hundred noblemen and gentlemen.—*Lond. Mus. World, Aug. 24.*

HANOVER.—On the 14th August the highly-esteemed Court Kapellmeister Fischer, successor of Marschner, died at a public dinner given by a few friends in his honor on his return from a long journey. He was recounting to them in jocular manner how he had travelled from Munich to Cassel in seven hours—when, just as he was going to say "Cassel," he fell back dead. He was one of the giants of the *old* school, like Marschner, Spohr, Guhr, Esser, etc. The Court Theatre now, a few days before its re-opening, is without a conductor.—*Musical World.*

SUMMER SEASON IN GERMANY.—As is usual at this time of the year, German musical life during the past few weeks has found its concentrated expression in a number of festivals, some of them of annual recurrence, others of more spontaneous character, arranged either for the purpose of aiding financially some special project, or to obtain a hearing under exceptional advantages for some particular work; or, indeed, merely with the view of promoting that personal interchange of ideas which is one of the chief benefits accruing from such gatherings. Besides the Annual Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year at Cologne, and the second Silesian Festival, held at Breslau, there have been similar festive meetings at Graz, Carlsruhe, Cassel, Creuznach, and other towns. The performance of works of considerable interest given in connection with the meeting of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein* at Hanover, are mentioned as coming under the same category. Among the new works performed on the latter occasion, both the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* and the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung* speak in most favorable terms of Mlle. Ingeborg von Bronsart's graceful music to Goethe's dramatic trifle, "Jery und Bately," additional interest being derived from the fact—as yet unconventional in a work of similar pretensions—of its emanating from the pen of a lady. The effect of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth," which formed part of the same series of performances, was unfortunately destroyed by the painfully apparent incapacity of the conductor—the composer being present on the occasion; while the splendid representation of Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's profoundly suggestive and illustrative music, created a deep impression. One of the chief features at the Cologne Festival was unquestionably the performance under the composer's personal direction of Verdi's "Requiem." Both choir and orchestra were most demonstrative in their admiration of the Italian *maestro*, who, at the conclusion of the performance, was presented with a silver laurel wreath bearing on each leaf the inscription of the respective names of the donors (ladies of the choir), as well as with a *bâton de mesure* worked in ivory and handsomely ornamented with gold. In a letter addressed to Ferdinand Hiller, the *maestro* expresses his deep sense of gratitude for the reception accorded to him on the part of the German people, and his unbounded admiration for the talent and devotion displayed in the execution of his work.

The London Opera Season.

The following operas have been produced during the past Opera Season in the two Opera Houses in London:

		Covent Garden.	Her Majesty's.
Mozart.....	Il Don Giovanni.....	6	 2
"	Il Flauto Magico.....	2	 1
Rossini.....	Guillaume Tell.....	5	..... –
"	Il Barbiere di Siviglia.....	3	 2
"	Otello.....	–	 4
Bellini.....	Norma.....	–	 2
"	Il Puritani.....	4	 3
"	La Sonnambula.....	1	 4
Donizetti.....	La Favorita.....	5	..... –
"	Don Pasquale.....	3	..... –
"	Lucia di Lammermoor...	2	 8
"	Linda di Chamouni.....	1	..... –
"	La Figlia del Reggimento	1	 3
"	Lucrezia Borgia.....	–	 1
Meyerbeer...	Les Huguenots.....	6	 3
" ...	Dinorah.....	3	..... –
" ...	L'Etoile du Nord.....	2	..... –
" ...	Robert le Diable,.....	–	 3
Auber.....	Fra Diavolo.....	2	..... –
Verdi.....	Un Ballo in Maschera....	4	 3
"	Rigoletto	3	 3
"	Il Trovatore.....	3	 4
"	Aida.....	3	..... –
"	La Traviata.....	2	 3
Gounod.....	Faust.....	4	 9
"	Romeo e Giulietta.....	1	..... –
Flotow.....	Martha.....	3	 2
Nicolai.....	Le Vispe Comari.....	2	..... –
Wagner.....	Lohengrin	3	 2
"	Tannhauser.....	2	..... –
"	Il Vascello Fantasma....	3	..... –
A. Thomas..	Hamlet.....	1	..... –
Duke of Saxe Coburg....	Santa Chiara.....	2	..... –
		82	62

THE profit of the Salzburg festival, it is calculated will amount to between 3,000 and 4,000 florins. The music performed is said to have been of little or no interest. Only one great work of Mozart's was given—the Symphony in C, "Jupiter;" and it seems that most of the time was spent in eating, drinking, speechifying, and "hoch," added to excursions in the mountains.

THE event of importance in the musical circle in Hamburg is to be the second centenary jubilee of the town theatre. On the 2nd of January, 1678, it will be 200 years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1676 and finished in 1677. First adopted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was "Adam and Eve," libretto by Richter, music by Franz Sheil. This was followed by "The Devil is Loose," which some believe to have been its precursor: to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at this theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2nd January will be one of peculiar attraction, and if the score exists, to compare the past with the present, "The Devil is Loose" with "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

FLOTOW'S new opera, "Die Musikanten," founded upon incidents in the early life of Mozart, is to be performed at Turin, next October. The libretto has already been translated into Italian.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER has gone to Weimar from Ems, and is busy writing his new opera, "Parcival." Some who have been privileged to hear extracts from "Parcival" say it is to be "colossal"—the conventional admiration-word used by Wagner's proselytes—better, in fact, than anything the master has hitherto given to the world.

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, a son of the ex-Prime Minister, has translated from the German Justus Thibaut's work on "Purity in Music and Art." The father of the translator has added a prefatory note to the translation.

PROMISES of new operas in France and Belgium are numerous. There will be "Nero," at the Italian Opera House, in Paris, by Herr Rubinstein; and "Francoise de Rimini," at the Grand Opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas: while M. Saint-Saëns is to bring out at Lyons a grand spectacular opera, "Etienne Marcel," the libretto by M. Louis Gallet. In Brussels, M. Humbert has two works preparing for the Fantaisies Parisiennes, namely, "La Nuit de Saint Germain," music by M. G. Serpette; and "La Fée des Bruyeres," music by M. S. David. The revival of Halevy's "Reine de Chypre" at the Grand Opera is also to be followed by Italian adaptations, to be produced at the San Carlo in Naples, the Scala in Milan, and at the opera houses in Vienna and St. Petersburg.

IN a notice of Schumann's "Music and Musicians; Essays and Criticisms, translated, edited and annotated by Fanny Raymond Ritter" of New York, the London *Athenæum* says that the popularity of Schumann's works has of late greatly increased in England, although, singularly enough, two dramatic cantatas of his—one a setting of scenes from Goethe's "Faust," and the other of Byron's "Manfred"—have never been given completely in that country, notwithstanding that they are productions far more dramatic and interesting than the dreary "Paradise and the Peri."[!] But Schumann's pianoforte pieces and his Lieder would alone suffice to keep his name before the English public, especially since the recent popularization by pianists like Mme. Schumann, Mme. Essipoff, Dr. von Bülow and Herr Rubinstein of his many "fanciful, fantastic, romantic and charming" instrumental compositions.

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"Puisque desormais."
Frenchy, but with the wild, pretty style which attaches to creole music.

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Very funny.

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Rise higher on the wall."
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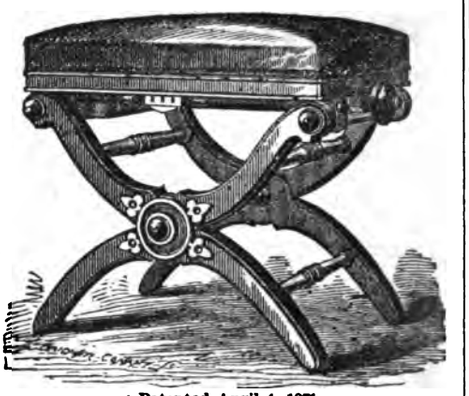

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 951. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 13.

Frederic Chopin.

BY LOUIS EHLERT.

(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOCUM.)

It is more than a quarter of a century since Chopin died. He was born March 1, 1809 and died Oct. 18, 1849. Death, which generally brings glory or takes it away, has done neither for him. His life, of forty years, was full of fame; and admiration for him is rather on the increase than diminishing. There is no piano in the old or new world that does not ring with his melodies, no class of society that does not love him. Small fortunes have been made with his mazurkas, waltzes and polonaises. His funeral march, which was instrumented for his own burial service, has had to contribute its gloomy grandeur to foreign funerals, although one can as little die by it as dance by his waltzes. What was it that made a man, to whom the name of a classic has with some right been denied, so influential and immortal?

One who wanders through a forest in the early morning, when the dew is glittering in rich drops upon the grass and the fresh morning song of birds sounds dreamily from the branches, such an one feels the sweet freshness, the sacred and mysterious majesty of the morning. What one breathes and beholds is so pure that no care disturbs the strong beatings of the heart. Art has seldom been able to find such morning music; such a scene is too calm and quiet to be resolved into sound. The morning is God. She rather gives us the evening with its moonlight and its recollections, for she glorifies what is past, and twilight is her peculiar element. A feeling for landscape is well suited to the nature of music. Schubert and Haydn had much of it, and Beethoven, who loved to compose wandering about. In Schumann's songs it is often so prominent that one might paint the scene he sees before him. In Chopin we find no trace of this. His feeling for nature was not a musical one. In his music no forests rustle, no brooks babble; no morning nor evening aurora, but only candle-light illumines his world. We can think of him only as in his room, never in the open air. He knows nothing of the out-door freedom, the shirt sleeve nature of man. It would have been impossible for him to set peasants to dancing as did Beethoven. His sphere is not the forest and meadow, but the drawing-room of polite society. With him it is the garments of fair women that rustle and the talk of lovers that whispers in your ear. No one knows, as he does, the charms of social delight and of beautiful forms. He portrays the hidden pangs of love, its renunciation and its constancy, as exactly as their opposites, love's burning passion and confession. How his mazurkas quiver with sweet coyness, his polonaises with strength and pride.

Chopin, as is well known, was a Pole by birth. He obtained his musical education from the then director of the Warsaw Conservatory, Elsner. A piano teacher, little known in wider circles, was the only instructor he had. At the time of the Polish revolution, 1830, he left his native country. Paris became his new home, the Paris of Louis Phillipe. No place nor time could have been chosen more suited to the development of his peculiar genius. The July monarchy was, despite all its faults, one of the soundest and happiest periods in French history. A society alive with many-sided intellectual interests, free and easy manners in union with the grace of the French deportment, furnished an atmosphere that contributed to the freest development of that wealth of artistic feeling in which Chopin's nature rooted itself. There are powerful natures that can write immortal works by the light of an oil lamp. We could imagine the Eroica Symphony as written in a garret and amidst the bitterest deprivations. But it is hard to conceive of so choice an art as Chopin's, without comfort. His F-sharp Nocturne suggests at once champagne and truffles.

It is difficult for us to rigidly fix and define the Polish national character. A people whose career is seemingly ended, will, even in the separate portions of their history, reveal something of the unhistorical and the transitory—something hard to understand. The absence of hope and of a present lends it a look either of fanatical moroseness or of profound melancholy. In the case of an oppressed race there is but this one choice left us. In Chopin's art and personality both of these were united, but charmingly softened by two other national traits, chivalry and grace. This triad, melancholy, chivalry and grace, is the true basis of his musical nature. All cheer is, with him, but mourning laid aside for the nonce, somewhat as a person suffering from grief often deports himself pleasantly in conversation out of mere politeness. That true cheerfulness that springs from contentment and which we find even in the two most serious of our composers, Bach and Beethoven, that "grim joy"—as Spitta has termed it—"that at times distinguishes Bach as it did Luther,"—Chopin did not possess. Even his love seems more the gallantry of the troubadour who intends to utilize to the utmost the artistic import of his feeling, than the constant longing of the lover for union with the loved one. I do not mean that Chopin's life was without its earnest passions; it is one thing to be and another to seem something. There is something so wild in all that in Chopin we can designate as the passion of love—that we attribute anything to it rather than constancy.

The characteristic achievement of the Chopin art is the idealized dance. What of thought could be infused into its movement and give it the rank of a miniature but aristocratic art form, Chopin has shown us in a hundred ways. It is the *ideal essence* of the dance that he gives us. He dances not with the limbs as Lanner and Strauss; he dances with the soul. From her he has heard all secrets that may be revealed or concealed through the medium of the animate and charming dance rhythm. And here it is, especially, that his tendency to melancholy, oft-times of tragic depth, causes his music to degenerate into complaint and anguish. He dances from the drawing room out into the gloomy night; sadly and passionately the youthful couple embrace one another. He dances remorse and rage, he dances over a church-yard and back again into the laughing, breezy air of the present. We think of Le Grand's "drum beat tears." He is inexhaustible in the discovery of motives that turn the ball room into a poetic world where we whirl ever on and on as in a dream.

Perhaps never did a musical nature so ground itself in the keyboard as his. The keys are magic wands out of which he forms his language. And he not only whispers and flatters in this language, but can also roar as though with brazen tongue. In his large pieces, his scherzos, ballads, the F-sharp minor and A-major polonaise it attains a pathetic intensity. But it never becomes orchestral, as with Beethoven, where the piano seems but an improvised and accidental medium of expression for a score that has not yet been written out. The genius of his instrument wholly possesses him and, where he writes for the orchestra, his score is but an instrumented piano morceau. This inner blending of himself with his idol explains his talent for wringing from it colors and tones that none before him had discovered. With this came a new technical method that, in his most difficult works, his "Etudes" and "Preludes," conquered a new world. Here we have to do not with new passages in the style of Hummel and Clementi, but with a new kind of effect, formed from the union of poetry with a sort of finger instinct that went beyond the entire method of fingering then in vogue. Chopin's fancy must have had a kind of mental method of fingering that made it possible to play the most erratic passages.

The nature of the Chopin Etude it is not easy to describe. Under this modest, unprepossessing name lay hidden, along with the technical matter which he wished to furnish, so musical a charm that all must have asked themselves the question: upon what law of connection a union rested that maintained the greatest freedom of form in such close harmony with the given technical aim. This question, to my mind, touches the most interesting point in Chopin's nature. Chopin makes such a work of art out of an exercise in thirds that, in the study of the same, we imagine ourselves more on Parnassus than at work upon a lesson.

The "Preludes," which have no technical aim in view, are free creations in little space; and yet show us the composer in his entire

manysidedness. No work of Chopin's gives us so faithful and complete a picture of his inner nature. Much in them is embryonic. It is as though he turned over the leaves of his fancy without reading any one page to its end. But we find in them the lightning power of his Scherzos, the half sportive, half coquettish elegance of his Mazurkas, the tropical breath laden with the rich fragrance of his Nocturnes. Oft-times, it is as though tiny star pictures had, in falling, melted into tones.

Among the types that Chopin has created, the Scherzo stands in the first rank. Even compared with what Beethoven wrought as Scherzos into his symphonies, it displays a more fully developed structure. It is piano music in the sense of most accomplished technical skill. No method of thought can be more unlike Beethoven's than his. It is the difference almost between a bas-relief and a fully rounded statue. The Chopin Scherzo has, indeed, its leading motive and its Trio, but so fantastically modelled that of the normal character of the form scarcely anything remains but the measure in 8-4 time. Besides, it is introduced by several measures of prelude, and always end with a more or less extended Coda. Among his four Scherzos the second, in B minor, has, of right, become most popular. It is so fresh and comprehensible, so dramatically impressive, so happy in its contrasts that only the full power of a genial nature in some happy hour could have composed it. For artistic refinement the others, especially the first and fourth, are superior to it; but one must already be a thorough connoisseur of Chopin in order to understand all their secret folds and shades of expression.

(To be Continued.)

New Life of Chopin.

Friedrich Chopin: sein Leben, seine Werke und Briefe. Von Moritz Karasowski. 2 vols. Dresden: F. Ries.

There are artists whose life, in the full significance of the word, must ever remain unwritten. Its main features may be recognized and understood by the sympathetic insight of a kindred artistic mind, and thus a true, if ideal, picture of the life in question may be attained which, however, defies the dissecting process of the literary pen. In the various phases of modern musical development we meet with not few representatives of the art whose distinct and most marked individuality has entitled them to a niche in the hall of fame, but whose comparatively uneventful life offers little or no scope to the biographer. We will only instance Franz Schubert as an illustration of our remarks; they are equally applicable, although in a different degree, to Friedrich Chopin. His outward career was marked by no striking incidents which would have raised it above the conventional sphere of the artist, nor can it be said that he exercised a direct and personal influence upon the art-consciousness of his time. The occasions on which he appeared before the public were extremely rare, and may almost be counted on the fingers. He was, indeed, the admired and courted favorite of a world, but it was the narrow world only of the Parisian *salons*, while his true home remained in the seclusion of his chamber or in the society of a few sympathetic friends. A genius, unique though singularly confined within a narrow limit of creative activity—a rich and imaginative nature in which a certain melancholy dreaminess predominated, a yearning for an undefined something which was ever receding from his grasp—a heart capable of forming and retaining throughout life the deepest attachments, and glowing with a generous love of his unfortunate country—such are, in short, the prominent features in the portrait of the Polish tone-poet. The biographer may collect the scattered details of the outer circumstances of such a career; but the life of Chopin was essentially an inner one, and its biographical picture will always remain more or less incomplete, in accordance with the degree of the capacity on the part of the reader to penetrate into the mystic laboratory of genius.

Fortunately for Chopin and for the lovers of his music, the man who of all others possesses the just-mentioned capacity in an eminent degree, the intimate friend of the composer, Franz Liszt, has already given to the world his experience of this inner life; and it must be admitted that the rhapsodical style of the Abbé, if somewhat embarrassing at times, is peculiarly suited to the subject and to the wayward genius of whom he treats. This brilliant effusion of a poetic mind should be read in conjunction with the connected story of the composer's career at present under our notice; they supplement one another. Herr Karasowski is a countryman of Chopin, and as such especially fitted to be the interpreter of the ardent patriotic sentiments which form such a prominent element in the character of his compositions; he is also an intimate friend of the Chopin family, a circumstance which has enabled him to obtain a number of details, of anecdotes and incidents in connection particularly with the youth of Friedrich, which admit new light upon his early development, and which will be welcomed by all who take an interest in the matter. The most interesting portion of the work is, however, a number of letters of the composer now published for the first time, which enable the biographer at various stages of his work to let his hero speak for himself—the true secret, in fact, of all successful biography. These letters, originally written in the Polish language (the mother-tongue, in the strictest sense of the word, of our composer, whose father, a Frenchman by birth, had settled near Warsaw and married a Polish lady), are given in admirable translation, and are dated from various parts of Poland and Germany, and subsequently from Paris, where, after a sojourn of many years, the great musician fell the victim of a painful and protracted malady. Unfortunately, as we learn in the course of the above narrative, the whole of the letters written by Chopin to his family while resident in the French capital, and thus comprising the most interesting and important period of his life, were destroyed by the vandalism of the Russian soldiery incidental to one of those chronic disturbances to which their author's divided and unhappy country is periodically subjected. Enough, however, of his correspondence dating from that epoch, and directed chiefly to his bosom-friend Titus Woyciechowski, has been preserved to make the existing disproportion in the personal communications, supplied respectively in the first and second part of the work, less apparent. With Herr Karasowski as our guide, we are introduced to the talented members of the Chopin family at Zelazwa Wola, the village near Warsaw where the composer spent the early days of his youth, and to the excellent musician Elsner, who watched over and directed the development of the precocious talent of his pupil step by step, who was so proud of his subsequent success, and who in after life so impatiently and fruitlessly awaited that crowning effort on the part of his favorite, viz., the composition of a Polish national opera. We follow the young virtuoso upon his visits to Berlin and Vienna, always modest, always shrinking from the public gaze, yet always eliciting admiration, and exercising that indefinable fascination upon his auditors by which a powerful individuality manifests itself. Finally, we see the now matured musician take up his abode in Paris; we find him surrounded by a circle of fellow-artists, yielding in brilliancy and fame to that of no other epoch in the art-history of the great metropolis, himself the flattered and spoilt child of the *salons*, from whose scented atmosphere he would often turn to his rooms at the Chaussée d'Antin, with the grief of his betrayed country in his heart, with the stings of disappointed love still rankling in his bosom, to pour out his woe at the pianoforte in unheard-of improvisations. We hear something also of the composer's alternate attachment to two Polish ladies, who proved in turn faithless; and a good deal about his subsequent relations to Madame Dudevant, the great French novelist known by the name of George Sand. The author treats, in a separate chapter of the importance of Chopin as a creative artist, by which means he manages to convey a great many instructive suggestions to the mind of the student, which form not the least valuable portion of the biography.

We have, we think, said enough to recommend this interesting and important addition to biographical literature to such among our readers whose knowledge of German will enable them to peruse its pages: those unacquainted with that language must be content to wait; we fancy it will not be long before the work will follow its predecessor (Franz Liszt's) with an English translation.

Herr Karasowski's "Life of Friedrich Chopin" contains probably as much as we shall ever learn of the career of a musician whose genius had chosen but few forms of expression; into which few, however, he has infused endless variety and a singular depth of poetry entirely his own.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

From Ruskins's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.

The works of Turner are broadly referable to four periods, during each of which the painter wrought with a different aim, or with different powers.

In the first period, 1800–1820, he labored as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself.

In his second period, 1820–1835, he worked on the principles which during his studentship he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavoring to do what the then accepted theories of art required of all artists—namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact.

In his third period, 1835–1845, his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of "ideals," but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from Nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings.

In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed. The pictures painted in the last five years of his life are of wholly inferior value. He died in 1851.

These, then, being the broad divisions of his career, we will take the pictures belonging to each in their order; first dwelling a little on the general characteristics of each epoch.

1.—Characteristics of the First Period, or that of Studentship.

Generally, the pictures belonging to this time are notable for their grey or brown color, and firm, sometimes heavy, laying on of the paint. And this for two reasons. Every great artist, without exception, needs, and feels that he needs, to learn to express the *forms* of things before he can express the *colors* of things; and it much facilitates this expression of form if the learner will use at first few and simple colors. And the paint is laid on firmly, partly in mere unskilfulness (it being much easier to lay a heavy touch than a light one,) but partly only in the struggle of the learner against indecision, just as the notes are struck heavily in early practice (if useful and progressive), on a pianoforte. But besides these reasons, the kind of landscapes which were set before Turner as his models, and which, during nearly the whole of this epoch, he was striving to imitate, were commonly sober in colors and heavy in touch. Brown was thought the proper color for trees, grey for shadows and fog, yellow for high lights. "Child Roland to the dark tower came," and had to clear his way through all the fog; twenty years of his life passed before he could fairly get leave to see. It follows that the evidences of invention, or of new perception, must be rarer in the pictures of this period than in subsequent ones. It was not so much to think brilliantly, as to draw accurately, that Turner was trying; not so much to invent new things, as to rival the old. His own perceptions are traceable only by fits and fragments through the more or less successful imitation.

It is to be observed, however, that his originality is enough proved by the fact that these pictures of his studentship, though they nearly all are imitations, are none of them *copies*. Nearly every other great master in his youth copied some of the works of other masters; but Turner, when he wanted to understand a master's merits, instead of copying, painted an original picture in the required style. Instead of copying a Vandevelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vandevelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Vandevelde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, con-

tinually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others.

2.—Characteristics of the Second Period, or that of Mastership.

The reader may perhaps suppose that I limit Turner's course of conception too arbitrarily in assigning a single year as the period of its change. But the fact is, that though the human mind is prepared for its great transitions by many previous circumstances, and much gradual accumulation of knowledge, those transitions may, and frequently do, take place in a moment. One glance of the eye, one springing aside of a fancy, may cast a spark on the prepared pile; and the whole theory and practice of past life may be burned up like stubble; and new foundations be laid, in the next hour, for the perpetual future toil of existence. This cannot, however, take place, with the utmost sharpness of catastrophe, in so difficult an art as that of painting: old habits will remain in the hand, and the knowledge necessary to carry out the new principles needs to be gradually gathered; still, the new conviction, whatever it be, will probably be expressed, within no very distant period from its acquirement, in some single picture, which will at once enable us to mark the old theories as rejected, at all events, then, if not before. This condemning and confirming picture is, in the present instance, I believe, the "Bay of Baiæ."

For, in the year 1819, Turner exhibited the "Orange Merchant" and "Richmond Hill," both in his first manner. In 1820, "Rome from the Vatican;" a picture which I have not seen. In 1821, *nothing;* a notable pause. In 1822, "What you will:" a picture I have not seen either, and which I am very curious about, as it may dispute the claims of first assertion with its successor. In 1823 came the "Bay of Baiæ."

Why I put the real time of change so far back as 1820 will appear, after I have briefly stated the characters in which the change consists.

Pictures belonging to the second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars.

1. Color takes the place of grey.
2. Refinement takes the place of force.
3. Quantity takes the place of mass.

First, color appears everywhere instead of grey. That is to say, Turner had discovered that the shaded sides of objects, as well as their illumined ones, are in reality of different, and often brilliant colors. His shadow is, therefore, no longer of one hue, but perpetually varied; whilst the lights, instead of being subdued to any conventional level, are always painted as near the brightness of natural color as he can.

Secondly, refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on infinitely delicate lines. His effort is, therefore, always, now, to trace lines as finely, and shades as softly, as the point of the brush and feeling of hand are capable of doing; and the effects sought are themselves the most subtle and delicate which nature presents, rarely those which are violent. The change is the same as from the heavy touch and noisy preferences of a beginner in music, to the subdued and tender fingering or breathing of a great musician—rising, however, always into far more masterful stress when the occasion comes.

Thirdly, quantity takes the place of mass. Turner had also ascertained, in the course of his studies, that nature was infinitely full, and that old painters had not only missed her pitch of hue, but her power of accumulation. He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe.

Now, so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instinctive and unpretending way, his work was noble; but the moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless, but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He erred in *color;* because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessory, until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in *refinement*, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in *quantity*, because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.

The oil pictures exhibited in the Academy, as being always more or less done for show, and to produce imposing effect, display these weaknesses in the greatest degree; the drawings in which he tried to do his best are next in failure, but the drawings in which he simply liked his subject, and painted it for its own simple sake, are wholly faultless and magnificent.

All the works of this period are, however, essentially Turnerian; original in conception, and unprecedented in treatment; they are, therefore, when fine, of far greater value than those of the first period; but as being more daring, they involve greater probabilities of error or failure.

One more point needs notice in them. They generally are painted with far more enjoyment. Master now of himself and his subjects, at rest as to the choice of the thing to be done, and triumphing in perpetually new perceptions of the beauty of the nature he had learned to interpret, his work seems poured out in perpetual rejoicing; his sympathy with the pomp, splendor and gladness of the world increases, while he forgets its humiliation and pain; they cannot now stay the career of his power, nor check the brightness of his exultation. From the dens of the serpent and the dragon he ascends into soft gardens and balmy glades; and from the roll of the wagon on the dusty road, or labor of the boat along the stormy shore, he turns aside to watch the dance of the nymph, and listen to the ringing of the cymbal.

3.—General Characteristics of the Third Period.

As Turner became more and more accustomed to, and satisfied in, the principles of art he had introduced, his mind naturally dwelt upon them with less of the pride of discovery, and turned more and more to the noble subjects of natural color and effect, which he found himself now able to represent. He began to think less of showing or trying what he *could* do, and more of actually doing this or that beautiful thing. It was no more a question with him how many alternations of blue with gold he could crowd into a canvas, but how nearly he could reach the actual blue of the Bay of Uri, when the dawn was on its golden cliffs. I believe, also, that in powerful minds there is generally, towards age, a return to the superstitious love of nature which they felt in their youth; and assuredly, as Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fades from his work, and a deep imaginative delight, and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in nature, take their place. It is true that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not as in his middle period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish, or to defy, his critics. Often, also, he would *play* with his Academy work, and engage in color tournaments with his painter-friends; the spirit which prompted such jests or challenges being natural enough to a mind now no longer in a state of doubt, but conscious of confirmed power. But here, again, the evil attendant on such play, or scorn, becomes concentrated in the Academy pictures; while the real strength and majesty of his mind are seen undiminished only in the sketches which he made during his Summer journeys for his own pleasure, and in the drawings he contemplated from them.

Another notable characteristic of this period is, that though the mind was in a state of comparative repose, and capable of play at idle moments, it was, in its depth, infinitely more serious than heretofore—nearly all the subjects on which it dwelt having now some pathetic meaning. Formerly he painted the Victory in her triumph, but now the old Temeraire in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the ducal palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Life of Vandevelde, now the burial of Wilkie.

Lastly, though in most respects this is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline. As we have seen, in each former phase of his efforts, that the full character was not developed till about its central year, so in this last the full character was not developed till the year 1840; and that character involved, in the very fulness of its imaginative beauty, some loss of distinctness; some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and, as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. These several deficiencies, when they happened to be united in one of the fantasies struck out during retouching days at the Academy, produce results which, at the time they appeared, might have justified a regretful criticism, provided only that criticism had been offered under such sense of the painter's real greatness as might have rendered it acceptable or serviceable to him; whereas, being expressed in terms as insulting to his then existing power as forgetful of his past, they merely checked his efforts, challenged his caprices, and accelerated his decline.

Technically speaking, there are few trenchant distinctions between works of the second and third period. The most definite is that the *figures* of the second period have bodies more or less inclining to flesh color; but in the third period the faces at least are white, looking like chalked masks (why we shall inquire presently) and the limbs usually white, with scarlet reflected lights. It is also to be observed that after the full development of the third manner, in 1840, no more foliage is satisfactorily painted, and it rarely occurs in any prominent mass.

The Fighting Temeraire.

I return to this picture, instead of taking it in its due order; and I think I shall be able to show reason for pleading that, whatever ultimate arrangement may be adopted for the Turner gallery, this canvas may always close the series. I have stated in the "Harbors of England" that it was the last picture he ever executed with his *perfect* power; but that statement needs some explanation. He produced, as late as the year 1843, works, which, take them all in all, may rank among his greatest; but they were great by reason of their majestic or tender conception, more than by workmanship; and they show some failure in distinctness of sight, and firmness of hand. This is especially marked when any vegetation occurs, by imperfect and blunt rendering of the foliage; and the "Old Temeraire" is the last picture in which Turner's execution is as firm and faultless as in middle life; the last in which lines requiring exquisite precision, such as those of the masts and yards of shipping, are drawn rightly, and at once. When he painted the "Temeraire," Turner could, if he had liked, have painted the "Shipwreck" or the "Ulysses" over again; but, when he painted the "Sun of Venice," though he was able to do different, and in some sort more beautiful things, he could not have done *those* again.

I consider, therefore, Turner's period of central power, entirely developed and entirely unabated, to begin with the "Ulysses" and close with the "Temeraire;" including a period, therefore, of ten years exactly, 1829–1839.

The one picture, it will be observed, is of sunrise; the other of sunset.

The one of a ship entering on its voyage; and the other of a ship closing its course forever.

The one, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its triumph.

The other, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its decline.

I do not suppose that Turner, deep as his bye-thoughts often were, had any under meaning in either of these pictures: but, as accurately as the first sets forth his escape to the wild brightness of Nature, to reign amidst all her happy spirits, so does the last set forth his returning to die by the shore of the Thames: the cold mists gathering over his strength, and all men crying out against him,

and dragging the old "Fighting Temeraire" out of their way, with dim, fuliginous contumely.

The period thus granted to his consummate power seems a short one. Yet, within the space of it, he had made five sixths (or about 80) of the England drawings; the whole series of France, 66 in number; for the Bible illustrations, 26; for Scott's works, 62; for Byron's, 33; for Rogers's, 57; for Campbell's, 20; for Milton's, 7; for Moore's, 4; for the Keepsake, 24; and of miscellaneous subjects, 20 or 30 more; the least total of the known drawings being thus something above 400:—allow twelve weeks a year for oil painting and travelling, and the drawings (wholly exclusive of unknown private commissions and some thousands of sketches), are at the rate of one a week through the whole period of ten years.

The work which thus nobly closes the series is a solemn expression of a sympathy with seamen and with ships, which had been one of the governing emotions in Turner's mind throughout his life. It is also the last of a group of pictures, painted at different times, but all illustrative of one haunting conception, of the central struggle at Trafalgar. The first was, I believe, that exhibited in the British Institution in 1808; "The battle of Trafalgar as seen from the mizen shrouds of the Victory." It is a magnificent picture in his early manner; it is in the nation's possession, and ought surely to have been exhibited in this series instead of the "Calais Pier," being remarkable in many ways, but chiefly for its endeavor to give the spectator a complete map of everything visible in the ships "Victory" and "Redoutable" at the moment of Nelson's death wound. Then came the "Trafalgar," now at Greenwich Hospital, representing the Victory after the battle; a picture which, for my own part, though said to have been spoiled by ill-advised compliances on Turner's part with requests for alteration, I would rather have than any one in the national collection. Lastly came this "Temeraire," which is the best memorial that Turner could give to the ship which was the Victory's companion in her closing strife.

The painting of the "Temeraire" was received with a general feeling of sympathy. No abusive voice, so far as I remember, was ever raised against it. And the feeling was just; for of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin: but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage or the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human gnidance, double the interest of the vessel; nor less her organized perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb, or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to nor diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death, surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long rivulets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the east and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped—steep in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-cloud of human souls at rest,—surely for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts—some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters.

Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old Temeraire.

Music in the House.

(From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.)

Mr. Hullah has written an interesting little book in the "Art at Home Series" which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing. It deals with "Music in the House," and its object, says Mr. Hullah, is to bring music as a familiar guest into many houses where she is yet a stranger. Out of the house, he says, we are deluged with music; never were there so many concerts; yet in a domestic point of view we are not so well off. Of course the oratorio, the symphony, and the opera are for the concert hall, but the instrumental quartet or trio, the piano solo, and the song, are far better heard in a small room than in one where the performers have to be viewed through the telescope. Besides, there is the increased sympathy between listeners, and the interchange of remarks on the music when the performance has ceased. Mr. Hullah quotes the oft-quoted passage from Morley's "Introduction" (1597), which is so good a proof of the cultivation of domestic music in that age that we may quote it again:—

"But supper being ended and musicke bookes (according to the custome) being brought to table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yes, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up; so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make myselfe his scholler."

This passage, as Mr. Hullah points out, not only shows the large cultivation of singing at that period, but implies that there was no audience; everyone, even a stranger, was expected to sing, just as he was expected to eat his supper. "It may be accepted as an axiom," says Mr. Hullah, "that no musical performance is so delightful as that to the production of which we ourselves contribute. Music in the house therefore should be of a kind that will employ the largest number of performers. This will, of necessity, be vocal music, for there are, and always will be, more singers in the world than players. It will also be choral music; that of which each individual part may employ more than one vocalist."

In the chapter on unaccompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah recommends the study of the masters of the sixteenth century, though he acknowledges that the taste for their style must be acquired, and is not natural to those practised only in contemporary music. The modern ear misses the use of the dominant seventh and of transition. Nevertheless this ancient music must not be regarded as an imperfect art, for it was one in which the practitioners realized completely their aims and intentions, and showed no desire for a change of style. With this school ends for a time the history of unaccompanied vocal music, for Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Rameau, Méhul and Hérold, did not, to Mr. Hullah's knowledge, write a single piece of vocal harmony which was clearly intended to be sung without accompaniment.

The revival of unaccompanied vocal music may be fairly claimed for ourselves, in the Glee, which dates from the middle of the last century, and ended with the first half of this. Mr. Hullah derives the name from the Saxon "gligge," which simply means "music." A large number of the best glees lie under the disadvantage of being written for male voices and employing the alto voice, an artificial product, which dates from the Restoration of Charles II. Some of these glees have been re-arranged for mixed voices, but there is a force in close harmony which is lost when this is done. Mr. Hullah apparently is not aware that there are several men's voice choirs in existence who sing these glees with high tenor voices for the top line, and the testimony is that with proper training the compass of the old alto voice can be reached by high tenors, and that with a much more pleasing quality of voice.

Of the part-song Mr. Hullah writes:—

"The 'part-song,' as now accepted, is a revival in this century of one of the musical forms of the last years of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth. The harmonized airs of the Italian Gastoldi, and the English Ford, are in all respects part-songs. Some of the later of our English glee composers may be said to have contributed, even if unconsciously, to this revival; (*e. g.* Spofforth in his 'My dear mistress,' Horsley in 'See the chariot at hand,' and Battishill in 'Amidst the myrtles,') but, as a conscious, purposeful and vigorous act, the credit of it must be awarded to the Germans, who, in their 'war of liberation,' employed it as a potent means for raising and maintaining patriotic fervor. Weber's settings of Körner's lyrics are some among the earliest and best of these soul-stirring effusions. They are all for male voices, in "close harmony," the parts shoulder to shoulder, as those who sang them would have stood to receive a charge of cavalry; short, clear, outspoken utterances, and simple enough to be learnt by heart, and sung without books, on the march, or round the table. This type has since been enormously developed; and specimens of it, as well for the mixed as for the male choir, have recently been produced, by English, French, and Italian, as well as German composers, important enough to tax the skill and sustaining power of the best trained and most enduring of choirs. Some of the part-songs of our countrymen, Hatton, Leslie, the brothers Macfarren, Pearsall, Henry Smart, Sullivan, and of our countrywomen, C. A. Macirone, Elizabeth Stirling, and Agnes Zimmermann; of Adolph Adam and Gounod; of Pinsuti and Francesco Berger; claim admission on every ground into the category of what are called 'large works.'"

As to balance of parts Mr. Hullah thinks that experience shows the following proportions to be the best: Sopranos 10, Contraltos 6, Tenors 4, Basses 6. He has also a word of encouragement for the Contraltos:—

"It is not in the least surprising that the best 'readers' among women should be Contraltos. An 'inner' part catches the ear less than an upper part; and there is no dealing with it without 'using one's mind.' As an instrument of mental and even moral discipline, the practice of second Soprano and of Contralto parts is more efficacious than that of 'first.' Contraltos, therefore, are generally superior to Sopranos, not merely in musical knowledge, but in power of attention, patience, and spirit."

Mr. Hullah concludes this chapter with some remarks on exaggerated expression, which we cordially endorse. He says:—

"I am unwilling to leave the performance of unaccompanied vocal music without a protest against an extravagance in connection with it, happily attended with a good deal of difficulty, but which is occasionally realized with too much success. The *piano* is unquestionably one of the most beautiful effects of which music is susceptible; but it may be carried too far. There is a *piano*, or rather an ultra *pianissimo*, only producible from very strong throats, and even from them with pain, and at some risk. I have *seen*, not of course heard, a choir whose utterance had attained such delicacy, that I should not have known that its constituents were actually singing, but from the occasional action of the lips, the purple cheeks, and protruded eyes (highly suggestive of apoplexy), of the majority of them. They had spent, I learned, many weeks in giving this negative effect to an arrangement of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' a melody extending over sixteen bars! Regarded æsthetically this stifled vocalization is among those excesses which uniformly accompany and mark the decline of an art. It was unknown to the practice of the Sistine Chapel in its best days, and to that of the great epoch of Italian solo singing—the last century. It is a modern heresy, which could only have sprung up among a people who, whatever their achievements in musical composition and instrumental performance, have not yet become, and are still far from being, *singers* in the proper sense of the word."

In the chapter on Instrumental Music Mr. Hullah speaks first of the pianoforte, which has obtained such importance in modern times, and is especially useful in representing approximately effects which require a chorus, and perhaps an orchestra as well, for their perfect realization. The best instrument to be combined with it is the violin, and nothing could possibly add to the charm and variety of music in the house like a general increase of skill in violin playing. This increase in Mr. Hullah's opinion, if it is to be made, must be through the help of the ladies. Next to the violin comes the 'cello. Mr. Hullah does not believe that the quality of sound produced by a vibrating metal tongue, as in the harmonium, concertina, accordion, etc., can ever take a permanent hold on the cultivated musical ear. The roughness of quality, the loudness of the Bass part, and the obtrusiveness of the harmonics, disqualify instruments like the harmonium for rendering several parts at once, but they may be used for a single part in combination with other instruments.

Mr. Hullah's remarks on the advantage of learning to sing before learning an instrument are very valuable. They reflect what has all along been the practice of Tonic Sol-faists. He says:—

"The hideous results of first attempts at performance on the violin, and a good many instruments besides, are generally due to a single cause, and that cause a remediable one—the still all but universal practice of teaching music and performance on an artificial instrument *together*. By teaching *music*, as distinct from musical performance, I mean inducing that sympathy of eye and ear which enables its possessor to know what a succession of musical symbols brought under the former should represent to the latter; or, *vice versâ*, how a succession and even a combination of sounds, addressed to the ear, may be recorded and presented intelligibly to the eye; in fewer words, to enable a musical student to "know the *sound*" of what he sees represented in musical characters. Now not only can this be done, but it can be best and most easily done through an instrument God has given to every human creature, the voice. All musical education should begin—the earlier the better—with singing, the rational practice of which involves the ac-

quisition of a number of principles and facts, and—more important still—the early formation of a number of *habits*, which lie at the root alike of musical science and skill. This rule having been followed, the beginner on whatever instrument would find a great deal of the work apparently before him really behind him. Not only would he recognize as a fact that this note was called C, and that D, this note a crochet, that a quaver, but he would know, *before he heard them*, how D and C *ought* to sound in reference to one another, and how a crotchet and a quaver in the same strain should be rhythmically proportioned. Above all, his ear being already 'formed,' having once learned the place on the finger or key-board of the notes whose effect he was able to *anticipate*, he would not only, with a very little practice, avoid playing 'wrong notes,' but soon—weeks, months, nay years, sooner than the average beginner—avoid playing right notes wrongly, *i.e.*, out of tune. The management of the bow-arm, the action of the fingers on a key-board, of the lips on a reed or a mouth-piece—these are mechanical arts, and, like the management of the bat or the leaping pole, matters of practice."

Mr. Hullah adds a few words on the choice of a pianoforte. He describes the modern compass of seven octaves as unnecessary, and thinks five and a half octaves amply sufficient.

In the chapter on accompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah returns for a moment to the question of Soprano versus Contralto. He says:—

"The 'paucity of Contraltos,' however, anywhere is a phrase always to be received with a good deal of caution. To this day the performance of a Contralto or 'second' part is regarded—how ignorantly and foolishly every musician knows—as requiring less skill than that of a Soprano, or "first" part. Most women wish to have, or to be considered to have, Soprano voices, and to sing 'first parts.' They might as well wish for eyes of another color than those which nature has given them, as for voices of different compass and quality. The parallel, however, stops here; for whereas wishing for blue eyes will not spoil black, wishing for a Soprano voice on the part of a Contralto often induces singing Soprano parts, a procedure commonly ending, at an early interval, in the possession of no voice at all."

Every voice-trainer will agree with Mr. Hullah that there has been a great deal of wrong classification of voices; that many Baritones might have been Tenors, and many mezzo-Sopranos first Sopranos. The songs of to-day, he says, are less ambitious than those of the last generation, and their performance is therefore more satisfactory. Pianoforte music has also tended in the direction of vocal; for Mendelssohn's songs without words are only part of a large class of pianoforte music in which the aim is to make the instrument "sing."

The pronunciation of singers is ordinarily very indistinct; yet, says Mr. Hullah, a vocalist who can say as well as sing inevitably enlarges the sphere of his influence enormously:

"Now if there be any one particular in which the amateur vocalist might reasonably hope to equal—I had almost said, excel—the artist, it is in this matter of refined and intelligible utterance. It is the side of the singer's art on which general culture tells more than on any other. For the utterance of those who have read much, thought much, been much and early in good company, is distinguished in a thousand ways from that of persons who have not enjoyed these advantages; and this too notwithstanding provincialisms and peculiarities."

Mr. Hullah recommends the practice of the national songs, English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch. He has also some good remarks on the performance of extracts from musical works. He says:—

"No doubt, if the choice of hearing the best passages only of a great musical work, or of hearing the work in its entirety, be offered to an average auditor, he will probably choose to hear the former. He will be wrong, even from his own point of view. For be his knowledge and taste the lowest conceivable, his pleasure in these best passages will be less than it would have been had he heard them in their places, and set off by others, possibly *of themselves* incapable of giving pleasure."

In a chapter on practice and rehearsal Mr. Hullah distinguishes between the two. Practice is individual; rehearsal collective, and practice should come before rehearsal. He objects to the custom of attacking the words and notes of new music simultaneously. Sol-faing should be practised, and here of course comes a fling at the movable *do*:—

"I speak here exclusively of Sol-faing with the '*fixed Do*,' without or (better) with inflected syllables for altered notes. A choir fairly trained in the use of the fixed *Do* might Sol-fa creditably, the most difficult movement of Bach's Mass in B minor, or Brahms' Requiem, while two or three practitioners of the '*movable Do*' were settling the names of the notes in the first half-dozen bars."

This of course shows the difficulty of Sol-faing from the movable *do* in the *Staff notation*; in Tonic Sol-fa these passages could be clearly written and sung. We may read in a Tonic Sol-fa sense a remark of Mr. Hullah's on the use of Sol-faing:—

"That the association of a given syllable with a given note helps the singer to sound it correctly is at least highly probable; that nobody can associate any syllable with, or name any note without looking at it, is certain."

The qualifications and duties of a conductor Mr. Hullah enumerates as:—

"Large acquaintance with, and an enthusiastic love for music, considerable quickness of eye and ear, a manner authoritative yet conciliatory, patience inexhaustible, and thorough determination to carry out his own views, be they right or wrong. Given these, and a good many other qualifications, the duties of a conductor are principally two—to expose errors in rehearsal, and conceal them in performance."

Mr. Hullah closes with some remarks on "The Musical Library." He advocates the proper classification and arrangement of the music in every house, and mentions works of musical biography, history and criticism which should be read.

Sale of Dr. Rimbault's Library.

A few years since was published an amusing squib, consisting of ten pages, with the following title, "Catalogue of the extensive library of Doctor Rainbeau, F.R.S., F.S.A., A.S.S., etc., which Messrs. Topsy, Turvey, and Co., will put up for public competition on Saturday, October —, 1862." The number of lots in the catalogue is 116, and the author must have possessed a considerable fund of ingenuity to have been able to spin out such a long web of quasi-learned imposture. Whether intended seriously to impugn the fame and repute of the Doctor it is scarcely possible now to tell; at all events he lived on for many years, acquiring new treasures and new friends and admirers. We are reminded and assured of this by the recent sale of Dr. Rimbault's library, which occupied five days, in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, commencing on the 31st of July; on each day the auction-room being well filled with eager purchasers, many of them well-known authorities in bibliography.

Looking over the catalogue of 159 pages, we are struck not so much with the prevalence of antiquarianism as with the extended field of literature covered by 2,259 lots. The amount of musical matter was comparatively small, but in many cases most interesting: certainly no sale of recent times has obtained such high average prices, the entire sum realized being £1,977 18s. 6d. Amongst the more curious lots were Arbeau's "Orchesographie," published in 1596, having autograph signatures of former owners, "Dr. Pepusch and John Stafford Smith;" this sold for six guineas. Brookbank's "Well-tuned Organ" (A.D. 1660), two guineas. Burney's "History of Music" sold for the moderate price of £4 6s. A collection of Carols, all modern reprints, in one volume, for £3 9s. Clifford's "Words of Anthems" (A.D. 1664) brought the extraordinary sum of £2 7s. Mersenne's "Harmonicorum Libri" (A.D. 1636), four guineas; a second copy of the work, £2. 6s.! Playford's "Banquet of Musick" (A.D. 1688–92), £5 15s. Beaujoyeaulx's "Balet Comique de la Royne" (A.D. 1582), £14 10s. Byrd's "Parthenia" (A.D. 1611), £9; a second edition of the same (A.D. 1659), five guineas. "The Division Viol" (A.D. 1685), £5 2s. 6d. Farmer's "Plain Song" (A.D. 1591), ten guineas. Holborne's "Pavans, etc.," (A.D. 1599), £8 10s. Morley's "First Booke of Consort Lessons" (A.D. 1611), thirteen guineas. Playford's "Musick's Delight on the Cithren" (A.D. 1666), £7 10s.

The foregoing lots were of course all printed; and, as may be seen, many fetched exceptionally high prices, owing no doubt to the persistent bidding of a wealthy American. Considerable excitement arose over some of the manuscript music; in some cases the lots were not only intrinsically valuable, but also probably the only copies extant of works by old English composers, and all should have been purchased for the British Museum; now unfortunately it is too late, as a large proportion are on their way to New York.

An oblong set of parts containing anthems, etc., by Tallis, Byrd, Mundy, Amner, Tomkins, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bateson, Gibbons, Este, and others, brought £20 10s. A volume of parts used by "Thomas Britton, the small-coal man," nine guineas. Byrd's "Virginal Music," five guineas. Lock's "Instrumental Pieces for Stringed Instruments," five guineas. A volume of "Lock and Purcell," six guineas. "Motetts, Anthems, etc., by Italian and English composers," £21. All the foregoing lots were bought for America. The most extraordinary lot in the whole sale was Mulliner's "Collection of Motetts, Hymns, Anthems, Voluntaries, Songs, etc., by Tallis, Tye, Blitheman, Edwards, Farrant, Taverner, Johnson, Redford, Sheppard, Allwood, Shelbye, Newman, Nicholas, Carleton, etc., for Organ or Virginals." This book is partly in the autograph of Mulliner, who was master of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of the musicians to Henry VIII. From the devices on the binding of the volume it evidently once belonged to that king, and it is of the greatest value, containing numerous compositions of Tallis, the father of English Church music, who was a pupil of Mulliner. The book was bought by Dr. Rimbault for eight guineas many years ago, and it is said that he had refused almost fabulous offers for it. Its importance as a national musical monument cannot be over-estimated, and assuredly its true home should be the national library. The purchase of the volume was keenly contested by the American gentleman and Mr. W. H. Cummings, the latter finally securing it for the sum of £82.

A collection of upwards of 300 songs by Wilson, Lawes, Johnson, Gamble, and other English composers, containing also the autograph inscription, "John Gamble his book, Amen. 1659 Anno Domini," thirteen guineas, for America. "Virginal Music by Byrd, Bull, Weelkes, Gibbons, Este, and others," ten guineas (America); another similar volume, £6 15s.; and another, eight guineas. An interleaved and inlaid copy of North's "Memoirs of Musick," £13 15s. Playford's "Breefe Introduction to the skill of Musick," (A.D. 1654,") presumed to be the first edition, and unique, ten guineas, for America.

We have not referred to works in general literature, and it may suffice to state there were many fine and rare books. One other lot may be mentioned; a collection of material for, and 200 pages in manuscript of, a history of Soho, almost the last work undertaken by the late Doctor; this sold for £33. Probably no one will ever again have such opportunities for acquiring rarities as Dr. Rimbault had; and it must be a matter of congratulation to those intimately concerned that books which cost the late possessor a few pence have in some cases realized as many pounds.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

MILWAUKEE, SEPT. 18.—The Musical Season of 1877–78 was opened in a most worthy manner with a grand testimonial concert to Mme. Julia Rivé-King (*née* Julia Rivé), the gifted pianiste, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., a large and enthusiastic audience being present. Mme. Rivé-King was married in Milwaukee, last June, at the close of her concert season, and some of her friends, interesting themselves in her behalf, arranged this entertainment for her benefit, as a token of their high esteem of her as an artist. She played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Chopin's Nocturne in G minor, Op. 27, No. 1, the charming Berceuse, the A flat Impromptu, and Valse in A flat, Op. 34, No. 1, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, the Schumann Tarantelle, the Gounod-Lisst Faust Waltz, and the Andante of the second Concerto by Camille Saint-Saëns, the orchestral part being played on a second piano by Mr. Otto von Gumpert, a local pianist. Mme. King was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of delight, and presented with a large and beautiful basket of flowers. Of her playing, so much has been said and written, that it is unnecessary to add anything in praise of this performance, which demonstrated that she has lost none of her wonderful powers of execution or artistic fire, though a couple of weeks of illness had somewhat affected her looks, and her appearance before the piano was hardly as robust as at her previous appearance here. She was kindly assisted by Mrs. Wallace, soprano, Mrs. Hayden, contralto, and Mr. Borden, baritone, who supplied a number of very acceptable vocal selections; Mrs. Hayden, especially, who sang Handel's grandly beautiful aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga," with a depth of feeling and volume of tone which completely captured the audience, and she was compelled to appear again, adding Cowen's "It was a Dream." The net receipts of the entertainment were $365. A few evenings after the concert, Mme. King had a reception at the residence of a friend, where she met a number of local artists, and a delightful musical entertainment resulted, the great artiste being

in the happiest of moods, and favoring the company with a number of selections including a portion of the G minor Sonata by Schumann. On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. King returned to Chicago, where they are spending the summer.

The Musical Society, under the leadership of Prof. William Mickler, is busy rehearsing Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," Mrs. W. F. Sexton taking the part of the Peri. The work will be given early in October. Brahms's "Schicksalslied" will be produced later in the season, and other novelties are to follow.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Foreign Notes.

TAMBERLIK. It is generally supposed that Tamberlik was born at Rome. This is a mistake. Some interesting details supplied to M. Prével fix the celebrated singer's origin. His real name is Thomas Berlic (Berlic signifying, in Roumanian, the ace of clubs), and he was born in a small Roumanian village in the neighborhood of Botouchani. The son of poor peasants, he entered when a boy the service of a rich farmer, whose coachman he became somewhat later. One day he had to drive his master to Botouchani, just as the Italian company performing at Jassy happened to be passing through the place. While rubbing down, in the courtyard of the hotel, the horses he had taken out of the carriage, he began singing some national Roumanian airs, which are pitched very high. As chance would have it, the tenor of the Italian company was also in the courtyard. Astonished at such singing, he went up to his room, took his tuning-fork, and verified the notes. Berlic already possessed the *ut de poitrine* which made his fortune. In ecstacy at his discovery, the Italian artist called his comrades. They asked Thomas to sing, and they asked him to drink. The end of the matter was that the manager offered to take the poor young coachman with him, and have him taught music and singing. He promised the youth 450 francs a month. Berlic, who earned 150 francs a year, with two pairs of boots and a "rain-cloak," according to the custom of the country, enthusiastically accepted the terms, and set out with the Italian company, accompanying them on their return to Italy, where he made his appearance shortly afterwards with a success which kept continually increasing. What a distance now separates him from Jassy!

BADEN. Herr Hans von Bülow lately paid this town a visit, after making a stay of nine weeks at Kreuznach, where he met a medical friend who discovered what was really the matter with him, and told him what was the proper treatment for his case. Herr von Bülow leads a very retired life, and avoids all society. Whether, or when, he will resume his professional career is still very uncertain.

RUBINSTEIN, it appears, has once more abandoned his intention of retiring from the concert platform, and has resolved to continue his pianoforte playing, while he still gratifies his strong taste for composition. According to present arrangements, he will go to Paris soon, to superintend the production of his opera, "Nero," and next summer he will return to England to give pianoforte recitals, under the direction of Herr Lewy and Mr. Carl Rosa, to play at a musical union concert, and to produce some new chamber pieces. It is said that Rubinstein is at work upon a new symphony.

MISS MINNIE HAUK made her *début* on Tuesday, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. A correspondent informs us that the charming American *prima donna* "never acted better in her life. The house was crowded, and there was no end of applause. The audience called for her after each act till they were hoarse; but Minnie was not allowed to come forward, the directors saying that it was against the rules of the Institution."

MDME. ADELINA PATTI is engaged by Mr. Pyatt, of Nottingham, for five concerts, to be given during the month of October, in Manchester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bradford. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley will appear with Mdme. Patti at each concert.

WE are happy to be able to announce that Madame Adelina Patti, about whose retirement from the operatic stage many unfounded rumors have been circulated, will next season resume her position as *prima donna assoluta* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The contract was signed on Friday.—*London Observer.*

MDLLE. TIETJENS was yesterday not so well. An unfavorable change took place on Saturday, and she was yesterday visited by her London physician.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Tuesday, Sept. 4.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

II.

That millionaire does not appear. Perhaps he is too modest. The wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has notions of his own, and among them a passionate sort of fondness for music, who rather courts a reputation for acting oddly, has a wilful way of disposing of his money very differently from other people, and who might reasonably be credited with an ambition to identify his name with some important musical foundation—the character to whom we recently alluded (Aug. 18)—seems so far to have been only a creature of the fancy; the wish was father to the thought. And yet we do hear of millions flung about in the most fantastical and reckless manner; public benefactions which benefit nobody; lavish bequests and endowments which the world only laughs at; and among them even, backed by a promise of millions, a grand Musical College scheme,—so immensely and inordinately grand that it seems to have overshadowed itself, so that nobody could see how to go to work to begin it, and general incredulity quickly consigned it to oblivion. We do hear of men, whose reputed daily income exceeds that of many a worthy artist for a whole year, spending profusely on sensational enthusiasms, mock celebrations, fêtes, fantastical tom-fooleries and vanities of all sorts, courted and applauded for their generosity (with what sincerity may well be questioned), yet deaf to all appeal in behalf o any real, serious interest of Art or culture. But such eccentric beings are exceptional. Your ordinary money-getter and accumulator, with a zeal and singleness of purpose that seems to be almost a religion with him, the more engrossing and more narrowing the richer he becomes, acts from the poor pride of increasing and perpetuating the family estate in its integrity. Of what good to the world is all his wealth, handed down so jealously, compared with the good it might do, and that without defrauding his own children of any just right? Or what joy can he experience in life, compared with the satisfaction there would be in helping on some noble cause, in building up some real school of Art and liberal culture?

Now for the endowment of Music in the University we do not ask for millions. We only suggest that among the liberal donations and bequests which are so frequently made to other branches of education, to almost every department in Literature and Science, whether the time has not come for Music also to come in for at least some modest share among these fostering dispensations. We suggest it on the grounds: that Music is an important element of modern culture, a refining social influence, a subject about which few cultivated persons nowadays are willing to be thought ignorant or indifferent, an Art which in one way or another actually interests more thousands of people, more occupies their thoughts, more ministers to their enjoyment, than any science or than most branches of literature and learning; and that the disposition to lend liberal material support to whatever is believed to be important in schools and colleges, in literature and art and science, has always shown itself so common among the wealthy and the generous of our land, particularly in this noble Boston and New England, as to be proverbial.

We think, too, that we have shown good reasons why the complete high school of Music should form part of a University. Enough to name now the greater guaranty of disinterestedness, of respectability and of permanence which an established, honored University affords, in contrast to the more or less ephemeral, commercial, speculative aspect presented by most of the multifarious so called "Conservatories." Our plea is for a *complete school* of music in the University. A single professorship is well, but it is by no means enough. All the departments of the Art and science should be represented by a full corps of teachers, lecturers and professors; and practical illustrations of its styles and masters, means of performance and interpretation, ought to be provided and made free to all the students. In a word, Music, in the University, should be put upon an equal footing with Medicine, Law, Natural History, etc. And, like the Medical School, this School might have the seat of its activity partly at the University, and partly in the neighboring city.

Doubtless the idea would commend itself with more force, could a complete scheme of the organization, at least all the main features of the working plan, the method and the programme of the whole, be clearly and definitely presented. But it is hardly time for this; it will require much thought, and some experimenting, feeling the way onward and by slow, cautious steps approximating the ideal. There would be danger in attempting too much at the outset, in a vague ambition to cover the whole ground at once. It is better to work from a single practicable nucleus or centre, or from several centres, rather than from the circumference inward; we have seen the folly of that in the "three million" monster project in New York. But certain all-essential elements of the whole plan, certain main pillars and arches of the temple, certain portions of the foundation, might be singly got in readiness against the fullness of time for combining them all in a complete composite whole. One such we have repeatedly suggested; one object, of vital consequence to any musical community as such, upon which the means and efforts of the friends of music, in a community like ours, should for some time be concentrated. And that is a *permanent Orchestra*, for Boston and for Cambridge; and of this we shall speak more fully in another number.

Was it Extravagant?

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music:

DEAR SIR,—In your last number you refer to my opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King as being the "only piano virtuoso in America," and, by implication, you oppose to it your own statement that many others are "admirable interpreters of what is best in music." My opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King is of no possible consequence to your readers, but if it is to be referred to it is better that I should not be misunderstood.

I perfectly agree with your statement above quoted. I know personally several pianists who play many things well and artistically, and am familiar with the names of many more, for whose reputation I have high respect. But the point in which I ventured to contrast the best Boston and New York pianists with Mrs. Rivé-King was that, so far as I know, they all making *teaching* a profession, their concert playing being incidental; whereas she devotes her whole strength to concert performances, and to preparation for them. So far as I know, she is the only pianist in America of whom this is true; and of course, *ceteris paribus*, this ought to make a marked difference in her favor. *Why* all your Boston and New York pianists, Lang, Perabo, Petersilea, Sherwood, Mason, Mills and many others teach, instead of playing in public, is a question I should like to hear answered. It looks on the face of it as if the public would not support them as

public performers; but, if this is true, what must be thought of the Eastern public?

Permit me, in conclusion, to call your attention to the fact that, in my article to which you refer, the only strong statement as to Mrs. Rivé-King's superiority is credited to Mr. Theodore Thomas. I should not have dared to say such a thing from any knowledge of Eastern pianists, which I myself possess. Yours truly,

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

—We suppose, for one reason why so many excellent pianists teach rather than play in public, that comparatively few of them have any taste for the travelling virtuoso life; they had rather settle quietly down in some genial, social, homelike sphere, where they can really *live*, live musically, live like artists, cultivating music for its own sake, and not for display, even at the cost of all this teaching drudgery,—yet happy even in this sometimes in the development of some sympathetic gifted pupil. Not all artists care to be *virtuosos*. Indeed, if there be virtuosos in a good sense, the term virtuoso is much more often used in a sense antagonistic to that of *artist*; and a reputation for virtuoso-ship is what many of the truest, finest artists shrink from as they would from bad society.

In our remark above quoted we had reference not alone to what Mr. Fillmore wrote of Mrs. Rivé-King, but to the extravagant laudations, flooding all the Western papers, and even our own correspondence, of a young artist, who, while she plays remarkably well, at least in technical respects, and while her repertoire is very large, is yet (judging from the single manifestation of her talent in this city last year) a child in Art, so far as musical conception and judgment are concerned, in the interpretation of great master works. At least such was the general feeling among musicians here.

We doubt if *any* local public, East or West, will support an artist in the sole capacity of public performer.—ED.

Two or three Notes and Queries.

Readers, somewhat familiar with English history, will doubtless remember that 140 years ago, a certain Admiral Vernon, member of Parliament, was a thorn in the side of the English Ministry, taunting them with their inefficiency against the Spaniards, and affirming that if *he* could have the command of half a dozen ships, he would take their city of Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama. They took him at his word—gave him the six ships, and in 1739, he took the place in two days with a loss of *seven men*.

Readers of the Life of Washington will remember that Lawrence Washington was in this expedition, and that he named his estate Mount Vernon in honor of the Admiral.

When Vernon returned to England after his conquest he was the most popular man in the Kingdom, and all sorts of festivities were devised in his honor. At one of them Henry Carey is said to have sung for the first time his new patriotic song, (both the words and music being by him), "God Save Great George our King."

Readers of the Life of Handel will remember that after the great composer became blind, he employed John Christopher Smith to aid him in conducting his Oratorios. This is of itself sufficient proof of how thorough a musician Smith was. In 1732 he had composed the music to Henry Carey's Opera, "Teraminta," and of course knew that poet-composer intimately. In the large, thin folio "Anecdotes of George Frederick Handel and John Christopher Smith"—of which a copy was, and probably is, in Harvard College Library—on page 43 is this note: "Henry Carey composed the popular song of 'God Save Great George our King.' But although he had much genius for music, he was ignorant of the rules of Composition, and applied to Smith to adapt a bass to the air." Carey was not quite so ignorant as this makes him appear.

Readers of old English periodicals may perhaps have seen the "Monthly Magazine," Vol. XI, June, 1801. If my memory does not deceive me after 30 years, it is also in Harvard College Library—but I take this reference from Chrysander—on pages 385-6—but, not so fast—something must be premised.

To such as still study and enjoy the noble English vocal music of the last century and the first part of this, the name of Dr. Harrington must be familiar, as composer of noble anthems, glees and catches. Harrington, by nature a musician—by profession a physician—settled in Bath, where he became the medical adviser of Smith, then aged and retired from professional life.

Well: when the authorship of "God Save the King" began to be disputed, Carey's son, George Sackville Carey, wrote to Harrington on the subject, whose reply is in the volume of the "Monthly Magazine" above indicated, and runs thus:

"SIR,—The Anecdote you mention, respecting your father being the author and composer of the words and melody of 'God save Great George our King' is certainly true; that most respectable gentleman, Mr. Smith, my worthy friend and patient, has often told me what follows, viz., 'That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which Mr. Smith told him was not proper; and at your father's request he wrote down another in correct harmony.'—Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, the 13th of June, repeated the same again. His advanced age and present infirmity render him incapable of writing or desiring to be written to, but, on his authority, I pledge myself for the truth. Should this information be in the least advantageous to yourself, it will afford the most sincere satisfaction and pleasure to

Your most obedient servant,

W. HARRINGTON.

—*Bath, June 13th*, 1795.

P.S.—My curiosity was often raised to inquire after the author before Mr. Smith related the above, and I was often misinformed. Mr. Smith says he understood your father intended this air as part of a birth day ode, or something of that kind; however this might be, no Laureat or composer has furnished the world with any production more complimentary or more popular, which must ever be the consequence of concise elegance and natural simplicity."

It remains for doubters to show the existence of this melody in any sort of a copy before 1740.

Readers of German will find this matter exhaustively discussed by Chrysander in "Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft," I, 1863, published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

II.

Readers of this Journal know that French and Italian writers have endeavored to steal Haydn's laurels as the inventor of the modern string quartet and grand symphony, and bestow them on Boccherini.

Here is the translation of an advertisement in the *Wiener Zeitung* (the official Vienna newspaper) of February, 1797, which I copied many years ago.

"New Song: 'Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser,' by Lorenz Leopold Haschka, set to music by Herr Joseph Haydn, and sung for the first time on the 12th February, the birthday of your most gracious Monarch. For the pianoforte, 10 Kreuzers."

Will it be believed that a few years later, the Italians pretended that Haydn stole his melody—the well known Austrian national hymn—from Zingarelli?

Anton Schmidt, then Librarian of the Imperial Collection at Vienna, came to the rescue, and not only showed conclusively the authorship of Haydn, but printed also Zingarelli's tune, which resembles Haydn's about as much as Yankee Doodle does Old Hundred.

III.

After a lapse of several years my eyes are refreshed—thanks to Robert Carter—with the sight of a quantity of American monthly and other periodicals.

In this *Appleton's Journal* (October, 1876) I read: "Wagner is a poet and a philosopher: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin" and the 'Ring des Nibelungen" are wholly his. His dramatic powers appear no less *in the nobility of the dialogues, than in the unconventional splendor of the songs and choruses.*"

Query. Does the person who wrote these words, which I have put in italics, understand German?

And in this *North American Review*, January, 1877, I find: "As to purely instrumental music, independent of the theatre, it occupies a place in Wagner's system, which it seems to hold on sufferance."

Yea. Wagner, versus quartets and symphonies.

Query. If all the eunuchs on earth write against marriage, will the human race on that account cease to exist? A. W. T.

—*September 1st*, 1877.

TURNER'S PAINTINGS.—We print in another page the most compact and judicial statement Mr. Ruskin has ever made of the defects and excellences of Turner's paintings. We copy it from "Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," a pamphlet which was not reprinted in this country. Every one will read with admiration his wonderfully eloquent description of "The Fighting Temeraire," which prevailed over the fatal vessel which had given Nelson death; and all of our readers who are interested in art will be glad to read so condensed, so pointed, and so valuable an exposition of what he considers the great periods in Turner's life as a painter, and of the very different manner and value of the pictures of each period. We think it will be seen that he either admits or explains, in a great measure, those peculiarities and defects in many of Turner's paintings which have prevented some lovers of art from doing justice to the great power and genius which are unquestionably exhibited in the greater part of those painted in the "third period."

Liszt's "Lessons" and Matinees in Weimar.

We think the candles must have burned blue at the scenes described by "Ethelberta," an occasional correspondent of the *New York World*, who furnishes the following sketch to that paper. Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Wagner! "Danse Maccabre," "Walküre," "Phantom Ship," Faust Symphony:—*Allerlei Hexen-brei!*—with witches old and ugly, fresh and charming, seated round the magic cauldron!

Before Liszt left for Rome he gave what were to me some really remarkable "lessons" and matinées. At Fräulein S——'s last Sunday afternoon gathering of artists, where there was food for the mind in some charming music, and refreshment for the body in the form of cherries, cakes and wine, I could but enjoy myself immensely with these talented and interesting, although immoral artists. One of my country-women who was present told me almost incredible things about the beautiful Wenzel (whom I saw last summer at Baireuth), Zaremski, Killack, Liszt himself, Fräulein Ottilie Lichtenfels, the handsome De Chasse and even the ugly old Baroness von Mayendorf. Liszt "opened the ball." The first piece was a Grieg concerto; Liszt's "Danse Maccabre" followed; a young girl only 15 years of age executed the difficult "Don Juan" fantasia splendidly; Zaremski played Tausig's arrangement of "Die Walküre," and the Tremenoff interpreted a Chopin mazourka. The Tremenoff, who is the reigning favorite of Liszt and manages affairs to suit herself, sat perched upon a chair close to the piano. She has small hands and a superbly spirited style of playing. Most of Liszt's pupils are ladies over twenty years of age—there are ten ladies and five gentlemen—and all have passed through a long course of preparation for this finished school of piano-playing which is brilliant and dashing. Hungarian compositions and works of Liszt, Chopin, Tausig and Wagner are the only ones played. I miss the clear tone and finished style of Stuttgart, although there is a freedom, dash and brilliancy which are very taking. Liszt, who seems to be beloved by all his pupils, and is invariably addressed as "Meister," furnished accompaniments to two or three songs sung by the old Baroness von Mayendorf, but I could form no estimate of his playing from these.

After some ceremony, such as sending a request to Dr. Liszt to admit me to an "assembly" of his young artists (he will not have them called lessons—"Oh, no, he never teaches!") I received the requisite open-sesame, and went to the first "lesson" with fear and trembling, reaching the house at 4 P.M. In the ante-room I met the housekeeper, who reassured me, and after waiting for the conclusion of a piece I opened the door and plunged in. His mightiness was standing near, and shaking me kindly by the hand asked me to be seated. I made my little speech, and sat down to examine my neighbors. There were three American ladies present—two from New York and one from St. Louis—with whom I struck up an acquaintance. One of my friends had brought the Faust Symphony of Liszt (the Gretchen part), on which she had worked for weeks, as she had been told that it was a favorite of the Meister. She was disappointed, and I think wrongly, when, instead of allowing her to perform it, he did her the honor to play it himself. I never listened to more wonderful pianissimo playing, and should have liked hearing it under different circumstances—for instance, alone in the dark. "The little wonder," fifteen years old, whom I had admired on my former visit, and whom I now learned to be a Hollander, named Miss Aus der Oah, played Schumann's "Faschingschwank." The Tremenoff played Chopin again, with the greatest facility and aplomb, catching Liszt's meaning with great rapidity. Herr

Lutter and Fräulein Schauer played arrangements from Wagner's "Nibelungen" by Tausig. At 6 o'clock the "Stunde" closed; Liszt shook us all kindly by the hand, and on my asking if I might come again he graciously accorded me permission.

On the following Saturday Liszt was engaged, as I entered, with a pupil who was playing the Fantaisies Chromatiques. Her grasp of difficulties was marvellous, and she had some tricks in powerful playing that I should like to learn. Her performance seemed to act like a stimulant on Liszt, for he went around gesticulating theatrically, making jokes and evidently in the highest spirits. Then Herr Kuhn played, with Fräulein Ahrens, the fugue written on the letters of Bach's name, arranged by Liszt and rearranged by Carl Thorn for two pianos; it is a magnificent and effective piece so performed. A stout gentleman then entered and presented some music to Liszt, who sat down and tried it over. It consisted of very difficult fugues, but the Meister played them off without the slightest hesitancy, making the motives stand out well and executing very free. He does not seem to have any particular method of playing, often striking the notes with a hammer-like touch; his tone is sometimes not very good, and he plays his octaves from the arm. But, then, a great player cannot be judged by conventional standards; it is his genius and not his methods which elevates him and makes him a model. I was interested in noting what pains he took with his scholars, telling them not to sit stiffly nor all over in a heap like an old man, but erect and free, as if one were out for a *Spaziergang*. He often corrected a passage two or three times and played it with his pupil, beat time, sang, and inspired one generally. The best selection of the day was an arrangement of "Tannhäuser," by Liszt, which was played by Herr Rhode, a fresh-looking, nice young man, whom we christened "Spectacles." It was very difficult, and Liszt took great pains to show him how to imitate the violins in the overture. Fräulein Lichtenfels then played the Chopin concerto in F, and Liszt made game of her "Conservatory playing." Then Fräulein Aus der Oah played the Lebe Wohl sonata very well, pleasing the Meister greatly, for he patted her on the back approvingly. Hearing us (the Americans) chatting in English, he mocked us, and asked what we were saying. Little Miss B. whispered that it was something very sweet about him, and he thereupon invited us to the matinée next day.

This was a grand affair, and had the prestige of being the last of the season. On our way thither we met Dr. Gottschalk, Liszt's secretary; Mlle. Tromenoff, Emile Sauret, the violinist, well known in America, and my two country-women. We went up to the salon and took seats in the corner, where we could view the pianos. The Grand Duke, accompanied by Baroness von Unruhl, the Baroness von Mayendorf and other notable but ugly females, took seats at the end of the room. Both salles were densely crowded, and how much there was to see and note! Liszt was in good spirits, and received every one with courtly grace. The concert began with Fräulein Ahren's rendering of Taueig's arrangement of "Das Rheingold," which was superbly done, and Herr Lutter gave the "Wald Vogel" from "Siegfried," with great effect. Mlle. Ravoche, the coquettish little Hungarian, played a very ugly Hungarian fantasie by Liszt, and banged most wretchedly all the way through. One of the best performances of the day was Tausig's "Phantom Ship;" it is enormously difficult, but very dramatic and grand.

Emile Sauret then played twice, accompanied splendidly at sight by Liszt, and charmed the company with his great talents. One of the most beautiful women present sat looking at Sauret during the whole piece. After he had finished and she had taken her *beaux yeux* off him, came a duet between Zaremski and Liszt, a Russian piece. Then Sauret played again, a splendid Tarantelle, and Liszt accompanied him. Last of all, Fräulein Tremenoff played Rubinstein's ballet music from "Feramors." Despite her tiny hands and frame, how she does play—with such contrasts and so much point, such cleverness and such endurance! The matinée was over at 1:15 o'clock.

Opening of Ditson & Co.'s new Pianoforte Warerooms.

(From the Times, Sunday, Sept. 23.)

The extensive music house of Oliver Ditson & Co., having within the past year absorbed several large music publishing houses, both in this and other cities, has recently erected a five story granite building, next north their old store on Washington street, for the increasing needs of their vast business. With their purchase of the old house of G. D. Russell & Co., they assumed the north-eastern agency of the Steinway pianos, of itself a very important branch of business. The new building was designed especially for the increased piano business of the firm, and three floors have been appropriated thereto, the main warerooms being located on the street floor and the next above. These rooms were formally opened on Thursday last, two choice concerts being given in the afternoon and evening. The rooms were crowded by a fashionable throng of visitors, and the entertainments formed an auspicious opening of the musical season. Aside from the pleasure of listening to the fine music there was satisfaction in inspecting the beautifully wrought instruments which filled every place not required for the auditors.

The matinée recital was sustained wholly by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, whose fine performance of the following programme elicited much applause:

1. Moment musicale, F minor.....Schubert
2. Capriccio. Op. 4.....Sherwood
3. *a*—Nocturne, G flat major.....Chopin
   b—Waltz. Op. 34, A flat.....Chopin
4. Waldesrauschen. Etude.....Liszt
5. Serenade. Opus 93.....Rubinstein
6. Spinnerlied. From "The Flying Dutchman,".....Wagner-Liszt

To this admirable group of selections, Mr. Sherwood added quite an extensive list of pieces to the delight of all listeners, including compositions by Kullak, Rheinberger, Bargiel, Grieg, etc.

The evening programme, which was more varied, was as follows:

1. *a*—"In absence,".....Buck
   b—"Under every Tree Top,".....Kuhlau
   Beethoven Quartette: Messrs. Monroe, Winter, Dillaway and Titus.
2. "Isolden's Liebes Tod," Wagner.....Liszt
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
3. "Sancta Maria.".....Faure
   Mrs. J. W. Weston.
4. Ballade. A flat. Opus 47.....Chopin
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
5. "Brown eyes,".....Kücken
   Mr. Carl Pfueger.
6. Serenade. Trio. (First time).....Stetson
   Violin, Mr. Van Raalte; 'Celle, Mr. Wolf
   Fries; Piano, Mr. N. Stetson.
7. Tannhäuser March. Wagner.....Liszt
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
8. "Let me Dream again,".....Sullivan
   Mrs. J. H. Weston.
9. *a*—"Warum,".....Schumann
   b—Song without Words, E minor...Mendelssohn
   c—Norwegian Wedding March .....Grieg
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
   Mr. Leon Keach, Accompanist.

Both the instrumental and vocal performances were admirable and the audience frequently manifested its pleasure in enthusiastic applause. The magnificent qualities of the Steinway pianos were never more apparent than in the artistic playing of Mr. Sherwood. The composition of Mr. Stetson, who is connected with the Steinway establishmeat in New York, was finely received. After the regular concert, Mr. Sherwood again favored those present with other performances, a superb Steinway upright being used among other instruments. Those who desired were shown through other departments of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s vast establishment. The basement portions of both buildings are utilized in the sheet music business, and here are thousands upon thousands of titles. It may not be generally known that Ditson & Co. own over two-thirds of all the music plates in America and that this is the most extensive music publishing house in the world. The advertising department, long under the charge of Mr. Johnson, and in itself a business of much magnitude, has been removed from a rear building to the third story of the new building. The heating apparatus, water engine, etc., are located in the basement, where are also some of the large safes used for storing stereotyped plates. Other safes are located in various portions of the city. Precautions against fire have been taken, of course, and although there is inter-communication in every story, double, fire-proof doors, always to be closed at night and at other times if desirable, render the buildings wholly separate. The pianoforte business of the Steinways is sure to be conducted vigorously by this enterprising and much respected firm, and at the same time in an upright and honorable way. The musical public will be much gratified to have the important agency fall into such good hands.

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"Broke from the stem, it must wither and die,
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Very beautiful melody, and good words.

Only a Baby Small. F. 3. c to F. *Carleton.* 30
"Only two cherry lips; one chubby nose,
Only two little hands; ten little toes."
A fine glorification of King Baby, to which we all are loyal.

The Vision. Db. 4. d to a. *Eayrs.* 35
"On sleep's white, beautiful pinions,
Come down from God to me;—"
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Little Robin, how Happy you make Me. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 30
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Those that we Loved long ago. D. 3. c to F. *Jours.* 35
"Dreams of the solemn night,
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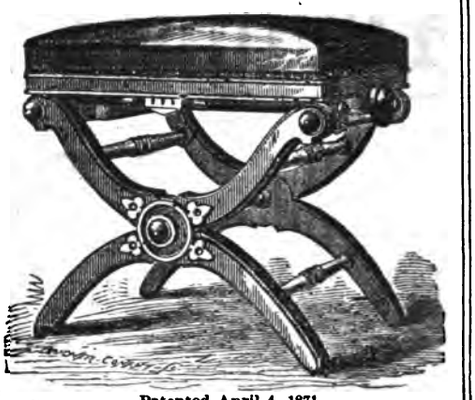

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 952. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 14.

Frederic Chopin.

BY LOUIS EHLERT.

(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOCUM.)

(Continued from Page 98.)

Chopin is said to have been indifferently fond of Schubert and Beethoven. The incalculable and titanic in them repelled him. Even of Schubert he once said that "the sublime in him was annihilated when what was vulgar or trivial followed." And, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, Liszt relates that he found passages in it that were painful to him. He was, says Liszt, so profoundly and singularly imbued with those feelings whose most attractive models he believed himself to have beheld during his youth—those feelings which alone he cared to confide to art; he regarded art itself so invariably from one and the same standpoint, that his preferences as artist could not help being affected thereby. In the great models of art he looked only for what corresponded to his own nature. What approached that pleased him. What departed from it did not easily obtain justice at his hands. In spite of the unconquerable aversion he felt for all that was violent in Beethoven, he himself was not free from violence. It was his innate anxiety in the presence of his own which rendered him so uncompromising towards the strange demon. In the range of piano literature scarcely any one has opened up a greater and broader pathway for freedom and license than he. From Shakespeare and Beethoven he learnt the dashing power of the episode. How often, in his greater works, *e. g.*, his first *Scherzo*, after the most dire catastrophe we behold "the sweet sleep of moonlight on the hills," as in the lyric epilogue to the "Merchant of Venice." And so, in the fourth Prelude, we find him seeking after all possible harmonic developments for a melodic phrase of two notes. Most indefatigably of all, his fancy revels in the discovery of middle voices and harmonic variations. In the *Berceuse* he composes a whole piece over the simplest chord accompaniment—a series of variations developed from a harmonic organ point. In the second Impromptu, instead of the harmonic, he has selected a melodic organ point. He writes successive fifths where they please him. In the eighth Etude (Op. 25) he brings us a whole bevy of them; but they lie in the middle voices and produce a charming effect.

If, in the Scherzo, Chopin had models more and more like his own, the "Ballad" belongs to him and to him only. Of these, too, he wrote four. Each is fundamentally different from the rest; and yet one trait is common to them all, their weirdness of conception and nobleness of motive. Chopin talks to us in them, but not as one who relates something that has really happened. Rather is it that which has never *happened*—which is experienced only as a feeling or yearning in the inmost soul. There is, it may be, much of a nation's sorrow in them, much of anguish—smothered without, but smouldering within—for the wounds heaped upon the fatherland; but of downright reality—such a reality as, in Beethoven, often thrusts words into our mouths—they have none.

The most touching thing, perhaps, that Chopin has written, is the story told us in the F-Major Ballad. No old legend could be more simple and yet, in its simplicity, more impressive. I have known children to stop their play and listen to it. It is a fairy tale transformed into music. In its four-voiced motive, too, there reigns such purity, it is as though the moist air of spring was swaying the mobile leaves of some tropic palm. What gentle breathings these are stealing into the heart and soul!

The coquetry of beauty—that half unconscious sporting with the power that bewitches and fires by following every concession with retraction, was Chopin's peculiar province. It is marvellous with how seemingly insignificant a movement—but a movement full of an irresistible charm—he was able to delineate this sportiveness of love. Every one will recall to mind that memorable passage in the *A-flat Major Ballad*, where, after long resonance of the chord in A-flat Major, the right hand alone begins a movement in eighths varied with pauses. Or take the ornament in triplets with which he adorns the *F-Major Nocturne* (op. 15)—as with the wings of butterflies. Nowhere, perhaps, can the value of ornamentation be better learned than from him. Ornament in art is very much as flowers are in nature, or as finery in the life of women. All adornment, if it be rightly chosen, has this peculiar quality, that it reflects its own beauty upon the wearer—just as, in reality, it gets its own life-like appearance only through him. By its very nature it can beautify only what is beautiful. Homely women are rendered still homelier by it, because contrast demands what to them is an unfavorable comparison. Beauty, however, acquires through it something of loveliness and dignity and elegance. If we look at the "Airs"—so full of ornament—of Handel and other masters of his time, it is difficult to conceive how such lack of taste could ever constitute an epoch. An ornament on every note—it is as though we saw a hand with rings on every finger. How touchingly simple and severe, on the other hand, are the three Vienna masters, especially Beethoven. With an Adagio of his one might connect the figure Jean Paul uses somewhere of the sun: "It bathes naked in the blue." Mozart, too, where he did not make concessions to the prima donna, could dispense wholly with ornament. Music like Chopin's, however, on account of its prevailing elegance, cannot do without it. But he did not buy it of the jeweller, but made it with his own delicate hand. A device of his is that of surrounding a note, so to speak, with diamond facets, or of bathing the surging flood of his passion with the silver of moonlight. In the Nocturnes there is the shining of melancholy and distant stars. The Chopin Nocturne is dramatized ornament. In the much admired one in F sharp (Op. 15), the principal theme appears at the outset so ornamented that we cannot resist the notion of the fancy confining itself to the arabesque as a means of poetic expression. Even the impassioned middle portion, with its passages in fives, borders on what might be termed the tragic figured ornament in Chopin. The original thought is here covered over with a thick veil; but even the veil can serve as ornament.

The Polonaises and Mazurkas impress us as having been written in the old national costume, and as though we heard theclashing of swords and silver spurs.

The Polonaise was not then the pretty promenade into which it has degenerated since. It was a quiet but characteristic dance in which majesty extended its hand to beauty. In that rarely played but most beautiful of the Chopin Polonaises—the one in F sharp Minor—both dance forms are united. The Mazurka forms a part of it. If ever it has been granted to musical art to elevate a historic picture into a movement of beauty, the feat has been accomplished here.

An artist's fame requires it, and so Chopin had to satisfy our final claims upon him as a pianist, and compose the indispensable Concerto. He has written two of these and acquitted himself as well as could be expected. It was not in the nature of his mind to express itself in wide forms. He was too weak for that seven-league-boot pace which a score demanded. In the same way the Trio and 'Cello Sonata were problems not meant for him to solve. He was greatest where he could create freely from within outwards, without formal restraint. In this way originated his Impromptus, Rondos, Fantasias, Tarantelle and incomparable Barcarolle—works, in a peculiar sense, his own. His two Sonatas should be named here, especially the second, in B minor, the first three movements of which are among the best things he has written. The Funeral March of the B♭ Minor Sonata owes its great fame to the wondrous harmonic animation of two triads that, in this connection, have something highly tragic in them. The middle movement, unfortunately, falls completely from out this category. After so much of darkly hung mourning weeds one ought not so soon to display white linen.

Chopin had no ability as a contrapuntist. His freely creative genius prevented this. How gifted he was, however, in a field lying so remote from him we see, sometimes, in canon passages, those, for example, of his C sharp Minor Mazurka (Op. 63). No one, though he were gray in the learned art, could have

written this octave canon more perfectly. In harmony Chopin has often gone beyond the happy medium of what is beautifully conceived. What amateur, for example, can think the middle voices at the conclusion of the Barcarolle (measures 8, 9 and 10 from the end)—*pure?* Such obscurities, betraying a slight leaning towards the strained, are not at all rare with him. Much is due, doubtless, to false readings; but there remains enough that is strange to cause a very righteous shaking of the head. In rendering such harsh passages we may tone them down by a judicious use of the *rubato* and thus help ourselves over many a doubtful place. Only, as innermost law of the *rubato*, it must be remembered that all loss and gain of time must be dexterously concealed. Everywhere in Chopin, where the *accelerando* does not in time show itself in the *ritardando* again, in the listener the feeling arises of something wrong. That slight ebb and flow of execution independent of rhythm, which loosens but does not destroy the mathematical stiffness of the whole, has always constituted the triumph and danger of virtuosos. If any one wish to to form a notion of this musical law of wave movement, let him hear Joachim play Bach.

We delight in imagining the personal appearance of a man with whom we have occupied ourselves from early youth up. In Florence at Madame Rubio's, a pupil of Chopin's, I saw a portrait taken in his maturer years and said to be a striking likeness. It differs markedly from the well-known pictures of him, but to me, is the most likely one of all. Judging by it, Chopin was not good-looking. He had a very marked nose and plain eyes. We see that these must have been very expressive, from this hasty sketch, which gives you the impression that it is a genuine picture from life. Brow and hands are very distinguished, the pose pleasantly careless, the fine mouth—in all his pictures the same—mildly closed as though it hid some sweet melody. Descriptions given by contemporaries, like Liszt and Hiller, of him and his playing agree thoroughly with this picture. A correspondence is spoken of as about to appear shortly. It is not probable when we consider the extreme reserve he is said to have manifested in his writings—he preferred running over half of Paris to avoid writing a letter—that such a work will contain much of importance, unless it be letters to Madame Sand or his family, with whom he maintained a lasting intimacy. We can determine what Chopin was without such documents. There has scarcely ever been a more individual, characteristic art than his. In all his works, to use an expression of Jean Paul's, we detect the fresh odor of the soil in which they germinated and grew. We *see* as well the sunbeam which falls into his study and wraps its warm light about his pen, as *feel* the warm mist that like dew ascends from the grave and oppresses his breast. We behold him in the full swing of happiest youth and in the early autumn that was so soon to tear him from us. Life wearied him. Delicate and frail, his feeble limbs ran themselves sore and bleeding against the granite of earth. The dread reality of existence filled him with terror. His inner life lacked the robust and healthful energy needed to wrest from existence what it never willingly yields.

How long will the Chopin music last? It seems, along with what is older in music, to constitute a special class of its own. It resembles the women of the south, whose beauty soon fades. Where now is the Mozart sonata? Are not the first shadows of evening even now beginning to creep about those of Weber—and he yet so near to us? Only where musical art has produced the best, as with the old Italians, with Bach, in the symphonies and quartets of Beethoven, does the march of centuries leave no trace behind. Can Chopin be placed by the side of such? Certainly not. But his music is so forcible an expression of a thoroughly original nature, it has extended so enduringly the domain of feeling and expression of the most widely spread of all instruments, that no just estimate can be formed as to the limit of its vitality. I regard the Etudes especially as an element of piano literature that can hardly become obsolete. After the lapse of a century these studies, if not with the same right as the Well-Tempered Clavichord, of equal necessity, will be found on all pianos.

Musical Form.

The following notes are extracts from Mr. M'Naught's seven lectures on Musical Form delivered at the Summer term of the Tonic Sol-fa College, (London):—

The expression Musical Form covers a multitude of facts in the composition of music. It deals with the minutest details of a little tune and with the welding together of all the portions of an elaborate piece of music. Just as in architecture there may be exquisite form in details, but no unity in the whole design, so in a piece of music, the themes, the rhythm, the ingenuity of idea may strike us, but never are we so deeply impressed as when as well as variety we find a noble unity. The perception of musical form is a constant demand on the memory of details and sections, for all musical form is made up of *imitation* and *repetition*. In everyday life our minds are constantly observing, comparing, and storing; consequently, musical form, with its ceaseless reference to the foregone, is born of the habits and necessities of our minds. An examination of popular tunes will enable the most cursory observer to perceive how much of this musical form, this imitation and repetition, there is in music which obtains favor with the commonest musical instincts. The broad elements of all music are tune, time, and accent or emphasis. Any of these elements in a piece of music affords scope for imitation and repetition. Take a common metre psalm tune or the similar ballad metre in which so many of our nursery rhymes and narrative poems are written. See how the third and fourth lines exactly reproduce the first and second. Here is musical (rhythmic) form in this repetition, in this reference to what has already been announced; what is called balance (repetition) of rhythm, in its simplest and most easily apprehended shape. Our demand for form would be satisfactorily met by this rhythmic imitation alone, without any imitation or repetition of the intervals of the tune. But most tunes show tune, or tonal form, as well as rhythmic. Many of our street tunes, so readily caught up by even the roughest of the lower classes, owe their wide, if short-lived, popularity to a happy construction of form, fully recognizant of the lively satisfaction the mind experiences at rhythmic and tonal repetition. The striking success of many of these songs often induces one to wish that writers gifted with such unerring skill in hitting the likes and capacities of the common people, would turn to and write tunes for our school children. Too much of our school music is cold and depressingly destitute of real interest. Why should it not be worth while for the best composers to strive to supply scores of thousands of willing little throats with lively and pretty tunes? . . . These little familiar tunes, little musical forms, contain imitations and relations we all easily perceive and enjoy without the slightest conscious thought, effort, or calculation. We are as satisfied with these examples of form without mechanically analyzing them, as we are that two and two are four. But to perceive the complex relations of more elaborate musical form, is, as it were, to calculate a far more difficult arithmetical problem. So, he who would worship at the shrine of musical form, must be blessed with at least a good musical memory—one retentive enough to be conscious of reminders. Tunes, whose compact form the most uncultivated ear will not allow to be disturbed, are as it were pointed conversations, easily followed and understood; but a large form is a noble poem, a great oration, a splendid monument, the beautiful details of which may absorb the whole attention of some observers, but the unity of which can be present only to the trained and experienced mind. . . . .

Musical form should be studied historically. It is then found that the earliest forms are distinguished by one broad characteristic from the later forms. The former are made up of various ways of adding melody to melody, the resultant harmony being tolerated so long as it is not absolutely bad; the latter, while not ignoring melody, make harmony and the relation of keys an all-important study. One of the earliest attempts to give continuity and form to music was the addition of melodies, or accompaniments called counterpoint, to the plain song or slow melodies of the church service. This accomplishment was so extensively cultivated that elaborate and, to us in these times, arbitrary rules for its use were contrived. . . . Counterpoint, being full of little imitations, soon led to the composition of music in which the chief feature was the tonal and rhythmic imitation of little tunes or themes; and then in its turn imitation led to that ordered imitation called canon. In canon a melody is caught up by a second part before its completion by the first. The undoubted pleasure which any musical mind has in listening to this device—one in some shape or other recognized by all musical forms, great or small—gave a great impetus to the invention of various kinds of canon, and pedants were induced to concentrate splendid ingenuity in the construction of canons of such absurd complexity that no one could possibly derive any pleasure from listening to them. Such canons, viewed simply as exercises, are doubtless of value to the student, but viewed as music they are dead and valueless. After canon came that highly organized imitation called fugue. Here we have the most persistent and systematic repetition. The memory is now called upon to retain and compare more, and the mind finds full occupation. . . . Fugue is the apotheosis of counterpoint, imitation, and canon. It absorbs all of these and is the highest and greatest form—way of ordering and repeating ideas—the so-called old or contrapuntal school developed. Like its predecessors, fugue for the most part is a piling up of melodies, harmony being a secondary consideration. Just as a student of modern harmony very properly in his exercises strives to secure good chords and progressions, and, without seeking to make his parts real tunes, is satisfied to write nothing offensively unmelodious, so with a fugue-writer the plan is reversed and the imitation of subjects and fragments is the first aim, and any harmony is admitted provided it is not absolutely incorrect. So when you hear a fugue you must follow it with your melodious ears—you must trace beautiful curves and lines, not patches of color. As when we cast stone after stone in smooth water, one wave of vibration passes over another and each pursues a perfectly independent course, so is it with a fine fugue, its melodies pass over and

under and through one another without disturbance or opposition. . . . . .

If a title always identified a certain musical form, even only as generally as the terms canon and fugue do, the number of specific musical forms would certainly be legion. But it is altogether otherwise, for pieces are named rather to give some notion of the voice, instrument, or combination of either or both for which the music is written, or of the style, the rate of movement, or the acquaintance of a composer with a few words of several foreign languages.

Nearly all the dance forms, marches, and the greater number of instrumental movements differ more or less only in the small details of their construction. But broadly they are distinguished by one common characteristic, viz., the repetition of whole sections. There is a tune or subject in a given key, then another subject sometimes absurdly called a trio (notwithstanding the number of parts), then the first subject occurs again in the key in which it first appeared. This plan is called the rondo form. As we have seen, it is very much used even in its primary form, but sometimes it has a more extended plan, by the introduction of other secondary subjects in other keys, but it is distinguished always by the recurrence of the first subject or theme in the principal key of the piece. It is easy to see that, as in other forms, the chief feature is the repetition of details, in the rondo form it is the repetition of complete sections.

The grandest modern musical form is an advance on the rondo and one in which, as in fugue, the greatest musical geniuses have delivered many of their finest thoughts. This is called the sonata form. But its use is not confined to sonatas, that is pieces in several movements for one or two ins ruments, but is freely applied to the symphony, quartet, etc., etc. Nor does the word mean a complete sonata, but the manner in which musical ideas are usually worked in the first movement. So usual is it for this plan to be adopted for the initial movement of a symphony, quartet, or overture, that it is often called a first movement, even though it is used for the last movement. . . . .

The speciality of the sonata form is the reservation of a place for the working, or treatment, or development of the foregoing subjects, or fragments thereof, and the recurrence of the important second subject, first announced in a related key only, in the principal key of the movement. Except by close acquaintance with several examples of this form—this way of representing ideas,—and by frequently listening to examples, its eminently satisfactory nature can never be understood and appreciated.

So we see that repetition and imitation are elements of the earliest and latest forms. From a canon to a Wagnerian opera, from a psalm tune to an oratorio, you find this continued repetition of ideas. . . . . .

Let a piece of music contain no second allusion to rhythm, subject, length of phrase, figure of melody, or to any musical detail to be found elsewhere in its course, and it must be described as of no form, and it must appeal to our senses on the higher ground of its appropriateness in assisting some poetical or dramatic expression, or situation, or through its strong contrasts, its novel and surprising harmony or rhythm, masterly orchestration or deep coloring.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Certain Defects and Inaccuracies in English Musical Terminology.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A formal treatise on this topic would take too much time, and be too tedious to the reader. I content myself, therefore, by calling attention to a few of the inaccuracies perpetrated daily by a majority of music teachers who convey instruction through the medium of the English language. Perhaps the champion inaccuracy, (which is not slang, although it looks like it) is that from the opening paragraph of the most popular musical text-book ever composed; it is:

"Notes are the written and printed signs of tones or sounds." (So far, good. But see what follows!) "Of these only seven are used, and the first seven letters of the alphabet are applied to them, viz.: A, B, C, D, E, F, G."

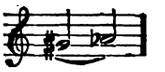
This case is so very glaring that I suppose it is entirely unnecessary to point out the improper convertion of the term "note," in which the point of the fallacy lies.

A common source of error arises from not discriminating between the phenomenon to be defined, and the sign of it. This error lies at the base of the obscurity of current teaching in regard to intervals. All the text books by musicians belonging to the learned class, (under which term I include those regularly educated to music in the general sense) agree in defining intervals by the manner of their representation. For example, Mr. Cornell in his "Primer of Modern Tonality" says, "Every progression from one tone to another, involving a *change of name and of staff degree*, forms what is called an Interval." Here what is meant is that "every progression from one tone to another of different pitch" forms an Interval. In other words, Interval is "difference of pitch." Saroni in the Introduction to his translation of the first volume of Marx's "Musical Composition" defines interval as "change of pitch." Dr. Lowell Mason promulgated many years ago the definition "difference of pitch." Mr. H. R. Palmer in his "Theory of Music" (which is an enlargement and new version of Dr. Crotch's "Catechism") gives the correct doctrine in his No. 185. But in the very next number, in answer to the question "What is a Prime?", he says: "Prime is the name given *to two tones* (sic) which involve but one degree in the representation," showing that in his mind the denomination of an interval is determined by its representation, and not vice versâ, as the truth would be. And in some other text-book on which I cannot at this moment lay my hand, I have this very day read a statement that interval is the difference in pitch between tones, *depending on the manner of their representation.* Mr. Bowman in his Manual of Weitzmann's theory says that "the designation of an interval is determined by the number of staff-degrees embraced." This is almost the same thing as saying that "the names of animals are determined by the letters used to write them"—which is true in one sense. This fallacy is universal in text-books on Harmony. The truth is that intervals are named according to the number of degrees of the scale they comprise. In this manner all the diatonic intervals may be readily recognized by the ear when heard disconnectedly. There remain certain sounds which on tempered instruments are ambiguous. For instance, the augmented fourth and diminished fifth. The absurdity of determining these by the mode of their representation is just as great as it would be in the similar cases of words spelled differently but pronounced alike. For instance, if in a sentence we hear a word pronounced (according to Websters' signs) âl, I can tell by the connection in which it stands, whether the victim took it in a tumbler or in bed. From its use I know whether to write it "ale" or "all." This is precisely a similar case. The word itself when spoken tells nothing. Its use does; and this determines our method of writing it.

Some of the elementary statements we are called on to believe are directly false. For instance Cornell in his first chapter ("Primer, etc.," as above) defines a tone to be a sound, and then says that out of an almost infinite number of possible tones "*twelve* have been adopted as an ample material for the purposes of musical art," and that "*these twelve tones* are repeated over and over again in a higher and lower pitch." The fallacy here lies in making "equivalent" the same as "identical." The principle which underlies the whole of invertion in harmony is the "harmonic equivalence of octaves." This equivalence needs to be pointed out as soon as octaves are referred to. Strictly speaking, not one can be *repeated* but at the same pitch, pitch being the one distinguishing property of musical sound. Then, too, in regard to the notation great inexactness prevails (if I may combine positives and negatives in so Irish a way). Take, for instance, the *tie*. The books commonly define it as "a curved line drawn over or under two notes on the same degree of the staff." Hence this is a tie:

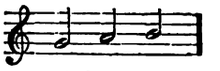
Tie

While this is not:

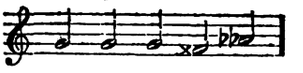


I would propose the following as a water proof definition: Tie, a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first. On suggesting this to one of those faithful ones in music who "confine themselves to the Dative-case," he objected that notes had no pitch. I admit that strictly they have not. But I see no impropriety in the following convenient brevities:

Notes of different pitch.



Notes of the same pitch.



This brings me to speak a word about notes themselves. What *is* a note? This conundrum is so far a poser that several elementary theorists dodge it. For instance, Palmer introduces notes by the question: "How are tones represented as regards length or duration?"—, which is so put as to lead to the introduction of notes without a definition. Dr. Mason in his "Music Teacher" effects the same flank-movement. Indeed in spite of the fineness with which Dr. Mason and his successors have drawn it on this topic, I am compelled to regard them in error. For they, as well as Mason and Hoadley, regard "whole," "half," "quarter," etc., as the names of tone-lengths, which most certainly they are not. Dr. Mason's language was (in a chapter on Rhythmics): "*Tones* in this department are *named* by terms indicative of their relation in length or duration, as WHOLE, HALF, QUARTER, etc." Mason and Hoadley follow this doctrine. Nevertheless it needs so little study to see its fallacy that I am surprised to find so acute an intellect as that of the old Doctor led away in this direction. For we have only to consider two points to see where the error lies. In the first place I point out the well-known fact that relative length of tones is computed by the rhythmic pulsations or beats, and in no other way; and that therefore a "whole" would be a whole beat, and so on; and that, secondly, it is purely a matter of fancy with the composer whether he shall represent a given passage in any one of two or three different ways: *e. g.*,

In this case, the tone-lengths that were halves in the first instance become quarters in the second, while by the supposition their relative and absolute length remain precisely the same; which is absurd. Therefore it follows that the terms "whole," "half," etc., do not appertain to relative tone-lengths, but only to the notes or signs by means of which relative tone-lengths are represented.

Some years ago Mr. J. Wm. Suffern proposed this definition of notes, which seems to me sound: "Note, a character signifying a musical utterance." The relative durations of musical utterances are signified by the forms of the notes; the pitch of them by their place on the staff; the power of them by their place in the measure, and by means of dynamic signs such as *f*, *p*, *sf*, etc.

Then, too, consider the staff. Dr. Geo. F. Root says (very properly) that it has eleven degrees. All the text-books, except his own, say nine degrees. Palmer dodges this issue by saying that the staff consists of five lines and the spaces thereunto belonging. But in his example he gives the staff in this form:

Whereas the following is the truth on this subject, as anybody may know who depends on his own reason:

That is to say, the staff affords these eleven places for representing pitch, *before any additions are made*. Q, E, D. If fourteen books unite in telling me that twice three is five, I can only regret that fourteen authors should have been so stupid. No amount of assertion can establish a lie. Improvement of the received phraseology in such a case as this ought not to be a matter of difficulty.

There are cases, however, in which I am not so clear about the value of simplifications. For instance, Bowman in his Weitzmann's Theory dispenses with the term "perfect" in classing intervals, calling the perfect fifth a major fifth and the perfect fourth a minor fourth. In this he agrees (I believe) with G. Weber, who long ago proposed the same change. Nevertheless I do not think the change a good one, for these reasons: In the first place I have not found difficulty in teaching the received terms, although this difficulty is made a principal reason for the change. In the second place let it be observed that there is a reason for retaining the term perfect. The perfect unison, octave, fifth, and fourth, are respectively the only consonances of those denominations. All other primes, octaves, fifths and fourths are dissonant. With the other intervals the case is different; both major and minor thirds and sixths are consonant, and the seconds and sevenths are dissonant. Hence I prefer the retention of the term perfect. As far as convenience goes, I think, in the long run the use of the term "perfect" presents advantages. For instance, in teaching the compass of intervals I am accustomed to set up those between the tonic and various other degrees of the major scale as patterns, all being either major or perfect. When the perfect fifth is called major, and the perfect fourth minor, this symmetry is destroyed, and the compass of the intervals must be determined in some other way.

Mr. Cornell introduces a new term which seems to me fortunate. It is "symphone" as equivalent to the German "Zusammenklang,"—"together-sound." So a triad is a "symphone of three tones." After all, plausible as this term is, it is very little gain; for all symphones of three or more tones are "chords," and those of two tones are either "consonances" or "dissonances." It may, perhaps, afford an advantage in defining consonance and dissonance; the former being "a symphone which is self-sufficient, the latter one that is essentially *transitory*," etc. But why not this: Consonance, the harmonious relation of tones; Dissonance, the inharmonious relation of tones. Leaving the nature of these relations to be afterwards defined. In treating the triad Mr. Cornell falls into the error of defining a phenomenon by its representation, saying: "The triad is a symphone of three tones, *so notated that the uppermost tone is a fifth of some kind*," etc. Is Mr. Cornell so unfortunate as to be unable to determine triads by his ear? Does he regard that condition of privation as a normal one in a musical ear?

Triads are simply chords of three unequivalent tones. The triad is composed of any tone with its third and fifth.

Mr. Bowman says: "The *scientific* (sic) union of two or more sounds is termed harmony. One such combination is called a chord." I do not think I understand the first of these two sentences. I trust it conveys a truth when properly understood. Palmer defines chord to be "a combination of two or more tones, performed simultaneously, *so arranged as to produce an agreeable effect*." The italics are mine, and point out an impertinent part of the definition. According to that definition a biting dissonance is not a chord until it has been resolved. In like manner a noun is not a noun until it is put into syntactical relation; and a man is not a man until he is married.

One of the most unsatisfactory bits of theory that has come under my observation lately is Mr. Bowman's information on the subject of measure. He says: "In order to render musical compositions intelligible, as well as to facilitate their reading and performance, it has been found necessary to divide them into short sections of equal duration called measures." This statement represents measure as an afterthought, whereas measure is fundamental to the very existence of music. The first music ever composed or improvised consisted of little else but rhythm. Dance forms are the oldest folks-songs. The ecclesiastical production of music without measure resulted, I have no doubt, from the well-known disposition of congregations to drag. So the expedient was hit upon of holding each note as long as an average breath. Hence ecclesiastical music lacks rhythm. To speak of measure in such a way as is done there, is like saying that it has been found expedient to divide the year into months, weeks, and days, not observing that day and night are, for our world and latitude, fundamental divisions of time. The division of days into hours *was* merely a matter of expediency. But music has rhythm and measure so soon as it becomes music. Measure is the beginning of rhythm; and rhythm is the beginning of music. Still, when I am asked "What is measure?" I am free to confess I cannot answer. One thing I am confident of, and that is that a measure is not "a portion of time." I *think* a measure is a group of pulsations. Measure in music is the analogue of foot in poetry. Now nobody thinks a prosodic foot is "a portion of time." If measure were a portion of time, then would the two following pieces be in different measure, it seems to me:

But enough for the present!

Musical "Professors."

To the Editor of the London "Musical World."

SIR,—All is vanity, says the preacher. So it is, and the assertion holds equally good if we assign to the word: Vanity, a meaning different to that originally intended, and use it to imply a quality supposed to be an especial characteristic of the peacock. Even if not prepared to admit that the assertion is unexceptionally true, with the word taken in the above sense, we must conscientiously do so in the majority of sublunary matters. Men's actions have mostly a spice of vanity in them, as surely as a disagreeable number of the articles in a German *Conditorei* proclaim the presence of vanilla. Vanity, like Proteus, assumes all kinds of forms. It is vanity which causes a New Zealander to undergo with cheerful resignation the scarifying process of tattooing; it is vanity which induces weak-minded beings among ourselves to rival the endurance of their tattooed brother, by submitting to the torture of pinching up their feet so that the latter may appear a trifle less than they really are, and undergoing agony almost equal to that occasioned by the famous boot so celebrated in connection with the visit to Edinburgh of that amiable and enlightened prince, James, Duke of York, afterwards King of England; vanity induces an African potentate to dispose of his blood relations for a few glass beads: vanity has pulled and tugged away at the staylace with which many a fair but foolish girl has committed suicide as certainly, and less agreeably, because not so speedily, as if she had tied it round her neck and then suspended herself from some convenient nail or bedpost.

One form assumed by vanity is a love of titles. This has been unjustly designated a peculiarly English phase of the disease; but it is equally rampant with other nations. This hankering for "a handle to one's name," far, indeed, from being exclusively English, as some foreign critics have asserted, may be found flourishing vigorously beyond seas, and nowhere more so than among our American cousins, where, unless travellers tell unconscionable falsehoods, as well as see strange things, it is not impossible that the gentleman who hands his thirsty customer a gin-sling, a mint-julep, or a sherry-cobbler, may be dubbed a major, a colonel, or even a general.

This train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of some remarks in an American contemporary on the subject of the title of "Professor," which always has been and still is used pretty freely by music-teachers throughout the States, and which, according to the testimony of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, is equally popular among the teachers in the public schools. The writer in the journal mentioned thinks, and, in so thinking, cannot be accused of gross misrepresentation, that teaching is not *yet* a learned profession, since nine-tenths of all teachers do not intend to make teaching a life-work, and that to give the title of Professor to persons of this class is to "belittle" those who have really a right to it. We are informed that the writer has visited teachers' institutes where he has been often amused, but still oftener disgusted, at the manner in which young college graduates, who had scarcely peeped into a schoolroom, were addressed as "Professors." These sucking exponents of education, we are told, drank in the distinction as a sponge would drink in water. Like the sponge, too, they expanded under the operation. On the other hand, our American colleague is perfectly shocked at observing the servility with which older teachers bestow the title on such young calves, because the latter can show a college diploma, which, perchance, they "scarcely deserve."

Commenting on the above, a writer in *Brainard's Musical World* says he has always been of opinion that there is no more honorable title to be worn by men than that of "Teacher." His view of the case is that, if the name of "Music-Teacher" is not as honorable as Professor, it is simply the fault of the teacher. He is convinced that the public will scarcely be ready to respect the title of Music-Teacher, when music-teachers themselves are ashamed of it. There are many, we learn, who are a disgrace to the profession, and they are always the most eager for the title of Professor. It is true that teachers cannot be responsible for the titles which the public seem willing to confer on them; but conscientious men should sternly refuse to accept so questionable a boon. The writer winds up as follows: "Germany confers this title upon men who have distinguished themselves as teachers, or who have written works upon the subject of educa-

tion. It is true we do not live in Germany, nor are we advocating the plan of following the example of Germany in all things. Yet, if we wish to use titles, we should see to it, as Germans do, that they mean something."

With the concluding principle here announced no sensible man will disagree, but there would be great and almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying it out through the length and breadth of the States. One great obstacle is the excessive weakness, to which I have already referred, which the Americans exhibit for titles of all kinds. Some people must have jewelry. If they cannot procure it genuine, they are contented with it false. They would prefer diamonds; but, sooner than go unadorned, they will wear paste. There will long, if not always, continue to be plenty of sham "Professors" on the other side the Atlantic. But true musicians there need not lose heart. The remedy is not far to seek. Good wine needs no bush: and art-education has recently made such strides in America, especially as regards music, that the merits of those who are properly qualified to teach the divine art will not fail to obtain recognition, even without the aid of a title which charlatans have done all they can to discredit. X.

Gloucester Musical Festival.

We cull from the Correspondence of the London *Times* some passages of its report of the 154th meeting of the "Three Choirs."

First Day, Sept. 4.

The performance of *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd, Dr. Wesley's successor, was for the most part excellent. That the absence of so glorious a singer of sacred music as Mdlle. Tietjens should have been lamented, more especially the cause of her absence borne in mind, was natural. Nevertheless, what could be done in the circumstances was done according to the best means at hand. That which had been set down in the first part for the eminent *prima donna*, was undertaken by Mdme. Sophie Löwe and Miss Adela Vernon. The first had been already proved at the Monday Popular Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere; the second, who has studied under a no less competent mistress than Mdme. Sainton Dolby, is comparatively a beginner. She, however, promises well, and sang the music allotted to her with real intelligence and feeling. Happily, the services of Mdlle. Albani had been already secured for the second part of the oratorio, and her rendering of the trying air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its inspiring sequel, "Be not afraid," if anything could have consoled us for the absence of Mdlle. Tietjens, was just the thing to do it. Mdlle. Albani threw her whole soul into this impressive exhortation; nor was she less successful in the unaccompanied trio, associated with Mdlle. Sophie Löwe, and our unequalled contralto, Mdme. Patey, or in the "Sanctus," "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," the simple grandeur of which has never been surpassed. When it is added that the whole of the music of the Prophet was undertaken by Mr. Santley, that the chief part of the contralto music was consigned to Mdme. Patey, and that the tenor music was shared between Mr. Cummings and Mr. Edward Lloyd, enough has been said to show that the solo music was intrusted to thoroughly efficient hands. The choruses, into detailed particulars of which it is wholly unnecessary to enter, were given, as they are almost always given at these Three Choir Festivals, sometimes admirably, sometimes without that precision in the absence of which much of the intended effect is missed. The voices, however, are excellent, and with careful training might achieve great things.

The first evening concert at the Shire hall brought an immense audience. The programme comprised portions of the *Paradise and the Peri* of Schumann, with a miscellaneous selection, including Mendelssohn's violin concerto, superbly executed by M. Sainton, and applauded with enthusiasm.

Second Day, Sept. 5.

The new conductor, Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, had imposed upon himself for to-day a task to accomplish which even indifferently well is by no means an easy matter. The first part of the programme was devoted, not to J. S. Bach's *Passion* according to Matthew, as was announced, but to a lengthy selection from that immortal composition. There could have been no harm in stating this frankly, inasmuch as every amateur is aware that the entire oratorio, as Sir Michael Costa some time ago presented it at one of the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, would occupy the day, to the exclusion of Beethoven's *Engedi*, the unwarrantably distorted version of Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge* (*Mount of Olives*) to which we have occasionally been accustomed at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. However, what was given in the Cathedral was ample enough. To name all the pieces—choruses, "chorales," recitatives, etc.,—that were necessarily omitted would be wasting space to no purpose. It may be stated without further preamble that the execution of Bach's often abstruse and invariably difficult music was creditable to Mr. C. H. Lloyd, and all, without exception, who worked under him—solo singers, chorus, and orchestra alike. Mr. Lloyd, though young in his newly undertaken office, and therefore more or less inexperienced, seems to possess the right stuff for a conductor, combining those essential attributes of firmness, quietude, and self-control, in the absence of which any hope of reaching eminence as a ruler in this particular sphere of art-demonstration must be altogether illusory. The grand and elaborate double chorus, "Come, ye daughters, weep with me" (Zion's exhortation and the responses of the faithful), which, with its ingeniously interwoven choral prayer, "O Thou, begotten Son of God," opens the oratorio so magnificently, was for the most part rendered with a clearness and precision worthy unqualified praise. Here conductor, orchestra, and chorus were tested so severely that the satisfactory result may, with fairness, be recorded as a triumph. Without entering into minute details, it may be added that other choruses afforded no less convincing proofs that the singers had been most carefully and intelligently trained. Among special instances may be named the furious outburst of the multitude, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?"—sequel to the plaintive duet for soprano and contralto, "My Savior, Jesus, now is taken," of which the abrupt exclamation of the chorus, "Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!" is so striking and characteristic a feature. The "chorales" chosen from the many comprised in the oratorio were: "O blessed Jesus!" "My sin it was which bound Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!" "O Father, let Thy will be done!" "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee?" (to the same tune, with slight modifications, as "My sin it was," etc.); and "O Thou whose head was wounded"—all well given and, as in such circumstances they could hardly fail to be, deeply impressive. The tunes of the greater number of these "chorales" were originally meant to be sung by the congregation, to whom they must naturally have been familiar; and the emotions engendered by them in the spirit of devout believers thus called upon to take part in the act of worship may be easily imagined. It is a fact of too much significance to be disregarded that the oratorios illustrating the passion of the Savior, of which only two (the disputed *St. Luke* being unpublished)—viz., *St. John* and *St. Matthew*—are now generally known, were, like other similar works of Bach, intended expressly for performance, not in a secular, but in a sacred building, where the lessons they teach might be more emphatically impressed upon the mind. That the congregation of to-day—for congregation, at least during the performance of the *Passion* music, it may strictly be termed—were earnestly attentive and apparently absorbed almost from beginning to end both in the text and in its sublime musical interpretation, it is satisfactory to note; but the word "almost" suggests some drawback to what would be otherwise an unqualified verdict of approval. The opening bars of the final chorus, "In tears of grief we here recline," one of the most touching and exquisite pieces that ever came, "like strong inspiration," to Bach, or to any other composer, were the signal for a general exodus—to lunch! Can we feel surprised that such unseemly occurrences give weapons of significance to those who conscientiously object to the festival performances being held in a cathedral?

The leading vocalists were fully prepared, and sang the trying solos as if they had been Germans and to the manner born. The *Grosse Passions-Musik* was evidently familiar to them. The soprano was Mdlle. Sophie Löwe, the contralto Madame Patey, the tenor Mr. Edward Lloyd, the bass Mr. Santley. A more efficient vocal quartet it would be hard to find. Then, too, in the subordinate parts, Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto of decided promise, and Mr. Maybrick, the baritone bass, who, with excellent discrimination, looks up to Mr. Santley as his model, did real service. Thus the execution of so much as was vouchsafed to us of Bach's sacred masterpiece was more or less complete in each particular department. Into minute particulars it is needless to enter, but it may without hesitation be added in conclusion that this performance will be pointed to with marked distinction in future records of the Three Choir Festivals.

The principal singers in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, after the interval of an hour, followed the *Passion of St. Matthew*, were Mdlle. Albani (who seems to be as much at home in Beethoven's as in Handel and Mendelssohn's music), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Maybrick. The performance was generally effective; but this early effort in the sacred style of the Giant of the Orchestra, despite its many and unquestionable beauties, appeared somewhat dramatic, occasionally even operatic, after that which had preceded it. At night the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and the second part of Haydn's *Creation* were given in the Cathedral.

Third Day, Sept. 6.

The programme, one of unusual variety and interest, opened with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*—if "overture" that may be termed which is purely elegiac. The merits of this beautiful composition, which, originally written for the Norwich Festival, has on more than one occasion been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, are widely known and appreciated. It is a genuine poem in music, and its essentially religious character, enhanced by the happy use of the organ in the peroration, being strictly in keeping with the theme to which it is dedicated—the remembrance of a beloved parent—justly entitled it to the place it occupied in the selection of this morning. Every pains was taken by the conductor and his fine orchestra to ensure an efficient performance, and the result would have satisfied the author himself.

Next to *In Memoriam* came a "Kyrie Eleison" for solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments—part of a mass by Mr. B. Luard-Selby, a musician of considerable promise. The entire movement is tuneful, smoothly written for voices and instruments, and everywhere marked by appropriate devotional feeling. The quartet of leading singers—Miss (not Mrs.) Adela Vernon, Miss Griffiths, Mdme. Patey, and Mr. Cummings—were all that could be wished; and the "Kyrie" left a generally favorable impression. It was followed by a colossus, in the shape of Johannes Brahms's "German *Requiem*," which immediately absorbed attention, and kept it undisturbed until the very last chord. This magnificent piece was composed to a German text, instead of to the familiar Latin, there being, as Professor Macfarren reminds us in his exhaustive and interesting analysis, certain tenets in the Roman Mass for the Dead at "variance with the principles of the Reformed Church." "Hence," he adds, "the 'German *Requiem*' is not a *Missa pro defunctis*, but an exhortation to the living," like our English Burial Service. We at present only know it through an English version. As Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Overture," which began yesterday's performance, was composed as a tribute to the memory of his father, so is the "German *Requiem*" a tribute to the memory of a no less beloved mother. It would be hard indeed to conceive one more earnestly felt or more eloquently expressed; and Herr Brahms has not only reason to be proud of his *Requiem* because it is a truly noble example of art workmanship, but because of its admirable fitness for the object that suggested it. To its general merits testimony has already been given, and a word about the performance is all that will be looked for. The singers in the "German *Requiem*" had almost as difficult a task—here and there quite as difficult—as some of the most trying passages in the *Passion of St. Matthew*; and the fact that they came out from the ordeal with equal success is no little to their credit. The chorus and orchestra are taxed to the utmost by Brahms's independent writing, which not unfrequently recalls the still more uncompromising Beethoven in his grand *Missa Solennis*—to say nothing of J. S. Bach, who, judging by his music for the Church (motets included), was even less prone to study the convenience of voices. Nevertheless, several numbers in which shortcomings might have been looked for, and even readily excused, were among those rendered with the greatest fluency and precision. As a striking instance may be named the extraordinarily wrought-out fugue, set to the text, "But the righteous souls are in the hand of God, nor pain nor grief shall come them nigh"—a bold and original feature of which is the tonic pedal bass kept on incessantly from the opening bar to the end; and, again, the powerfully

solemn illustration of the words, "When the last awful trumpet soundeth," the climax to which, "Grave, where is thy triumph! Death, oh! where is thy sting?", can never fail to be impressive, if the singers enter into the spirit of the music, as they certainly did on the present occasion. The solo passages were intrusted to Mdlle. Sophie Löwe and Mr. Santley, who, it need scarcely be added, made them as effective as they could well be made. A few defects allowed for, indeed the admirers of Brahms must, unless terribly exacting, have been more than gratified by this performance of what may be regarded not simply as his most ambitious, but as his most entirely successful achievement.

The *Requiem* of Brahms was succeeded, and worthily succeeded, by one of the most familiar, scholarly, and melodious anthems of the late Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the production of which on this occasion was another appropriate tribute to the great organist and composer whom Gloucester held in such high and deserved esteem. Every amateur of pure and solid English Church music knows, or ought to know, the anthems of Samuel Wesley. A better choice could not possibly have been made, and it is agreeable to add that for the greater part a better or more carefully-balanced performance could not have been desired. More or less fatigued as the chorus singers naturally were by their spirited and arduous endeavors to do what was expected from them in the *Requiem* of Brahms, they nevertheless brought to the anthem of their gifted countryman an energy and vigor that seemed indomitable. The opening quartet and chorus must have persuaded every attentive listener how zealously all were intent upon the work before them, and how much, in honor of the regretted musician, it was to them a labor of love. From beginning to end there was scarcely a weak or faltering passage to be noted. That after so imposing and elaborate an effort as that of Brahms, the simpler but in no way less earnest work of the English organist should have come out so brightly, is an incontestable sign of its genuine quality. The solos were assigned to Miss Adela Vernon, Madame Patey, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, Mr. Done, of Worcester Cathedral, (who on this occasion undertakes the duties which were to have devolved upon the late Mr. Townshend Smith), being at the organ. About the glorious *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which brought this long but never uninteresting programme to a conclusion, it must suffice to state that the orchestral movements were played with remarkable spirit, and that the choral parts offered but few occasions for criticism. The solos were allotted to Mdlle. Sophie Löwe, Miss Vernon, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The duet, with chorus, "I waited for the Lord," and the air, "The sorrows of death," with its impressive sequel, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?", by Mr. Lloyd, were among the most noticeable points. To the sublime *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," the entire congregation rose.

[Conclusion next time.]

A VIENNA paper, *Die Donau*, says that after the performance of *Die Götterdämmerung* at Bayreuth, the Emperor Wilhelm despatched General Count Lehendorf to summon the composer to the Imperial presence. After some trouble, the General found the object of his search in a little room behind the stage, stretched full length on a couch, while his wife, Mdme. Cosima, was kneeling before him, fanning his face. The Abbate Franz Liszt was pacing up and down, with the air of a man meditating on the Music of the Future. The General informed Wagner that the Emperor desired to see him. Looking towards Cosima, Wagner said: "Ought I to go, my dear?" "I think it will be enough for you to send word begging to be excused," replied the lady. "When the Emperor of Germany expresses a desire," observed the General, "that desire is, I think, an order as far as you are concerned. His Majesty commands your attendance, do you hear?" At this point, the Abbate interposed and impressed on Wagner the necessity of obeying the Emperor. Finally, Wagner made up his mind to follow the General. *Die Donau*, from which, as already intimated, this account is taken, is responsible for its correctness.

M. THIERS was not merely a most refined lover of art, and, in former days, one of the most regular frequenters of the Grand Opera, but, also, when the occasion required it, an intelligent Mecænas. A few days after Boïeldieu's death in 1834, the *Journal des Débats* told its readers in the following terms how M. Thiers had assisted the musician, when the latter returned, ill and without means, from Italy, whither he had gone in the hope of recovering his health:

"Speaking of the state of Boïeldieu's affairs, a paper said yesterday that, last year, the celebrated composer applied for a place as sub-librarian, but that both his own efforts and the exertions of his friends in his behalf were of no avail. This statement is not correct. On his return from Italy, Boïeldieu, who had previously received from the Minister of the Interior" (M. Theirs) "proofs of the interest the latter took in him, requested an audience for the purpose of returning his thanks. At this interview, the Minister enquired into his visitor's position, which he spontaneously offered to improve. He personally used his influence with the Minister of Public Instruction to procure for Boïeldieu, not a sub-librarian's place, but the position of curator, at the Royal Library. The rules of the institution, however, were opposed to such a nomination. M. Thiers then appointed the composer of *La Dame Blanche* to the professorship of composition, an office which had been long suppressed. Boïeldieu had been professor of composition at the Conservatory from 1821 to 1827, with Lesueur and Berton, and his place was not filled up when he retired. Necessity, as we have seen, compelled him to resume the work of teaching, though for a very short period: illness, and then death, scarcely allowed him again to fulfil the duties of his office."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

III.

We have said enough to show that no University can be complete, or fully realize the University idea, without its School of Music forming an integral part of it just as much as its school of Medicine, or Law, or Physical Science. The fact that no University in the world ever has been thus complete, only proves that the importance of this branch of social culture has but recently begun to be appreciated as it should be. We have seen, too, that there are never wanting liberal and wealthy friends of education and of learning who take pride in *endowing* professorships, museums, libraries, in every recognized department of literature and science,—nowhere more than at our old neighbor University, which is as much a part of Boston as it is of Cambridge,—and hence the question which we have made the heading to these brief articles. We have said that such a school should be complete, covering the whole ground of a thorough musical education, even if it be only for the comparatively few students who may have the talent and the aspiration to become musicians in the higher sense.

That such a school, in all its branches and departments, with its full corps of teachers, and full means of illustration, could be organized at once, whole and consistent from the start, we have not claimed. Rather should certain essential elements of the whole harmonious edifice be built up one by one, singly, in anticipation, as most immediately needed and most practicable. And we concluded our last article with the suggestion (not for the first time in these columns) that *one* of the most important elements would be

A PERMANENT LOCAL ORCHESTRA.

It does not matter whether this be a University Orchestra as such, or simply an independent local Orchestra, always near at hand, alike for the purposes of music in the University, or for the musical public of Boston and the neighborhood. If such an orchestra existed, our ideal University school of course would need its aid. Music generally, throughout the whole circle of which Boston is the centre, needs it. Yet, strange to say, the "Hub" so far possesses nothing of the kind. For our Symphony Concerts, for the indispensable accompaniment of all our Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas, etc.,—not to speak of the more popular and miscellaneous instrumental concerts,—we have to rely upon chance combinations of the best available resident musicians,—only available for the time being, for the present task in hand, but losing all cohesion, ceasing to be an orchestra, and separating to their several individual occupations, when that task is done.

Worse than that. There is so little regular and permanent employment for orchestral players, that too many of our best musicians, our most artistic violinists, 'cellists and the like, rather than drudge in theatres and balls and street bands to eke out a living, form themselves into little travelling groups and Quintette clubs, spending the musical season anywhere but here at home, and therefore unavailable for the true orchestra we want. And so it will be until, by some means, some fund, or sure annual subscription, or some form of frequent, never failing popular demand for orchestral music all the year round, a permanent orchestral organization shall be realized, the members of which shall find in it their *constant and exclusive occupation*. For that is the first condition of a real orchestra. What is it to play together a few Symphonies and Overtures, a few times in the course of a winter, if the far larger portion of each musician's time must all along be spent in tasks demoralizing to the tone, the unity, the habits that should pervade a sensitive, intelligent, obedient, effective orchestra? What makes good orchestra players is continual practice in the same companionship, under the same leader. They must be so accustomed to one another and to their conductor, must so grow into mutual understanding and sympathy, that there shall be a vital conscious solidarity between them, until each shall feel himself to be himself completely only in union with all the rest. This is the whole secret of the excellence, the charm of the so popular Thomas Orchestra. Since that has shown our people what a good orchestra is, and what it is to play accurately, finely, brilliantly and powerfully, we have grown exacting in our expectations of an orchestra. We require that perfect execution which is only possible with the conditions above named. But we can only have it at chance opportunities, few and uncertain, under favor of a travelling virtuoso orchestra, whereby we are farther than ever from realizing the great desideratum of a permanent local orchestra of our own, on which we can depend at all times. We hail the brilliant visitors, as we used to hail each brilliant solo virtuoso, and we crowd their concert room, even in spite of often tasteless and incongruous programmes, so enchanted are we with such splendor of sonority, such nicety of outline and brilliancy of color. Meanwhile our own orchestral enterprises languish; we are doing little to build up our own; we forget that Boston, to have any true claim to the reputation of a really musical city, ought to build up and support its own orchestra, as good as any that can come here, and which it may apply in its own way to higher ends, perhaps, than any travelling orchestra can serve;—*an Orchestra of our own, with programmes controlled by the best taste we have among us.*

We are inclined, therefore, when we appeal in behalf of Music to its wealthy friends, to place this *first* among the various musical interests to be promoted. If there is any large munificent endowment soon to come for any kind of musical establishment, in a purely educational and public sense, let it be first of all for the foundation and the permanent support of an orchestra, worthy of a community like this, which has enjoyed so high a musical repute.

But when we ask who will endow such institutions, we would be understood by no means to assume that it can only be done by wealthy individuals. It would be much better would the musical community at large become the benefactor and supporter. If our public would encourage and sustain, with less capricious favor, and more persevering patronage, the efforts made by some of the more enthusiastic, earnest and intelligent, to gradually build up an orchestra, by making the most of such means as we have, and organizing as many opportunities as possible for the musicians to perform and

for the people to enjoy concerts of the best compositions, why then the musicians would take heart, would devote themselves more and more to these nobler tasks of their profession; and soon it would be possible to give, not six or ten, but twenty, thirty Symphony Concerts in a season; and thus the orchestra would grow to unity, its members would become assimilated, its union would acquire permanence, and the whole problem would in due time be solved.

Precisely for this end were the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association established. They originated, thirteen years ago, in the desire to unite the real lovers of the great classical orchestral music into the constant nucleus of the right kind of audience, giving the tone to others who might gather round them, and thereby providing stated opportunities for the hearing of the masterworks, and for the more frequent exercise of the best powers of competent musicians in the interpretation of such music. For some years the experiment succeeded almost to a charm; the concerts were so well supported that year after year a considerable surplus remained after paying all expenses of the season; and this was mainly set apart by the Association as a Concert fund,—a resource to fall back upon whenever the public patronage should flag, and so help to guaranty the annual return of the concerts until better times. Had this prosperity continued, unaffected by the distracting advent of brilliant competitors, by the proverbial love of change in this our Athens, by the "hard times," and other causes, it would have held out a tolerably fair prospect of gaining strength enough, ere many years, for the foundation of a permanent orchestra in Boston.

Signs of Promise.

At last our musical "Fall Opening," as the milliners and dry and fancy goods men have it, spreads out its invitations for a month or two ahead; doubtless, with much that is solid and inspiring, we shall have some musical millinery, and other goods both of the dry and fancy kind.

The opening was really made, right worthily, on Wednesday evening, in a noble performance of "Elijah," at the Tabernacle, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with Pappenheim, etc. But of this hereafter.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 8, at 3 o'clock, at the Music Hall, with about the same orchestra as last year, CARL ZERRAHN conducting. The glorious old Fifth Symphony will then be given, but the remainder of the programme remains undetermined. There will be *ten* concerts, on alternate Thursdays, with an interval of four weeks between the 5th and 6th in January.

Theodore Thomas will give four evening concerts and two matinées, beginning Nov. 14.

The series of concerts in the Sanders' Theatre, Harvard University, will begin on November 13. Thomas's orchestra will appear. Engagements have also been made with the Philharmonic club, Madame Schiller, Mr. B. J. Lang and others. On at least one occasion a choir of mixed voices will assist under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood. At the initial concert Professor Paine's symphony-fantasie, "The Tempest," the themes of which are suggested by Shakespeare's comedy, will be performed. A new symphony, entitled "Spring," by the same composer, will probably be brought out at the last concert in April. The programmes will include symphonies and overtures by Beethoven, Schumann and Mozart, Schubert's octet, Beethoven's septet and other classical works.

In Chamber Music we have,—first, the announcement of the re-organized Mendelssohn Quintette Club, for *this* very evening, at Union Hall, with their new leading violinist, Mr. Jacobsohn, and their new second violinist, Gustav Dannreuther, Mr. Hennig, 'cello, Mr. Ryan, clarinet and viola, and A. Heindl, 'cello and double bass. Also Miss Ella C. Lewis, vocal Soprano. The programme offers the E-flat Quartet of Mendelssohn; "Slumber Song" by Franz; Sonata, violin and piano, in F, Beethoven; Serenade for string orchestra, by Fuchs (first time); Song: "Sands of Dee;" and the Beethoven Quartet in C, op. 59.

This evening we have also a Soirée, given by the Boston Conservatory, at Mechanics Hall, at which a choice programme will be performed by Mr. S. Liebling, the brilliant young pianist, and Mr. Carl Plueger, the tenor singer, both engaged as teachers in the Conservatory.—Of Mr. Liebling, who gave an informal recital before a few invited guests a week or two ago, Mr. W. F. Apthorp writes in the *Courier:*

Mr. Liebling, though hardly out of his teens, is a pianist of no ordinary attainments. His playing is in many respects exceedingly fine, and gives proof not only of great culture, but of intrinsic musical endowments of a rare order. He plays with the self-concentration that can only come from genuine enthusiasm, and with an evident respect for the composer. Although his technique is of the most brilliant, he does not give the impression of making a parade of difficulties, and seems to be utterly free from any taint of charlatanism or affectation. It is not often that one hears such honest, straightforward, conscientious renderings of fine music as he gave yesterday. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Sonata Appassionata.
Chopin: Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2.
" Polonaise, Op. 22.
" Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1.
Liszt: Rhapsodie, No. 4.
Grieg: Sonata, Op. 7.

—The Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Listemann, Hartdegen, Belz, etc.), do not publicly announce, but privately promise two or three Chamber concerts during the coming month.

MISS AMY FAY will give three piano recitals at Union Hall on the afternoons of Oct. 17 and 31, and Nov. 21. Miss Fay's programmes we have already printed.

Mr. ERNST PERABO will give two chamber concerts, assisted by the Philharmonic club, on November 2 and 9. There will be presented two charming Hungarian sketches for piano, by Xavier Scharmenka; a great duo by Schubert, for piano and violin, new to Boston; and Rubinstein's fourth trio. The matinées will be prefaced by some preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord."

Of Mr. Freyer's German Opera (Pappenheim, C. R. Adams, etc.,) which is to open on the 22nd inst., at the Boston Theatre, for two weeks, we have already spoken. On Sunday evening they will join forces with the Handel and Haydn Society in Rossini's *Stabat Mater.*

Two or three Notes and Queries.

In Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's latest work, we have this anecdote of the great musical composer Haydn, who liked to dine alone and eat much. It was his custom to order dinner for five at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. "Serve dinner" he said, on one occasion to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself. "The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but, Sir, the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted contemptuously; "Pooh! de gompany! I am de gompany!"

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de gompany," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.

—From an old Harper's Monthly.

Few points afford greater satisfaction to an omnivorous reader, than the very marked improvement, which recent versions of old anecdotes exhibit. Take this as a case in point:

A century ago it was told of that robust, corpulent lover of good dinners, Handel, and not of the little, thin, abstemious Haydn, who never knew enough of English to speak as represented. It was told, as having occurred *once* at Richmond, and not as a "custom;" and that the dinner was ordered for two, instead of five. Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's improvements of the anecdote are worthy of all praise, as every reader must feel.

Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini:

"Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-*Dum*, and Tweedle-*Dee!*"

Who wrote these two lines? They have been attributed to Swift, Pope and John Byrom. In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," they are the last two of six lines under Byrom's name, who certainly claimed them. Chrysander (in Life of Handel) quotes three passages from his Diary in which he speaks of "my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini"—one of them (5th June, 1725) "Mr. Hooper . . told us of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini being in the papers."

Now, what I cannot understand is this: Vol. IV. of Swift and Pope's Miscellanies has this title:

"Miscellanies. The Fourth Volume, consisting of Verses by Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay." (First published 1728).

At the head of the table of contents stands this:

"N.B.—Whatever are not marked with a star are Dr. Swift's."

On page 146 (4th Edition) is the Epigram, as above, with a star. It is therefore not Swift's. If it was Byrom's in 1725, how did these two lines get into the Miscellanies in 1728? And if the six lines had been printed in the papers in the first of these years, how could Swift and Pope have printed the last two in their book in 1728? I imagine Byrom stole the last two lines, but wrote the first four:

"Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle,
Strange all this," etc.

and that the real author of the two—Pope, Arbuthnot or Gay—took this means to secure his property.

The next piece in the Miscellanies is an Epigram:

"On Mrs. T——s.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have dy'd.

This, of course, was the celebrated Mrs. Tofts, who had, however, left the stage nearly twenty years before the publication of this volume of the Miscellanies. I have no accessible copy of Pope's works, to see if this epigram is given as his; but he only of the contributors to the Miscellanies would have had the want of heart to print such an attack on a woman so long retired from public life, just to show his wit.

Suppose we restore *harmony* by a return to the old Gregorian music, as all the Catholic churches in Baltimore are about doing.—[*Boston Post.*

Harmony, quotha?—a treatise on the *harmony* of the "old Gregorian music" *would* be a curiosity! Whoever has one, will please advertise.

Of course no modern treatise *how* to harmonize the Gregorian chant is wanted.

A. W. T.

The Worcester Musical Festival.

The "Heart of the Commonwealth" beats musically, and the old city of Worcester, Mass., has long borne an enviable reputation for zeal and enterprise in the cause of noble music. Its annual autumnal Festival is a matter of not a little pride with its music-loving population; and its own resident artists and professors contribute largely and creditably, as composers and performers, to these inspiring four or five-day meetings. This last (the 20th) Festival (Sept. 24 to 28) seems to have been projected and carried through with more enthusiasm than ever, and to have been crowned with remarkable success; so much so that one may pardon to "just local pride" the glowing detailed reports furnished to the Boston *Transcript*, to the extent of six or eight mortal columns, by its Worcester correspondent. Their length forbids our copying more than the programmes of the several matinées and concerts, to which we prefix a very condensed account of the Festival as a whole from the Sunday *Times* of Sept. 30:

The twentieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association opened at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, on Monday morning last, and closed Friday evening. It was the most successful session this enterprising association has ever had. All the concerts, and there were eight public entertainments altogether, were very fully attended, and in a no less marked degree has there been in the successive performances real artistic excellence. The chorus, numbering about two hundred and fifty voices, appeared to fine advantage. Mr. Carl Zerrahn did wonders with the singers in the few days at his command, and the result was a quality of chorus singing of which our own Handel and Haydn Society might have been proud. The presence of Mme. Eugenia Pappenheim greatly enhanced the interest which attached to the later concerts, and the same may be said of Mr. Myron W. Whitney, who

assisted in the oratorio performance and at one of the other concerts, and of Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, who also sang on two occasions. The Temple Quartette also gained fresh laurels in a field where they were already well known and appreciated. This fine organization is singing better than ever this year, and we are glad to hear that they have a long list of engagements for the coming season. Among the other vocalists who were very successful during the week were Miss Antonia Henne, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mrs. Mary Stone Macdonald, Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Jennie M. Patrick, Mr. C. Fritsch, the German tenor, Mr. A. E. Stoddard, baritone, and Mr. W. H. Stanley. Mr. John F. Winch, who took Dr. Guilmette's place at the Wednesday evening concert, the latter being unable to appear on account of illness, likewise shared in the success of the festival. The programmes were, as a general thing, constructed with much good taste, but much incongruous matter found its way into the performances through encores. The early concerts were devoted largely to local talent, the principal artists and the full chorus appearing chiefly at the concerts on Thursday and Friday. The Boston Philharmonic Club assisted in a very telling way on one or two occasions, and the Germania Orchestra, of Boston, likewise rendered very valuable service Friday afternoon and evening. On the latter occasion Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" was performed in admirable style, the solos being sustained by Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Henne, Mr. Maas and Mr. Whitney. The chorus did remarkably well under Mr. Zerrahn's *baton*, and showed in a most gratifying manner the results of his careful training. Mr. B. D. Allen has assisted as pianist, and Mr. G. W. Sumner as organist during the greater part of the festival. Among the important works performed other than the oratorios were a mass in D by C. C. Stearns, Schumann's "Gipsy Life," Marcello's Psalm, "O Lord, Our Governor," several choruses by Handel, Gounod, Barnby and Rossini, and by the orchestra, Gade's Symphony in B flat, the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas."

Matinée, Monday, Sept. 24.

1. Organ solos:
   a. Canon in F-sharp major.....Merkel
   b. Wedding March.....S. B. Whitney
2. Chorus. (For ladies' voices.) "Sleep, sleep, noble child,".....Cherubini
3. Song-waltz. "Bird on the wing,".....Auguste
   Miss Vinnie Maynard.
4. *a.* "Good Night,".....Girschner
   b. "The Artillerist's Oath,".....Adam
   Hatton Quartette.
5. Song. "Ave Maria,".....Luzzi
   Miss Susie Balcom.
6. Piano duet. "Stories of Nocomis." (Op. 48, Nos. 1 and 4).....Wollenhaupt
   Miss G. A. Bacon and Mr. E. B. Story.
7. Jewel song. From "Faust,".....Gounod
   Miss E. F. Dearborn.
8. Hymn-anthem. "Behold the Lamb of God."
   (Words by Rev. W. T. Sleeper.....B. D. Allen
   Miss Kinney, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Morse, Mr. Allen and chorus.

Tuesday's Matinée.

1. Vintage Song, from Lorely (male voices.) Mendelssohn
2. Song. "The King's Highway,".....Molloy
   Mr. A. D. Norcross.
3. Trio. "The Chimes of Silvery Sabbath Bells".Abt
   Mrs. Ellen Snow, Miss Lizzie Wheeler, Mrs. G. Richardson.
4. Song. "My Queen,".....Blumenthal
   Mr. P. W. Bush.
5. Piano solo. Die Forelle.....Schubert-Heller
   Miss Mary Tucker.
6. *a.* Harvest Carol. Singing the reapers homeward come.....W. H. Gill
   b. Anthem. Send out thy light.....Gounod
   Choirs of All-Saints' Church. Under the direction of I. N. Metcalf.
7. Song. By Celia's Arbor.....Mendelssohn
   Miss Ita Welsh.
8. Madrigal. Now is the Month of Maying...Morley

Wednesday Afternoon.

1. Kyrie from the "Missa de Angelis," founded on the Gregorian Chant, which came into vogue during the later part of the Sixth Century. (Rendered in modern notation by Mr. C. P. Morrison
2. Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio, J. S. Bach, 1685—1750
3. Quartette. Larghetto—finale allegretto, W. A. Mozart, 1756—1792
   (For pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello.)
4. Aria from—The Creation—On mighty pens, Joseph Haydn, 1732—1809
5. Sonata. Poco adagio quasi andante—allegro moderato.....L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827
   (For pianoforte and horn.)
6. Offertory for Solo and Chorus, Alma Virgo, J. N. Hummel, 1778—1837
7. Aria from—Stabat Mater—Pro Peccatis, Gioacchimo Rossini, 1792—1868
8. Krakowiak. Rondo for piano, with accompaniment of Quartet and Second Piano, Fr. Chopin, 1810—1849

Wednesday Evening.

1. Psalm. O Lord our Governor.....Marcello
   Solo by Mrs. Carter.
2. Wedding March, from Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
   Boston Philharmonic Club.
3. Song of the Grail, from Lohengrin.....Wagner
   Mr. Fritsch.
4. Concerto for violin, andante and finale, Mendelssohn
   Mr. B. Listemann.
5. Song.—The Last Man.....Dr. Calcott
   Dr. Guilmette.
6. Fantasie for harp.—La Mandoline..Parish Alvars
   Mr. Freygang.
7. Cavatina. O luce di quest anima.....Donizetti
   Mrs. Carter.
8. Romance. Mignon.....Thomas
   Mr. Fritsch.
9. Fantasie for violoncello on Bohemian Airs, Vieuxtemps
   Mr. Hartdegen.
10. Aria. In questa tomba.....Beethoven
    Miss Whiting.
11. Song. Morn, Noon Night.....Hopkins
    Dr. Guilmette.
12. Solo for flute. Columbus. American Rhapsodie.....Terschak
    Mr. Weiner.
13. Song. Lo, here the gentle lark.....Bishop
    Mrs. Carter.
14. Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2.....Liszt
    Boston Philharmonic Club.
15. nd Chorus. Haste thee, Nymph.....Handel
    Solo by Mr. Fritsch.

Thursday's Matinée.

PART I.

Mass, in D.....C. C. Stearns.

PART II.

1. Song. My Angel.....Esser
   Mr. A. C. Stoddard.
2. Song. Dreams.....Hodges
   Mrs. A. C. Monroe.
3. Serenade. O Summer Night.....Buck
   Temple Quartette.
4. Ballad. The Parting Hour.....G. B. Allen
   Mr. W. H. Stanley.
5. Song. Tell me, my heart..... Bishop
   Miss J. M. Patrick.
6. Quartet and Chorus. It is high time.....Barnby
   Miss Patrick, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Stoddard.

Thursday Evening, "Artists' Concert."

1. Chorus. O, how amiable.....Barnby
   Association Chorus.
2. Aria. La donna e mobile, from Rigoletto...Verdi
   Mr. Joseph Maas.
3. Cavatina. O Don fatale, from Don Carlos...Verdi
   Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim.
4. Quartet. Comrades in Arms.....Adam
   Temple Quartette.
5. Cavatina. Ah! mon fils, from Le Prophète, Meyerbeer
   Mlle. Antonia Henne.
6. Recitative and Aria. Non so donde viene, Mozart
   Mr. A. C. Stoddard.
7. Song. O sanctissima vergine.. .....Gordigiani
   Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim.
8. Recitative and Aria, from Aida. Celeste Aïda, Verdi
   Mr. Joseph Maas.
9. Quartet. Ave Maria.....Abt
   Temple Quartette.
10. Song. Thou art like unto a flower.....Rubinstein
    Mlle. Henne.
11. Sextet, from Lucia.....Donizetti
    Mme. Pappenheim, Mlle. Henne, Messrs. Maas, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder.
12. Solo and Chorus. Inflammatus.....Rossini
    Mme. Pappenheim and Chorus.

Friday, Sept. 28, "Symphony Concert."

1. Overture to Ruy Blas.....Mendelssohn
   Germania Orchestra.
2. Gypsy Life.....Schumann
   Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.
3. Recitative and Aria. "Sound an alarm"....Handel
   Mr. W. H. Stanley.
4. Symphony, in B flat.....Gade
   Allegro vivace—Andante con moto—Scherzo —Finale.
   Germania Orchestra.
5. Romance, from "Marie Stuart".....Niedermeyer
   Miss Ita Welsh.
6. Allegretto, from the Eighth Symphony, Beethoven
   Germania Orchestra.
7. Aria. "Se oppressi ognor," from "La Juive," Halévy
   Mr. M. W. Whitney.
8. Swedish Wedding March.....Soedermann
   Germania Orchestra.
9. Cavatina. Il soave e bel contento.....Pacini
   Mrs. Mary Stone Macdonald.
10. Sanctus, from St. Cecilia Mass.....Gounod
    Mr. Stanley and Chorus.

The Festival closed on Friday evening with Handel's Oratorio of "Joshua," performed by Mme. Eugenia Pappenheim, Mlle. Antonia Henne, Mr. Joseph Maas and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the great chorus and the Germania Orchestra, with G. W. Sumner as organist and Carl Zerrahn, conductor.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sir Roland. G♭. 4. d to F. *Molloy.* 40
"He knelt by the bier a moment to pray.
Then rode in the grey of the morning away."
A striking romance of a knight and his lady-love.

Ay or No? Barcarolle. D. 3. d to D. *Cowen.* 40
"Hope and I may homeward hie.
Does not my love say, Ay, love, ay!"
The movement suggests the name "barcarolle" but the song is good for land or water.

With Rapture I think of the happy days past.
A. 3. d to E. *Gurkener.* 30
"Old age, with its fetters, comes nearer and nearer,
Eternity's portals grow clearer and clearer."
A Russian song of excellent quality, but with English words only.

Meet me at the Gate, Love. Song and Cho.
E♭. 2. E to E. *Meyer.* 30
"As the moon shines brightly, love,
Just coming o'er the hill."
As will be seen, it is of E-sy compass, and is a pretty ballad.

Three Quartets. Mixed voices. *W. J. D. Leavitt, each* 40
No. 1. At Night. D♭. 4. E to F.
" 2. Evening on the Lake. G. 4. d to g.
" 3. June. D. 4. d to g.
One is a merry barcarolle, and the others have beautifully woven harmony, like English madrigals.

The Felling of the Trees. C. 4. c to F. *Anderton.* 40
"And still the woodman felled the trees,
And still the busy world went on."
Words and music of great power. Just the song for a powerful Contralto or Baritone voice.

Lyre Française. French Songs, Romances, etc. *each* 35
No. 1. Petit Enfant. (Little Child). B♭. 3. F to D. *Quidant.*
"Que tes baisers doux comme ceaux d'un ange."
"How sweet are thy kisses."
The "Lyre" plays sixteen airs to good words, and they have the neat, prim, tripping ways of the French ballads, of which they are very favorable specimens.

Instrumental.

J. S. Knight's Album. (of Dance Music.) *each ptece.* 30
No. 4. Fearless Polka. G. 3.
No. 5. Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3.
No. 7. Pride of the Regiment March. G. 3.
No. 8. Phantom Galop. G. 3.
No. 9. Don't forget me Waltz. C. 3.
The above have all one character of graceful brilliancy, not often excelled.

Blossoms of Opera. *by Joseph Ambri, ea.* 25
No. 20. Fra Diavolo Aria. F. 2.
No. 22. Fille du Regiment Aria. F. 2.
No. 23. Trovatore. Ah che. F. 2.
No. 24. Martha. Aria. C. 1.
Very simple arrangements for beginners.

Silver Ray Polka. G. 3. *Havens.* 30
Of the set "Deux Polkas de Salon." An original and fine piece.

Rigoletto. 4 Hands. Fantasie de Concert. A♭. 4. *Billema.* 1.50
Very brilliant duet.

O, Give to Me those Early Flowers. C. 2. *Watson.* 25
Is No. 16 of "Little Fancies," a pretty set for beginners.

Romance without Words. 4 Hands. E. 3. *Wollenhaupt.* 30
A rich melody with accompanying chords well supplied by 3 of the 4 hands.

Bacchanale des Gnomes. 2d Etude. E♭. 6. *Sherwood.* 75
A wild race of sounds, keeping up an elfin like tumult till the end. Should be an effective concert piece.

Little Girls' Polka. B♭. 3. *St. Leon.* 30
A fine polka which little and large girls will like.

Nocturne. A♭. 4. *Gram.* 40
A delicate and rather brilliant piece, with many trills and runs.

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FIFTY FINE SONGS.

Carefully written by an experienced Music Teacher. Descriptions are short but sufficient. It is quite safe to select music by this list, after which selection the piece or song may be ordered by letter, and will be mailed to any address, post-free, on receipt of the retail price mentioned below.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Old Mountain Pines. Song and Cho. C. 3. d to f. *Higgins.* 30
"Standing proud and alone,
On the mountains high throne."
A fresh and breezy song with bright chorus.

Walking down the Lane. Eb. 2. d to E. *Meyer.* 30
"Her cheeks were like the roses,
So delicate and fair."
A sweet song, about a bonny lass, to a merry measure.

A Daisy Song. Bb. 3. d to F. *Gatty.* 40
"Daisy, pray, my fortune say,
Who is on me doating."
A charming little ditty, about flower fortune-telling.

Good Bye, dear Love! Bb. 3. d to F. *Pinsuti.* 40
"When evening comes on stealthy wing,
And darkness falls o'er everything."
Very sweet semi-Italian song.

The Birdies' Ball. Illustrated Title. D. 2. d to D. *Street.* 40
"Pray ma'am, ask the birdies all,
The birds and birdies great and small."
A perfectly delightful song for the girls and boys. Give it to your little scholars.

We loved one another, Maud and I. S'g and Cho. Ab. 3. E to g. *Rutledge.* 30
"There's a moss-grown grave by the river-side,
That I've cherished for many years."
Sweet ballad in popular style.

Little Queen of Diamonds. S'g and Dance. G. 3. d to F. *Pratt.* 35
"Oh, the golden bees would sip
Sweetest honey from her lip."
A bright affair, worth ten of ordinary "songs and dances."

Unrequited. E minor and major. 4. c to F. *Pinsuti.* 30
"Was there no desert spot in thy heart,
Where mine might have rested?"
Full of pathos, and very effective.

There's a place in my Heart for you yet. S'g and Cho. C. 3. E to a. *DeKress.* 30
"There's a sweet little maid o'er the sea,
In the land where the shamrock is green."
Neat Irish ballad, in popular style.

One Hour with Thee! D. 3. E to D. *Norris.* 30
"An hour with Thee! When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey."
Words by Walter Scott, and music quite worthy of it.

I fear no Foe. Bass Song. 3. C. g to E. *Pinsuti.* 40
"I am here, love, without armor,
Strike, and captive make of me."
Fine melodious Bass (or perhaps Baritone) Song.

Yawcob Strauss. E minor. 2. b to E. *Adams.* 30
"I haf von funny leedle poy."
And everybody is making his acquaintance. Truly funny and pretty song.

Kiss and Word. (Er hat mich geküsst.) G. 4. d to a. *Abt.* 40
"The moon and the stars looked on."
"Die mond und die sterne haben's gesehen."
A charming ecstatic song, and all about the kiss.

De Bad Bob Lee. Jang ma rang ohay. Eb. 2. b to C. *Hays.* 35
"Den far you well,
An dent you look for me."
Capital "roustabout" song and chorus.

Ilka Blade o' Grass. F. 3. c to E. *Stanley.* 35
"See lest mid fortune's sunshine
We should feel owre proud and hie."
Some of the sweetest of sweet words by Ballantine, and is a fine effective song.

Must I leave thee to-day? Eb. 3. c to F. *Keene.* 30
"Banished forever from one I adore."
A sad fate, truly;—but most musically deplored.

Silent Grief. (Ad altro laccio.) C. 4. c to g. *Giuliana.* 35
"Deep then is grieving."
"Se sia tormento per me."
Very smooth and effective Italian song.

My poor Heart is sad with its Dreaming. Illustrated Title. S'g and Cho. Eb. 3. d to F. *Bishop.* 40
"My sad heart recalls all the pleasure
Of thoughts that were all, all for thee."
An excellent song every way, of sad but beautiful quality. Like others of our picture title pieces, the picture is quite enough to recommend the piece.

Fly back, O years! Eb. 3. b to F. *Danks.* 35
"Fly back, and bring
Once more our youth's enchanted spring."
A cheerful song of remembrances and one most musical.

Footsteps on the Other Side. S'g and Cho. A. 3. E to F. *Vane.* 30
"Oh! it is a stranger's footstep,
Gone by on the other side."
Very poetic ideas, and good music.

The Lovers. Ab. 3. E to 3. *Molloy.* 35
"A Whip-top and a little Ball."
Words by Hans Christian Andersen, with neat melody.

Before Parting. C. 3. c to E. *Dick.* 35
"Come, let us rest one sweet short hour,
And watch the daylight set."
There is some danger that parting will be too pleasant if accompanied with so pleasing a melody.

The Old House. F. 3. c to E. *Molloy.* 35
"With tender smile he greeted me."
Another of Andersen's little stories set to music.

O, keep thy Heart still warm and true. S'g and Cho. Eb. 3. d to F. *Keens.* 30
"Love like mine brings no regret."
And music sweet as this, disappoints no one.

The Old Gate on the Hill. S'g and Chorus. F. 3. c to F. *Hays.* 35
"I love to think of childhood, Jim."
So does Jim himself, and all the others, who will be only too well pleased to sing of the old farm-gate and all its associations.

Near thee, still near thee. F. 4. c to a. *Doerfnkel.* 30
"Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet sinless love floats round thee silently."
Words by Mrs. Hemans, which are well set to the music.

Four Sacred Songs. *C. A. Havens, each* 30

No. 2. Beautiful Zion. F. 3. F to F.
"Beautiful Zion! Lovely Zion!"

No. 3. He giveth his Beloved, Sleep. D. 4. d to D.
"God will his own in safety keep."

No. 4. Only Wait. Db. 4. d to E.
"For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning."
These have well-chosen words, and music in good taste, are for Church service or for singing at home, and are perhaps best when sung without accompaniment.

Those that we loved long ago. D. 3. c to F. *Tours.* 35
"Dreams of the solemn night
Linger yet o'er us."
A sweet song, with a German Gem quality.

Good Night (Buona Notte). D. 4. d to F. *Campana.* 30
"L'ora è tardu."
"Hours are passing."
Happy are they who can say Good Night so pleasingly. Charming Italian music, with a few chords for a brief ad. lib. chorus.

Take this World as it is. G. 3. d to F. *Knight.* 30
"In the worst there's a spark of a nature divine."
Fine sentiments, by Charles Swain, and nice music.

Kissing among the Clover. G. 3. d to g. *Richter.* 30
"A scent of thyme was on the air.
The buttercups a-blooming."
Everything sunshiny and bright about it. Must please.

Bright Golden City. Four-part Song. E. 3. d to E. *Havens.* 30
"Where Seraphs and Angels their glad voices raise."
One of "Four Sacred Songs." Beautiful subject, well treated. Best sung without accompaniment.

Alone in the World. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to F. *Stewart.* 30
"I'm footsore and weary,
Alone in the world."
An orphan's pathetic song.

Nestle me close to your Heart, Kathleen. F. 3. c to g. *Danks.* 30
"Breathe in my ear your love, my queen,
Sweet little jewel, I love but you."
A fine lover's song with a bright melody.

My Home in Tennessee. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to F. *Stewart.* 30
"The cotton fields are blooming now."
An agreeable song by one of the "Georgia Minstrels."

As the Hart pants. Eb. 4. d to D. *Foster.* 30
"Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole."
The hymn is a fine one, and the music effective for a Mezzo Soprano or Alto (or Baritone) voice.

Old Folks in the Lane. S'g and Cho. Lithograph Title. Eb. 3. E to F. *Dana.* 40
"Ole Alabama, how I'm sighing."
A very musical jingle of the character of "Old Folks at Home."

Mountain Top. Vocal Waltz. E. 5. d to b. *Grass.* 60
"Fanned by soft airs
That seem like prayers."
A very brilliant affair, requiring singing voices of high compass.

My Darling was Fair. (In der Fremde.) G-minor. 4. d to g. *Taubert.* 35
"There stands a tree in yonder glade."
"Es steht ein Baum in jenem Thal."
One of the beautiful "Gems of the German" of which set one hundred and twenty names appear on the title.

One only. A minor. 3. A to E. *Wekerlin.* 35
"Ah, there still is one far above these,
My Mary, she, oh, she's that one!"
Notice the very small compass. A quaint, but very wholesome and pretty song, in the style of old English ballads.

Sweet Dolly Blossom. A. 3. E to F. *De Kress.* 30
"Cruel Dolly Blossom: free me from your thrall,
I never will be happy till I claim you, stem and all."
Very pretty comic song of the Georgia Minstrels.

Wear the Ribbon Blue. Song and Chorus. C. 2. c to E. *Rolfe.* 30
"Say, have you heard the news, my friend."
A wide-awake "reform" song.

The Farmer and the Dove. (Bauern und Tauben). G. 4. d to D. *Taubert.* 30

The Bold Rider. (Der tapfere Reiter.) F. 3. c to F. *Taubert.* 30
These belong to the set "New Songs by Taubert," and are pretty, childish songs of about the calibre of "Little Bo-Peep."

Norallie, I'm dreaming of thee. Song and Chorus. C. 3. E to F. *Rutledge.* 30
"Norallie Allanna, my heart is repining."
A sweet Irish ballad.

Footsteps in the Snow. Song and Chorus. F. 3. c to g. *Jones.* 30
"Faded, faded, like our footsteps in the snow
As we cried farewell, long ago."
Pretty, poetic, original thoughts, set to pleasing music.

Nancy Lee. G. 3. d to g. *Adams.* 35
"Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!"
That's so. Pull away, boys! Good, hearty sea-song.

Robin, I'm waiting for thee. Song and Cho. Ab. 3. c to F. *Peek.* 30
"Why don't you come, Robin?
I'm waiting for thee."
An agreeable Waltz movement, which renders the song very taking and lively.

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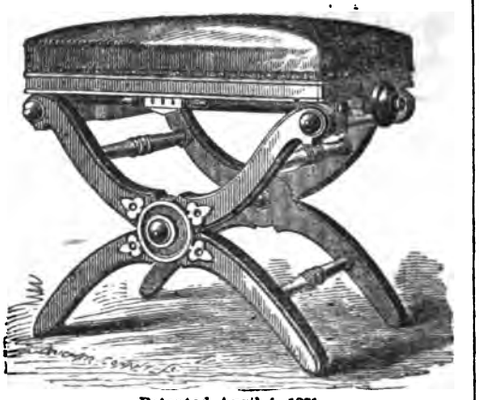

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 954. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. ,10 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 16.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

Oliver Goldsmith once said to Dr. Johhson, alluding to his grand and stately style: "If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

The authors of so-called historical romances do, for the most part, just the opposite. Their whales talk like minnows; their lions "roar you as gently as any sucking dove—roar you an t'were any nightingale." When Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller—whether in drama or epic—make great historic characters speak, the reader is satisfied. For these men were themselves great—capable of the grandest thoughts.

For the like reason, Walter Scott, and some few others, might venture to take great men of the past as the heroes of romances. But such writers are exceptions; in general, Emperors and Kings, Statesmen, Warriors, Scholars and Artists, are so magnificently *described*, that we expect wonders. They begin to talk. What a collapse! Inflated and pompous the language—mean and trivial the thoughts—pigmies on stilts.

To a good historical romance three requisites are indispensable.

1. The character of the hero must nowhere come in conflict, neither in word nor act, with historic truth. This is so dangerous a reef, that most productions of this class suffer shameful wreck upon it.

2. The historic verisimilitude must not be violated. I mean by this, that the imaginary acts and deeds of the hero must nowhere conflict with the historic, but be ever in harmony with them.

3. The "scenery and stage effects," so to speak, must correspond to the truth. In other words, a strict regard must be paid to eras, countries, peoples, to religion, culture, manners, etc., or the work will be a failure.

From these premises it follows, that one who has not the power of producing great thoughts, and who has not made profound and comprehensive previous studies, should by no means select celebrated historic characters as heroes of romance.

Our age is fruitful of authors of great capacities and genius; still more fruitful of authors of another sort; namely, of such as can hardly wait until a great man—a Humboldt, for instance—is cold in his grave, before making him the theme of a romance in numberless parts, and advertising it in the most offensive manner in every nook and corner of the land. In my opinion it is high time that a sharp and pitiless criticism, utterly regardless of names and persons, should come forward and make energetic war against this nuisance; and, now that it is allowed me to appear before this honored audience with a simple, unpretending essay, I have chosen a subject, which enables me to take a slight part in this literary campaign.

I take the liberty of calling your attention to a single class of popular writings; namely, that of biographical novelettes; but, of this class, only to those which relate to Ludwig van Beethoven.

In these, as well as in greater works, an author must bear in mind, at all events, the fir t two of the principles above enunciated, if he would avoid making himself absurd and ridiculous.

The originator of the Beethoven Novelette Literature was, I think, I. P. Lyser. In the first volumes of Schumann's "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" appeared a series of fantastic tales, by him, of musical celebrities from Martin Luther down to Beethoven and Johann Schenck. The story told of Schenck, then recently deceased, was absurd even for that day; and Ignatz von Seyfried sent Schumann a biting criticism upon it, which one even now can read with pleasure.

If all writings of this class were as dead and forgotten as those of Lyser, I certainly should never have taken them as the subject of an essay. I have, however, to my sorrow, been made to know, that many of them are accepted by a large class of readers as being either true, or essentially so. Those, who have had occasion to make themselves familiar with Beethoven's history, are well able to distinguish the true from the false; but the number of such readers is comparatively small. Some of these stories have, in former years, led me astray, and cost me long and laborious research to get at the truth. Let that which is forgotten rest in peace; and that only, which is still read, form our topic. In regard to the Novelettes still current, there are two questions to be asked:

1. Is Beethoven truthfully characterized in them?

2. Do they violate historic verisimilitude or not?

This first point may be dismissed in few words. We all know that the works of the really great masters in any of the arts—of the men of true creative talent—are in a manner a reflex of their own characters:—Handel and Michael Angelo, Mozart and Raphael, the refined, spiritual, highly cultivated Mendelssohn, Jupiter-tonans Beethoven. Now the larger number of these novelettes are love-stories. We find in them this Jupiter, this rugged, downright, vigorous, manly and thoughtful creator of the grandest, profoundest, sublimest productions in the sphere of instrumental music—we find this man always portrayed as an effeminate, sentimental, whining, enamored mannikin; as a sorrowful Werther, of that sort whose woes draw floods of tears from soft-headed chambermaids. What can be falser or more absurd? As Beethoven was no every-day, humdrum character, he was sometimes called "cracked;" but a fool of that quality he certainly was not. We have then only to consider in how far some of these stories correspond to historic truth.

In one of them we read, how Beethoven, then a youth of 18 years, during a walk at night—for the story relates that he walked only at night, being ashamed of his poverty-stricken clothes—not far from the Coblentz gate of Bonn, heard some one in a small house playing his Symphony in F. He entered and found a blind girl playing. Touched to the heart, he seated himself at the pianoforte and began to extemporize. "And now it seemed to him"—so we read—"as if the moonbeams that fell through the window upon the instrument became interwoven with the tones." Suddenly he sprang up, hurried home and, by the feeble light of a tallow candle, wrote out that sudden inspiration—it was the "Moonlight Sonata!"

That this story, 80 years ago, might make the round of the periodical press, in half a dozen languages, is conceivable; but that it (not very long ago either) could be again printed in Vienna, is hardly creditable; for, that the eighteen-year-old Court organist of Bonn could hear his Symphony in F played there by a blind girl, 25 years before it was composed, is putting it a little too strong! Now, just to show what absurdities a person can write, who will not take the trouble first to look through books everywhere known and accessible, I will examine one of these stories a little more at length, —one which the author says rests upon "verbal communication."

At the time of the first French occupation of Vienna, that is in November, 1805, Beethoven was in the lowest depths of poverty, helplessness and hopelessness. One possible resource alone remained, and that was a journey to Silesia—to his friend Prince Carl Lichnowsky. In spite of his poverty—*how*, we are not informed —he had been able to get the necessary funds for the journey. But he could not depart from the capital without first exchanging vows of love and faith with his Julietta. This was, however, owing to family and other reasons, not so easy, and, somehow, a meeting in a thicket in the Prater was agreed upon. Beethoven appeared, but waited so long in vain at the trysting-place, that he began to fear that his Julia was untrue. At last she appears, and a long conversation in well known romance style ensues. Then they part as the heroes and heroines of novels always part. Beethoven, the happy, departs, arrives in the best of spirits at Lichnowsky's, there writes the Moonlight Sonata as a souvenir and monument of this happy evening in the Prater, and then goes to work on the Heroic Symphony. This is an outline of the story. Now

I. When it was written, a long list of works was acccssible to everybody, which would have taught the writer, that the Sonata had been

published several years before November 1805, and that the Symphony was not only long since finished, but had been publicly performed. Indeed, he had but to look into Schindler's book.

II. The idea, to have Beethoven quietly make a journey to Silesia, from a city occupied and surrounded by some hundreds of thousands of hostile soldiers, is too comical to require a word of comment. Had the author cast his eye upon the pages of Hormayr's History of Vienna, he would have seen—what in fact was a matter of course—that the city gates, especially on the Prater side, were regularly shut at evening, and that the Prater itself was alive with Napoleon's soldiers. But when a man is caught in a hostile camp at night, as a rule he receives the not very complimentary title "Spy," followed by a single lesson in rope-dancing. You see the absurdity of representing a *man* at that time, as a nightly promenader in the Prater—and as to a young lady—!

III. In no historic notice of the Opera *Fidelio*, not even in Schindler's book, is the circumstance omitted that, just at the time of this French occupation of Vienna, Beethoven was busy with the rehearsals and first production of this work. How does this fact correspond with his alleged poverty and helplessness? and with his journey to Silesia!

IV. That the young lady in November, 1805, had already long been in Naples, is perhaps a fact that our writer could not easily have known; but that she had married Count Gallenberg two years before, *that* he might have seen in any Gräfliches Taschenbuch. In what a cloud of ridiculous absurdities is a spark of fact here enveloped! And all this is so touchingly related, that it cost me also a teardrop or two—tears of laughter.

Ad vocem Fidelio. The following is a table of contents of a novelette, of which Fidelio is the subject:

Beethoven in abject poverty.
Fidelio, long since finished, lies in his desk.
He will not grant its performance for want of an adequate actress and singer.
At last the right one appears; young, beautiful, blooming, intellectual, and endowed with a mighty and sympathetic voice.
He makes her acquaintance.
Heart-stirring conversations.
She undertakes the part.
Magnificent performance.
Immense sensation.
Fidelio triumphant.
Divine Leonore.
Beethoven in Heaven:—

and all described in the most beautiful style—of the regular cheap novel pattern.

If this pretended to be the history of the first performances of the opera in 1805, with Anna Milder as the Fidelio, even then it would be absurd enough, since Beethoven wrote that part expressly for her; but,—not the Milder in 1805—Sophie Schröder, 1822, is the heroine of the story—at a time when Beethoven was almost utterly deaf, and his opera had been performed in Vienna alone more than sixty times, and had made the round of the principal theatres of Germany and Austria. Can absurdity be pushed farther?

Later this story took quite another form: one which Wolzogen has accepted in his biography of Madame Schroeder-Devrient. I cite a single passage, and make a single remark upon it.

"So he (Beethoven) on the evening of the performance [the first of the Schroeder] sat in the orchestra immediately behind the Director, and so enveloped in his cloak, that only his glowing eyes shone out of it. Wilhelmine was frightened by these eyes; an indescribable anxiety oppressed her," etc.

My remark is this: Just on this evening, Beethoven was not in the theatre; he was there at the second performance, and sat in a box of the first row, as the newspapers of the day inform us.

Another of these stories brings us to the battle symphony—"Wellington's Victory at Vittoria." It was first told me, as fact, by the innkeeper, Haidinger, (locally celebrated for his extensive collection of publications relating to Vienna): it was afterwards confirmed by Professor X., who gave me Professor Hoefel of Salzburg as his authority; and a few years later it appeared in print, unaltered as to the main circumstances.

This story makes Beethoven, for the purpose of obtaining hints for his battle symphony, to go out, as a spectator, to a grand sham fight, not far from Wiener Neustadt. In course of the day he lost himself, and, when evening came, was in a place utterly srtange to him, namely, by the gates of W. Neustadt—where he was arrested as a vagabond. His declarations that he was Beethoven found no hearing, they were only laughed at, and he must go for the night, suffering torments from hunger and thirst, into a dark cell of the police quarters. Next day, as he persisted in asserting that he was Beethoven, Höfel, who had engraved his likeness, was called, and at once identified him; whereupon he was discharged, etc., etc.

This in all essential points seems to be related on sufficient authority, and yet it does not correspond to the facts in the history of the battle symphony, which, as they have never yet been correctly published, I will here introduce, in a very condensed form.

Johann Nepomuk Maelzl, a fine musician, son of an organ builder of Ratisbon, came to Vienna as a teacher of music. He was a mechanical genius by nature, and in his father's workshops had acquired the skill necessary to work out his inventions. His mechanical trumpeter and his panharmonicon were famous. He constructed ear trumpets for Beethoven, which the composer used for years. A great and friendly intimacy grew up between the two men, and towards the end of 1812, they agreed to go to London together the next Spring, and there give concerts in company; Mälzl producing his automatic musical instruments, and Beethoven his new symphonies. But Beethoven was prevented from leaving Vienna when the time came, and Mälzl was glad to remain another year in order to construct his famous "Conflagration of Moscow" and to add new compositions to the list played by his panharmonicon. In this list was one piece each by Handel, Haydn and Cherubini. In any case, the addition of Beethoven's name would have been of great value; but doubly so if his contribution should be not only new, but easy of comprehension and upon some subject popular in England. There had hardly, for forty years, been a great battle fought which was not endlessly repeated in music, from the orchestra down to the pianoforte. I have even read, in the advertisements of those days, one announcing a grand battle-piece arranged for—two flutes.

In July, 1813, the news of Wellington's victory at Vittoria reached Vienna. What a magnificent subject for a programme music! and what an effect might be produced by it on the panharmonicon! So thought Mälzl, who was well acquainted with London and the English public. His workshop was then on the Glacis, not far from the Carl Church, in Stein's pianoforte factory. Stein's recently deceased son, Carl, confirmed to me in full the following reminiscences upon the origin of the Battle Symphonie, recorded by Moscheles: "I witnessed," says Moscheles, "the origin and progress of this work, and remember that not only did Mälzl decidedly induce Beethoven to write it, but even laid before him the whole design of it; he himself wrote all the drum-marches and the trumpet-flourishes of the French and English armies; gave the composer some hints, how he should herald the English army by the tune of "Rule Britania;" how he should introduce "Malbrook" in a dismal strain: how he should depict the horrors of the battle, and arrange "God save the King" with effects representing the hurrahs of a multitude. Even the unhappy idea of converting the melody of "God save the King" into a subject of a fugue in quick movement, emanates from Mälzl. All this I saw in sketches and score, brought by Beethoven to Mälzl's work-shop, then the only suitable place of reception he was provided with." So, Moscheles and Stein.

In this manner the score for the panharmonicon was completed and Mälzl began to set it upon a cylinder for the instrument. Meantime the year 1813 drew to its close, and the journey to London must now, or soon be undertaken; but there was a great difficulty to be overcome; neither Mälzl nor Beethoven had the necessary funds. The Austrian finance patent of 1811, and the failure of the attempt to produce his new (the 7th and the 8th) symphonies in the Spring, had brought Beethoven's finances into a critical position, while Mälzl had used up his small capital on his panharmonicon and his "Conflagration of Moscow."* But he, Mälzl, did not lose courage; he felt confident, that he could effect what Beethoven in the Spring could not, namely, bring the new Symphonies to a public performance, and by means of them relieve both himself and Beetven from their pecuniary embarrassment. Still, he thought it indispensable to put something on the programme *ad captandum vulgus*. His trumpeter was of course to play; but this was already too well known in Vienna to be a great attraction, and he knew Beethoven too well, to think he would condescend to compose any mere showpiece for the occasion. The battle-piece occurred to him. The time was short. Without waiting to finish setting it for the panharmonicon, he took the score to the composer and proposed to him to instrument it for full orchestra. Beethoven consented.

That Mälzl, after it was ready, arranged two concerts for a charitable purpose, the net profits of which were over 4000 gulden—that the Battle and the 7th Symphony had extraordinary success—that Beethoven by them suddenly achieved the greatest popularity, and that, in consequence, he was able to give several very profitable concerts—all this is well known; *not* so well known is it, that Mälzl, for the sacrifice of his panharmonicon score, for all his labor and pains in arranging the first two concerts, and far more than two months loss of time, never received a kreutzer! The sad fact is certain, that Beethoven, after the immense and unexpected success of the first two concerts, abandoned the idea of the journey to London, cast off Mälzl entirely, and repeated the performances (with some additions of his own to the programme, to offset the trumpeter) for his own sole benefit. The excuse he afterwards made for this injustice was, that Mälzl had advertised the Battle symphony as his own property.

The latter now scored the composition—or had it scored—from the parts, journeyed to Munich, and there had it performed; on learning this Beethoven entered a suit against him. Now, no one can deny, that the score for the panharmonicon *was* the property of Mälzl, even if he had not been the author of the entire plan of it. We know also, that he of his own accord brought it back to Beethoven to be instrumented for their common interest. Did this amount to a surrender of his property in it? That was the legal question involved. It never reached a decision, and to this day it remains unanswered; unless the following circumstance may be considered as determining it in Mälzl's favor.

When he, Mälzl, returned to Vienna near the close of 1817, to introduce his Metronome, it was all important to him to secure Beethoven's good word for the instrument, and he would

*Perhaps some readers of this will remember seeing it exhibited in Boston some 30 years ago.—Ed.

not have refused to satisfy any fair claim of the composer upon him; and yet Beethoven dropped his suit, and divided with Mälzl equally all the costs that had been incurred.

Beethoven recommended the Metronome in the warmest terms, and the end of the song was, a supper in the Camel Inn, where the wine flowed freely, and Mälzl, Schindler and others sang Beethoven's Metronome Canon, "Ta, ta, ta, ta." The universal prejudice against Mälzl, rests entirely on the writings of Schindler and his copyists, supported by a very incorrect document, written by Beethoven in an angry mood, and published by Schindler under the title of "Deposition." Yet whoever will take the trouble to look carefully into the matter, will soon find, that the corner-stone of Beethoven's immense successes in the years 1814, 1815 —the resurrection of Fidelio included—was laid by nobody else, than Johann Nepomuk Mälzl! Let no one take it ill, that I thus withdraw the veil and show this dark spot on Beethoven's fair fame. Justice demands it. We know so much of the composer's goodness and greatness, that this exposure cannot really injure him in our opinions. We lament, forgive, forget.

Poor Mälzl passed his last years in my native land, where he lived, honored and liked as a gentleman. Through his metronome and his connexion with Beethoven alone, does his name still live. Ought we to allow, that he—a benefactor of Beethoven—as hitherto, so in the future, so long as the biography of the composer shall be read—be painted as a base swindler, merely to hide a passing weakness of the great musician?

When I heard the story of the arrest, I saw at once that it could have no connection with the history of the Battle symphony; still I was curious to know how much, if any, truth there might be in in it, and took occasion to visit Prof. Höfel in Salzburg; from whom I heard as follows:

In the Summer of 1822 or 1823, he sat with several of his friends and the Commissioner of police, in the garden of the inn "Zum Schleifer," just outside the gates of Wiener Neustadt, taking supper by candle-light, when one of the police men came to his chief and reported:

"Herr Commissioner, we have arrested a man, who gives us no rest, and yells all the time that he is Beethoven. But he is nothing but a beggar—has no hat—has on an old coat —has no paper to show who he is," etc., etc.

The Commissioner ordered the man to be detained until next day, and then they would find out who he was.

The next evening the company was naturally curious to know how the matter ended, and the Commissioner related, that about 11 o'clock he was awakened and again told that the man in arrest gave them no peace, and demanded that Herr Herzog, Musik-Director of Wiener Neustadt, should be called to identify him. This was immediately done; and as soon as Herzog cast eyes upon him, he exclaimed: "That is Beethoven!" and took him home with him. In the morning the Burgomaster called and apologized for what had happened, and, after Herzog had supplied his guest with decent clothes, sent him in the city coach back to Baden, where he was then staying.

He had gone out of his lodging in the morning, without his hat and in an old coat, to take a short walk. Coming to the Canal he followed the towpath for a time, and, sunk in thought, forgot to turn back, lost his direction, and pushed on, until he found himself in the evening, weary, covered with dust, and hungry, in a place all unknown to him—the Canal basin, by the Hungarian gate of Wiener Neustadt. Here he was seen looking into the windows of the houses, and, as he looked like a beggar, was of course arrested.

To his assertion that he was Beethoven, the answer is said to have been: "Yes, indeed! why not?—You are nothing but a beggar—Beethoven does not look *so!*"

(To be Continued.)

The New Orchestra.

(From the New York Tribune, Oct. 30.)

Now that the musical season has opened, some information about the new orchestra, which, under Theodore Thomas's direction, is to fill such an important part in the entertainments of the Winter, will no doubt be acceptable. To call it the new orchestra is, perhaps, scarcely correct, for, while it contains many men who were not in the band last year, and while many who were with Thomas then are with him no longer, a large proportion of the performers have belonged to the orchestra in former years, and probably all of them have played at one time or another under Thomas's baton.

The band which has been giving the popular concerts at Steinway Hall recently is Mr. Thomas's travelling orchestra, and at the same time the nucleus of the orchestras with which he gives his own Symphony Concerts and the Philharmonic Concerts, and his concerts in Boston and one or two other places where he produces works of the first magnitude. It numbers about forty-seven men, all of whom are now members of the Philharmonic Society of this city. They comprise nearly all the best players in that society, and are without exception musicians of the best class; many of them are excellent solo artists, and not a few are the best individual performers on their respective instruments in the United States. The first violins, who sit at the front of the stage to the left of Thomas as he stands facing the orchestra, are a remarkable body of men. Hermann Brandt, the *concertmeister*, or principal first violin, the right hand one of the two men at the desk nearest Thomas, is a very well-known and experienced player, and one of the first violins of the Philharmonic Society. He is from Hamburg, an excellent performer, and in his earliest youth gave promise of rare musical talent. Bernhard Listemann, who was Thomas's *concertmeister* several years ago, is now first violin of the Philharmonic Club, of Boston, to which also belong Weiner, Thomas's old first flute, and, if we mistake not, one or two others of Thomas's old men. Jacobsohn, who followed Listemann as concert-master, is now first violin of the celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston. Hamm, Brandt's "deskmate," with brown moustache and imperial, is an old member of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and resigned the place in the club which Jacobsohn has lately taken.

At the second stand the outside man is Julius Bernstein, for a long time conductor of the Germania Theatre orchestra, and brother of the Bernstein of dance orchestra fame. His desk-mate, Hemmann, was a member of last year's orchestra, and is a brother of the principal violoncellist. The outside man at the next stand is Phillip Färber, and his desk-mate is Klugescheid, who has been with Thomas a long time, having fairly grown up in the orchestra, and steadily worked his way to his present position. Curant, outside at the next stand, was in the old orchestra; with him is Herwig. Of the second violins, who sit opposite to the first, and facing them, the principal is Gruppe, whose blond beard has long been familiar with the public; he has been with Thomas many years, and so has his desk-mate, Rhaesa. Hermann, the outside man at the next stand, was also in the old band. Hermann's desk-mate is Reyer, probably the oldest man in the orchestra, an excellent player, and a member years ago of Julius Eisfeldt's old quartette, which some of our readers may remember. At the next stand are Rietzel, a son of the first-flutist, and Dietrich, a member of the old orchestra, and one of Thomas's right-hand men in conducting its internal economy. At the closing of the Centennial Exhibition last year, the exercises had to be held in the Judges' Hall instead of the open air, on account of the rain. In the Hall, the orchestra was placed in a long, narrow gallery, running the whole length of the building, and it was impossible for Thomas to place himself so that all his men could see him. He therefore stood about one-third of the way down the gallery, stationed Dietrich somewhat farther on, and they conducted simultaneously, the whole band being thus enabled to see one or other of the conductors. Thanks to Dietrich, who is very steady, everything went perfectly. Kester and Specht, who occupy the last stand, have been with Thomas for years. The violas sit just back of the second violins, and parallel with them. Baetens, their principal, who has a brown moustache and beard, has been a long time with Thomas; so has his deskmate, Berger, a man with black moustache and black curly hair. Behind them sit Haupt, who was with Thomas years ago, but has not been of late, and Loewenstein, and the last man, Gebhard, plays third flute on occasions, as well as viola. The violoncellos are in the middle, squarely facing the house. Their principal, Hemmann, is a young man who has grown up in the orchestra. His desk-mate, Reineccius, with blond beard and spectacles, is fondly known by his brother musicians as "Rhinoceros." He has been in the orchestra some years. At the next desk are Sachleben, one of Thomas's most useful men, and Bareither, both in the old orchestra, and the last man is Bergner, principal violoncellist of the Philharmonic Society, and too well known to need description. Of the double-basses, C. Uthof, who stands against the wall, on the left, nearest the audience, is the principal. He holds the position formerly filled by Arthur Howell, now in England, who not long ago married Miss Rose Hersee, the young English prima donna, well remembered here as a member of Madame Parepa-Rosa's last opera troupe. Uthof has been with Thomas a number of years, and is one of his best men. Pfiffenschneider, who stands next him, was with Thomas some years ago, when he was principal double-bass. Opposite these, on the right, stand Preusser and Listmann.

The flutes are just to the left of the violoncellos, in front. Rietzel, with spectacles, curly iron-gray hair, and moustache, is the first flute. He is a very well known musician, and one of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society. To the left of him is the second flute, Ickler, a member of the old orchestra. Behind the flutes are the oboes. Eller, first oboe, used to be with Thomas, but left him last year, and joined the Mozart Club, which was formed of seceders from Thomas's orchestra. He is the right hand one of the two oboes. Eller also plays the English horn. The second oboe is Mente. The clarinets are placed on the left of the oboes, and are Boehm on the right, and Drewes on the left, both of them singularly fine players. Boehm, who is one of the best known masters of the clarinet in this country, and also one of the few really good performers on the bass clarinet, has long been Vice-President of the Philharmonic Society. The bassoon players, whose long blunderbuss-looking instruments stick up behind the clarinets, are Reuter, with a black beard, Thomas's old first bassoon, and Sohst, better known as a baritone singer, and a member of the choir of Grace Church, in this city. The bassoon is a difficult instrument, and good players on it are rare. There are only three or four first-class bassoonists in New York, and these are probably the best of them, Along the back and to the right of the bassoons are the four horns. The first is Gewalt, on the left, Pieper and Schmitz, both members of the old orchestra, are next, and the fourth horn, to the right, is Lotze. The first trumpet is the well-known Dietz, who sits back of the violas, and nearest the front of the stage. He was Thomas's first trumpet last year, and as an orchestral player has probably no rival in this country. Sohst, a brother of the bassoon player, is second trumpet, and Bareither is third. The three trombones are behind the trumpets. The first trombone, who sits in front, is Cappa, who has been a long time in the orchestra, and is a capital artist. Next to him, and looking a good deal like him, is Saul. The third trombone is Letsch, who was with Thomas some time ago, and is a distinguished solo player. Listmann is the tuba, and is noted as the best performer on that instrument in the country. The kettle-drums are played by Löwe. He and Toulmin, the harpist, were in the orchestra last season, Mr. Toulmin having left the Philharmonic orchestra a year ago to take the place of Thomas's admirable English harpist, Mr. Lockwood, who is now playing in one of the classical orchestras of Germany. The Lockwoods, by the way, are a family of harpists, a brother of the gentleman who was here being the principal harp player at the Crystal Palace classical concerts, while his sister is the harpist of Carl Rosa's fine operatic orchestra, said to be now the best in London.

Such is the nucleus of the new symphony orchestra. When enlarged for important occasions, the additions of course are made chiefly to the strings. For Thomas's own series of symphony concerts the whole number of performers will be raised to about eighty, and for the Philharmonics, the increase will be still greater, the Academy of Music requiring a somewhat fuller band than Steinway Hall. It is from the Philharmonic Society that the reserves will generally be drawn. Among the first violins are G. Matzka (principal), Mosenthal, Arnold, Bristow, Fröhlig, Röbelen, and Reiff, most of whom have been associated with Thomas before; among the second violins, Tremba and Habes;

among the violas, Schwartz, Schullinger, Jacoby and Besig; among the violoncellos, Hoch and Steelberg, and among the basses Liefels and Rotschy.

The Crystal Palace Concerts, London.—Their Repertoire and Orchestra.

(From Figaro.)

The Crystal Palace directors have issued their annual volume, corrected down to the close of the last season, of the repertory of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts for the past two-and-twenty years. The catalogue is an imposing one, extending over thirty-two pages of print. Only the great works of the repertory are set down, the individual songs and other music pieces not being taken into consideration at all. This extraordinary list is prefixed by a brief account, from the pen of Mr. George Grove, of the rise and progress of the Crystal Palace concerts. Mr. Grove reminds amateurs that the Saturday Concerts began on the 22d of September, 1855. No special room for music or provision for a full orchestra entered into the ideas of the designers of the Palace. "The Court of Musical Instruments," now the Bohemian Glass Court, was the nearest approach to such a room that the building contained; and there accordingly took place the first of the concerts, which have since become so widely celebrated. Mr. Schallehn, the then conductor of the company's band, resigned his post to Mr. Manns on the 14th of October, 1855, and very shortly afterwards the locale of the concerts was changed to a kind of lecture-room, formed in an extempore fashion outside the Queen's apartments at the north end of the Palace, and since destroyed in 1866. Here the first Mozart celebration was held, on the 26th of January, 1856, and here the concerts continued to be given for some months. They were then removed to the centre transept, to an enclosure of a temporary kind on the garden side; and finally, after many experiments and difficulties, they found a home on the 15th November, 1856, on the site of the present concert room. The enclosure of the room, and the formation of the present wooden roof in 1859, were among the first acts of the late energetic manager, Mr. Bowley. Since then the concerts have progressed until they have attained the world-wide celebrity they now enjoy. How much of this result is due to the earnest endeavors in the cause of art of Mr. George Grove, and how much more to the untiring exertions of the conductor, Mr. August Manns, amateurs are well aware.

The Crystal Palace catalogue is, of course, far too lengthy to be inserted here, but a brief summary of its contents will be of undoubted interest. Of symphonies, and works in symphonic form, there have been produced by Abert 1, Bach 4, J. F. Barnett 1, Beethoven all the 9, Benedict 2, Sterndale Bennett 2, Brahms 3, David 1, F. H. Cowen 3, Gade 4, Gadsby 1, Gounod 2, Haydn 22, F. Hiller 3, Henry Holmes 1, Lachner 5, Liszt 1, Méhul 1, Mendelssohn 10, Mozart 10, E. Prout 1, Raff 3, Romberg 1, Rubinstein 2, Schubert 8, Schumann 6, Silas 1, Spohr 7, and Sullivan, Verdi (the string quartet, played by all the strings of the orchestra), Weber, and Wingham each one. Of overtures, marches, entr'actes, and ballet airs, there have been performed by Adam 3, Auber 13, Bach 2, Balfe 3, Bargiel 2, J. F. Barnett 4, Barnby 1, Bazzini 1, Beethoven 14, Bennett 7, Benedict 3, Berlioz 3, Best 1, Boïeldieu 1, Chelard 1, Cherubini 10, Costa 2, Cowen 2, Cusins 3, David 1, Flotow 1, Gade 4, Gadsby 4, Gevaert 1, Glinka 2, Gluck 2, Gounod 8, Guiraud 1, Hager 1, Halévy 1, Handel 4, Haydn 2, Hérold 2, Hiller 4, Alfred Holmes 3, C. E. Horsley 4, Joachim 3, Kerbusch, Krebs, Kuhlau, Lake, Leslie, Leutner, and Lindpaintner one each, Litolff 3, Lucas 1, Macfarren 8, Manns 1, Massenet 1, Méhul 2, Mendelssohn 12, Meyerbeer 6, Mozart 9, Nicolai 2, Oakeley, Osborne, Pauer, Pearce, Potter, and Ries one each, Pierson 3, Raff 2, Reber 3, Reinecke 5, Rietz 2, Rossini 8, Rubinstein 3, Schindelmasser 3, Schubert 8, Schumann 6, Smart 2, Spohr 6, Spontini 3, Saint-Saëns, Shakespeare, Alice Smith, Stephens, Stiehl, Street, Suppé, Taubert, A. Thomas, H. Thomas, Tschaikoffsky, Van Brie, Wasley, Wallace, and Winter one each, Sullivan 7, Volkmann 2, Wagner 11, Weber 10, and Wingham 2. Of concertos and instrumental solos there have been performed by Bach 7, Beethoven 11, Benedict 2, Bennett 4, Brahms 4, Barnett, Baumer, Bronsart, Bruch-Dussek, Grieg, Gadsby, Grutzmacher, Handel, Hegar, Henselt, Hiller, Leclair, Li Calsi, Linder, Lipinski, Macfarren, Manns, Pauer, Pollitzer, Prout, Rode, Schubert, Servais, Silas, Sullivan, De Swert, Thalberg, and Tschaikowsky all one each, Chopin 7, David, Ernst, and H. Holmes two each, Hummel 5, Joachim 4, Mendelssohn 20, Molique, Moscheles, Piatti, Reinecke, and Viotti two each, Mozart 10, Paganini, Raff, and Rubinstein three each, Schumann 4, Spohr 7, Vieuxtemps 5, and Weber 8. Of vocal and miscellaneous works, such as oratorios, cantatas, etc., there have been performed by Bach 2, Barnett 2, Beethoven 13, Sterndale Bennett 2, Benedict 1, Brahms 3, Costa, Alwyn, Cusins, Deffell, Gade, Griesbach, Haydn, Hiller, A. Holmes, Leslie, Liszt, Mozart, Ouseley, Prout, Roeckel, Rossini, and Smart one each, Gounod 3, Handel 6, Macfarren 3, Mendelssohn 18, Rubinstein 2, Schubert 9, Schumann 2, Sullivan 6, and Weber 2. The dates of the various performances of each work are given, as well as, in the case of solos, the artists who performed them. Not many musical institutions, either at home or abroad, can, I fancy, boast such a repertory, in which there are few names celebrated in music left unrepresented.

The permanent band of the Crystal Palace Company contains 6 first violins, 4 second ditto, 4 violas, 3 violoncellos, and three double basses, besides the full complement of wind instruments, harp, drums, etc. For the Saturday concerts this force is augmented up to 16 first and 14 second violins, 11 violas, 10 violoncellos, and ten double basses—a force which is occasionally still further increased.

Crystal Palace Concerts.

(From the "Graphic," October 7.)

The 22nd series of these admirable entertainments begins to-day, with a programme full of attraction, among the leading features being Mr. Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, the overture to *Le Prémier Jour de Bonheur* (Auber's penultimate opera), and, last not least, Sir Julius Benedict's concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, the pianoforte part sustained—not for the first time, even at the Crystal Palace—by Mdme. Arabella Goddard. The overture to *Oberon* and the C major symphony of Beethoven are also comprised. The Crystal Palace Choir is to assist in the performance of Mr. Sullivan's characteristic music. With reference to one point, it may be urged that, while so many fine symphonies by Haydn have not hitherto been accorded a hearing at these concerts, where the "Father of the Symphony," nevertheless, obtains such earnest and sympathetic attention from Mr. August Manns, Beethoven's earliest work of the kind might, with advantage to itself, be granted a somewhat longer period of repose. So bright and masterly a piece, however, cannot fail under any circumstances, to be more or less welcome, and few except such amateurs as have been accustomed to hear it at frequent intervals during many years past will feel inclined to object. Other points of interest borne in mind, Mr. Manns may therefore be congratulated on having prepared a model selection for his habitual supporters. The prospectus for the season, which is to terminate on the 15th of May, looks well upon paper; and the Crystal Palace directors, it must be admitted, usually adhere with conscientious strictness to the pledges set forth in their preliminary announcements. There are to be eleven concerts before, and fourteen after Christmas. The orchestra remains much as previously, with Mr. Manns in the place he has so zealously filled from the outset. Any change in these departments would be viewed with considerable dissatisfaction. Last season the Crystal Palace choral singers exhibited signs of progress which were heartily recognized on more than one occasion; and it is to be hoped they may continue to advance steadily in the same path, though some are of opinion that they would do wisely to turn their backs upon oratorio, unless when assuming the shape of some very interesting novelty; such, for example, as the "sacred drama," *Hezekiah*, which Mr. J. L. Hatton, one of our most highly esteemed musicians, has lately finished. This forms an important item in the catalogue of works by English authors. Sterndale Bennett—as, to the credit of Mr. Manns, invariably happens—is well cared for. In addition to his beautiful cantata, *The May Queen*, one of his pianoforte concertos, and the music to his unfinished *Ajax*—the last he ever wrote, and on that account alone the most acceptable of all—are promised. Mr. Henry Gadsby's overture to *Andromeda*, and his choruses in *Alcestis*, together with a manuscript symphony in G minor by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, will be welcome—the last more especially, as something unknown from the pen of a composer whose talent and scholarly acquirements have won general recognition. A "new concert-overture," by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge (the same that was performed at the recent Gloucester Festival?) completes the list—unless we may translate into a certainty the "hope" entertained by the directors of being able to include Professor Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* (his most recent production), of which reports from Glasgow warrant high expectations. For the great Scotch city the cantata was expressly written, and it is to be produced there at one of the Subscription Concerts in December next. This, added to Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Henry VIII.* (above mentioned) gives to English compositions and English composers that fair share of publicity which, unquestionably their due, can rarely fail to be as acceptable as it is desirable. That to Beethoven, the Colossus, is assigned a giant's place in the scheme, may be taken for granted; and there was little necessity to urge any plea for so inevitable a decision. Mozart is called upon not only for two out of his many orchestral symphonies, but for a series of variations (horns and stringed instruments) not long since brought to light at Vienna, familiar enough to enthusiastic lovers of the Salzburg genius, however unfamiliar to amateurs and musicians in general. Only two symphonies by Haydn—the 9th of the "Salomann" set, and "that in G, quaintly" (why quaintly?) "known as 'Letter V.'" Besides other compositions from Mendelssohn, a fugue for stringed instruments, belonging to one of his early symphonies, is set down. The more such things the better, inasmuch as every fresh contribution acquaints us more nearly with the development of the genius of that exceptional musician to whom the Art-world is indebted for *Elijah*. Of Schubert we are to hear once more the curiously styled "Tragic Symphony," which has nothing "tragic" in it, and (first time) another symphony in B flat, the second conceived by the brain of Beethoven's most fertile and gifted contemporary. Two out of the four symphonies by Schumann are, as a matter of course, provided; and *mirabile dictu!*—the ballet music from Rossini's *Moïse*, Parisian version of his *Mosè in Egitto*. The Introduction to Act 1, or the grand *finale* of Act 2, from the same opera, would have conferred more honor upon the illustrious Pesarese. Our "elders" in art are not overlooked, and various compositions by Bach and Handel, about which it is needless to say more than that they are here comparatively unknown, are included. Not the least interesting among these is "The Yorkshire Feast Song," by our own Henry Purcell, which, though advertised last season, was non-forthcoming. The "Sinfonie Caractéristique" of Hector Berlioz, founded upon Byron's "Childe Herold," and entitled *Harold en Italie*, has been heard more than once in London, though never till now at the Crystal Palace. We are curious to witness the effect produced upon the Sydenham audience by this gloomy and magnificent "tone poem," "tone-picture," or whatever the disciples of the "Romantic School" may delight to call it, and no less curious to be informed upon whom will devolve the task of playing the *obbligato* part for a single viola, supposed to represent the personage of Harold throughout the entire symphony. The *Waldsinfonie* of Joachim Raff: the fourth "Orchestral Rhapsody" of Abbé Liszt (rhapsody indeed!); the symphony which Herr Anton Rubinstein boldly entitles *Ocean*; and orchestral pieces from Reinecke, Hoffman, Goldmark, and Saint-Saëns; together with Verdi's *Requiem*, the ballet music from Gounod's last opera, *Cinq-Mars*; selections from Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen, etc*, and Sir Michael Costa's serenata, *The Dream*, are all included.

VIENNA. The Emperor of Austria has granted permission for three grand Concert-Soirées to take place next winter in the Imperial Operahouse. The proceeds are to be devoted to the pension fund of the institution. There is every probability that all the members of the orchestra will take a trip to Paris, with a view to giving a series of concerts there during the International Exhibition. The idea is said to have been suggested in a letter from a leading member of the Exhibition Committee. Meanwhile, the directors of the Salzburg Mozarteum, in consideration of certain ulterior advantages to accrue to the Mozarteum, have offered to undertake the management of the trip, and guarantee the artists against all risk of pecuniary loss. The offer will probably be accepted. The number of concerts would be six, separated from each other by a

day of rest, so that the musicians would not be fatigued, but have time to see some of the sights of the French capital.. A fortnight would suffice for the entire series, which would take place in July, when the Imperial Operahouse here is closed. According to the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, the approaching concert season promises well. Among the artists of note expected are Herren Joachim, Auer, Sauret, Davidoff, Brassin, and Madame Arabella Goddard, who has not played in Vienna for some years.

CASSEL. The Intendant of the Theatre Royal has announced that he will give, in the course of the winter, a series of performances in which the various German masters, from Gluck down to R. Wagner, shall be represented in chronological order by one opera each. The opera will be selected from those generally accounted its composer's best, and will be preceded by a musico-historical disquisition on its peculiar merits. There will be seventeen performances in all. According to the present arrangements, the following are the composers and operas selected:—1. Gluck, *Iphigenie in Tauris*; 2. Dittersdorf, *Apotheker und Doctor*; 3. Mozart, *Die Zauberflöte*; 4. Winter, *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*; 5. Weigl, *Die Schweizer-familie*; 6. Beethoven, *Fidelio*; 7. Spohr, *Faust*; 8. Weber, *Der Freischütz*; 9. Marschner, *Hans Heiling*; 10. Krentzer, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*; 11. Meyerbeer, *Die Hugenotten*; 12. Schubert, *Der häusliche Krieg*; 13. Mendelssohn, *Loreley*; 14. Schumann, *Genoveva*; 15. Nicolai, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; 16. Flotow, *Stradella*; and 17. Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

BERLIN. The Singakademie has issued the programme of its three Subscription Concerts. Bach's *Magnificat*, Gade's *Zion*, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, will be performed at the first; Handel's *Balthazar*, at the second; and F. Kiel's *Christus*, at the third. According to report, Herr C. Ad. Lorenz's lay-oratorio, *Otto der Grosse*, dedicated to the Emperor Wilhelm, and twice successfully performed at Stettin, will ere long be produced here.

HAMBURG. The Bach Association will execute, during the winter, Kiel's *Christus* and the Abbate Franz Liszt's *Heilige Elisabeth*, besides giving performances of works by the great master after whom the Association is named.

LEIPZIG. J. F. Himmelsbach writes to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, Oct. 13, as follows:

The first of the Gewandhaus concerts was given last evening, and with it the musical season, which doubtless will again be as rich as the most enthusiastic music-lover may desire, has been formally opened. The programme was as follows:

Concert Overture—A major.....Rietz
Aria—La Clemenza di Tito.....Mozart
Concerto for piano—C major (new).....Reinecke
Songs—An die Leyer, Schubert, Schnsucht, Rubinstein.
Funeral March.....Mozart
Symphony No. 3—E flat.....Rietz

Most of the audience would probably have preferred a Beethoven symphony to the one of Rietz, but the recent death of the latter (Sept. 12th), who was the immediate predecessor of Reinecke (from 1848–1860), made it but right and proper on the part of the directors to abstain from their usual custom in order to pay tribute to the memory of one who did no little towards retaining and even elevating the high standard of the Gewandhaus concerts.

The orchestra played with spirit and rare precision; especially was the concert overture a performance not to be excelled. Capellmeister Reinecke is certainly not only one of the best conductors, but also one of the most able interpreters of Mozart's music. This was very apparent in the rendering of the funeral march by the orchestra; from first to last it followed willingly and easily; one felt and heard the master musician in deep sympathy with the spirit of Mozart.

In the difficult Mozart aria, Fräulein Fanny Olden, from Dresden, introduced herself most favorably. She did not leave unimproved the opportunity to display the many beautiful qualities of her well-schooled mezzo-soprano voice. Not less happy was she in the songs, richly deserving all the applause she received.

Reinecke's new piano concerto, while it does not come up to the merits of his well-known F-sharp minor concerto, Op. 72, has yet sufficient value to be ranked among the better compositions of the present day. The last exceedingly brilliant movement is the most effective, but it requires a first-class pianist to make it so; the first and second call for no particular remarks, excepting that they could only have been written by a more than ordinarily gifted musician. His playing was incomparably fine. A peculiar feature of his piano playing is his wonderfully sympathetic touch; his *piano* is delicate beyond expression, his *forte* is never hard or harsh, yet not lacking manly power. He is a master pianist.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1. Our musical season has not yet fairly opened. Mr. Eddy's Organ Recitals have been resumed with about the same attendance as last year, and with similar programmes. In the first one he brought forward a new Organ Sonata by Mr. Dudley Buck, (dedicated to Mr. Eddy). One naturally compares this work with his former organ Sonata, composed to show his hand when he first returned from abroad. That work was brilliant and effective, but somewhat too American in tone, uneven, and almost crude in places. This one is a great advance. It is worked out in a musicianly manner, and is musical throughout. It is in three movements. The first is the regular "Sonata-piece," or *Sonata-form* (as Richter calls it), and adheres to the tradition of the pianoforte sonata, perhaps something more closely than is necessary. Still the entire movement is enjoyable. The best part of the work is the second movement, an *Adagio*, which is very beautiful and perhaps more sentimental (or *spirituel*, shall I say?) than organ Adagios are apt to be. The principal idea in this movement is relieved by a very dramatic digression (by no means easy to play well). At the second return of the Principal, the melody is assigned to the pedal "eight-feet" 'cello, and the parts to a *voix celeste*, with a very charming effect, in spite of the stiffness of a melody on a pedal stop. The digression then comes again in a new key. This movement is well balanced, original, and of course well conceived for the organ. The finale is in 2-4 time, and is a rondo with a *tarantelle* spirit, though not in triplets. It is brilliant, and when well-played, showy. Still I cannot say that it seems to me a fit conclusion for the work. Of course a finale of this character is more pleasing to a miscellaneous audience than a fugue, and more comforting to a musician than variations on "Hail Columbia" or "God save the King," however antic the pedal variations may be made.

In the production of this sort of a finale Mr. Buck has followed the precedent of the pianoforte Sonata. This, however, is no advantage in my estimation. For I have some time ago called attention in these columns to the fact that Beethoven, the only man who ever understood the Sonata, showed an increasing disposition to discard the Rondo finale which he had received in the tradition of this form; and in my opinion he did so in the effort to conclude the work with a climax, and to make the climax of the *effect* and of the *spiritual expression* coincide, which it can never do in a Sonata closing with a Rondo It is thus that I interpret the colossal *opus* 111, which is itself only the well-rounded climax of a series of departures from Sonata traditions, extending through the last half of his productive activity. Hence it has never hurt my feelings that Mendelssohn should have allowed his English publisher to call his collection of six organ pieces "Sonatas," when not one of them is in the traditional form of the piano Sonata. On the contrary, I find the little "Songs without Words," which stand there in the place of *adagios*, and which conclude several of these pieces, not only enjoyable in themselves, but not badly placed in the work. They come with a sort of "benediction after prayer" effect, which is on the whole comfortable and artistic.

Speaking of Mr. Buck's work reminds me of his "Choir Accompaniments," a treatise lately composed by him, which throws more light on the art of accompanying singing by the organ, than I have ever seen elsewhere. And the subject is one every experienced organist finds it necessary to know something about.

The Hershey musical evenings have been resumed, but, I am sorry to report, have fallen from grace musically, and have risen in the favor of the public by the same token. After all, the programmes are not so very bad. At the last one Mrs. Von Klenge played Beethoven's 4th Concerto, (to organ accompaniment!); and Mr. Eddy played Meyerbeer's "Schiller March" and Buck's "Overture to William Tell!"

"How are the mighty fallen,
And their weapons of war perished,"

—or at least laid away for a season.

On the other hand a new turn of the musical wheel brings us something extremely gratifying in the new departure taken by the "Beethoven Society" in their re-unions,—chamber concerts coming once a month. Mr. Wolfsohn has organized a String Quartet, and will bring out one piece of this class, and one for piano and strings, at every reunion. The first one took place last Saturday night and brought Rubinstein's profound and beautiful Quatuor in F, op. 17, and a new Quintet for piano and strings by Schotte, op. 1. The quartette consists of Messrs. Wm. Lewis, Fehl, Loesch, and Eichheim. They already play fairly together, and there is hope that they will develop the qualities this kind of work requires. The Rubinstein Quartet was received warmly and a general desire was expressed to hear it again. But the sensation of the evening was the Quintet. This work is called "opus one" of a blind composer in New York. It is in four movements, two of which are also divided by changes of time. It is brilliantly written, extremely genial and melodious, and the piano is concerted with the other instruments in a very clever manner. Hearing it but once, it is of course hazardous to say too much, but certainly it seems to me a work of real value. The players (Mr. Wolfsohn at the piano) speak of it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The singing at this reunion was by Mrs. Jennie Kempton, Mrs. Jennie Jewett, Mr. Knorr and Dr. Martin. The former lady is so well known in the East, that it is unnecessary to say more than that she was warmly received, and deservedly so. Mrs. Jewett is a favorite soprano here who has not previously appeared before the Beethoven Society. Her reception was most cordial and complimentary. Her Aria was a hacknied one, redeemed only by the purity and taste of the performance. For an encore she gave Schumann's "Hat of green." Mrs. Jewett excels in Schubert and Schumann songs. It will doubtless seem strange to some who read these lines, but she is a pupil of Mr. Fred. W. Root. On this occasion Mr. Knorr, a tenor here, sang two clever songs of Mr. Wolfsohn's own. Mrs. Regina Watson appeared in a piano solo (Liszt's 13th Rhapsody, that ought to be his opus 13, for he never writes anything else), and showed to better advantage in the Hershey Hall, than on two other occasions when I have heard her in large rooms, which her touch is not sufficiently vigorous to fill. She is an enthusiastic teacher, and has hosts of friends.

If Mr. Wolfsohn succeeds in suppressing the encore nuisance, these reunions will probably prove our most enjoyable musical doings here this season.

The immediate future has in store for us a season of the Fryer-Wagner business, and especially a very brilliant testimonial benefit concert to Mrs. Rivé-King, in which Miss Thursby, Miss Drasdil,

Mrs. Kempton, and the Apollo Club will appear. Mrs. King will play a new Concerto by Saint-Saëns (the 4th, I believe), Mr. Wolfsohn accompanying. Mr. Liebling's promised recitals are postponed for some weeks, on account of his teaching engagements which, with two boarding-schools on his hands, are rather pressing.

And that reminds me that the pianist who expressed the terrific heterodoxy in regard to the Beethoven Sonatas, as recorded in this correspondence a few weeks ago, seems disposed to put your correspondent in the same category—all of which is, of course, very painful! still I manage to remain, as ever,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1877.

The Opera.

Manager Fryer's "Grand Wagner-Meyerbeer Opera Festival" tarried at the Boston Theatre for the two weeks ending with the matinée of last Saturday, and has whirled away like a cyclone westward to Cincinnati and Chicago. Ten evening performances and two matinées were given,—mostly to thin houses, while the few exceptions were far from creditable to Boston taste. From this comment we exempt, however, the first night, when curiosity to hear the *Hugnenots* once more, and with artists so famous in the two principal rôles as Mme. PAPPENHEIM and C. R. ADAMS, as well as to test the quality of the combination as a whole, drew a really large representation of our most cultivated music-lovers. Most of these, upon the whole, were disappointed. Meyerbeer's operas never have been adequately given in this country. They have been cheaply put upon the stage; scenes have been ruthlessly cut or omitted altogether; and the orchestras have been thin and over-loud and coarse. Yet, after weeks of Wagner which stood to us for Opera last Spring, we confess to considerable enjoyment of the *Huguenots* this time, with all its faults. The orchestra was far from fine or perfect, yet we have heard the music more completely murdered. The Choruses and most of the ensemble pieces, to be sure, were bad. The scenes in the market place, with the finale of that third act, and the second also, were noisily and coarsely done, and so was the orgy of the first scene. Never did we hear the great scene of the benediction of the poniards quite so ineffective; and even the *Rataplan* was singularly weak and lifeless. But there is a great deal of beautiful music in the work which we can enjoy for its own sake, when it is decently sung and accompanied, as much of it truly was on this occasion. And then the Raoul of Adams and the Valentine of Pappenheim almost made up for all. Both were superb in singing and in action. Mr. Adams, who bore himself with grace and dignity throughout, was in better voice, more free from hoarseness, than on any other evening when we heard him. His recitative was masterly, in phrasing, in distinct enunciation, and in rich musical quality of tone. His singing of the first Aria—the delicate, romantic love song with the viol-d'amour accompaniment—was simply exquisite, his beautiful use of the *falsetto* or head-voice in the higher tones being in perfect keeping with the intention of the melody and the peculiar character of the accompaniment. But it was in the great Duet, the climax of the work, that both the Raoul and the Valentine rose to their full height of power and passionate expression; and when he gave forth those high, rich, thrilling chest tones (*that* was the place for them) the whole audience was electrified and wild with enthusiasm. Quite as much might be said in praise of Pappenheim, her large and noble voice, her true and earnest style, pervaded by a deep musical feeling and loyalty to Art; only a sufficient Tenor is a so much rarer bird.

We were much pleased with the fresh, pure, light Soprano voice of Miss ALEXANDR HUEMANN, the young and prepossessing Russian lady who sang the florid music in the Queen's part with great ease and fluency. To be sure, some of her upper tones are somewhat tart, but in most of its range the voice has a vibrating and birdlike quality which it is pleasant to hear. We think this singer has not been fairly appreciated. Her acting is at least simple and unaffected. In the Princess in *Robert le Diable* she appeared to even better advantage, lending a fresh interest to the hacknied "Robert, toi que j'aime." The charming music of the Page was but indifferently rendered. One missed Carl Formes in the grand part of the old Huguenot soldier. Herr WIEGAND has a rich, sonorous bass voice and delivered some parts well, but was not equal to the whole task; sometimes his tones were offensively harsh and blatant, and often false in intonation. This artist seemed, however, in his element the next evening as Caspar in *Der Freyschütz*. Herr BLUM, as Nevers, and Herr ADOLPHE, as St. Bris, were only fair.

For the *Freyschütz* had a wretchedly small audience, —perhaps owing to a presentiment that Weber's exquisitely beautiful and wildly romantic music would be murdered, as indeed it was, taking the opera as a whole. The orchestral work was bad; the choruses were bad, even the Hunters' Chorus, which might almost sing itself; and Conductor Maretzek seemed unconcerned and reckless. But the Caspar, as we have said, was good. Mr. Adams, although very hoarse, sang like an artist throughout, —with beautiful expression in the Aria: "Durch die Wälder," etc. A new Soprano presented herself in the serious and lovely part of Agatha, Miss MATHILDE WILDE, who has a pure, clear voice of great power and not a little sweetness and sang finely. Her action is stiff and awkward. The contrasted playful music of the companion part, Aennchen, was prettily and gracefully sung and acted by Miss COONEY.

Instead of the much coveted, *Fidelio*, on the third night, *Lohengrin* was given. And never heard we so much senseless noise and discord. This opera—perhaps the best of Wagner's—has many beauties; but the most of them were marred and swallowed up in noise in this performance. Mr. Fryer's noble orchestra of last Spring was wanting, and still more that competent conductor. Mme. Pappenheim was perfectly at home in Elsa and sang and acted all in her best manner; all was beautiful, artistic and consistently sustained. The Ortrud of Miss Wilde was impressive both in voice and action. And Herr FRITSCH, as Lohengrin, sang with refined and delicate expression and sustained the knightly part with dignity. Much praise is due also to Herr Blum as Telramund, and to Herr Wiegand as the Emperor, though he sang often out of tune. The Herald, an important part, was always out of tune, and sang or declaimed in tones almost ridiculous.—Repeated on Saturday, this opera, we are told, went somewhat better.

Robert le Diable, on Friday, certainly fared much worse than the *Huguenots*. The beautiful music of Alice always saves it, and though Mlle. Wilde was by no means our ideal of the part, she sang it well. Of Miss Hüman's Isabelle, we have already spoken in high praise. Mr. Adams, in bearing and in action came nearer to the ideal of Robert, the romantic, reckless cavalier, than any artist we have seen before. He sang with fire and true artistic feeling, and was indeed satisfactory in all respects save in the husky condition of his voice. Mr. Adolphe had not the subtle and magnetic quality for Bertram, the fiend father. Mr. Fritsch, as Bertram, reminded one of Brignoli, not only in appearance, but in the sweet, rich *timbre* of his voice; he sang the music finely, particularly in the duet (third act) with Bertram. The choruses and ensembles were bad enough, and the orchestral work was coarse, showing lack of rehearsal and of a tempering, controlling hand and therefore no fault of the individual musicians hastily gathered for the work of the two weeks. The scene of the resurrection of the nuns was made about as ridiculous as it could be, though we could but admire the consummate tact and grace with which Robert Adams bore himself amid their seductions.

On Thursday night—Oh! what a fall was there, my Countrymen—this high and haughty ultra-German Opera, this Wagner Festival, became Italian, and came down to *Trovatore*—Italian of the trashiest, most hacknied barrel-organ type! And that night the theatre was crowded, and so it was again and yet again the following week. Doubtless the singing of Pappenheim and Adams, and of Miss PHILLIPPS as the Gypsy Mother, was as stirring and as admirable as has been reported. But from *Fidelio* to—Trovatore! Beethoven's divine masterpiece with half a house, and Verdi's sensational affair hailed three times by eager crowds! That speaks not well for recent progress in musical taste,—not well for Boston. When the truly musical, when the lovers of the best in music neglect the best, the appeal has to be made to the half musical, to the popular crowd; and none can blame the manager, who acts from the instinct of self-preservation.

We are told that *Fidelio* was, on the whole, fairly well done. At all events it is hard to hide its intrinsic beauty, to stay its inspiring influence even by a bad performance. The other performances, of the second week (none of which we witnessed) were two of Gounod's *Faust*—one with Pappenheim and Adams, the other without,—and one of *Lucrezia Borgia*, supplemented with scenes from *La Favorita* (with Adelaide Phillipps as Leonora.)

Rossini's *Stabat Mater*,—the one resource of Opera troupes when they wish to utilize a spare Sunday evening by poaching in the preserves of "sacred" music —— was given by the principal artists, of the German Opera, together with the Handel and Haydn Society's Chorus, at the Music Hall, on the Sunday evening dividing their two weeks. The *Stabat* formed the Second Part, and was on the whole very effectively rendered, — the Choruses especially. Mme. Pappenheim gave out her full power of voice, with all her heart and soul, the *Inflamatus*, which she sang superbly, and she was worthy of herself throughout.

Miss ANTONIA HENNE sutained the Contralto (or second Soprano) solos very acceptably. Mr. Adams's delivery of the trying *Cujus animam* was brilliant, in the highest sense artistic, and most enjoyable in spite of even unusual hoarseness. And as to tone, the golden sun still struggles through the clouds to warm and edify any hearer who is sympathetic to the soul of Art. Mr. Blum displayed a very smooth and musical quality of voice in the Bass Air: *Pro Peccatis*, which he sang with good expression. The beautiful Quartet *Quando Corpus* could have been sung better (it was not quite in tune), yet its charm was not destroyed.

The first part opened with an Organ Fugue — Schumann's on B, A, C, H— finely played by Mr. LANG, but ignored by all but the "appreciative few." Then came Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," finely given on the part of the Chorus. The Solo was earnestly, concientiously sung by Mme. Poppenheim, who did not yet seem all herself; she began a little *flat;* and she took the airy buoyant melody: "O for the wings of a dove," painfully slow, so that its life was lost. it had no "wings." Mr. Fritsch sang Stradella's *Pieta* with much refinement, and Miss Hüman sang Gounod's *Ave Maria* in a pleasing voice and manner with accompaniment of Organ, harp and violin. The Terzetto from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, sung by Miss Henne, Messrs. Fritsch and Blum, sounded all the time close on the "ragged edge" of discord,— not so much the singers' fault, we fancy, as the Composer's, for harmony more crude, strange and uncertain we seldom hear.

Chamber Concerts.

Miss AMY FAY's first Piano Recital took place at Union Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 16, before an appreciative, but, owing partly to the very rainy weather, rather a small audience. Miss Fay was the sole performer, and entirely from memory, of the following varied programme:—

1. *a.* Prelude and Fugue. F minor.....Bach
   b. Bourrée. A minor.....Bach
2. Sonata Pastorale. Op. 28.....Beethoven
3. Country Scenes. Op. 28.....J. K. Paine
   [1, Wood-notes; 2, Wayside Flowers; 3. Under the Lindens; 4, Shepherd's Lament; 5. Village Dance.
4. Spinning song (from the "Flying Dutchman," Wagner-Liszt
5. Nouvelle melodie.....Rubinstein
6. Midnight Barcarole. Op. 12 ....Jerome Hopkins
7. *a.* Ballade. G minor. Op. 23.....Chopin
   b. Ballade. A flat major. Op. 47... .....Chopin

We thought Miss Fay appeared, upon the whole, to better advantage than she did last year,—strength and firmness of touch, freedom and brilliancy of execution still taking precedence over fineness of feeling and conception. Naturally therefore she was most successful in the rendering of the more modern concert pieces. She missed the spirit—a very fine imaginative, poetic spirit—of the Bach Prelude and Fugue, taking liberties with the tempo, and showing small regard to light and shade. The fugue voices were not clearly individualized; and the *Bourrée* sounded altogether vague and undefined. In the Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, the first movement lacked the serene repose which so beautifully characterizes it, no less than its sunny cheerfulness; the reiterated three-four monotone of the bass was over-loud, and the whole movement was urged on at an almost *agitato* speed. The *Andante* was better, more subdued and even; and the Scherzo and Trio were quite nicely rendered. We felt the restlessness again in the *rondo finale.*

Mr. Paine's little "Country Scenes" are charming little pieces, happily contrasted, and these seemed to be played *con amore*, certainly with grace. Miss Fay's most finished, elegant, and satisfactory performance was of the Lisztian version of the Wagner "Spinning Song;" there all her passages were beautifully smooth and flowing. In the "Melody" of Rubinstein she showed genuine expression. The *Barcarolle* by Mr. Hopkins was rhythmical, but rather commonplace. The G minor *Ballade* of Chopin came out much more fairly than the things of Bach and Beethoven; and, indeed there was much to praise in her rendering of both the Ballades.

—In her Second Recital (Oct. 30) Miss Fay again exhibited her wonderful memory and her brilliant and unflagging execution in a wide range of difficult and interesting pieces:—

1. Gigue.....Haessler
2. Sonata Quasi Fantasia. Op. 27. No 1..Beethoven
   Andante—Allegro ed Allegro molto vivace—Adagio—Finale.
3. Song Without Words—"Duetto".....Mendelssohn
4. Chant Polonais. No. 5.....Chopin
   Arranged for Piano by Franz Liszt.
5. Mährchen (Fairy Story). Op. 102, No. 4.....Raff
6. Gnomen-Reigen (Elfin Dance).....Liszt
7. Valse Caprice, on Struss's "Nacht-falter," (Night-Moths).....Tausig
8. Des Abends (Evening).....Schumann
9. Capriccio.....Raff
10. Canzonet.....Jensen
11. Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Op. 22, Chopin

As a series of interpretations of many styles and masters, Miss Fay's performances, throughout, impressed us better than those of the week before. The *Gigue* by Haessler, a pupil of one of old Sebastian Bach's best pupils, a bright and genial thing, as well as learned, was very neatly and intelligently played. The Sonata-Fantasia of Beethoven was better suited to her than the *Pastorale* of the first Recital, and its movements were presented evenly and clearly, the *Adagio* quite impressively; the Scherzo (*molto vivace*), so like a clashing, flashing sword dance, and the Finale were given with much fire and spirit. In the Mendelssohn "Duetto" the two voices were significantly individualized. Liszt's transcription of one of Chopin's Polish Songs was really a charming piece, and to our ears entirely fresh; nor did it seem to suffer in the rendering. Raff's *Mährchen*, a pretty thing, full of fire-fly sparkles, was gracefully given with a light staccato touch; enjoyable for the time being, but, like so many of these clever things, scarce thought of afterwards. The Liszt and Tausig fancies were fitly grouped with it. Schumann's "Des Abends" we have heard played with more expression, yet we cannot say that it was badly done. The Chopin *Andante and Polonaise* were highly satisfactory; indeed such seemed to be the verdict of the general audience, a larger one, and more responsive, than upon the first occasion.

—Miss Fay's third and last Recital will be on the 27th inst., when she will play, of Bach: Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Beethoven: Sonata, Op. 53, and the "Thirty-two Variations in C minor;" Field: Nocturne in C minor; Chopin: Nocturnes in F, and F sharp, Op. 15, and the Etude in A minor, Op. 25 ("Winter-Wind;") Liszt: "Liebestraum" Nocturne, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14.

Announcements.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have adopted the plan of the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, that of selling tickets for the Season, which will include four performances. The first two (Sunday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday, Dec. 25) offer a rich abundance of Christmas music—Bach and Handel both!—and more besides; on Sunday, Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Parts 1 and 2, besides J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," and the "Noël" by Saint-Saëns, each of which made its mark at the last Festival. The work of Bach will excite new interest by the use of Robert Franz's additional instrumentation. On Christmas day, Handel's *Messiah*. The intention of producing Bach's *Passion Music* next Spring has been reconsidered in the hope to avail of the presence of Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Adams in the production of Verdi's *Requiem*. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is set down for March 6, and the *Creation* for Easter Sunday, April 21. The artists engaged for the Christmas Oratorios are: Miss Thursby, Miss Annie Cary, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Joseph Maas, A. E. Stoddard (baritone, of New York), and M. W. Whitney. Season tickets with secured seats, at $5.00, now on sale at the Music Hall.

THEODORE THOMAS will give two of his subscription concerts in this city on the 14th, and the 17th inst. Mr. Thomas will have the assistance of the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, which made a genuine sensation upon its first appearance here, last week, and Master Leopold Lichtenberg, a remarkable young violinist, who has lately returned from Europe, where he studied under Wieniawski. Among the selections to be played by the orchestra are the overture to Cherubini's "Watercarrier;" "La Jeunesse D'Hercule," a symphonic poem by Saint-Saens; Variations (Divertisemento in D), by Mozart; Weber's overture to "Oberon;" Minuet by Boccherini. Master Lichtenberg is to perform a concerto for violin by Viotti; an air by Bach (arranged by Wilhelmi), and a gavotte by Vieuxtemps.

MME. MADELINE SCHILLER. The many warm friends and admirers of this distinguished artist and most estimable lady, will regret to learn that we are soon to lose her. Overworked by crowds of piano pupils, she proposes to return to her English home, and henceforth devote herself to concert playing, without the wear and tear of lessons. Before her departure, she will give a farewell series of three Piano Recitals, in December, assisted by the fresh and charming singer, Miss CRONYN, who was so much admired when she sang in Von Bülow's concerts.

The programme of the second HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Nov. 22 in the following:

PART I. Overture ("Nameus-Feier,") in C, Op. 115, *Beethoven;* Recit, and Aria, from *Meyerbeer's* "Dinorah" (Miss Lillian Bailey); Krakoviak, for Piano with Orchestra, *Chopin* (Geo. W. Sumner).
PART II. Songs; Symphony, in C major, *Schubert.*

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD announces two concerts, to take place at Union Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 16, and Wednesday evening, Nov. 28. The programmes, which are particularly interesting, contain many compositions by the great masters which are new to Boston. Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Henselt and Mendelssohn are to be represented by important works. Mr. Sherwood is among the best of our resident pianists, and his concerts are always attractive and interesting.

Music in New York.

(From the Arcadian.)

DR. DAMROSCH'S FIRST SATURDAY MATINÉE.

Magnificent is the only word that expresses the wonderful ensemble, the vigorous sonority, the energetic entrain, of Dr. Damrosch's new orchestra. It is for the greatest part the orchestra dismissed by Theodore Thomas, therefore well accustomed to play together; but since there are, nevertheless, some new elements, the remarkable ensemble is not the less meritorious.

THIS IS DR. DAMROSCH'S ORCHESTRA.

Ten 1st violins: Richter; Schüssel; Mollenhauer; Danz; S. Laendner; Christ; Arnold; Gantzberg; Fininger; Herfort.
Eight 2d violins: Hahes; Schreiber; Risch; Jordan; J. Laendner; Neyer; Kühan; Heller.
Five violas: Schwarz; Reinboth; Wigand; Stockmar; Ringk.
Five violoncellos: Popper; Dragone; J. Barreither; Kaltenborn; Hausknecht.
Five double-basses: Ch. Barreither; Gebhardt; Bartels; Nowack; Siebert.
Harp: Miss E. Sloman.
Three flutes: Wehner; Wenzel; Werner.
Two oboes and English horn: Stohwasser; Hantel.
Two clarionets: Kayser; Stoberran.
Two bassoons: Hochstein; Neitz.
Four horns: Küstenmacher; Bremer; Hoffmann; A. Eller.
Two trumpets: Miller; Renter.
Three trombones: Voss; Boeper; Groebler.
Tuba: L. Nowack.
Timpani: Bernstein.
Small drum: Jordan.
Grand cassa and cymbals: T. Heller.

When we state that they played certain numbers to perfection—we, who are not lavish with superlatives of the kind—we mean what we say, although we have certain reserves to make, because neither of Dr. Damrosch nor of Theodore Thomas will we say that they performed to perfection, what we do not think deserves such high praise, in the strictest sense of the word.

We therefore take exception, before all, to the movements taken and to the execution of Liszt's preludes, particularly the pastorale. The tone—of course we mean what is called the general tone of the orchestra—was not evenly balanced. We missed in the wood wind instruments the piano altogether; they attacked chords which ought to have been soft without the necessary delicacy. So was the tone of the violoncello generally too hard, not refined and not graded enough—mind, we only speak of Liszt's Preludes. The accelerando taken seems to us exaggerated, and not in exact keeping with the composition, which we have so often heard well performed; and we do not think that although the slower movement following this quick tempo gains by comparison with the preceding rapid time, yet we do not think it a legitimate means of effect, to drive a small part of the work beyond what we think the exact and righteous tempo. We express here our personal opinion; but we know that Dr. Damrosch got the movements from Liszt himself, and that the composer is usually, though not always, the best judge of his movements.

The symphony of Raff—his eighth symphony, we believe—is partly very interesting, but the first and last part less so. The first motive in the first part is commonplace, and the whole treatment, although musician-like, is not distinguished, and rather diffused. Nor can the last part, notwithstanding its millions of notes, claim to be a legitimate, well-worked symphonic composition, always bearing in mind the standpoint we take with a musical author like Raff, whom we think incapable of giving an unmusician-like work to the world. But if the first and last part can neither in originality nor in treatment lay claim to a very high standard of art, there is no denying them the merit of being well written, well orchestrated, showing the master's hand in a hundred little details. The second and third part however, are real symphonic gems. Originality of style, breadth of treatment, scientific and well-calculated orchestration, broad ideas and distinguished developments, show Raff if not in a new, certainly in an excessively favorable light. The harmonies and modulations are excessively interesting, the rather often used enharmonic changes notwithstanding, and thanks are due to Dr. Damrosch for having brought the new work before a New York audience. The part representing Walpurgis night is particularly original. The bassoons, since Meyerbeer used them in his famous invocation of the spirits underground, seem to have acquired citizens' rights on all similar occasions.

The phrase played upon the G string of the violins, with short chords on the violoncellos accompanying, is of a breadth and impressiveness quite classical. In the third part the play with the G Dominant as pedal is graceful and amusing, and the whole composition certainly belongs to those that tower far above the average.

Although we have spoken of it first because it is the most important composition of the programme, the great and legitimate success of the Hungarian dances by Brahms, and the Gavotte by Bach (encored), must not be passed over without the honorable mention due to the splendid performance. The rhythmic perfection, the boldness of the attack, the precise rendering of the Hungarian type, the brilliant ensemble, and the masterly way all the rallentandos and accelerandos were kept, made the per-

has already been fully discussed, and it will suffice now to say that it amounts to £2200, or nearly one-third of the total expenses of the festival. The orchestra took £1780, a charge which, considering its size and the excellent materials of which it was composed, is a very moderate one. We then come to a charge of £1073 for the chorus, and here we arrive at a new point of departure. The chorus for the Leeds Festival were nearly to an individual drawn from the industrial classes. Many of them were mill hands, who worked hard for their bread and cheese during the day, and employed their leisure in practising choral music. To take away these men from their work for an entire week without remuneration would be grossly unfair, and, indeed, the men themselves could not have afforded it. Therefore, those who needed it were accorded a small remuneration, while the contingents from Bradford, Huddersfield, Barnsley, and other towns were, of course, also recouped their railway and lodging expenses. That this money—not a very large sum, after all—has been admirably invested no one will deny. From an art point of view, the thousand pounds has given us the famous Leeds chorus, a choral body which has been accorded well-merited marks of admiration even by those who are familiar with the best choirs of the metropolis. From a social point of view, it gave these workingmen an incentive to seek an ennobling and refining amusement, and if the amount were thrice as large it would have been well laid out in so good an object.

Another excellent point connected with the Leeds Festival balance-sheet is the very small amount spent in administrative expenses. Usually, amateur management implies waste of money. But Messrs. Atkinson and Spark and all concerned appear to have been untiring in their exertions, and thanks to their tact and business capacity, the festival was worked upon the most economical of principles. The entire charge for printing, postage, stationery and advertisements (the last, in unpractical hands, a terribly heavy item) only amounted to £904, while the office rent, clerks' salaries, furniture, and the 5 per cent. commission on the sale of tickets, were only £278. We then come to a very unusual item, the "use of copyrights," which is set down at £113. It appears that out of this, £105 was paid to Dr. Macfarren for the right of production of his oratorio, "Joseph." As an investment it is possible that the item resulted in a pecuniary loss, and the charge is certainly very unusual. In the ordinary course of things, the composer is only too delighted to secure a position in a festival programme for a new work, and he rarely or never is paid for it. He retains the copyright, which is considerably enhanced in value by the liberal advertising it thus secures, and he certainly rarely or never dreams of asking £105 for a single performance of an oratorio. But, although the charge is unusual, there is no reason why the composer should not share with the vocalists the profit which might otherwise accrue to a charity, and perhaps a single performance of "Joseph" was better worth £105 than the singing of all the Italian opera stars and other vocalists gathered to the Leeds Festival was worth £2200.

Patti's Girlhood.

Edward Hanslick, the Viennese journalist, writes that while Adelina Patti was in Vienna last spring, he asked her to relate the details of her early life.

"With pleasure," replied the singer. "I will tell you what I know and you may interrupt me as often as you please. That I am no longer a young woman, you know. What is the use of my denying that I was born on the 19th of February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre, like soldier's child; therefore, I have no real home. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman; in Madrid, where they both sang opera, I was born, and I was brought up in New York. Of languages, I first learned English, then Italian, and finally French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America. My father, Salvatore Patti"—("I see him now," I interrupted, "a tall, handsome man, with white hair and black eyes") "he was a tenor, a good singer, and a favorite with the public. My mother was more than that—she was a great artist. She achieved her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, which was the name of her first husband. Admired by the public she even made Grisi jealous, who, once put into the shade by her, never cared to appear with my mother together. My step-brother Barili, a good singer, first taught me to sing, and that too in a thoroughly systematic manner."

"Maurice Strakosch was not then, as is generally supposed, your first and only teacher?"

"Certainly not; Strakosch, an Austrian born in a little Moravian town, came to New York as a young pianist and married my elder sister Amalia, who at that time possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano, which, unfortunately, she soon lost. He only taught me to sing 'Rosina' in the 'Barber of Seville,' and afterwards when I, a finished singer, travelled through Europe, he went through my parts with me. But let us return to those days of child hood in New York. A musical ear and the capacity and desire to sing were developed in me at an extraordinarily early age, and, therefore, when I was but a little child, I was taught singing by my brother-in-law and piano playing by my sister Carlotta. Carlotta, whom you know, had been educated as a pianist. It was only discovered afterwards that she possessed a voice—one, too, which sang higher notes than mine—and my success as a singer induced her to pursue the same career—only in the concert-room, of course, for she has been lame since she was a child. And thus we three sisters and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, who died recently, lived in New York with our parents, in perfect harmony and without any cares. When a little child I was already passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang I was at the opera; every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. Then, after being brought home and put to bed, I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced and chirped—barefooted, but with romantic drapery—through all the operas."

"You lacked, then, only applause and wreaths?"

"Oh, no, they were not lacking either, for I personated, too, my audiences, applauded and threw bouquets at myself—'bouquets' which I rather skilfully manufactured of old newspapers. Then bitter misfortune befell us. The manager failed and disappeared without even paying his debts, the troupe dispersed, and it was all over with Italian opera. Our parents' occupation was gone, we were a numerous family, and soon were harassed by poverty and trouble. My father carried many things to the pawnshop, and sometimes did not know how to procure bread for us. But I did not understand anything about such things, and sang from morning till night. My father observed this, and the thought occurred to him that my bright childish voice would save the family from starvation. And, thank God, I did save them. When seven years of age I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table, next to the piano, so that the audience could see the little doll, and there were many listeners and plenty of applause. And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but *bravura* arias; first, *Una voce poco fa*, with the same ornamentations and exactly as I sing it to-day. I had the happiness of seeing the pawned clothing and trinkets return, and we were again living a comfortable life. Thus a few years passed, during which I played and sang industriously with Carlotta."

"Do you know anything else?" the journalist permitted himself to ask.

"Oh, yes; I can make dresses, and know all manner of handiwork. My mother insisted upon it, for the voice, said she, is easily lost, and the operatic stage affords a very uncertain living. In the meantime Strakosch became my brother in-law, and was connected with B. Ulmann, impresario of New York Italian opera. My ability and my love for the stage had largely increased, and when but a half-grown girl I insisted upon an operatic début. Ulmann at first objected to allowing me to appear in New York in a leading rôle, for I would not hear of minor rôles. I was but fifteen years of age, in figure a child." ("You could not have been much smaller than you are now," I here remarked.) "Very well; I was really smaller and much thinner, but I was thoroughly conversant with a number of parts and no idea of stage fright. Strakosch, who had great faith in me, persuaded Ulmann, and in 1859, I stepped on the stage for the first time as "Lucia di Lammermoor." Rosina in the 'Barber,' and the 'Sonnambula' followed with equal success. The next year I sang in Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the Union. My career in Europe began at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. The rest you know."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Morning Song. (Morgenlied). G. 3. d to E. *Veazie.* 30
"The yellow chesnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire."
A bright, hearty song, in praise of bright October.

You are all to me. Russian song. G minor. 4. d to F. *Thtoba.* 30
"Gone my guiding star."
Characteristic and quaint Russian song.

My Little Woman. Bass Song. A. 5. A (bass staff) to c. *Osgood.* 40
'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird,
That grips with the grip of steel."
A sportive but beautiful tribute to the little ladies. Easy enough, except a couple of vocalizing passages.

Mother, sit me at the Window. Song and Cho. F. 3. E to F. *Pratt.* 30
"We but part to meet again."
Pleasing ballad, in popular style.

Rappelle Toi. (Do not forget.) (Non ti scordar.) A. 4. d to E. *Rupès.* 40
"Ti pariano d'Amore."
"When nightingales sing."
"L'orsque l'ombre t'invite."
Do not forget it is in three languages, and uncommonly sweet in either.

The Badge of Blue. G. 2. G to E. *Dennis.* 30
"We have joined the Temperance army."
An easy, sweet and good song. Try it in your meetings.

He always came Home to Tea. F. 2. d to D. *Lutz.* 30
"They'd have roasted him you know,
But he said, 'I must go,
For I always get home to tea.'"
Perfect nonsense, but funny and good for all that.

I wont tell any one. B minor. b to D. *Dargomèzhshago.* 30
"Faded the flowers."
Specimen of Russian songs. Quaint and characteristic.

Speed on. C. 3. b to e. *Roeckel.* 30
"Methinks that I can see afar
A dove with outspread wings."
Sweet musical thoughts on the flight of a messenger dove.

Instrumental.

Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcription. B♭. 3. *Hinman.* 40
The melody, of course, is the very summit of sweetness, and transcription well managed.

Tales from Home. (Märchen aus der Heimath). 3. *F. Strauss.* 60
It is by Strauss. That is enough.

School Girls' March. D. 3. *Giannetti.* 30
School girls don't march much; but call it a "promenade" and it is very pretty music to step to.

Sailor Chorus from Flying Dutchman. C. 4. *Spindler.* 40
Sufficiently wild for the subject, but has the author's neat style of "putting" it. Good practice in octave playing.

Magnolia Spring Waltz. A. 3. *Wallace.* 30
A very sweet waltz.

O Beautiful May Waltz. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Has the name of a verdant month, but is bright as Autumn's glories.

Reform Quick-step. B♭. 3. *Winter.* 30
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I'm still a Friend to you. Song and Chorus..... "
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Let me kiss the Baby. Song and Chorus..... "
Mary, Oh! Come Back to Me. Song and Chorus. "
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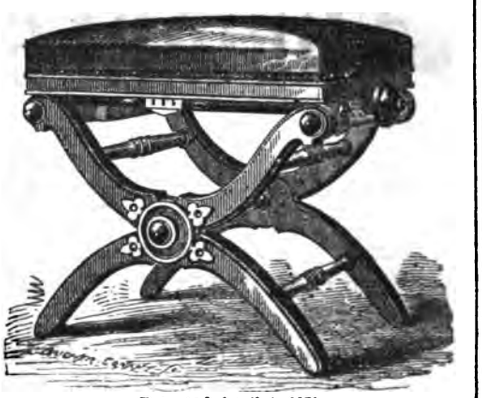

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 956. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 18.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

(Continued from Page 131.)

That Beethoven, through nearly all his life, had to contend with abject poverty, is a notion so universally spread by the novelists and story-tellers, that it may serve a double purpose to introduce here a paragraph upon his real pecuniary condition, in this Spring of 1823.

His debts amounted to about 7,000 gulden.* One of them was 400 gulden received in advance from the great Vienna Musical Society for an Oratorio, not yet written, and a second was of 3,000 to the music publishers, Steiner & Co., being moneys advanced to him at sundry times for compositions yet to be delivered for publication. This was the only oppressive debt; and it was so, because he neither delivered manuscripts nor would bind himself to make them his sole publishers.

He had only himself and his nephew to support; he received in semi-annual payments an annuity of 1350 gulden in silver; and was possessor of seven bank shares of 1,000 gulden each.

On the 25th July, 1822, he wrote to his brother:

"I am to receive 1,000 gulden silver, for the Mass, from Peters, who also will take other minor works. Breitkopf & Härtel have also sent the Saxon Charge d'Affaires to me to propose for works; also from Paris I have received orders for works; also from Diabelli in Vienna. In short they are all agog for works of mine. What an unlucky lucky fellow am I!!! This Berliner has also applied."

From other letters to Johann we learn that he had for sale manuscripts, which he valued at about 900 ducats. Not to mention Oratorios (three orders)—which he did not compose for want of texts that pleased him—and Masses (two orders),—he had at this moment orders for the following important works which would have been paid in cash:—Music to the Tragedy "Faust," similar to that composed to "Egmont" (Breitkopf & Härtel); Symphonies and Overtures for the Philharmonic Society in London; and an Overture to William Gardiner's Oratorio "Judah," (100 guineas gold).

Schindler says, that the debt to Steiner & Co. was only 800 gulden; but Beethoven himself says "about 3,000 gulden." Which is right, is of little import. In fact, it was settled by parting with one or two of his bankshares.

Now, Schindler and his copyists are in a rage with Johann v. Beethoven, because in this case he decidedly refused either to lend his brother the money or make himself responsible for the debt. Well; if a poor apothecary, in a small provincial town, could acquire such wealth, in four years, as to enable him to own a house and shop, in Urfahr, and a valuable estate in the country, and live as a gentleman upon his income—perhaps they are right; but every one, who has the least knowledge of business matters, knows that such speculations, even if in the end fortunate, must for years keep a man short of ready money. And such was the fact in Johann's case.

Soon after his return to Vienna he had lent Ludwig 200 gulden; I cannot see that he, on this account, was bound to encumber his business and estates with new debt, just to save his brother's bank-shares! As to the later pecuniary relations between the brothers, the sale of compositions and the like, much might be said against the representations of Schindler and other writers. I think it is sufficiently proved, that the charges against Johann v. Beethoven, on the the two points, the officious meddling in his brother's affairs, and the living together in the city, rest upon a very slender foundation. How was it with regard to spending the summers together in Wasserhof?

In ascending the Danube from Vienna, one sees just before reaching Krems, to the right, on the high ground, beautifully placed, with a noble view over the valley of the river to the convent Gottweih and the high mountains in the background, the spacious house, in which —as Johann wrote at the time—ten rooms were unoccupied, and at the disposal of summer lodgers.

In those days, there was no end to Beethoven's book of Lamentations on the subjects of his poverty, his time-wasting duties to Archduke Rudolph, and the continual interruptions of his studies by the visits of strangers, who desired to see and speak with him. Under these circumstances Johann, in the Spring of 1823, offered his brother—whether free *this* year I don't know—a summer lodging in Wasserhof, and urged him to take it, not merely to save him expense, but also to give him the opportunity of working undisturbed upon the bespoken compositions. I doubt if Beethoven under any circumstances could have been induced to pass a summer fifty miles (English) from Vienna; but, unhappily, there was a reason why this offer of his brother could not be favorably received, namely: during a severe sickness, that had not long before confined Johann to his bed, his wife had exhibited a heartlessness and even immorality, which had embittered Ludwig in the highest degree, and justified his words then written in a conversation book: "He (Johann) is constantly urging me to join his family—*non possibile per me.*"

So instead of spending the Summer in Wasserhof, he went into a lodging in Hetzendorf [hard by Schönbrunn], for which he paid 400 gulden in advance, remained there about eight weeks, and then removed with bag and baggage to Baden, because Baron Pronay, owner of the Hetzendorf villa, was *too polite* to him. At the lowest, the costs of lodgings this summer, including the removal to Baden, were more than 600 gulden.—On his return to the city, he of course abandoned the apartments in Obermayer's house, and took others in the suburb Landstrasse.

In the meantime, Johann, indignant at the foul conduct of his wife, acted energetically, and, aided by the proper authorities, made himself master in his own house. So far as I have been able to learn, from this time she was thoroughly tamed, and no serious difficulties arose between them, down to her death, six years afterwards.

And so we come down to the summer of 1824. Beethoven had composed during the interval 33 Variations upon a Waltz, and the last movement of the 9th Symphony; but not one of the bespoken works. As he had profited little, either from the sale of manuscripts or from the two concerts in May of this year, his pecuniary condition was still worse than the year before.

Just now a new and excellent opportunity was offered him to gain money, if not fame.

The receipts of the Imperial Opera had not covered the costs of producing Weber's "Euryanthe," and Director Duport declared himself ready to grant Beethoven his own terms for the composition of an opera. Grillparzer's text "Melusine" was in the hands of the composer,* who had often said to the poet—as the latter told me—"The music is already finished," (i. e., in his mind.)

There was also a weighty reason more this year than the last for spending a few months away from Vienna. Johann was in Vienna at the May concerts, and again proposed his passing the summer in Wasserhof. This proposition may be still read in a conversation-book. Ludwig, Johann and the nephew Carl are together. He of course spoke; the others wrote, and therefore only their part of the talk is preserved. They talk of course upon divers matters, and I copy only what is to our present purpose.

JOHANN.—"My wife has given up our marriage contract, and given such bonds, that upon the very first improper acquaintance, that she again makes, I can instantly turn her out of the house."

Ludwig probably asked: "Why not do so at once?" for Johann continues: "I cannot do that; for how do I know what misfortune may happen to me!"

Afterward, Carl takes the pencil, and writes: "The Brother makes you this proposition, namely, to pass the four months on his estate. You will have there four or five rooms, very handsome, large and lofty. Everything is well arranged. Fowls, oxen, cows, horses, etc., you will find there. As to the wife, she will be to you only the hostess, and will not interfere with you. It is a beautiful country, and it will not cost you a heller. There is a housekeeper there; water impregnated with iron; a separate bath-room, etc. If you will not accept the offer, he will let five rooms, and advertise them in the newspapers."

* A gulden then was about half a dollar.

* Johann had advised his brother the year before to spend the summer in Wasserhof, and compose the "Melusine." But at that time the negotiations between Poet, Composer, and Director were not yet concluded.

Again to some remark of Beethoven:

CARL.—"That business is ended. You will hardly ever see his wife. She has charge of the domestic matters and is busily employed. All the more now because she is thoroughly tamed. Besides, she has promised to behave herself properly."

Other matters follow, until at length Johann resumes the pencil and writes: "It seems to me that you will not come, just because it will cost you nothing. Who, then, shall see to the family! Who shall bear with our whims and caprices?"

In another book Carl writes that Johann has often declared: "His brother can have everything free in Gneixendorf."

But Beethoven went to a lodging in Penzing, where his brother visited him and wrote: "If you are not satisfied here in the country, I will take you with me. Then you will no longer be plagued with your servants, at least for this summer."

That Beethoven, although he had again paid 400 gulden in advance, removed at the end of *three* weeks again to Baden, because of the offense it gave him to have people assemble on the bridge before his windows to get a look at him, so that his summer lodgings also this year cost him more than 600 gulden—all this can be read in Schindler. Not one of the bespoken works before named was ever composed. Of course his pecuniary condition was continually growing worse, and yet Johann's renewed invitation in 1825 was rejected in these energetic terms:

"As to your wish to see me with you, I have long since declared myself. I request you not to drop another word on this subject, for you will find me in this, now as ever, immovable."

And so the matter rested.

Perhaps no one knows the faults and weaknesses of Johann v. Beethoven better than I; and yet—though originally in the highest degree prejudiced against him by Schindler—I have not found it possible to interpret these invitations to his disadvantage. Notwithstanding all that has been written against him, he was of kindly disposition, good natured and a great admirer of his brother's talents.

The most voluminous of the writers* upon Beethoven cherishes the opinions of the novelists, namely, that avarice and covetousness were not only the ruling, but almost the only motives of Johann's action whenever he had anything to do with Ludwig's affairs; and this author has with extraordinary diligence brought together and printed every thing possible, that can support these opinions and gain them general acceptance. But whether this writer is to be received as a decisive authority, on points relating to Johann v. Beethoven, is still questionable. At all events his views and mine are very different.

For instance, in one of his publications, we read concerning Johann's marriage: "After Brother Johann purchased the estate, Gneixendorf near Krems, he devoted himself to agriculture and lived there with a housekeeper. Beethoven, to whom this improper connection was extremely vexatious, forced him by the most cogent representations to marry the person. (!!) Afterwards it came out that she already had a well-grown daughter living."

In another of his writings this author gives his readers the following, relating to Johann and this illegitimate daughter:

"Yes, so great was this wretched avarice, (i. e. Johann's,) that, after the death of his wife, he could even marry her notorious daughter,—of whom no one knew better than he, that she was even more immoral than her mother—that he might retain possession of her property."

Against this false, cold-blooded, needless, abominable slander of the poor girl, I simply quote these two official notices:

"Frau Therese v. Beethoven died on the 20th November, 1828, in Wasserhof, Gneixendorf."

"Amalie Waldmann, called v. Beethoven, was, on the 11th February, 1830, married to the I. R. registered Appraiser of Woods and Forests, Herr Carl Stolzle."

In a third publication he attacks poor Johann again thus: "His out and out shameless avarice is proved, not to mention numberless minor instances, by one fact [fact!]: that he had so invested his entire property, as to gradually spend the whole of it upon himself, so that nothing remained for his heirs."

Johann died January 12, 1848, in the Vienna suburb, Josephstadt. Now, what say certain documents in the local registry? In one we read:

"I name my nephew Carl v. Beethoven as my universal heir.

JOHANN V. BEETHOVEN.

Vienna, 8 *January*, 1848.

We learn from a second, that the heritage, after deducting all expenses, taxes, fees, etc., together with a legacy to his housekeeper, Therese Gottschalk, amounted to 42,128 gulden and 8 kreuzers!

In each of these cases the name of a respectable elderly woman is given as his authority. Perhaps a misunderstanding or a lapse of memory may in these cases also have caused his errors, as, once, where he wrote: "First it is certain, and indeed through the parish Register which A. B. has seen in Vienna, that Julia Guicciardi already in 1801 married Count Gallenberg." There is not a word of truth in this, and it was *bonâ fide* written, and the errors are nothing but misunderstanding or lapses of memory.

What is and ever will remain utterly inexcusable in such cases, as these of Johann v. Beethoven, is the carelessness, the criminal negligence, with which such often incredible and monstrous assertions are published as facts, without previously obtaining—what is free to every one and costs but little trouble—their official confirmation.

Therefore I find no occasion to abandon my views of Johann v. Beethoven for those of the Beethoven-biographer referred to.

In the first edition of Schindler's Biography of Beethoven we find certain notices, which for 38 years have been adopted without examination in all sorts of, and innumerable, novelistic and biographic writings upon the composer.

But first a word of introduction.

It was near the end of July—not August—1826, that Beethoven's nephew, then a youth of 19 years, made an unsuccessful attempt, near Baden, upon his own life. He was discovered, transported to Vienna, after a few days arrested by the police as a criminal, and—as the hospital register shows—on the 7th August, placed in that institution. The Police took him out as cured, on the 25th September, and detained him in arrest. "The delivery of the prisoner" says Schindler, "into the hands of his two guardians [Beethoven and Stephen von Breuning] followed with the express order from the police authorities, not to allow him to remain over a single day in Vienna."

Imagine Beethoven's embarrassment.

Now appeared Johann with his carriage in Vienna. The time was approaching for his return for the winter to the Capital; he, however, took his brother and nephew back with him to his estate, to keep them there, until Breuning—who was Hofrath in the Ministry of War—should succeed in finding a place for the nephew as a cadet in some regiment. This proved a tedious matter, and near the close of November they were still in Wasserhof.

We read everywhere the well deserved praise of Beethoven for this great sacrifice to the welfare of his nephew. Was it, however, no sacrifice on the part of Johann and his wife, to remain there until almost winter, far from the comforts and pleasures of Vienna life, in a house fitted up only for a summer residence? This seems never to have occurred to Schindler and his copyists. Our authorities on this Gneixendorf episode are: Beethoven's utterances to Schindler, as he printed them a dozen years later, and like utterances to Dr. Wawruch written out after six months' interval; a few pages in conversation books, which escaped Schindler's destructive hand; several letters written by Beethoven from Gneixendorf; and an article in the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, of which the draft was subjected to my criticism, and which, in consequence of questions and hints from me, took the form in which it is now printed. In this article, we find the reminiscences of Michael Kreu, who, as he states, "was hired by the Frau Proprietress for the service of the composer."

Now to the passage in question of Schindler's book.

He misdates the departure from Vienna for Gneixendorf, as at the end of October, and after a few sentences, continues:

"The roughness of the weather, and moreover, the incredible want of consideration which Beethoven had to bear from his nephew, and his other relations there, forced him to withdraw from that place and return to Vienna. This journey, which in that advanced season could not be made in one day, was taken in an open waggon, because, as Beethoven himself assured me, his brother refused to trust him with his coach. . . . . .

* "On the 2d of December, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna, but it was not till several days after that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Braunhofer and Standenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know who, or by whom, and who consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor) visited Beetho-

* Ludwig Nohl,

* We cite here from the Moscheles Translation of Schindler. Vol. II., 58—59.

ven's sick-bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened, and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him; not merely abandoned, indeed, but betrayed and sold. Prof. Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard table at a coffee house, who being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that, some days before, the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but being extremely unwell at the time he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the Professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary, then, for the marker of a billiard table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great Beethoven could obtain help in time of need!!"

Thus Schindler—shocking indeed, if all this be true! How long, do you think, judging from this account, lay the sick man thus without help? Fourteen days? Ten days? Luckily the exact time can be given. He arrived Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday he vainly expected Braunhofer and Standenheim, and Tuesday afternoon came Wawruch!

Wawruch himself writes: "Not until the third day was I called." Now Schindler not only had had Wawruch's article on Beethoven's sickness in his hands, but had made it the subject of one of his own; and yet in the revision of his book he left this passage without correction.

If we add to this, that Schindler errs a whole month in the date of the journey to Gneixendorf, thus reducing the stay there from nine weeks to four, we see that we have here a memory before us, which we cannot fully trust.

Again Dr. Wawruch writes in regard to the home journey: "Frightened at the dismal prospect into the gloomy future, in case he should fall sick and helpless in the country, he longed to be back in Vienna, and took for the homeward journey, to use his own jovial expression, 'that wretchedest vehicle of the devil, a milk waggon."

And this—according to the passage above cited from Schindler—because Johann denied him his close coach.

Now, we have seen that he (Johann) was still in the country simply on account of his nephew; moreover, we learn from the conversation books, that this long stay had exhausted his ready money, and that he was only awaiting a remittance to return to the city. Had Beethoven consented to remain a few days longer, all three would have returned, as they came, together. And in fact, Johann, though now no reason for haste remained, did reach Vienna on the 10th of December, only eight days after his brother. If under these circumstances Johann refused the coach, it really cannot be viewed as a great crime against Ludwig.

But in the revised form of Schindler's book [Edition 1860] this charge assumes a very different aspect. These are his words: "As if to fill the measure of his heartlessness to overflowing, the pseudo brother refused his close coach to take him to the near Krems, and the short ride had to be made in an open calash. The consequence was an inflammation of the bowels of great violence from the first attack."

A drive of hardly half an hour; and *such* consequences? Believe it who can?

What says Wawruch?—"December was rough, wet and frosty; Beethoven's clothing not at all suited to the season; but a feeling of restlessness, a gloomy presentiment of ill, hastened him away. He was compelled to pass the night in a village inn, where he found under the wretched roof only a chamber without fire or double windows. Towards midnight he felt the first attack of fever-frost and a dry, short cough, accompanied by great thirst and sharp pain in the side. As soon as he felt the feverheat, he drank a large quantity of ice-cold water, and, in his helpless condition, longed for the first glimmerings of day. Weak and sick, he had himself conveyed to the vehicle, and so came at last feeble and exhausted to Vienna. Not till the third day was I called," etc.

Thirdly: It is unfortunate, that this refusal of the close coach is the only example given by Schindler of that "incredible want of consideration" on the part of Johann, of which he speaks; we therefore lack a standard by which to judge of the reported utterances of Beethoven in his diseased and excited condition.

It is obvious, however, that in a family composed of such heterogeneous elements, as that in Wasserhof, nothing but the most careful mutual forbearance could preserve peace. Until well into November, Beethoven, at all events, appears to have been contented and indeed in excellent spirits; that is seen in his letters. But at last came a breach between him and his sister-in-law. Let us hear what Michael Kreu has to say upon it, copying it in the form in which it is given in the article: "Beethoven in Gneixendorf." These reminiscences begin with a few interesting notices of the Master's habits and oddities; for example:

"At first the cook had to make Beethoven's bed. One day he was sitting at the table, tossing his hands about, beating time with his feet, and singing or growling to it. The cook burst out laughing; as Beethoven happened at the moment to look round he saw her, and instantly drove her out of the room. Michael was running out with her, but Beethoven drew him back, gave him three twenty-kreuzer pieces, told him not to be afraid, and added, that he must for the future make his bed and keep the room in order. . . Michael had to go up to him very early, but generally had to knock a long time, before Beethoven opened the door. He usually rose at half-past five, seated himself at his table, and began to write, singing and growling and beating time with hands and feet. At first, Michael used to creep out of the room, when he could not keep from laughing, but by degrees he became accustomed to it.

At half past seven the family breakfasted together; after which Beethoven always went out walking, loitering about the fields, shouting, tossing his hands, now moving very slowly, then again rapidly, or stopping suddenly and writing in a sort of pocket-book. After reaching home one day, he noticed that he had lost this book. 'Michael,' said he, 'run and hunt for my manuscript, I must have it at any cost.' It was found.

At half past twelve he came home to dinner, and afterwards retired to his room until about three o'clock, and then went wandering again through the fields until about sunset, after which he rarely went out again. At half past seven was supper; then he retired to his room, wrote until ten o'clock, and went to bed. Sometimes he played the pianoforte; the instrument, however, was not in his chamber, but in the hall. His chamber, which nobody but Michael was allowed to enter, was a corner one, towards the garden and court. While Beethoven was taking his morning walk, Michael must put the room in order. He found money several times lying on the floor; and when he returned it, Beethoven would ask, where he found it? And Michael must show him the exact spot, where it was found, and then it was given him as a present. This happened three or four times [obviously to try Michael's honesty]; thenceforward he found no more."

[Conclusion next time.]

Music in Leipzig.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPSIC, Oct. 26th, 1877.—An interesting musical event was the representation of Franz von Holstein's romantic opera, *Die Hochlaender*, on the 23d inst. The composer, who is connected by marriage with one of the oldest and wealthiest families of this city, is personally well known, and to this fact, in part at least, must be ascribed the extraordinary enthusiasm which accompanied its presentation; the opera has, however, such genuine merits, is so intensely dramatically conceived, and the purely lyrical moments are so many and so happily written, that it would be difficult to suppose its being otherwise than successful whenever represented. The performance was, in every respect, an excellent one. The Gewandhaus orchestra, which is also the orchestra of the opera-house, only under a different leader, Sucher, instead of Reinecke, was, of course, very good, as was also the chorus, largely augmented for the occasion. The several artists taking part all sang and played as if inspired. The composer was repeatedly called. *Oberon* and *Martha* were the operas that preceded and followed *Die Hochlaender* during the week.

On the 21st inst., the Florentine Quartette had its second concert, the programme being:

Schubert, A minor, Op. 29.
Schumann, A major, Op. 41, No. 3.
Beethoven, F major, Op. 59, No. 1.

The same degree of perfection which marked their productions of last week also characterized these. The violoncellist, who had particular opportunities in the slow movement of the Beethoven quartet, produced such ideal tones as the undersigned, at least, never before heard.

The audience could not have been more appreciative, and certainly it could not have been more select and exclusive, composed as it was largely of kings and princes in the world of art. The third and last concert takes place next Sunday evening, in which the daughter of Jean Becker, the originator and leader of the quartette, will play the piano part of a quartette written by Bungert.

The programme of the Gewandhaus Concert, on Thursday evening, was as follows:

Mozart, Overture to Figaro's Marriage.
Rossini, Aria from Barber of Seville.
Hoffmann, Concerto for Violoncello.
Hiller, Symphony, C Major (manuscript.)
Dietrich, Romance for Violoncello.
Rubinstein, Taubert, Jensen, } Songs.
Schumann, Overture "Genoveva."

Ferdinand Hiller personally conducted his new symphony. The applause and orchestral flourish that greeted him as he stepped to the conductor's stand are proof of the esteem and respect with which he is regarded here. Both are well-deserved, and long ago his name was inscribed on the roll of fame, together with those of Mendelssohn, Gade, Lachner, and others. The symphony is far from being his best composition, and would be a woeful disappointment to those acquainted with his famous piano concerto, Op. 69. The first and third are the best, while the second (slow) movement is utterly devoid of even the shadow of sentiment, and is altogether unworthy of the name of its author.

F. Grützmacher, from Dresden, played the violoncello compositions on the programme in a manner only consistent with the great fame he has acquired as a master of that difficult instrument. The Hoffmann concerto is a decided enrichment of the comparatively little that has has been written for the violoncello.

The vocalist, Frau Koch-Bossenberger from Hanover, is gifted with a rich sympathetic soprano. She, with the orchestra, after the overture of Mozart and Schumann, were mostly in harmony with the audience; at least the applause after each seemed more hearty and genuine than after the other productions.

The accompaniment to the songs was played by Capellmeister Reinecke, who also conducted the overtures and the accompaniment to the aria. Concertmeister Röntgen conducted the violoncello accompaniments.

LEIPZIG, Nov. 2, 1877.—On October 25th, the Florentine quartette gave their last concert, with the following programme:

Lux, D minor, Op. 58.
Bungert (piano and strings), Op. 18.
Scholz, G major, Op. 46.

Of these only the piano quartet excited interest; not that the other compositions were not equally as well played, but because as compositions they were entirely too labored and too barren of sentiment to leave room for any other feelings but those of vexation and disappointment. All three are new, and not one of the twelve movements of which they are composed has a bright and pleasant looking face. *This must be a sign of the times, for the same must be said of almost all the modern compositions.* The pianist played with spirit, but at times too noisily. She did not have opportunity for displaying any finer qualities. She evidently has talent, and may eventually become a very good pianist, especially as she will have such an able master (Reinecke) during the coming winter.

The second Euterpe Concert, last Tuesday evening, had this programme:

Overture—"Conflict and Victory".....Bolk
Aria, from "Faust".....L. Spohr
Concerto for Violin.....Paganini
Songs, ... { Jensen, Wallnöfer
Air, Polonaise, for Violin..... { Bach, Laub
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Beethoven

The most interesting and also the most successful part of the concert was the playing of the lady violinist, Fräulein Bertha Haft, from Vienna. She is probably not more than eighteen years of age, but her playing was neither suggestive of her age nor of her sex. Her technic is already remarkably developed, and she is certain to become an artist whose fame and name will spread far and wide.

The basso, A. Wallnöfer, also from Vienna, was less fortunate, owing partly to his unsympathetic voice and partly to the unattractive songs chosen. The new overture of Bolk, the composer directing, was moderately successful. The orchestra was apparently not in its best mood, which was mostly felt in the Beethoven symphony. The concert as a whole was below the usual standard of the Euterpe.

On Thursday evening the fourth Gewandhaus concert presented the following programme:

Schumann—Symphony, E flat, No. 3.
Saint-Saëns—Concerto for piano, C minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Aria from "Fidelio."
Rameau, Chopin, Liszt, Piano Solos. { Les tourbillons et les Cyclopes. / Berceuse. / Venezia e Napoli.
Saint-Saëns—Le Rouet d'Omphale.
Franco Faccio, Graziani, Songs, { La Nana. / Bolero.

The centre of attraction was Camille Saint-Saëns, from Paris, who introduced himself in the double capacity of composer and pianist. If his success is to be measured by the enthusiastic applause that greeted him after each appearance, it was indeed a genuine success.

Much might be said of the pianist; it was piano-playing very different from the usual order and, therefore, all the more difficult of objective criticism. His technic is an almost infallible one, and he is in this respect the equal of Bülow and Rubinstein. The subscriber could not reconcile himself to the thumping and decidedly coarse manner of playing "forte" melodies. Philippine von Edelsberg, the soprano, is well known in the musical world, and sang the aria with all the nobility and earnestness of expression it requires; in the songs her voice seemed tired, but this did not materially mar their enjoyment.

The orchestral compositions, Reinecke conducting the Schumann symphony and Saint-Saëns his own, were in the usual happy manner of the orchestra. The two compositions in such close proximity made the former seem like a huge pyramid overshadowing a mole-hill.

The operas during the week were *Armida* (Gluck), *Tannhäuser* (Wagner) and *Die Hochländer* (v. Holstein.)

JOHN F. HEINRICHSBACH.

French Uncleanness.

This paper made no comment upon the performances of the French *Opéra Bouffe* Company at the Arch Street Theatre last week for the reason that we considered the entertainments unfit for presentation to the public, and because experience has shown, that to denounce such exhibitions as unclean is to give to certain classes of people an impulse to attend them. It is a fact that numbers of apparently respectable men did visit the theatre, accompanied by ladies, although they knew that they would hear evil things and see obscene actions; for no one who knows anything of *La Jolie Parfumeuse* or *La Marjolaine* can fail to comprehend that both are crammed full of vileness. Others went, unsuspicious, believing that they might trust themselves in a first-class theatre, conducted by a woman, without fear of having their modesty offended. These, unless they are ignorant of the French language and generally dull of comprehension, must have learned that their confidence was misplaced. We are strongly inclined to believe that the authorities, in such cases, should afford protection to the latter and forbid the indulgence of the prurient tastes of the former. We know of no reason why an indecent American "variety show" should be suppressed by the police, if the performance of an immoral drama by a band of French blackguards is to be permitted.

This particular matter, however, is but a small branch of a very large subject. The Aimée opera company is only a single drop in a vast stream of impurity that is poured in upon us by France. French *opéra bouffe* has well-nigh driven legitimate opera from the American stage. It has replaced high and beautiful art with lechery, which has been made attractive by being clothed in gay and fantastic dress. The lively and sparkling music of the composers covers a loathsome mass of uncleanness, which, if it were presented without such a garment and without the veil of a foreign tongue, would be repulsive to all but the lowest and most vicious. Men like Offenbach and Lecocq have lent their genius to the glorification of dirt, to the work of extinguishing pure art beneath an accumulation of indecency which they have decorated with garlands. And the saddest thing about it is that they have thus seemed to follow the fashion of their country and to respond to a real demand of their countrymen. The French novel and the French drama of to-day have but one theme: adulterous intrigue. There are noble exceptions to the rule, among French writers, of which Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrain are shining proofs; but the great mass of the French men and women who write works of fiction for the stage and for the closet, who write poetry and prose, seem to know of no other motive for human action but that which is born of base animal passion, and to have no conception of the possibility of a plot which does not involve the destruction of female virtue. Sardou builds his plays upon a foundation of evil, and the host of lesser play-writers follow closely his example. The French novelist who writes for the educated few finds his highest delight in depicting the pleasures of impure love; and the *feuilletoniste* who compounds fiction for the daily newspapers scratches in the dirt for the material that he thrusts before the eyes of a million readers. The other mighty impulses that move the world, the passions that are born of the intellect rather than of the body, are almost wholly neglected. The modern French dramatist seems unable to comprehend the power which lies in such motives as those that govern Lady Macbeth, or to perceive the dramatic possibilities of the forces which impel the characters of *King Lear*. He has his eyes resolutely fixed on the mire, and he will not discover any richer and purer ground in which to dig.

Those who comprehend the extent to which French literature of the lighter class is saturated with foulness, cannot help believing that it fairly represents the condition of public morals, and if it does, the inevitable conclusion must be that the nation is in one of the stages of decay. French home-life under the best conditions may be very pure and beautiful; there may be among the people a vast body who regard the existing condition of things with the disgust we feel for it; French methods of finance and industrial theories may be very sound and wise: but a nation which upon its stage and in its fiction expresses itself in the exaltation of unhallowed passion and manifests an insatiable appetite for gross impurity, must have some rottenness at its core; it must have gotten so far away from the sound principles of morality and from affection for the higher and holier things of life that its return to them, as the only sure basis of the social life which brings happiness and progress, is nearly an impossibility. No nation can hope to proceed in that civilization which was born of Christianity, if it casts aside with contempt all regard for the purity and decency which are among the first requirements of Christianity. And the sooner we learn that lesson the better. What there is of good in France and her literature we want, but the things that are devised to feed the prurient appetites of her people ought not to gain an entrance here. The American who pays his money to witness an hour of obscene opera does an injury to his country and his fellow-citizens; he lifts a little higher the floodgates which ought to shut out the polluted stream which France is pouring toward us.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

A Permanent Opera.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

There has been some talk of late of organizing a permanent local opera in Boston. The musical public gets some satisfaction from companies which visit us from season to season, but they do not fill the bill. The conditions of a travelling company, hurrying from city to city, with little time for rehearsals, an enormous expense attendant on its movements, with the fatigue and exposure which the singers have to undergo,—all these things exclude any prospect of satisfactory opera while travelling companies are depended on. If two or three times a week during the season there could be operatic performances in English, with principal singers able to render their parts intelligently, if not brilliantly, and with an efficient, well-drilled orchestra and chorus, the change would be heartily welcomed.

For a pattern, Germany may be looked to. There the caravan opera is unknown. Every city of importance has its permanent opera, which, except in Berlin and Vienna, generally alternates with the drama at the principal theatre. "But," some one remarks, "in Germany they can well have good opera, where the theatres are supported by the government!" To this may be replied: Not all; some of the finest and most famous operas in Germany receive no support from the government, and are entirely successful; for instance, in the great commercial cities of Leipzig, Hamburg and Cologne, where opera is heard in a degree of excellence unknown outside of Germany.

The modern lyric drama is the highest form of music; it combines the vocal and instrumental in a way which gives each the greatest freedom of expression. Without a permanent opera, music must remain *exotic* here to a great degree; with it, the public would ever have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the standard composers, who are now, for the great part, strangers to us. The music-loving American who stays at home cannot become familiar with the masters as they show themselves at their best. Once in a few years, perhaps, the public gets an aggravating taste of Mozart, Beethoven or Weber, but they come like angels' visits; this year it may be "Don Juan," next year "Fidelio," or the next "Der Freischütz," but they never come all together. The American operatic diet consists chiefly of the light and hackneyed works of syrupy composers; year after year our public listens to the same old hand-organ tunes with uncommendable patience, and has no chance to better its tastes or its opportunities. But all this would be changed if the works of the great composers, the unknown worlds of Gluck and Schumann, were once worthily revealed. Both the old and the modern master might be voted "slow" if "Iphigenia in Aulis" or "Genoveva" were now heard for the first time; but if a beginning were made with the simpler and lighter works of standard composers, both opera company and public would soon come to demand the grander things. Such a beginning as Theodore Thomas made is a good example. Starting with Schumann's *Träumerei*, he has educated a large public in almost all the great cities to appreciation of the greatest instrumental works.

Other great advantages of a permanent opera would be the splendid material for the best concerts which its singers and orchestra would afford; the latter especially would supply a great want which has been a serious drawback in Boston concert seasons.

To avoid a fiasco any steps toward the organization of a permanent opera should be well considered. Public coöperation should first be assured. Possibly arrangements might be made with the managers of some one of the principal theatres for two operatic performances a week,—say Wednesday and Saturday evenings; the running dramatic attraction could easily be transferred to some of the neighboring cities on those evenings. A portion of the reserved seats might be offered at a reduction from

the regular theatre prices, by subscription, for a season of twenty-five or fifty nights; that would give an assured and regular public, and transient patrons would be likely to fill the rest of the house. It can hardly be doubted that, if the work were rightly taken in hand, a hearty response would come from well-to-do citizens who have always shown themselves quick to encourage artistic undertakings.

In London, where fashionable prejudices against English opera have had to be overcome, Carl Rosa has done a magnificent work, and established a fine opera which promises finally to supplant the fashionable Italian in the estimation of lovers of good music. This season he is to have Her Majesty's opera house in the Haymarket, and to bring out many of the best works of old and modern composers in English for the first time. A man of his genius and organizing power might make a similar enterprise successful in Boston. The material is at hand.

Verdi's Requiem in Chicago.

The Beethoven Society made its first public appearance this season last evening at McCormick's Hall. The programme consisted of Verdi's "Requiem Mass," which the Society gave last season in the Plymouth Congregational Church. Notwithstanding the sudden cold weather, the anniversary character of the day when so many people stay at home, and the strong counter attraction at the Tabernacle, there was a very large audience in attendance, which greeted the Society and its performance very cordially, and at times with enthusiasm. The performance differed from that of last season in two or three respects. Then the accompaniments were given upon the organ, this time they were given by orchestra, as they were originally written, the scores having been procured from London at large expense to the Society. The quartet last year consisted of Mrs. Thurston, Miss De Pelgrom, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Bergstein; this time it was Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Martin. Some slight changes were also made last evening, the "Liber Scriptus" being given according to Verdi's revision as an alto solo, with an occasional intoning of the mere words "Dies Iræ" by the chorus, instead of full chorus, the orchestral score containing only the solo. The Society turned out in very full ranks and did its work with exceeding credit. The sopranos were specially strong, and the other parts were well up to their work, the tenors showing a decided improvment over last year, although they still need strengthening with some leading voices. The orchestra forced them to their utmost, and although they were sometimes covered up by the brass, they nevertheless sang with a spirit and power for which they should have great credit. The overwhelming weight of the orchestra was clearly enough shown in the "Sanctus," which, those who were present last year will remember, received an enthusiastic encore from the choral strength of the Hosannas in its finale. On this occasion they were given with no less of power, but the chorus could not cope with the orchestra, and the brasses failed to get the encore which the voices deserved to have.

The quartet was decidedly stronger than that of last year, its ensemble being very effective. The changes that were made were for the better, the tenor being able to sing in tune, the mezzo-soprano having a broad, majestic style suiting the character of the Mass, and the bass making up for what he lacked in sonorousness, depth and strength of tone in the care and correctness with which he sang. Mrs. Thurston sang her trying part in the most careful and conscientious manner through the first half of the work, but in the Offertory ("Domine Jesu"), which is very long and very exacting, and in the final fugue, the "Libera me," either from fatigue or a cold, she fell from the key. The soprano work of the Mass, however, is not child's play, and Mrs. Thurston is entitled to a large degree of credit for the manner in which her part was taken. Mrs. Kempton sang her part in a broad, free, and dignified method, and with an earnestness and pathos in keeping with the majestic character of the music. Mr. Knorr's singing of the tenor part was some of the best work he has ever done, not alone for its correctness and the clear, penetrating voice, but for the expression with which he gave his numbers, especially the "Ingemisco," which was admirably sung. Mr. Martin has not the breadth, depth, or volume of tone to do full justice to his part or to bring it out in all its majestic solemnity, but he sang with so much of care, and feeling, and general correctness that it was a pleasure to listen to him. If we were to select those numbers which were most effectively given, we should say they were the "Salva me" (quartet and chorus), in the "Dies Iræ," the "Recordare" duet (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and the "Lux perpetua" trio (mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass). The orchestra, considering the difficulty of the score and the very short time it has had for rehearsal, did exceedingly well. There was an occasional tendency to drag, and the brasses were at times somewhat too strong for the strings and voices, but the general effect was very fine. Those who heard it done before with organ, excellent as that accompaniment was, should not fail to hear it with its original orchestral setting, and this they can do next Tuesday evening, when the Mass will be repeated at the same place. Mr. Wolfsohn and the Society may congratulate themselves upon their first concert.—*Tribune, Nov.* 30.

CATALANI. It was in the year 1806 that Mme. Catalani, who had already won golden opinions on the continent, first appeared in London. Passing through Paris on her way to England, she sang before the Emperor, who was greatly delighted with her. "Where are you going," he demanded, "that you wish to leave Paris?" "To London, sire," she replied. "You must remain in Paris," was the peremptory rejoinder. "You will be well paid, and your talents better appreciated here; 10,000 francs a year, two months' leave of absence. That is settled. Adieu." The lady, however, contrived to escape across the Channel, and to fulfill her engagement. Her terms were 2000 guineas for the season. But the next year she increased them to 5000 guineas. The manager objected that it left him nothing for his other artists. "What do you want else when you have my wife's talent?" demanded her husband, Valabreque; "she and four or five puppets (*poupées*) are enough." And that was all the public got, and for a time it sufficed to crowd the theatre. Finally, her terms became so enormous that managers, especially when the public began to grow tired of "the four or five puppets," even with madame, feared to incur the responsibility of engaging her. She left the King's Theatre in 1813, and after that was heard chiefly in concerts. She gained by these entertainments in one season of four months, in London, £10,000, and doubled that sum in a tour through the English provinces, Scotland and Ireland. Catalani herself seems to have been a simple-minded, good-natured creature, and more than one story is told of her charitable disposition. But her husband was a low-bred, avaricious fellow. He called her his *poule d'or*, which she certainly was to him. Capt. Gronow relates in his "Reminiscences" that when she was on a visit at Stowe he sent in a bill to the Marquis of Buckingham for £1700 for seventeen songs his wife had sung in company, although she was on the footing of a guest. But Valabreque was actually left behind when she was invited to distinguished houses. She is described by contemporaries as being very beautiful, not a great actress, but making up for all deficiencies by the charm of her manner. Her voice, Capt. Gronow says, "was transcendent." But she appears to have preferred to astonish her audience by extraordinary feats of execution, such as leaping two octaves at once, and the most florid *floriture*, rather than pleasing them by purity of style. These faults, as an inevitable consequence, increased with time. One of her favorite feats was to sing the "Non piu andrai" of "Figaro," and by mere force of lungs and volume of voice rise above all the brass of the orchestra. Her last appearance in opera took place in 1814, in Mayer's "Il Fanatico per la Musica," but she cut out everything that did not tend to display her *bravura* powers, and walked through her part without condescending to act. Each night the audience grew thinner, until she withdrew from the theatre never again to appear upon the stage. Her last appearance in public took place in Dublin in 1828. The following anecdote, taken from Mr. Hogarth's book, is a capital illustration of her simplicity and her intellectual calibre. When she visited the court of Weimar she was placed next to Goethe at dinner, but without having been previously introduced to him. Struck by his appearance, she inquired his name of the gentleman on the other side. "The celebrated Goethe, Madame," was the reply. "On what instrument does he play?" "He is not a musician, madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werter.'" "Oh, yes, I remember!" cried Catalani delightedly, and turning to the poet, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am a great admirer of 'Werter.' I never read anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "A farce, madame!" said the astonished Goethe. "Oh, yes; and there never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," she answered, laughing heartily at the remembrance. Catalani had seen a parody of the "Sorrows of Werter" at a Parisian minor theatre, and had never heard of the original.—*Belgravia.*

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The season opens with a new order of things in the musical world, and New York is to be greatly favored in the department of orchestral music. There will be plenty of the best of such music performed with a degree of care and skill hardly to be exceeded in any of the European capitals.

The Philharmonic Society has entered upon the Thirty-sixth season of its existence with an orchestra selected from the best resident talent and complete in every detail, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. By this bold stroke of policy the society has extricated itself from difficulty, recovered a lost prestige and solved all doubt as to its future success. Twelve concerts are announced in the prospectus; six of them are called rehearsals and take place in the afternoon; but the performance is in no respect inferior to that of the evening concerts, and the programme is the same. The concerts are given at the Academy of Music on the following days:

Afternoon Concerts; Nov. 23, Dec. 21, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 5. Evening Concerts; Nov. 24, Dec. 22, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.

Theodore Thomas began the Eleventh season of his Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall, Nov. 3. The concerts and rehearsals are eighteen in number. Six evening concerts and twelve rehearsals. As originally projected the rehearsals were to be six in all; but as the demand for subscription tickets was greater than the capacity of Steinway Hall, six extra rehearsals were added to the list. The dates are: Concerts: Nov. 3, Dec. 1, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, March 2, April 13. Rehearsals: Nov. 1, Nov. 28, Dec. 13, Dec. 26, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Jan. 31, Feb. 21, Feb. 28, March 14, March 28, April 11.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch has organized from the best available material a fairly efficient orchestra; one which, if kept together, will doubtless improve under his direction. He has already given five "Symphony matinées" at Steinway Hall, and another, to complete the series, will follow on Saturday, Dec. 1. He will give a second series during the winter. It appears therefore that in a season of five months we are to have at least forty-two concerts, at which the highest order of orchestral music will be rendered, and the list will doubtless be increased.

The concerts of the Oratorio Society are as follows, at Steinway Hall: Nov. 15, *Judas Maccabæus;* Dec. 29. *The Messiah;* Feb. 28, work not yet selected; April 25, *The Seasons.*

The programme of the first Thomas Symphony Concert consisted of the following numbers: Mozart's Overture to the Magic Flute; a Concerto for two violins and violoncello, with string orchestra, by Handel; Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; the Introduction and Quartet from the third act of Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Liszt's "Tasso." Much to my regret I was absent from the city at the time of this concert.

The first Philharmonic concert took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 24, on which occasion, according to time-honored custom, there was a dismal rain-storm. [The mere mention of a "Philharmonic" brings a vision of umbrellas and water-proofs.] The audience was large, but not sufficient to fill the house to the extent of its seating capacity. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"The Water-carrier,".....Cherubini
Symphony, No. 6, in F.....Beethoven
Overture—"Manfred".....Schumann
Suite, for piano and orchestra, Op. 200,
(first time).....Raff
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Poeme Symphonique—"Mazeppa".....Liszt

The orchestra at present numbers ninety-four performers, comprising 34 violins, 10 violas, 10 'cellos, 12 double basses, 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 1 corno-anglais, 3 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, cymbals, triangle, bass drum, and tympani.

The strength and excellent quality of the strings were shown in the very beginning of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in the crescendo measures for violins and violas; but the greatest defect in the playing of the former orchestra was in the wind instruments, and here the greatest improvement is shown. The horns in the allegro were clear and accurate, where they have usually been faulty. And every part of the Symphony was carefully and beautifully executed. Certain critics take exception to that which they call "hurrying over" the brook-scene; but Mr. Thomas, although he took this movement at a quicker rate than we are accustomed to hear it, simply played it as it is written, "*Andante molto moto.*

The Suite by Raff comprises an Introduction and Fugue, Minuet, Gavotte and Musette, Cavatina and Finale. It is a very ingenious and complicated work, but our first impression is not an enduring one. The first four parts are like a brilliant succession of unfulfilled promises; but in the Finale the themes of the four preceding parts are introduced in the most novel and startling manner, and treated with wonderful ingenuity and skill. Even those who fail to credit Mr. Mills with the possession of the sixth sense, thought to be essential to an artist, could not deny the ability and good taste of his performance in this very difficult work. The peculiarity of Mr. Mills's playing is this: he *pleases* his hearers, but never awakes *enthusiasm.* Perhaps it is because he himself does not feel that emotion. A.A.C.

(Conclusion next time.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1877.

Harvard Musical Association.

A considerably larger audience than before attended the second Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Nov. 22), and was manifestly well pleased and edified. The Orchestra, it was generally thought, played even better than in the first concert, which won universal praise. Of course, there were imperfections, "roughnessess," false intonations, occasionally obvious even to inferior mortals not provided with the critical detective's *microscopic ear*, which listens for the faulty details rather than for music,—just as the purest water reveals to the microscopic eye infinitesimal monsters and all sorts of vegetable and animal impurities, whereof we loathe to drink. Let us, we blind and deaf and ignorant majority, who nevertheless "love much," be thankful to the good genius, whether he be Schubert or Beethoven, that we can enjoy a great musical work in spite of little imperfections in the rendering, nay, positively feel uplifted and inspired by its whole glorious development and movement, meeting the intention as it were half way—without which willingness we were unworthy to enjoy it, shutting the Master out.—The solos also were delightful. Here is the programme:—

Overture, in C, Op. 115, composed for the "Name Day" of an Emperor.....Beethoven
Scène et Berceuse: "Si, carina capretting!" from "Dinorah,".....Meyerbeer
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Krakowiak: Grand Rondeau de Concert, Op. 14, for Piano-forte, with Orchestra.....Chopin
George W. Sumner.

Songs, with Piano-forte:
a. Frühlings Ankunft ("Spring is come!") Op. 23, No. 5.....R. Franz
b. Suleika, No. 2, "Was bedeutet die Bewegung?".....Mendelssohn
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Symphony, No. 2, in C.....Schubert
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—Finale.

The "Namensfeier" Overture is not one of the colossal overtures of Beethoven, but it is instinct with his fire and genius throughout, and should be heard much oftener than it is; it may never be popular, but it will reward attention. It was first given in this city, in these Symphony Concerts, in the Beethoven Centennial year, and then it was given twice; since which time we think it has not again been heard here until now. It was composed for the "Name-day" festivities of the Emperor Francis II. in Vienna, in 1814, and is commonly regarded as a companion piece to the much larger and grander Op. 124 in the same key, called "*Weihe des Hauses*," or Dedication Overture (for the opening of a theatre). The Introduction (*Maestoso*) is broad, stately and commanding. The *Allegro assai vivace*, which follows in 6–8 measure to the end, a light, tripping, nervous movement, which at first seems sketchy, develops with a marvellous consistency and beauty, fresh at every turn, and fulfilling each strange expectation with an easy certainty that still surprises and delights. It requires to be rendered with extreme precision and delicacy, and the orchestra were more successful than one might well have feared. At all events it made a good impression in spite of short rehearsal—and the want of a few more strings.

Miss Lillian Bailey, with her delicate, sweet, fresh voice, her charming naturalness of manner, and her artistic, earnest feeling and expression, sang to great acceptance. She has gained much in power and style within a year, and, being very young, she will gain more. But it is already a rare treat to listen to her. The scene and cradle song from *Dinorah* cannot, indeed, make its best effect in the concert room, taken out of its dramatic connection; nor do we entirely like the music; the opening recitative and pretty pastoral hints in the instruments are pleasing, but, in the latter half, the music becomes over-ingenious and affected, as is often the way with Meyerbeer with all his truly creative genius. She sang it softly, as the dramatic situation requires, and therefore her young voice, with orchestra, did not pervade the great hall in this with such power as in the Lieder afterwards. But the recitative was given with true expression, the occasional highest tones were singularly pure and firm and satisfying, and she has the art of holding out a high tone and diminishing it with beautiful effect. The accompaniment was delicately played. There was more room for fervor and impassioned accent in the two songs, in which she had the advantage of Mr. Dressel's exquisite pianoforte accompaniment, and she entered into the spirit of them, as if singing out her soul. The Franz Spring song was particularly suited to her.

Mr. Sumner played the brilliant, piquant *Krakowiak* of Chopin very neatly and distinctly, showing a thorough study and a right conception of it, and bringing out many of its quaint melodic motives with great vividness and fineness. The only failure was of strength of touch; there was a lack of resonance for so large a space.

But charming as all these things were, the grand attraction of the concert was the great Schubert Symphony,—one of the inspired works, with common consent now spoken of as "heavenly" as "divine," worthy to be throned with Beethoven's immortal Nine. Once, while its beauty and its grandeur, and its absolute originality, were recognized, audiences were apt to find it excessively long; but Schumann was right about its "heavenly length;" and this time, we think, all who listened in the right spirit (and there were very few who did not) were convinced that it is of just the *right* length. Even the longest movement, the unspeakably beautiful Andante, actually seemed short; for you are led on from one beauty to another, with ever increasing interest, with never a dull passage, or a single measure of mere *remplissage*, until it has developed all it had to say and no more,—one pure inspiration from the first note to the last. Allowing for some occasional false intonation in one or two wind instruments, a few hitches in the violins, and some brass tones coarser than they need be, all the movements were so well rendered that the Symphony was heard with intense interest and enthusiasm; for it is trivial to note slight defects in detail—at all events trivial to remember them—in one or two instances, we fear, worse than trivial—with such a glorious, god-like procession moving past one. The tremendous Finale was made remarkably effective.

We have received many unsought assurances, from musicians as well as amateurs, of the deep impression made by this performance. Here, for instance, is a passage from a private note, from an organist, a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatorium, written on first sitting down at home after the concert, "while the spell was on him":—

"My Dear A.,—What a rich treat the Harvard Orchestra gave us to-day in their playing of the 'heavenly' Schubert Symphony! It seemed to me a great step in advance of any previous performance, and the *tread of the Giants*, in the last movement, carried one along as only an earnest and confident orchestra could. This was a performance to be proud of, and was a fitting following to Mr. Dressel's uplifting and poetic accompaniment to the pair of Songs."

—We cannot conclude without one word in praise for, and in justice to Mr. Zerrahn,—the faithful and long tried Conductor, who with such imperfect means, small orchestra and musicians allowed few opportunities of playing thus together, exceedingly short time for rehearsals, and amid the discouragement of a perpetual cross fire of a petty and yet maddening "criticism," much of it plainly personal and prompted by an evident desire to pull down and destroy the best we have or can have under present circumstances, has yet succeeded in bringing out that long and difficult great Symphony with such inspiring and uplifting power. These concerts, with the reduced patronage they get, must needs be given on a very economical scale. Those who find most fault with the performances are the very ones who do their best (worst) to warn off subscribers, and thus make it necessary to perform a great Symphony with only four hours of rehearsal; and that too, when a number of the musicians never played it in their lives before. Two short rehearsals! And then you judge the effort by the standard of a body of men who are kept in constant practice of this sort the whole year round,—who play together *all the time*, are well paid for it, and do nothing else! The only wonder is that our brave orchestra and leader can achieve so much, can kindle such a love for what is best and noblest in the art of Music.

These concerts are in no sense a speculation. Nobody profits or seeks to profit pecuniarily by them. The Association which gives them—a social, private one, not organized *for* concert-giving, and not dependent upon that—does it purely and solely for the end of building up in time a permanent local orchestra in Boston, and of keeping alive the love and taste for the great masterworks through frequent hearing. It knows their present limitations and deficiencies. It perseveres, doing the best now possible, in the hope of keeping the nucleus alive and whole, until "better times" shall bring it greater means and power. And it has a right, one would think, to expect from the friends of music here all sympathy and favor, instead of reckless and destructive criticism. For *real* criticism, which is sincere and to the purpose, prompted by good motive, it is always grateful.

Chamber Concerts.

That was a very pleasant one given in Union Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 14, by Miss Lillian Shattuck, one of the promising young violin pupils (yet in her teens) of Julius Eichberg, and with the aid of several of these young violinists, beside other artist friends. This was the programme:

1. Quartet in D major.....Haydn
Allegro moderato, Adagio cantabile.
Miss Abbie Shepardson, Miss Lillian Shattuck, Mr. Wulf Fries, Mr. Edwin Sabin.
2. Piano Solo:—
Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35.....Mendelssohn
Menuetto, Op. 72.....Raff
Miss Hattie Billings.
3. Concerto for Violin, 1st mov't.....Mendelssohn
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
4. Scena and Aria.—Der Freischütz.....Von Weber
Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. 'Cello Solo:—
Song without words.....Mendelssohn
Serenade.....Lalo
Mr. Wulf Fries.
6. Elegie, for Violin.....Ernst
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
7. Song—"They Say."".....Randegger
Miss Lillian Bailey.
8. Concertante for four Violins.....Eichberg
Misses Lillian Chandler, Lettie Launder, Lillian Shattuck, Abbie Shepardson.

Father Haydn would not have been cross at all, we think, could he have heard his two beautiful movements played so clearly and so smoothly, and with such good mutual understanding; nor could Mr Wulf Fries feel ashamed of such companionship. Miss Shattuck's rendering of the Mendelssohn Allegro, and of Ernst's Elegie, really astonished. Her tone is pure and delicate, her execution clean. Miss Billings contributed much to the general pleasure in her pianoforte selections, though we have heard her when she seemed less constrained than in the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue. Miss Bailey sang the great *Freyschütz* scena with wonderful dramatic fervor and expression for one so young, as well as with rare beauty of voice, style

and execution. The climax was almost thrilling. We were sorry to have to lose the Concertante for four violins, which we have heard particularly praised.

Miss Winslow's Recital, at Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 26, was largely attended, by an appreciative and, in the main, well pleased audience. Her youthful and attractive presence, and her whole look and manner, as of one in earnest with her Art, bespoke sympathy from the outset. Her programme was as follows;

1. Trio in B flat, Op. 11.....Beethoven
   Allegro con brio—Adagio—Allegretto.
2. *a.* Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
   b. Cradle Song.....Henselt
   c. Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt
3. Andante and Variations.....Schumann
   For two Pianos,
4. *a.* Nocturne,.....
   b. Etude,.....
   c. Ballade.....
   Chopin

Musical feeling, a clean, crisp, vital touch and accent, with a good deal of power and brilliancy of execution were manifest throughout. In the Beethoven Trio—with the Variations on a popular air—she was assisted by the brothers Fries, and its beauties were all well brought out; although here and elsewhere we could not but remark a certain anxiety in her playing which told of the severe and unremitting finger drill of those five years at Stuttgart. The Prelude and Fugue by Bach were very distinctly, evenly and beautifully rendered. The Cradle Song by Henselt sang itself with the most delicate and tender feeling; and the "Spinning Song" was given with the greatest ease and fineness. The Schumann Duet, with Mr. J. C. D. Parker, was also a success. Miss Winslow was less happy in the Chopin pieces, particularly the *Ballade*, where she several times struck a wrong note, which evidently robbed her of her presence of mind and somewhat blurred the whole interpretation. We understand the darkness of the hall, with the shadow on the keyboard, was what embarrassed her. It certainly speaks well for the intrinsic musical nature of this earnest young student, that the long and terrible technical drill has not killed all fine expression. We shall be glad to hear her more.

Miss Amy Fay's third and last Piano Recital, Nov. 27, was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in B minor.....Bach
Grand Sonata. C major. Op. 53.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio molto—Rondo.
Nocturne. C minor.....Field
32 Variations in C minor.....Beethoven
Nocturne. F major. No. 1. Op. 15... .....Chopin
Nocturne. F sharp major. No. 2 Op. 15..... "
Study. A minor. No. 11. Op. 25..... "
(Sometimes called the "Hurricane" or "Winter-Wind" Study.)
Liebes-Traum. Nocturne.....Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise. No. 14..... "

It was certainly no slight evidence of power of will and intellect, as well as of physical nerve and muscle, to carry through such a programme with unflagging certainty, nay much of it with grace and ease and good expression, and the whole of it without a note before her. We arrived only in time to hear the Rondo Finale of the Beethoven Sonata, her performance of which seemed to us to lack the elasticity, the airy lightness that should characterize it. In all the other interpretations we found more satisfaction than perhaps ever before in Miss Fay's playing. At this time of writing the pieces are not fresh enough in our mind to enable us to say more.

In Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's second of two concerts (Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Dec. 3), we seemed to hear this fine pianist at his best, and in a great variety of interesting work, relieved too by some excellent singing. These were the selections:—

1. *a.* Fugue, No. 3, C major (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach
   b. Prelude and Fugue, A minor (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach
2. *a.* "Der Abend Stern" (The Evening Star,) J. Hallström
   b. "Elfenreihn".....Carl Reinecke
   (Composed expressly for the) Swedish Ladies Quartette.
3. Sonate, E minor, Op. 90.....Beethoven
   a. Allegro. *b.* Rondo.
4. Tenor Solo. Cavatina from "Faust," "Salve dimora,".....Gounod
   Mr. Carl Pfueger.
5. Trio, "Lift thine eyes," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn
   Misses Wideberg, Aberg and Soederlund, of the Swedish Ladies Quartette.
6. *a.* "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 1, D minor, No. 5, G minor.. ..... Schumann
   b. Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142, No. 2, Schubert
   c. Tarantelle, E flat minor, Op. 11, Gustav Schumann
   Mr. Sherwood.
7. *a.* "Necken" (The Water Sprite), arr. for Quartette, by.....L. Ohlson
   b. "Hochzeitstanz" (Peace and Wedding Dance).....Soedermann
   Swedish Ladies Quartette.
8. *a.* Etude, Op. 2, No. 6 ("If I were a bird,") Henselt
   b. Ballade in A flat major, Op. 47 (by request).....Chopin
   Mr. Sherwood.
9. Tenor Solo—"Im Fruehling".....Fesca
   Mr. Carl Pfueger.
10. Toccata, B major. Op. 36..... ...Auguste Dupont
    [First time in Boston.]

Mr. Sherwood played all from memory. And the finished ease and grace of style, the power and certainty of execution were not more observable, than the air of dreamy and imaginative abstraction with which he seemed to think every phrase and passage out as he went on, happy apparently in such fine mental occupation. It was by no means automatic memorizing, but the clear consciousness of what he was expressing. The fugues of Bach,—though not of the most interesting specimens, not from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," were most conscientiously and neatly rendered, made to say all that was in them. Of the Beethoven Sonata he evidently had his own conception, most carefully thought out in every detail. It did not correspond with that which we have always held. In the first movement, which, to be sure, has something of the moody freedom of a Fantasia,—and in which Beethoven again employs that overlapping, echoing alternation of two voices *sempre diminuendo*, which is so expressive in the horn-like dying away of the "Adieux" in the preceding Sonata—Mr. Sherwood indulged in a (to us) inconceivable *ad libitum* of tempo, which marred the continuity. And in that placid, smooth and flowing Rondo, with the finesse and exquisite surprise of each return of the lovely theme, there seemed to be too much jerkiness; the stream was too often suddenly ruffled. Yet, allowing him his own conception, it was a beautiful poetic rendering.

The group of pieces by Schumann, Schubert and a younger Schumann were all interesting; but the most fascinating was the Schubert *Impromptu*, to which he lent a most delicate and airy touch. The familiar "If I were a bird," by Henselt, was so played that it seemed to have lost none of its fresh charm. Of the A-flat *Ballade* of Chopin, which we have so often heard of late, Mr. Sherwood's rendering was one of the most satisfactory. The modern French Toccata by Dupont is a very rapid, difficult and brilliant movement, of a dance-like character, and was most brilliantly executed.

The Swedish singers' voices sounded doubly rich and full in that small hall, and blended very musically and sweetly, sometimes with a wild and sombre pathos, then again laughingly and brightly. The remarkably low register of the two Contraltos is probably the reason why so much of their music is set in a low key, compressing the harmony into a narrow compass. The Trio from *Elijah* lost something of its aerial, angelic character by being taken in a lower pitch.

Mr. Pflueger has a robust tenor voice of remarkable volume and musical sweetness. The surprise of a single high falsetto tone seemed more unnatural in such a voice than it does in a light *tenore di grazia*. He sang the "Salve dimora" with fervent expression and in a good sustained *cantabile* style. In the Spring Song by Fesca, too, he gave much pleasure.

Of Mr. Sherwood's first concert (Nov. 16), which we were unable to attend, we can only record the programme:—

1. *a.* Prelude and Fugue, C minor (Well-tempered Clavichord, Book 2, No. 2).....Bach
   b. Fugue, C major, No. 2 (Peters' Ed., No. 200) .....Bach
2. "Busslied".....Beethoven
   Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
3. Sonate Pathetique, C minor, Op. 13....Beethoven
4. Song—"Die Loreley".....Liszt
   Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. *a.* Nocturne, F major, Op. 23, No. 4....Schumann
   b. Etude. C minor, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin.
   c. Grande Valse Brillante, Op. 34, No. 1....Chopin
6. Songs—*a.* "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert
   b. "Italy".....Mendelssohn
   Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
7. *a.* Two "Songs without Words," No. 10, B minor and No. 25, G major.....Mendelssohn
   b. "Chorus of Dancing Dervishes," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," translated for piano by.....C. Saint-Saëns
   [First time in Boston.]
8. *a.* "Nina" (old Italian song).....Pergolese
   b. "Haidenröslein".....Schubert
   Miss Lillian Bailey.
9. Valse de l'Opera "Faust" de Gounod.....Liszt

In Prospect. Some extremely interesting concerts have occurred this week, too late for notice in this number; particularly the first Recital of Mme. Schiller, on Wednesday; the third Thomas Concert, Wednesday evening; the third Harvard Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, and the Cecilia, Thursday evening.

The fourth Theodore Thomas concert comes this afternoon, when Prof. Paine's Symphonic Fantaisie on Shakespeare's "Tempest" will be given. Also the Orchestral Suite, Op. 49 (new) by Saint-Saëns; "Siegfried's Death," Wagner; a new Polonaise by Raff, etc. Miss Mathilde Wilde will sing, and the young violinist, Master Lichtenberg, will play.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. The second concert comes next Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, and will consist of Chamber Music. Miss Fanny Kellogg, Soprano, Mr. Ernst Perabo, and the Boston Philharmonic Club will assist in a choice programme, embracing the Kreutzer Sonata (piano and violin). *Beethoven*, Messrs. Perabo and Listemann; Aria, "Si t'amo, O cara," *Handel*, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Larghetto and Scherzo, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, *Paine*, Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Hartdegen; Violoncello Solo, Sarabande and Gavotte, from Suite in D, *Bach*, Mr. A. Hartdegen; Songs, "Geheimes," *Schubert*, "Tanzlied im Mai," *Franz*, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Octet for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Contrabass, Op. 166, *Schubert*.

Christmas Oratorios. The sale of tickets for the whole season of the Handel and Haydn Society has been so far quite successful, and the sale of single tickets will begin next week. First, for the two performances at Christmas time. On Sunday evening, Dec. 23, will be given, for the second time in Boston, the first two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio,—this time with the additional accompaniments by Robert Franz, which arrived just too late for the Festival last May. This will be followed by J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" and the Cantata: "Noël," by Saint-Saëns. All three works were among the chief successes of the May Festival.—On Tuesday evening (Christmas Day), the time-honored "Messiah" of Handel, also with the Franz accompaniments, completing those by Mozart, will be given. The principal singers in the first performance will be Miss Emma C. Thursby, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. Wm. J. Winch and Mr. A. E. Stoddard (baritone), of New York; in the "Messiah," Miss Thursby, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mr. Joseph Maas, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Mr. Zerrahn will conduct and Mr. B. J. Lang will sit at the Great Organ.

The fourth Harvard Symphony Concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, at the Music Hall. The programme includes: Overture to "Coriolan," *Beethoven*; Aria; Symphony in D minor, *Schumann*. Nocturne (MS.) for Orchestra (first time), *C. C. Mueller*; Songs; Overture: "In the Highlands," *Gade*,

Rhythm, Touch, etc.

Mr. Editor,—In some recent numbers of the "Journal," Mr. Mathews seems to be much interested concerning the subject of Rhythm, Touch, etc., as connected with Piano-playing.

Allow me through your valuable columns to call his attention to the fact, that Mr. Ditson published, some twenty-four years ago, a concise and useful Theoretical Text book for the Piano, by Prof. E. B. Oliver, which, in Chapter 5, contains a statement of the Theory of Touch, as communicated to the author by Friedrich Wieck, of Dresden, whose authority neither Mr. Mathews nor Mr. Mason would probably question. Also, a few years later, was published a "Thorough Bass Manual" by the same author, which contains a system of exercises and rules regarding the value of notes, rhythm, accent, etc., which is quite exhaustive on these subjects, and which may contain hints useful to Mr. Mathews, judging from his articles on Rhythm, Accent, etc., in your columns. The exercises for accent in practice of scales, which have been claimed as original by the compilers of a certain method for Piano, are also suggested in the above mentioned Text-book, and were given to his pupils by Prof. Oliver, years before their publication in the method above referred to, as many of his pupils will be happy to testify.

New light upon musical subjects of Theory in practice, should be heartily received, but let us also accept and appreciate the work of those who have for many years been arduously laying the foundations for the advancing knowledge, and high standard of Musical Art which we now enjoy.

A Pupil of Mendelssohn Musical Institute.

Philadelphia. (From the *Evening Bulletin, Nov.* 23.) At the Arch Street Theatre last evening, Ambroise Thomas's *A Summer Night's Dream* was presented by the Hess English Opera Company to a full house, and so excellent was the performance that the favorable impression made by the company in *The Chimes of Normandy* was fully sustained. *Le Songe d'une nuit d'Eté*, first produced in Paris in 1850, is happy, especially in the second act, in its illustrations of Thomas's finest traits of composition, being marked by a delicacy of shading, a flowing sweetness and a quaint grace that is wonderfully attractive. Unfortunately, the music is marred by a bad libretto—bad in French, and still worse in the English translation. The animating idea of the drama—the grouping of a number of Shakespearean characters with Shakespeare himself as the central figure—is admirable, but the realization of this idea is faulty to a degree. Few of us but would be glad to see Shakespeare, but few of us would care to see him drunk; but it is just in this condition that he is presented to us, and his summer night's dream is supposed to be dreamed whilst he lies in a drunken sleep. Queen Elizabeth, in the dual rôle of a fairy god-mother and a lecturer upon temperance also, is rather a sharp attack upon the unities; and her queenliness when she crowns the entirely sobered poet with bays, scarcely reconciles us to her previous exhibition of qualities scarcely so queenly. Elizabeth, however, was an eccentric sort of a person, much given to having her own way, and her conduct in the opera is more pardonable, poetically speaking, than is the conduct of the playwright. The little strain of love making between Latimer and Olivia interjected into the work is pleasant in its way, and furnishes an opportunity in the first act for a pretty air, sung by Latimer, "Dear Love of Thee," and in the last act for an admirable song by Olivia, "Hear me but once," and an attractive duet by the lovers. The music throughout, as we have said, is charming, being by turns sparkling and poetic, and always marked by the play of the delicate, tender fancy of the composer. The notable numbers are; in the first act, Elizabeth's ogre song and the trio by Elizabeth, Falstaff and Olivia; in the second act the especially brilliant duet by Shakespeare and the Queen; in the third act Elizabeth's song "Ah! idle splendor that surrounds me," the succeeding trio, by Falstaff, Olivia and the Queen, Olivia's song, "Hear me but once," and the duet immediately following.

The cast last evening included Miss Melville as the Queen, Mrs. Seguin as Olivia, Mr. Castle as Shakespeare, Mr. Peakes as Falstaff, and Mr. Turner as Latimer; and, as there were no minor characters to be represented by second-rate singers, the performance was admirably smooth and effective. Miss Melville's acting as Elizabeth was most astonishingly queenly to those who saw her frolicking about as Mignonette, and her singing was still more worthy of approval than in the former part. Her ogre song, the air "Ah! Idle splendor," and several of her concerted numbers with Shakespeare and Falstaff, were peremptorily re-demanded, and throughout the entire opera the audience was prompt and enthusiastic in its applause of her admirable work. Mrs. Seguin as Olivia had not nearly so many chances for exhibiting her thoroughly good qualities, but she made the most of her opportunities, and in the duet with Latimer, in several duets with the Queen, and, notably, in her song "Hear me but once"—sung with singular purity of tone—secured the praise that she so abundantly deserved. The parts of Shakespeare and Latimer, while somewhat dull in acting, were sung with fine effect, and Falstaff was acted with conventional drollery and was vigorously sung. The chorus and orchestra, as before, were noticeably excellent.

The Jubilee Singers have recently gone to Germany to continue the work they have for the last six years been so successfully doing in the United States, Great Britain and Holland, in the interests of the education of their race at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.

Within a few days of their arrival at Berlin, they had the honor of appearing before the Imperial family of Germany under circumstances of peculiar interest. They were invited by Their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to sing some of their Slave songs at the New Palace, Potsdam, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 4, and on presenting themselves at the appointed hour they found to their joy, that they stood in the presence of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, as well as in the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess, with their children gathered around them. Thus three generations stood together in the home circle listening to this little company of Emancipated Slaves from the United States as they sang the songs of the days of their bondage. And never did their strange, touching songs produce a deeper impression or call forth heartier expressions of sympathy for, and interest in, the work they are laboring to do for their race in America and in Africa.

His Majesty, the Emperor, made many inquiries of the President of the University respecting the Singers, and their personal history and the work they had accomplished, while the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess conversed freely with the Singers, making inquiries, and expressing great delight in the singing. It was especially gratifying to learn from the Crown Princess that four years ago, when the Jubilee Singers had the honor of singing before her Royal Mother, the Queen of England, she had received a long letter speaking of the Singers and their mission. The Crown Prince said these songs as you sing them go to the heart, they go through and through one.

The first public concert was given in Berlin, at the Sing Academy, on the 7th of Nov., and was greeted with such hearty demonstrations of approval that success in Germany seems quite well assured.

—We find a still more glowing and detailed account of this reception in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Ed.

Special Notices.

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The Black Hussars. B♭. 3. c to E. *Jones.* 30
A quartet of merry songs, with nice music.

True Hearts. E♭. 3. b to E. *Adams.* 35
"For years can bring no old age
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Beautiful sentiment to sweet music.

Angels kiss mine eyes to sleep. Song and Cho. E♭. 3. d to E. *Rutledge.* 30
"Round my bed the angels hover."
One of the touching ballads about a dying child.

Fare thee well, and if forever. E♭. 3. b to E. *Sulzner.* 30
"More than this, I scarce can die."
Well known words by Lord Byron, with good music.

Non M'ama piu. (He loves no more.) E. 5. d to E. *Tosti.* 35
"A che ti giova il vivere."
"What charm in life remains?"
An Italian song, with pleasing melody.

Sometimes. C. 3. d to g. *Sullivan.* 40
"Sometimes when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the gloom."
Lady Lindsay wrote the sweet words; and the music fits them well.

Have you heard, my Love is coming. F. 3. F to g. *Barker.* 35
"Round him beauty's eyes were glancing,
Demoiselles and Signorinas."
Mr. Barker has translated many Italian songs, but none were better than this original production. It is in the form of a light Canzonette.

IF. B♭. 4. F to a. *Pinsuti.* 35
"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf."
Very charming suppositions, expressed in the most musical way.

Once. D major and minor. c to D. *Hatton.* 35
"Cool salt air, and the white waves breaking."
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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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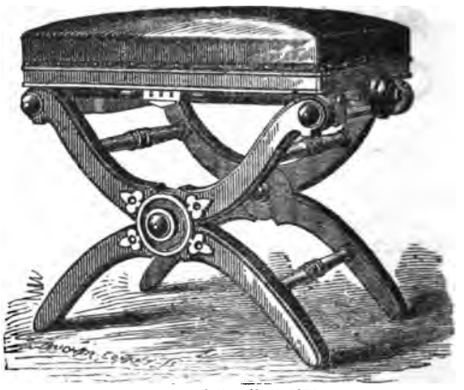

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 958. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 20.

Beethoven's Famous Love-Letter.

This article is a translation from the Appendix to the third volume of Thayer's "Beethoven," now in its translator's hands, and is a discussion—with some other matter appended—of the date of Beethoven's famous love-letter, and of the question whether it could have been addressed to Julia Guicciardi, as Schindler states, or possibly to a certain Therese Malfatti. The Guicciardi question was settled to the satisfaction of most of the critics in Thayer's second volume; and Herr Ludwig Nohl, who has since adopted Thayer's view as to that point, at first violently dissented in an article, from which citations are made in this. Partly in reply to him, partly because, when Thayer's second volume was written, it was not proved that the letter did not belong to 1807, and partly because the discussion will have a bearing upon a topic in the chapter on the year 1810, it seemed necessary to take up the matter at some length. Schindler uses the expression "three letters"—in fact they are one letter on one piece of note paper, and two postscripts on another, all written with a lead pencil, as follows, (Moscheles, I., 101–6):—

"July 6th, morning.

"My angel, my all, my other self!—Only a few words to-day, and in pencil (written with yours.) My future abode will certainly not be fixed till to-morrow. What a frivolous waste of time, etc.!—Why this profound sorrow, when necessity commands? Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for everything? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? Cast thine eyes on beautiful Nature, and let not thy mind be ruffled by that which must be. Love requires everything, and very justly: so it is I with thee, thou with me; only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. If we were completely united, thou wouldst not feel this sorrow any more than I. My journey was terrible. I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning, for want of horses. At the last stage, I was warned not to travel at night, and told to beware of a certain wood; but this only spurred me on, and I was wrong: owing to the execrable roads—a bottomless by-road—the carriage broke down. Prince Esterhazy, who travelled hither by the other road, had the same accident with eight horses that I had with four. Nevertheless, I feel some pleasure again, as I always do when I have conquered some difficulty. But now let us pass rapidly from externals to internals. We shall soon meet again. I cannot communicate to thee to-day the observations which I have been making for some days past on my life. If our hearts were close to one another, I should certainly not make any such. I have much to say to thee. Ah! there are moments when I find that language is nothing! Cheer up!—continue to be my true, my only love, my all, as I to thee: as for the rest—we must leave it to the gods to dispose for us as they please.

Thy faithful

LUDWIG."

"Monday evening, July 6th.

"Thou grievest, my dearest!—I have just learned that letters must be put into the post very early. Thou grievest! Ah! where I am, there art thou with me; with me and thee, I will find means to live with thee. What a life!!!! So!!!—Without thee, persecuted by the kindness of people here and yonder, which, methinks, I no more wish to deserve than I really do deserve it—humility of man towards men—it pains me—and when I consider myself in connexion with the universe, what am I, and what is he who is called the greatest? And yet again herein lies the divine in man! . . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent—but never disguise thyself from me. Good night! —As an invalid who has come for the benefit of the baths, I must go to rest. Ah God! So near! So distant! Is not our love a truly heavenly structure, but firm as the vault of heaven!"

"Good morning, on the 7th of July.

"Before I was up, my thoughts rushed to thee, my immortal beloved; at times cheerful, then again sorrowful, waiting to see if Fate will listen to us. I cannot live unless entirely with thee, or not at all; nay, I have resolved to wander about at a distance, till I can fly into thine arms, call myself quite at home with thee, and send my soul wrapped up in thee into the realm of spirits. Yes, alas! it must be so! Thou must cheer up, more especially as thou knowest my love to thee. Never can another possess my heart—never!—never!—O God! why must one flee from what one so fondly loves! And the life that I am leading at present is a miserable life. Thy love makes me the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of men. At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life; can this be in our mutual situation? Be easy; it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after thee, my life, my all! Farewell. O continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy

Beloved LUDWIG."

If this letter be read in connection with the facts and letters given in Vol. II. of this work, under the dates 1800–2, the conclusion is perfectly clear and certain, that it cannot belong in either of those three years. Even if no weight be granted to the general tone of this document, there are two sentences in it, which, in that brilliant period of Beethoven's life, could not have been written, and are therefore decisive:

First, "And the life that I am leading at present is a miserable life," [Should read: "Still my life in W. (Vienna), as it now is, is a wretched life"]; and then: "At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life.

In fact, the most careful reconsideration of the argument in the second volume,* aided by all that has been urged by any critics to the contrary, has not resulted in the discovery of any error, except in the unimportant remark, that any mistake made by Beethoven as to the *day* [in his date] is "inconceivable." For it has happened to the author, since that was written, to experience, how easily an error of that sort, made in the morning, may be continued during the day in private letters, and until the necessity of absolute correctness, in an official document, has brought the mistake to his notice.

Every careful and thoughtful reader of the above letter will see that it is irreconcilable with the hypothesis that Beethoven's passion for the person to whom it is addressed, was new or suddenly awakened; that, secondly, whoever she was, Beethoven had just parted from her; and, finally, that he writes in full confidence that his love is returned, that the wish to be united in weal and woe was mutual, and that, by patient waiting and constancy, the hindrances to "the object of living together" would at length vanish or be overcome.

In an attempt to determine *when* Beethoven thus wrote, his own imperfect dates cannot be passed by in silence, but must rather, and at some length, begin the discussion.

If the words: "Evening, Monday the 6th July," are to be taken as decisive of the date, the inquiry is confined to the years 1807 and 1812, because 1801 and 1808 are both out of the question: if, however, an error of one day be admitted, it extends to those noted here, three at one period and three at another:

We have then

	1806,	1807,	1808.
July 5th,	Saturday,	Sunday,	Tuesday,
July 6th,	Sunday,	Monday,	Wednesday,
July 7th,	Monday,	Tuesday,	Thursday.
	1811,	1812,	1813.
July 5th,	Friday,	Sunday,	Monday,
July 6th,	Saturday,	Monday,	Tuesday,
July 7th,	Sunday,	Tuesday,	Wednesday.

The years 1808 and 1811 are excluded, not to mention other grounds, because they involve an error of *two* days. There remain therefore the years 1806, 1807, 1812 and 1813, the claims of which may be best examined in the reverse order.

The year 1813 is at once excluded as impossible by the date of a letter to Varenna, "Baden, July 4th, 1813," and by other circumstances which prove that Beethoven passed that summer in Vienna and Baden.

In like manner the year 1812 falls out of consideration, because on the 28th of June he writes a note in Vienna to Baumeister, and on Tuesday, July 7th, arrives in Teplitz.

There remain therefore but the two years 1806 and 1807. To this point the question at issue was satisfactorily brought, when the passages in Vol. II. relating to it were written. If it be impossible that Beethoven can be in error in his two dates (the 6th and 7th of July), this makes it impossible to decide for the year, which for other reasons would be certainly correct, viz., 1806.

There is a letter from Beethoven to Brunswick, proposing to visit him in Pesth, *printed* with the date, May 14, 1806, which might be strong evidence in favor of that year; but unfortunately the true date is 1807, and so adds to our difficulty; for it is known that on the 22d July (and for some days, at least, before) 1807, he was in Baden; and there is nothing *thus far* to prove, that he could not have made the proposed visit and returned to Baden from Hungary in season to have written the love-letter on the 6th and 7th of that month.

If, however, the date of a correspondence with Simrock concerning the purchase of certain works, could be accurately determined, there is little doubt that this would solve the problem satisfactorily. If this correspondence

* Proving Schindler mistaken, in making Julia Guicciardi the addressee of this letter.

belongs in the year 1806, it seems quite impossible to escape the otherwise very improbable conclusion that the letter was written in Baden in 1807.

The late head of the house Simrock told the writer some years since, that Beethoven's letters to his father had been stolen;* there remained therefore only the hope that the old letter-books of the firm might afford the desired information. Not until July, 1871, when it was too late to use any new material in Vol. II., was it possible for the author to revisit Bonn, and to request of the present proprietor of the business permission to have those books examined, and any passages to his purpose copied for him. His request was most kindly granted, and the passages printed in the text soon after forwarded.

To his great satisfaction, the most important of these bears the date, May 31, 1807. This and the letter which follows in the text proves that Beethoven passed both the months, June and July, 1807, in Baden, and made no "terrible journey," with four horses, in a "bottomless by-road" where his carriage broke down.

The conclusion is evident and irresistible; there is an error of one day in Beethoven's date. The letter was written in that summer, which he spent partly in Hungary and partly in Silesia. There is no other in all the years from 1800 to 1815, in which the letter could have been written in the first days of July—all known facts and probabilities concur in this.

This discussion has also a still more important end in view, than the mere determination of the date of a love-letter; it is to serve as the basis of a vindication of the manliness of Beethoven's character, which just now is loudly called for.

The contributor† of Beethoven's "Letters to Gleichenstein" to Westermann's "Monatsheft" (1865), learned from Gleichenstein's widow, that the composer once offered his hand to her sister, Therese Malfatti. Upon this circumstance, combined with various remarks and allusions in those letters, he based a whimsical hypothesis, which, in course of the various uses to which he has turned that correspondence, has assumed in his mind the aspect of undoubted fact, and been repeatedly given to the public as such. We have no fear that any other writer of reputation has so accepted it, nor, on the other hand, do we know that any one has thought it worth refuting. But it has now become far too widely current, to be longer passed by in silence.

"Beethoven," says that writer, "fell in love with the dark-brown Therese," who, "although now, 1807, only *fourteen* years old, was physically fully developed." * * "His passion developed itself with equal suddenness and vehemence; but was neither then nor later returned by the young maiden." This matter "was evidently for the family somewhat unpleasant, for the passionate regard of this half deaf, more-than-thirty-six-year-old, most whimsical man for the fourteen-year-old girl, could not, as time passed on, be otherwise than distasteful."

* Since his death they have been discovered.
† L. Nohl.

"Very well; I hope here be truths!" says the clown in "Measure for Measure."

Remember, that this was the year of the Mass in C, and of the C-minor Symphony, and now, look on this picture:

Beethoven, the mighty Master, inspired with and working out compositions, which stir the soul to its profoundest depths!

And then on this:

"The lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Or, if preferred, oppose to the first picture this:

A "half deaf, most eccentric Corydon of more than thirty-six years" wandering where "amid mosses soft ripples in crystal flow the brook," vainly piping in melancholy strains, to this cruel, "early developed and early beloved fourteen-year-old" Phyllis! Grant for the moment, that this last pleasing picture of Beethoven in 1807, be true;—still, the wildest imagination, the most illogical mind, can by no possible contempt of reason and probability pretend that the letter of July 6th and 7th, 1806, can have been addressed to the Therese of thirteen years.

Still another hypothesis or conjecture must be noticed and, if possible, refuted, which otherwise might at some future time be accepted as true by some writer

"Of a free, intellectual, indeed eminent artistic activity,"

"To whom the deeper and true sources of German opinion and culture in an art, like Music, have remained sealed, and who rightly comprehends the German character,"

"Who does not forget, that it is just this beautiful habit of the artist of keeping himself with his whole soul close to Nature and to her equally mysteriously powerful and involuntary impulses, which lends him the power to exhibit these forces and impulses in his art,"

"Who is no shallow snob [*bornirter Philister*], that with the austere morality of historic investigation, will sit in judgment upon the finest and most individual tissues of human nature,"

"Who is wholly free from that austere morality, which is perceptible in Jahn's "Mozart"—in the presence of which the Muse of Art forever veils her benignant countenance—that austere morality so much bepraised, which views mankind from the point of duty alone,"

"Who never in his writings produces the impression of a pedantic investigation of moral character, and of a certain unpleasant ethical censorship, as is the case in O. Jahn's 'Mozart,'"

"Who is also totally free from a certain conventional narrowness of view, which blushes at that which is most human in man, and therefore is unable to understand, how any one can lay bare all the weaknesses, errors, and even the moral lapses of a great, that is, a real man,"

"Who holds himself far from conventional pedantry, or rather prudery, and ever demands the frankest publicity."*

* If any one takes this for a fancy sketch of character made by the present writer, let him look into an article by L. Nohl, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* of December 15 and 22, 1871, whence these citations are made, and see that gentleman's opinions given there at length of the style of man fit for the work of a biographer.

An author, ready to defend the moral principles here announced, might easily go to the length of presuming, that, even in the year 1806, Beethoven's letter may have been addressed to Julia Guicciardi, although she was then married to Count Gallenberg. Nor could there well be a more natural solution of the doubt to whom it was addressed, than this, if it were once proved or indeed accepted as truth, that the composer belonged to that distinguished class of musical geniuses, who (to quote again from the same writer) "are no longer subject to the precepts of the generally received moral law, and to the most ordinary obligations of duty," and in respect to whom "such mere ethical shallow-mindedness can never be elevated into binding laws for the conduct of life." If such was indeed Beethoven's character, would any farther argument be needed in support of the hypothesis, that he and that lady in the summer of 1806 impatiently awaited the moment, when she would be able to steal away from husband and children, so that the happy pair might gain "their object of living together," with "hearts close to one another."

Against this presumption there is a single objection, which, however, is sufficient: Count Gallenberg and his wife were already, long since, in Naples. No; this foul blot rests not upon the name *Beethoven*. Whoever has thought it worth his while to follow this discussion thus far, will now understand, why so much time and labor has been devoted to the efforts to fix, beyond all doubt, the dates of the letters of June 29, 1801† and of July 6 and 7, 1806; and this, too, long after, in the opinion of the writer, not a shadow of doubt remained. For, let these dates be once determined beyond controversy, and the wide-spread structures of romance, erected upon the sandy foundation of conjecture, must tumble in ruins. The young Beethoven, of highly excitable and susceptible temperament, endowed with remarkable genius and other attractive qualities, which more than compensated for his lack of personal beauty—the great pianist, the favorite teacher, the very promising composer, well received and admired in the first circles of the capital—this Beethoven was, as Wegeler expresses it, "never without a passion, for the most part, usually, in the highest degree intense." But with increasing years the passions cool; and it is a fact of common experience, that at last a deep and enduring affection may conquer the most fickle and inconstant lover. In the opinion of the writer, this was the case with Beethoven; and the famous love-letter was undoubtedly addressed to the object of such a rational, honorable, all-absorbing affection.

If this be so, and if in 1806 Beethoven was such a lover, it follows, that the allusions in the Gleichenstein correspondence, which its editor makes relate exclusively to "a fully developed (1807) girl of fourteen years," are to a very different person; and such in the writer's opinion was the fact.

The article in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, from which the quotations above are taken, contains also this passage:

† A letter to Wegeler, see Moscheles' Book, II., 205 et seq.

"Alas for future progress, if such mere ethical narrow-mindedness should ever be elevated into binding laws for the conduct of life! We should soon degenerate from good and free *men* into those wretched botcher and cobbler souls, of whom indeed our Fatherland, in every corner of it, has at any rate hatched out enough; and who to-day stand a hindrance to all real development of art in like degree as they are incapable of comprehending the genius of our great artists, who, because of their profounder insight into humanity, have made a purer and loftier development of art possible."

It is obvious to every reader that the author of that article had in mind a then recent occurrence, which had shocked the religious, and outraged the moral feeling of the public; and that the passages cited are from a labored defence of the guilty parties. It was this: an artist in a great German capital, standing among the first in his profession, and having a flattering prospect of attaining its highest positions, sacrificed his present emoluments and future hopes, to devote himself soul and body to the service of another, for whose productions he cherished an absurdly extravagant admiration. He, for whom the sacrifice was made, in return for this noble and disinterested generosity—this boundless devotion—seduced the wife of his admirer and stole her away from husband and children!

To what lengths a partisan spirit will carry a writer! Neither in the article above cited, nor elsewhere, has its author a word of censure for the crime against religion; of rebuke for the outrage against good morals; of abhorrence for the base ingratitude of the deceiver; of contempt or aversion for the faithless, shameless wife; nor of pity or sympathy for the injured husband. He speaks solely in the way of excuse, palliation, approval! It is but just to believe, that this writer's zeal may have urged him beyond the limits of discretion; that in momentary excitement he may have spoken rashly; that—had the case been his own—had *his* domestic circle been thus invaded, the sanctity of *his* family altar thus polluted, himself deserted and his children left motherless—he would never have written of it in language which all principles of religion and good morals condemn, which even an ordinary regard for the rights and happiness of one's neighbor must censure; that, with all his expressed contempt for austere morality and ethical narrowness of mind, he would never have rejoiced in the destruction of his own domestic happiness, because the destroyer, through this experience, would be able "in his heart more profoundly to comprehend the world and humanity," and, therefore, to express lust and lasciviousness in his music, with all that strength and positiveness with which the great composers have exhibited the loftiest sentiments of our common nature.

Still, one does not know. Many men, many minds, says the proverb. A certain honest citizen, when his friend remarked the great contrast in person and character between one child in his family, and all the others, replied, with a fond, proud glance at his beautiful wife: "Yes; His Sacred Majesty did us the honor!"

The Music of the Lutheran (as Compared with that of the English) Church.

(Concluded from Page 147.)

In 1524, "Enchiridion" appeared, being (according to the preface) "a little book very useful for a Christian to have with him at the present time, for a contemplation of spiritual songs and psalms, judiciously and carefully put into German by Dr. Martin Luther." The work contained in all, I believe, 24 chorales, of which 18 were by him. The same year appeared a larger book, the "Wittenberg Chorgesangbüchlein," edited by Luther and Walter (cantor to Frederic the Wise). Five years later (several others having appeared), there was printed at Wittenberg the "Gemeindegesangbuch," in the preface of which Luther complains that his hymns have in some editions been falsified, and he, therefore, forbids anyone enlarging or bettering them without his leave. He adds the following caution to his readers:—

"Now many false masters are making of song,
Look out then and see to whom they belong.
Where God would erect His church and His word
The Devil with murder and lies has deterred."

Rather strong language. The book is in five parts, for tenor (containing the melody), discantus, altus, bassus, and vagus (or 2nd tenor.)

Shortly after this appeared, however, he wrote the "Preface to all good hymn books." It is in rhyme, and the following is an attempt at an almost literal translation:—

"Of all the pleasures of the earth,
None can be found of such great worth
As those that I get by my singing,
And by the sweet sounds with it ringing.
Here can no evil thought have way,
Where comrades sing a heavenly lay;
Here stops no hate or envious gain,
And flies away each bosom's pain;
Want, greed, and all that's bad below,
Go forth with every grief and woe!" etc.

From the time of Luther, chorales became part of the German nation. The troublous times that had seen their birth, seem to have traced them with an indelible pen on the hearts and affections of the people. Times may change, persecutions may arise, foes may conquer the German race, but I firmly believe, against all will the chorale hold its own in the life of the people. It is an inseparable part of their being, almost as much as the air they breathe. "Though not so rich in its forms," says Ritter, "as the mass of the Catholic Church, the Protestant chorale, in its simplicity and grandeur, influenced the musical education of German composers not a little, and of these composers Bach and Handel were the greatest."

With regard to the "responses," I have but little to say of their history. The earliest mention of this kind of singing is, I believe, to be found in the works of Basil, one of the church fathers, who says that the Christians sung "sometimes one voice alone, the others joining in at the next verse." In the Romish church it had formed an important part of the worship, and thus Luther had brought it over into the German worship, the only difference—an important one—being, that he translated them from Latin into the national tongue.

With regard to the "mottetts," it is likewise difficult to trace any exact influence of the Reformation. They had long existed amongst the Italians, and containing nothing in opposition to the new doctrines of Luther, they obtained a ready entrance into his church—especially through the works of Senfle. He was a pupil of Isaac, and became capelmeister to the ducal court of Munich, and by his compositions,—although a catholic and engaged at a catholic court—became in intimate relationship with the Reformer. The motett we may roughly call the "anthem" of the German church. The motetts of the older masters are always sung without accompaniment, although some of the more modern writers—Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Rheinberger, and Richter, have used the organ with the voices. And here I beg leave to make a slight digression from my subject, and give you a few facts relative to mottetts and mottett singing in the town of Leipzig. It is indeed in that town that it especially flourishes, owing to its connection with the Thomas school. This institution is nothing more nor less than a "Burgerschule," or "National School," supported as most schools are, by the town, and affording education to all—rich or poor. There may be, perhaps, 300 boys in it; and out of these, all with voices are chosen and receive instruction in music. Over the musical part of the academy is placed the "Cantor," or head singing-master, and it is this post, together with the directorship of the music at three of the Leipzig churches, that Bach held for so many years of his illustrious life.

From this school, all the church choirs of the town are supplied. Beyond the chorales, it the duty of the boys to take part in the motetts and the "church music" (a phrase I will further explain). On Saturday afternoons, and on the afternoon before each festival, a short musical service—of half an hour's duration—is held in the Thomas Church. The service consists merely in the singing of one or two motetts, with sometimes an organ fugue between, but generally only a few chords on the organ. No minister appears during the whole service. The bell tolls, the organist plays a voluntary, and ceases. The conductor (generally an assistant-master of the Thomas school), raises his bâton, and the singing commences. The choir numbers about sixty voices. Should the motett be a long one—taking up the entire service, such, for instance, as one of Bach's—a pause is made in the middle, and the organist extemporizes. As I said before, most of the motetts are sung without accompaniment; and it is, indeed, a great treat to hear thus, perhaps, one of those glorious works of the old cantor—Bach—who once stood in that identical place himself, conducting them.

During a recent visit to Germany, some two months ago, I fell in with an old gentleman, of sixty years of age, who was himself, when a boy, a chorister at the Thomas school, and who had many recollections of Mendelssohn. At each service, the choristers would watch the doors for that well-known form. At last it would appear, and a thrill of excitement would pass through the boys, and the words "Mendelssohn's come," went from one to another. There he stood in the doorway, said my old friend, with his long black cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder. He would make his way into the building, and all eyes turned towards the form they knew so well and reverenced so much. As the singing began, he would lean forward, and supporting both arms on the pew in front, would bury his face in them, and remain thus, motionless, until the music was over.

So much for the motetts. I come now to another branch of the service, of which I have as yet said nothing, except in a passing allusion. I refer to the "church music," as it is called. It is customary from Christmas to Trinity Sunday to perform at the morning service a composition, or part of a composition—for soli, chorus, and *orchestra*. The orchestra for this purpose is paid—as are, I believe, all functionaries of the church—by the town. It was for this part of the service that Bach composed that large number of church cantatas—some of which have become so popular. Thus the so-called Christmas oratorio consists of six parts, appropriated to the days between Christmas and Epiphany. The celebrated "Ein feste Burg" cantata was written to be performed at the service on Reformation-Day. Sometimes extracts from oratorios are given, the soli being taken by the boys and masters of the Thomas school. The orchestra is placed in the gallery with the organ and choir; and, as soon as the music is over, the players leave by a door close by, without disturbance. The conductor of the church music is the so-called director, which post—as I said before—is, in Leipzig, combined with that of cantor to the Thomas school.

With the subject of "church music," *i. e.*, the production of sacred works, with orchestra, soli, and chorus, in the church, is closly allied to that on which I would now say a few words, viz., the Good Friday oratorio service. Let me here quote from Ritter's admirable history:—"The custom of representing during Passion Week, in an epic dramatic form; the Passion of Christ, dates back to the earlier period of the middle ages; and this became foremost among the miracle plays. A priest recited the part of Jesus; another, that of the Evangelist; and a third, the other parts. The people, the disciples, the Jews, &c., were represented by the chorus. This is the traditional manner in which it is still performed in the Sixtine Chapel, in Rome." "In the sixteenth century, some Protestant congregations introduced the custom of having the 'Pasion' performed in an entire musical form." The first passion music of importance was composed by Schütz, who died in 1672. This year was, indeed, one of special note in the annals of church music. At Rome, it saw—in all probability—the death, at the ripe age of eighty-five, of Carissimi, whose genius, one may almost say, created the church cantata. At Dresden, it beheld the death, at the age of eighty-seven, of him who has been rightly called "the father of German

music," the veteran Schürtz. And it recorded the composition and publication of what was to prove the type and forerunner of perhaps the greatest effort in church music: it saw Sebastiani's passion music given to the world. It was he who first introduced the chorale into such works, setting and harmonizing them in that free way of which Bach made so much and so excellent use.

The next composer in this form was Keiser, who was a chorister at the Thomas school at Leipzig. He attempted to introduce into his Passion music a more sentimental style, which, though severely censured by many, exerted a great influence on the poem of Brockes, verses of which have been used by Bach in the "St. John Passion." On Bach's Passion music, I need say nothing. You are all acquainted, doubtless, with those glorious works—and reverence them as highly as I, who have lived where, from my study-windows, I could look right into the identical rooms in which the old cantor lived, and where were composed these very works we value so much.

Having now finished the historical part of my paper, it remains for us to glance at the diversity between the Lutheran and English services, and from the comparisons we make, to draw our deductions. In considering the two services closely, I think we must admit that although our own possesses by far the finest ritual, the most devotional prayers, and in a form more likely to grasp and retain the attention of the congregation, yet undoubtedly the Lutheran church is the richest as regards musical matters. Another difference in the two services lies in the fact that the chief point of our English worship is the form of prayer—in Germany the chief point of interest is the sermon. Again, we have in our liturgy the confession, absolution, and Paternoster at the beginning of the service before the sermon; in Germany all three occur at the close of the Service and after the sermon. We have chanting in our service—in no form whatever does this exist in Germany.

These are some of the facts which, I think, should interest us; and now let us draw our deductions.

First and foremost, as having the most influence on the art we love so much, and would most faithfully serve, let us remember the "Church Music," and "Good Friday oratorio services." With great pleasure you have doubtless noticed the increasing number of churches where musical services are held. It is, I know, often difficult to introduce such things, but the chief scruple to be overcome is very apparent. Try to impress on the people with whom you come in contact, that it is not an essential thing in musical worship that the worshipper must, himself, sing. Let it be once felt, that the congregation with books of the words in their hands, can as fully enter into the singing of an oratorio, as if they were, themselves, joining in the Old Hundreth, and I believe we should find the greatest obstacle overcome. It may be argued that the works at hand for such performances are too long or too difficult. If this be the case what a capital chance for our excellent composers to furnish the church with works, which, by there moderate difficulty and length might become deservedly popular.

Another point, worthy of notice and imitation, is the slow intoning of the prayers in the Lutheran church. As the superintendants of the musical part of the service, we can surely do something to suppress the gabbling which has crept into our own worship.

We have much to be proud of in our English church; for there is, indeed, no nation that can boast of such an institution as our British "Church Service." It is a grand monument to the faith and belief of byegone generations, but like all else on earth it is not perfect. Here and there we find places which might be slightly improved; and, I am prone to think that music is one of these places. As time goes on, and a higher feeling is entertained towards art, especially by the clergy, we may hope for even still better times for church music than those in which we live; and if the feeble remarks that I have made in presenting to you some few facts relative to the music of a neighboring church, shall help you in any small way whatever, either to better or more fully appreciate our own glorious form of worship, I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble I have taken on your behalf in preparing this paper.

The Blind as Tuners.

From the Report of the Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind (Sept. 1877.)

This department is a very important branch in our system of training the blind to become self-supporting, and has received, under the able management of Mr. J. W. Smith, all the attention which its practical ends and useful purposes merit.

The instruction therein given during the past year has been as thorough and systematic as heretofore, and the results have been satisfactory.

The pressure for admission into this department has been stronger than ever; but the fact is kept constantly in view that there are many qualifications requisite to make a successful tuner of pianofortes, or a thorough music-teacher. Acute ear, mechanical skill, and natural talent, all are valuable possessions; but they do not suffice. To turn these to advantage, good manners, pleasing address, gentlemanly conduct, modesty in demeanor, and cleanliness in person and habits, are indispensable. Great as is the care, however, exercised in selecting those who seem well adapted in most respects, the number of pupils under instruction during the past year has reached nineteen, and is steadily increasing. Two of the recipients of the benefits of this department have left it at the close of the term,—Charles Libby of Sanford, Me., and Charles Lindsay of Melbourne, Can. The latter graduated and returned to his home, where he has excellent prospects of success as a tuner.

The time devoted by our pupils to taking lessons and practising in the tuning-rooms varies from four to twenty-four hours a week. They are carefully and scientifically instructed in the theory and practice of the art of tuning, as well as the construction of the pianoforte. Pains are taken not only to train their ear, but to acquaint them, by means of models of various kinds of actions, with the minutest detail of their mechanism, and to make them familiar with the form, size, and relations of every part, the material of which each is composed, the office it performs. A cabinet-organ has been added, during the past year, to the collection of instruments employed in the tuning department; and several of the pupils have been taught to tune reed organs, with promising results. If this proves a success, it will open a new field of usefulness to blind tuners, and especially to those who are obliged to seek employment in the country, the number of these instruments in the rural districts far exceeding that of pianofortes.

The outside work in tuning has more than doubled during the past year, and our best tuners have been kept steadily busy. This increase, as well as our success in obtaining the contract for tuning and keeping in good working order the pianofortes used in the schools of Boston, is largely owing to the active sympathy given to the pupils by most of the prominent musicians in the city. Praise and thanks are due to all of them, but especially to Messrs. B. J. Lang and Carl Zerrahn, who, after a patient and conscientious trial of our tuners, have furnished them with the following recommendations:—

J. W. SMITH, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—I desire to tell you how thoroughly contented and satisfied I have been by some tuning which has been done for me by persons sent from the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

In the cases which have come under my observation, the work was excellent; in one of them the instrumen has held its tune six or seven weeks, almost without disorder of any sort.

That the pianoforte tuning which may be done from your people must invariably be good I have no doubt; and I give you and them my hearty wishes for the success and patronage which is so well deserved.

Yours, B. J. LANG.

BOSTON, Feb. 8, 1877.

BOSTON, March 31, 1877.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I examined a pianoforte tuned by one of the pupils of the Institution for the Blind, and that I found the work done on the same to my perfect satisfaction.

CARL ZERRAHN.

These words of approval and countenance, coming from such eminent authorities, have done much to swell the number of our patrons, as well as to fill the blind themselves with hope and courage, and have undoubtedly had their weight in the decision by which the pianofortes of the public schools have been placed under the care of our tuning department. This event is of so vast an importance to the blind of New England, and of the whole country, as to merit a brief notice hy itself, followed by a statement of some of the reasons for the success of the blind as tuners of pianofortes.

Contract for Tuning the Pianos in the Public Schools.

Nearly a year ago the attempt was made to secure the contract for tuning the pianofortes used in the public schools of the city of Boston. Application was made to the proper committee of the school board, and the matter duly canvassed; but it was decided that it would be utterly impossible for the blind to fill the terms of the contract, however well qualified they might be as tuners.

Early in the spring, owing to the sudden death of the person who had taken care of the pianofortes in the public schools for many years, the contract was opened to competition. Our application was then renewed, and our claim strongly urged by the earnest friends of the blind, foremost among whom were Charles L. Heywood and Abraham Cutter. Some of the most influential daily papers of Boston unreservedly advocated our cause. Petitions were signed by numerous distinguished citizens, by several of the leading musicians of the city (some of whom had employed blind tuners), asking the school board to give them a trial. The members of the proper committee were interviewed; and all seemed disposed to grant our request, provided they could feel sure that the work would be thoroughly done. Satisfactory assurance on this point having been given, the contract was cheerfully awarded to this Institution, on the ground, that, other things being equal, the blind had the first claim on the public patronage. Our tuners entered on this new field on the 1st of May, with zeal and enthusiasm; and we believe that their work has thus far given satisfaction to all parties.

This contract is of high value to the blind in its practical bearings, as well as in its moral effects. Besides furnishing with steady work three or four sightless tuners, it will serve to eradicate some of the deeply-rooted prejudices against the abilities of all their brethren in misfortune, and give new scope and power to our tuning department.

One of the most grievous but entirely unjust burdens with which the blind are gratuitously laden, proceeds from the common supposition that they are and must ever be helpless and dependent. Their mental faculties, their moral attributes, and their social affections are hardly disputed, in this country at least. But their capacity for usefulness, their skill in handicraft, and their efficiency in arts and professions, are often doubted, even by intelligent persons. This is a gross error of popular judgment; and every practical illustration which goes to prove the abilities of the blind will help to overcome distrust, and vindicate their claim to social equality with industrious and cultivated people. No demonstration could have accomplished this end so directly and effectually as the fact of 127 costly instruments used in the public schools of the city of Boston being placed by contract under the charge of the tuners of this Institution by a committee composed of well-informed persons and business men. The moral effects of this official recognition of the ability and proficiency of the blind tuners are worth more to them, and to their fellow sufferers, than gold and rubies: and to the school-board of the metropolis of New England justly belongs the honor of having done justice to them, and rendered a great service to humanity. The good effects of this act are already beginning to be seen. Our tuners are steadily gaining the confidence of the community, and their services are sought and employed by some of the best families in Boston and the neighboring towns. They bring to their work a finely cultivated ear, and a thorough knowledge of the art of tuning; and, as will be shown by the following remarks, their infirmity, instead of being a drawback to them, gives certain positive advantages in their profession.

Reasons for the success of the Blind as Tuners.

That sightless persons succeed remarkably well in tuning pianofortes, that they have in some respects decided advantages over their seeing brethren in the craft, is no matter of wonder to those acquainted with their skill. But a careful consideration of the effects of their infirmity on the remaining senses, and of the cultivation which these senses receive at schools intended for the benefit of the blind, will dispel even the shadow of a doubt from any thinking mind.

No one can deny the possibility that the optic nerve influences those of the other senses to the extent that one nerve can act on another through the medium of the brain; but the sense of sight, which generally deals with material objects, has no jurisdiction whatever in the department of sound. Here the ear reigns supreme, absolute monarch,

without any rival, or even subordinate minister. Here the auditory organs alone can be advantageously employed, and render efficient service. True, when we come in contact with the vibrations of sonorous bodies, there are certain sensations produced in the sensorium, even when the avenue of the sense of hearing is hermetically sealed; but these differ widely from those caused by the impression received through the auditory nerves, and are not pleasurable. Laura Bridgman says that she *hears* the brass band play; but, in point of fact, her hearing consists in a kind of sensation which is produced through the nervous fibres of her feet by coming in contact with the vibrating floor of the music-room, and of which the ordinary sensitive nerves are generally susceptible. In other words, she perceives the vibration of bodies, by the nerves of touch, as mere tremors, a sensation wholly different in its nature from sound. Delicate and extremely exquisite as her organization is, it does not enable her to distinguish pitch, or harmony. It is ear, therefore, and ear alone, that deals with sounds and their qualities and relations, as the eye judges of light, or of colors and their combinations; and it is the acuteness of the ear, and not the sharpness of the eye, that enables a tuner of pianofortes to distinguish the difference of the notes, and to balance or distribute the inequalities of the scale.

Now, in consequence of the loss of sight, the blind begin early to concentrate their attention upon impressions received through the auditory nerves. They constantly employ the ear for various purposes for which seeing persons use the eyes, and they let it rest only when they are asleep. By continual and steady exercise they render it a close observer, so that they are enabled by its aid to determine distances, to avoid dangers, to thread their way through the crowded streets of the city to their places of business or to the house of a customer, and to recognize their friends through the different tones and peculiarities of the voice. Moreover, the atmosphere of this Institution being in a high degree musical, uncommon opportunities are offered for the thorough cultivation and refinement of the ear; and its acuteness and nicety are hereby so greatly improved that the blind acquire a most astonishing power and accuracy in distinguishing the pitch and quality of sounds. Owing to their peculiar training, the sensation of the auditory organs in the blind is so increased in intensity that distant sounds are perceived by them as distinctly as remote objects are clearly discerned by the eye armed with a telescope. Hence, so far as the work of tuning is concerned, if there be any advantage possessed by one class over the other, it must necessarily be in favor of the blind.

It must be admitted, however, that in repairing pianofortes the sightless tuner is at a disadvantage, because here the hand is not guided by the ear, but directed by the eye. Nevertheless, even here there are many things which he can do quite as well as the seeing workman, although he may require a little more time. General repairing, however, should never be undertaken by any tuner, whether blind or seeing, unless he be a practical piano-maker.—Many costly instruments have been injured by inexperienced workmen who have attempted to do on them what did not belong to their profession, and was beyond their knowledge and skill.

Mme. Marie Roze-Perkins.

The Chicago *Musical Review* gleans from *Figaro* and other English journals the following sketch of the career of the distinguished singer who will soon be heard on this side of the Atlantic.

Mdlle. Marie Rozé was born in Paris, in 1846. At an early age she entered the Conservatory of Music, in which she was a pupil of Auber. Upon the completion of her studies in that institution, she carried off the *premier prix* for opera comique—which gained for her an immediate engagement at the Salle Boieldieu. From the first, her success was very marked, and she displayed genuine histrionic talent in every character that she attempted to personate. In fact, she won laurels so rapidly that in 1869 she assumed the role of *Marguerite* in "*Faust*" at the Grand Opera, and at once gained the favor of one of the most cultured audiences in France, although Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Hisson and Christine Nilsson had appeared in the same character, the same season. Immediately, in almost every shop window of every photographer, could be seen the portrait of the beautiful *Gretchen*, distaff in hand, sitting at the spinning wheel. From this time, she began the study of the repertory of Grand Opera, under the tuition of the best masters in Paris. In 1867 opera goers remarked the artistic manner in which Mdlle. Rozé rendered the ungrateful role of *La Contesse* in Auber's "L'Ambassadrice," and a year later created a furore in the title-role of Mehul's opera of "Joseph." Her first creation was the part of *Therese* in "Le Fils du Brigadier," and her second, the principal female role in Auber's "Le premier jour de bonheur." (Feb. 15, 1868), she being expressly chosen by the great composer. Her rendering of the air, "Les Djinns." took the whole capital by storm, and the fair interpreter directly became one of the most popular personages of the French stage.

In the latter part of the same year, she created the part of *Jeanne* in Flotow's "L'Ombre." When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Mdlle. Rozé, being the most popular vocalist in Paris, was chosen to sing the 'Marseillaise' at the patriotic concerts for the benefit of the sufferers of the war. She refused to take advantage of the liberty accorded by the enemy to all women, to leave the city, but remained courageously at her post, giving concerts for the benefit of the sufferers, and attending upon the sick and wounded with the devotion of the most plucky and patriotic Frenchwoman.

For these many acts of charity and courage, she was presented with several medals, and by the Government of France a special diploma of thanks for distinguished bravery. After the close of the war, Mdlle. Rozé filled a most successful engagement in Brussels in Italian Opera.

Her success in Italian Opera was so marked that Mr. Mapleson, manager of Her Majesty's Opera House, London, offered her a good engagement, upon which she entered in 1872. She made her debut in Gounod's "Faust," and was received with enthusiastic applause—in fact, created a splendid impression by her fine vocalism and highly artistic and intelligent rendering of the character of *Marguerite*. Later, she created the part of *Marcellina* in Cherubini's opera of "Les deux Journées," and of *Queen Berengaria* in Balfe's "Il Talismano."

As well known, Mr. Jule E. Perkins entered into an engagement with Mr. Mapleson, at Milan, Italy, in the summer of 1873, for a term of five years, and entered upon his engagement with Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company, London, during the autumn, as primo basso, when he made the acquaintance of the fair donna, the subject of this sketch. As a sequence, they were married in London July 23, 1874. The happy artists made a tour of this country directly after the nuptial ceremony, and attending an artists' banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. Aug. 11th, they sang soprano and bass solos in "Elijah." They were also heard at a private gathering of artists and friends in Boston, at the residence of Mr. W. O. Perkins, previous to their departure for Europe, August 29th.

Mme. Rozé-Perkins has been connected with Mr. Mapleson's company, as one of his leading prima donnas, since 1872, always sustaining herself to the great satisfaction and delight of the critics and public of London and the provinces. During the spring of 1875, she was connected with M. Carl Rosa's company for the provincial tour, as his leading artist, and was equally successful in her rendering of English Opera. During the past two years, whenever the great artist, Titiens, was unable to appear, Mme. Perkins was invariably chosen to sustain her roles, which she often did at one or two days' notice. At a few hours' notice, she assumed the part of *Ortrud*, in "Lohengrin," for Mdlle. Titiens, in London, without even a rehearsal, and with great satisfaction to the public, which serves to demonstrate the great histrionic talent, culture, and adaptability of this lady. Since the death of the lamented Titiens, Mme. Rozé-Perkins has sustained her roles in all of the principal operas, and has received the most hearty and enthusiastic applause from the English public, as well as the highest meeds of praise from the press.

The operatic engagement of Mme. Rozé-Perkins with Mr. Max Strakosch was signed Oct. 9, 1877. The five months' season opens in Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1878. The repertoire of Mme. Rozé-Perkins is very extensive, including *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," *Aida* and *Norma*, *Valentine* in "Les Huguenots," *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni," *Alice* in "Roberto," *Amelia* in "Un Ballo," *Susanna* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," *Pamina* in "Il Flauto Magico," *Leonora* in "La Favorita," *Arline* in "The Bohemian Girl," *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Agatha* in "Der Freischütz," and the title-role in "Mignon."

In speaking of the untimely death and almost irreparable loss of Mr. Jule E. Perkins, the London *Figaro* says: "Mme. Rozé-Perkins has kept steadily onward in the path that Mr. Julius Perkins marked out for her. She has yet her allotted work to perform; for the Anglo-Italian stage can ill afford to lose so thoroughly useful an artist." And in speaking of her American engagement, it says: "Our opera goers will therefore be deprived of the services of the popular prima donna during the whole of the spring, and greater part of the summer season. Her absence will be felt, for Mme. Rozé-Perkins has long been considered the artist whom the public will most willingly accept as a substitute for Mdlle. Titiens."

There is an important point connected with this American engagement, in that the entrepreneur has not contracted to pay more than he can properly afford. The extravagant sums paid to artists have now become ridiculous—so absurd, indeed, that in many cases there exists a strong suspicion that they are not quite genuine. Mr. Strakosch has doubtless taken into consideration her gifts of person, the voice with which she has been endowed by nature, and which has been so admirably cultivated by art, her dramatic talent, her great English and continental popularity, and the fact that she is the widow of an American vocalist whose memory is still cherished. Looking at all these facts, it cannot be denied that Mr, Max Strakosch has made an exceedingly good bargain.

The Irish Times (Dublin) Oct. 16th, says of Mme. Rozé-Perkins, in "Der Freischütz": "It need hardly be said that she looked as pretty as possible, and her delightful acting was exceedingly attractive. A more satisfactory *Agatha* it would not be easy to find. We may say that the performance was one of exceptional merit, and worthy of the repute of the charming artist."

Mme. Rozé-Perkins is a brunette, full medium height, with a robust physique, beautiful features, queenly in appearance, and graceful in every movement, betokening the intelligent and cultured Frenchwoman. The route of the Strakosch company will be as follows: Philadelphia, Jan. 7 to 12; Washington, Jan. 14 to 19; Baltimore, Jan. 21 to 26; Pittsburg, Jan. 28 to 30; Cleveland, Jan. 31 to Feb. 2; Chicago, Feb. 4 to 16; St. Louis, Feb. 18 to 23; Indianapolis, Feb. 25 to 27; Louisville, Feb. 28 to March 2; Cincinnati, March 4 to 9; Detroit, March 11 to 13; New York, March 18 to April 7; Boston, April 8 to 21.

San Francisco.—A friend, well known in Boston musical circles, writes us of the fine Quintette Concerts given in that city by the Schmidt family, three of them pupils of the Leipsic Conservatory. They are: Miss Alice Schmidt, piano, Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., and Mr. Clifford Schmidt, violins, Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola, and Mr. Ernest Schmidt, violoncello. They are assisted by Miss Isabella Thomas, Soprano, from the Conservatoire at Paris, and Mr. Jos. Wrba, clarionet, and other vocalists. The letter is private, but we take the liberty of copying a few sentences:

"I send you a set of the Programmes of the first series of the Schmidt Quintette Concerts, thinking that you would be interested to know what is being done at this side of the continent in advancing the musical standard.

"In the dearth of musical entertainments of a good character, you may judge what a treat these concerts have been to me, as the playing has been, on the whole, very fine from all the members. Mr. Louis (Jr.) Schmidt has quite a poetic nature and instils into all the performances in which he takes part that subtile something which stirs one's emotions and removes the sense of mechanical effort. I wish to say one word in praise of the Clarinet playing of Mr. Jos. Wrba, whose superior I have never heard, in delicacy and refinement of tone, even the upper notes coming *pp* and sure. I am quite surprised and delighted to find such an artist here. Of the vocalists—Mrs. Tippets and Mrs. Norton are quite the equal of our home concert singers, Mrs. N. reminding one of Miss Thursby in the clear cut execution of piano staccato passages. Her enunciation was especially good in every language in which she sang. She responded to an encore with a French song."

Here are the programmes:

Nov. 6, 1877.

String Quartet in F major. No. 3. Op. 17. First movement.....Rubinstein.
Song, "On Song's Bright Pinions"... .Mendelssohn.
Violin Solo, "Mozart Variations".....David.
Trio, in E flat, Op. 100. First movement..Schubert.
Violoncello Solo. { *a.* Nocturne.....Cossmann. *b* Mazurka.....David Poper.
Piano Solo. { *a.* Impromptu.....Hiller. *b.* Novelette.....Schumann.

String Quartet. Op. 64. Adagio and Finale..Haydn.
Two Songs, with Violin obligato.
{a. "The Forest's Greeting." / b. "Spring Flowers." } .....Reinecke.
Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat. Op. 44.
First movement.....Schumann.

Nov. 20.

String Quartet in E flat major, Op. 74, First movement.....Beethoven.
Cavatina. "Salve dimora," from Faust, with Violin Obligato.....Gounod.
Violin Solo, "Airs Hongroises".....Ernst.
Trio, in G major, Op. 112, Third and Last movements.....J. Raff.
Vocal Duet, "La Serenata".....Rossini.
Violoncello Solo, "Serenade," from Concerto, Op. 34.....Lindner.
Andante con Variazioni, from String Quartet in D minor.....Schubert.
Song, with Violin Obligato, "Forest Sounds." Lachner.
Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44, Second and Third movements.....Schumann.

Dec. 4, 1877.

String Quartet, in G major, Op. 24, No. 1, "Allegro Moderato".....Jos. Haydn.
Recitativo and Aria, from Orfeo, "Che farò senza Eurydice".....Gluck.
Violin Solo, "Ciaccona".....Tomaso Vitali.
Trio, in D minor, Op. 49, "Andante con moto" and "Scherzo".....Mendelssohn.
String Quartet, "Andante Cantabile," from Op. 18, No. 5.....Beethoven.
Rondo Brilliant, in B minor, Op. 70, for Piano-forte and Violin.....Schubert.
Songs, {a. "In a Distant Land".....Taubert. / b. "Wanderer's Song".....Schumann.
Quintet, for Clarionet and Strings, Op. 108, Allegro, Larghetto, and Tema con Variazioni. Mozart.

Dec. 18, 1877.

String Quartet, in D minor. Op. 75, No. 2, "Allegro Appassionato".....A. Bazzini.
English Song, "The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest".....Hatton.
Violin Solo, "Concerto Militaire".....C. Lipinski. With Piano and Quintet accompaniment.
String Quartet, "Austrian Hymn Variations," Jos. Haydn.
Piano Solo "Capriccio Brilliant," in B minor, Op. 22.....Mendelssohn. With Quintet accompaniment,
Aria and Cabaletta "Ah! Forse e lui".....Verdi.
Violoncello Solo, {a. Nocturne, / b. Mazurka, } Op. 6...Davidoff.
Quintet, for Piano and String Instruments, in E flat, Op. 44, "Finale".....Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1878.

The Christmas Oratorios.

To listen to the sublime harmonies of Handel's *Messiah*, during the week of the Nativity, has come to be indispensable with all musical and religious people hereabouts. We have the musical Society, the well trained multitudinous Chorus, the fine solo singers, the Orchestra and Great Organ, the spacious noble Music Hall, and the experienced Conductor, all to be relied on for its worthy presentation. This year our old Handel and Haydn Society have done still better. They have given us *two* evenings of great Christmas music. Reserving the *Messiah* for the evening of Christmas proper, they gave us on the preceding Sunday evening our second hearing of the equally beautiful and great Christmas Oratorio of Bach — that is, the first two Parts or Services of the six which he composed for the six days of the week—followed by Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," and the "Noël" (another sort of Christmas Oratorio) by Saint-Saëns,— all of which were heard for the first time here in the Triennial Festival last May. The audiences on both evenings were as large as the great Hall could conveniently hold, and manifested much enthusiasm, for the performances were in the main remarkably good, and all passed off satisfactorily; besides which, this wonderful period of mild, clear weather, with most exhilarating air, without wind or snow or wet, and night after night of brilliant starlight, the evening star in the West, so heavenly pure and bright, ever reminding of the "Star in the East," appeared to reach its perfect climax on that holy night, and disposed one all the more to open heart and soul and sense to heavenly Symphony and Song.

Bach's music was deeply enjoyed, we are sure, by most of the listeners, and more or less of it by all. How could it be otherwise? Such music is sure to reveal new beauty, power and meaning every time we hear it; it is inspired, instinct with genius, as with deep piety, with warm, sincere humanity throughout, and its Art is perfect. Anything more full of joy uncontainable and glorious jubilation than that opening chorus, ushered in with drum and trumpets, "Mortals, be joyful," can hardly be conceived of; and it was splendidly sung by the 450 voices. Still greater, could we have it in equal perfection, is that other chorus: "Glory to God," which is more complicated, but which grows and swells in power and volume to the end, sweeping the voices on with it as in a whirlwind. This is not so easily appreciated, but is sure to reward study. But the Chorals,—those broad, rich, deep and tranquil moments of repose—were most refreshing and sustaining; every one felt better for them; and those who marked the different character lent by different harmony to the same Choral,—especially the lovely manner in which strains of the Pastoral Symphony are made to accompany it in the end,— had a beautiful example of the unfailing resources of the polyphonic art. One of the most strikingly original and beautiful numbers of the work is No. 7, where a charming bit of Symphony, a Choral in unison (trebles): "For us to earth he cometh poor," and sentences of Bass recitative continually alternate; this did not seem to us to be appreciated at its full worth; at least there was no demonstration.

Passing to the solos, there was but a single sentence of Recitative,—the Angel's announcement,— for the Soprano; and its exquisite purity and beauty was just suited to Miss THURSBY's voice, who gave it simple, yet refined expression. Mrs. H. E. SAWYER took the Contralto recitative, which she delivered in a large, full voice and style. The most admired of all the Arias was of course the Cradle Song, for which Miss ANNIE CARY's noble voice is so well suited, and which she sang wonderfully well, with the exception that she did not seem so lost in the feeling of the music as one could wish, and in the cadences let the great voice come out a little too much on its own account; but it was superb singing. In the Franz arrangement the repetition was somewhat abridged, while Franz's introduction of reed instruments in the middle harmony certainly enriched the music very much. Mr. WM. J. WINCH gave the Tenor recitative intelligently and finely, and really achieved a great feat in the way of fluent, rapid, florid execution in the extremely difficult Aria: "Haste ye, shepherds," which might have been taken a little slower to advantage. The Bass solos were entrusted to Mr. A. E. STODDARD (Barytone), of New York, his first appearance here. He has a solid, telling voice, and for the most part good delivery, albeit a little dry and sometimes coarse, and his enunciation is by no means perfect.

Now for the instrumental part, with (for the first time) what Robert Franz has done for the completion of the Score. The Pastoral Symphony certainly sounded better than it has ever sounded here before, even when more smoothly played by Thomas, who, however, had not the Franz score. It was unfortunately taken too fast, nor was the *legato* character sufficiently preserved in the reed instruments. The added pair of low clarinets (which had to pass for the English horns with which Franz replaces the old Oboi di Caccia, &c.,), made the whole harmony sound richer, warmer and less poverty-stricken. The beauty of the piece was felt more than before; but it was still far short of the ideal rendering which it deserves, as being almost the most beautiful piece of pure instrumental music in existence. In the Cradle Song the added accompaniments lent a new charm, but the performance is to be credited with worthy intention rather than with adequate realization. In the choruses, the all important flutes and oboes were difficult to hear, smothered among all those voices. We forbear further comment, since what we would say is so satisfactorily said by another in a passage which we append to this article.

Of Mr. Parker's Hymn we have only room to say that it was splendidly performed, and with a will, fully confirming the good impression which it made before. And of the "Noël" of Saint-Saëns, that though it contains much that is beautiful, more that is ingenious, and a few passages of grandeur, yet the oftener we hear it, the more it seems to us, as a whole, frivolous and superficial heard right after Bach. His Pastoral Symphony has a certain French romantic quaintness and simplicity (affected?), and skillfully helped out as it was by Mr. LANG upon the Organ, it made a decided effect with the larger, or the louder, portion of the audience. The solos, trio and quartet, quintet, &c., by the already mentioned artists, were very finely sung, Miss Thursby's sweet, pure voice, and delicate, refined expression appearing to great advantage There was also excellent harp accompaniment, in this and the preceding work, by Mr. FREYGANG.

Social engagements on Christmas evening deprived us, as doubtless many others, of nearly all of the *Messiah*; but we were not missed in that crowd, most of whom probably have not heard it about one hundred and fifty times, as we have! Given by that great Chorus, all knowing it by heart, and by a fine quartet of solo artists:—Miss THURSBY, Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY (welcome back to these scenes and to work like this!), Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY,— and in this vigorous and zealous period of the old Society, we can well trust the general report of the excellent performance it received. This performance, too, was distinguished by the reinstatement of certain fine numbers of the work which for many years have been omitted,—but at the expense of certain others which no one could help missing; such as: "He trusted in God," "And with his stripes." And shall we never hear again the second part of the Air "He was despised?"

We reached the Hall only in the middle of the Hallelujah Chorus. That and the still greater final choruses never sounded more sublime to us. Miss Thursby sang the great song of Faith in a sustained and noble style, with chaste and pure expression, although her lovely voice showed signs of fatigue, probably from much travelling and concertizing. The trumpet Aria, grandly sung by Mr. Whitney, was, for the first time, given in Mozart's arrangement, which substitutes the softer horns for trumpets in some parts, besides shortening the piece, which seemed to us an improvement on the old way.

And now to return to the Franz instrumentation. We borrow from an article by Mr. W. F. Apthorp (who seems to have a special turn for the investigation of such points) in last Sunday's *Courier*, what follows;

To discuss the absolute necessity of what Franz has done towards filling out the incomplete and sketchy scores of the above-mentioned works, or even to more than mention the singular fitness for his task and the rare and complete musical culture that Franz has shown in his difficult work, would carry me far beyond the limits of a newspaper article. For the present it will be sufficient to assume the necessity of such filling out, as well as the able manner in which it has been done. The late performance of the Christmas Oratorio showed, however, that some special conditions have to be observed before Franz's score will be as perfect to the ear as it is to the eye. The prime object of all music is certainly to *sound* well, but we must not always conclude rashly that an unsatisfactory effect is the fault of miscalculation or ignorance on the part of the composer. That a Franz-Bach score is a fundamentally different thing from a score of Mozart, Beethoven or any of the modern composers, can be seen at a glance. The orchestra is treated on a different principle. Each separate instrument has an individual rôle to perform; each one is as important as the others. For instance, the flutes and reeds are rarely employed, as we find them so constantly by Mozart and Haydn, merely for the sake of enriching the orchestral coloring by variously contrasted qualities of tone: with Bach they are made to play independent parts in the contrapuntal web of the music. It is not enough for the ear to grasp the fact that now a flute lends its voice to the harmony, and now a pair of oboes give a different shade of tone to the whole, but the ear must distinctly hear exactly what

the flute or oboes have to say, for in nine cases out of ten what they have to say is of the utmost importance —an organic and indispensable part in the structure of the composition. Now it is unavoidable that, in so large a place as the Music Hall, a single flute, oboe or clarinet should be unable to assert its theme in the face of a chorus of several hundred voices and a respectable mass of strings. As it was, the wind instruments (excepting the trumpets) were scarcely audible at all. Their very position on the stage was against them: they were so surrounded by the chorus and the rest of the orchestra, so hemmed in on all sides by bad reflectors of sound, that they were robbed of half their usual resonance. As a proof of this may be cited the fact that in the opening bars of the *Christmas Oratorio* two flutes, playing almost alone, made such a feeble sound as to be virtually inaudible to such listeners as had not the score before them, and to be hardly perceptible even to those who knew the score, and had the printed notes to guide their ears in the right direction. Such substitutions of an almost inaudible buzzing for definite and essential musical phrases occurred so frequently as to enforce the conviction that the whole dynamic balance of the orchestra was wrong. Whether this balance of power can be restored by placing the weaker wind instruments in a different position in relation to the chorus and the rest of the orchestra, or whether it is necessary to double the flute and reed parts when works of this class are given with so large a chorus in so large a hall, is only to be determined by experiment. If this doubling proves necessary it will place one more difficulty in the way of having wholly satisfactory performances of Bach's choral works, but one which will not be insurmountable to energy and good will: and the Handel and Haydn Society have given abundant proof that they possess both these excellent qualities in a high degree. Indeed it is no mean task to attempt to give either the *Passion-Musik* or the *Christmas Oratorio*. If we may believe what is said, the Society have already won the most important victory in the arduous path of success in this direction; the chorus have learned to love the music. That already bespeaks much, perhaps everything. They have even done more, they have succeeded in singing very much of the music admirably well: with correctness, security and power. But with love comes respect. The Society knows by this time the difficulty of the undertaking. Its performances up to this time have been—must have been—experimental in a great measure, and the experiment has been almost wholly their own. They have had little or no tradition to fall back upon; they have not been able to stand in a position of authority, with knowledge and experience on their side and ignorance on the side of the public; they have been studying Bach in fellowship with the public, and they have by this time learned that he is worth studying. Upon the whole, it may be said that they have learned more than was to be expected, and their rapid progress gives the fairest hopes for the future. But that they should have already arrived at the pitch of Bach-knowledge which will enable them to give wholly satisfactory performances of the grand old Saxon's works is not to be expected. As I have said, the whole affair is so purely experimental. Even the Franz-Bach scores are almost untried: it is plain enough that Franz has been signally successful in the "purely musical" part of his work; he has worked out Bach's figured basses contrapuntally in the most masterly manner; his perfected scores, when arranged for the pianoforte, are absolute gems, but it is only by repeated experiments that it can be proved that he has put his admirable counterpoint well upon the orchestra—that his instrumentation is as fine as his part-writing. And let us not forget that neither Bach, when he composed the *Christmas Oratorio*, nor Franz, when he completed its score, had such a vast choral body in view as that of the Handel and Haydn Society. Franz's score may sound superb when played by a common orchestra and sung by a chorus of a hundred and fifty or two hundred voices, but if the chorus is increased to the size of that of the Handel and Haydn Society, the orchestra must be increased in the same ratio; and if it cannot be so increased, the organ must step in to help it out. Of the successive performances of Bach's works by the Handel and Haydn Society it may be said, and said with enthusiasm, that they have been steadily improving; the Society has undertaken a noble work with a will, and the first word of discouragement that is spoken, the first attempt that is made at inducing them to desist from accomplishing their high task, is a stroke delivered right in the face of the best musical interests in our community. It is equally idle to say that they have already reached their promised goal. That they have done as much as they have, is enough to boast of for the present.

Concerts.

THE FOURTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, (Dec. 20) had a beautiful programme, which was greatly enjoyed by the too few who were present in those busy hours of Christmas shopping.

Overture to "Coriolan,".....Beethoven
Air: "My Heart ever faithful," with Piano and 'Cello.....Bach
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.....Beethoven
Adagio; Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Scherzo.—Allegro ma non troppo.
Ave Maria, with Quartet of Strings.....R. Franz
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.

Nocturne, in E minor (MS.).....C. C. Mueller
Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn
Romanza: "Assisa a piè d'un salice,"
Prayer: "Deh calma, o ciel,"
from "Otello,".....Rossini
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
Overture: "In the Highlands,".....Gade

The concise and fiery Overture to Cellin's *Coriolanus* was given with spirit and precision; and the lovely Fourth Symphony was for the most part clearly and delicately rendered, particularly the Adagio. The Nocturne by Mr. C. C. Mueller, a learned German musician who has resided for some years in New York, translator of Sechter's "Harmonies," an industrious composer of large orchestral scores (Symphonies, Suites, Overtures, &c.) is in the modern romantic vein, intended to illustrate a passage in Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whip-poor-will complaining,
Perched on his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided,
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them as one hears in slumber,
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

It was both interesting and disappointing. There were pleasing suggestions of natural sounds, night and mysterious murmurs of the forest, worked out and colored with much skill; and there is something like a Choral in the middle. But there was a certain mistiness about it all, a want of life and clearness, as if a cloud of dust enveloped it. Yet on the whole it seemed to give not a a little pleasure. The clear, bright, buoyant Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, right after it, was like the voice of Spring, and made a fine relief. Gade's picturesque "Highlands" Overture closed the concert well.

Surely nothing could have been more fit, more interesting than the selections for Miss CRONYN. The joyous Bach Aria, accompanied by Mr. DRESEL and Mr. WULF FRIES, was beautifully sung, and with a full conception of the spirit of the music. Yet a slight soreness of the throat, under which this very delicately organized young artist had been laboring, prevented her from singing with her usual ease. But the lovely voice, the fervor, the unaffected and complete absorption in her music, were there, and these rare qualities are sure to charm. The *Ave Maria* by Franz has found in her its best interpreter so far; she sang it with the whole heart and soul; and the string quartet accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Dresel when it was sung some years ago, made the exquisite effect complete. The Scena from *Otello*, with Rossini's delicate yet full instrumentation made complete by Mr. FREYGANG'S harp, proved itself a charming concert piece. It is the sweet sad song of "Willow, willow," which Desdamona sings, followed by a short dialogue with Emilia, and then the short but heart-felt earnest prayer: "Deh calma." The jovial Rossini here has shown that he could be sentimental in the finest sense. It was tenderly and beautifully sung and carefully accompanied.

We have here to complete the record—far too briefly and inadequately—of Mme. SCHILLER'S delightful Pianoforte Recitals. In the second (Dec. 12) her own selections were all from Chopin:—

Bolero, Op. 61.....Chopin
Etudes. *a*, Op. 10, No. 5, *b*, Op. 25 No. 2 and 7. "
Rondeau, Op. 16.....
Aria, from l'Allegro.....Handel
Larghetto and Allegro Vivace, from F minor Concerto.....Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 12.....
Berceuse, Grand Polonaise, A flat, Op. 53.... "
Songs. *a*, Ave Maria. *b*, May Song. *c*, Expectation.....Robert Franz
Waltzes. *a*, Op. 64, No. 3. *b*, Op. 42.....Chopin

These specimens of Chopin, in their great variety, were all most artistically interpreted, some with exceeding delicacy, others, like the Polonaise, with rare power and brilliancy, some playful, light and airy, others with tender, almost tearful sentiment; with strong impassioned accent, or with a grace that seemed near perfect, as each case required. If now and then the dreamy sentiment, the fond lingering over some exquisitely fine phrase or passage, might seem carried almost to the extreme of *morbidessa*, one must allow something for the momentary mood of both interpreter and hearer. The two movements from the Concerto were wonderfully well played, and the orchestra accompaniment was well suggested on a second piano by Miss BILLINGS. We have not heard a more exquisite rendering of the *Berceuse*, except from Rubinstein.

Miss CRONYN sang the Air from Handel's *L'Allegro*: "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," very beautifully, accompanied by Mr. DRESEL; but it was less keenly appreciated than the songs by Franz, the beauty and the genius of whose compositions had but just been revealed to the young singer, who caught at once their spirit and fell instantly in love with their fresh charm and fragrance as of violets. Never have we felt the beauty and the fervor of that *Ave Maria* more than in her singing. The Franz songs sprang into being for just such a singer.

The third and last programme was as follows:

Prelude—Minuet and Fugue, (from Suite, Op. 72,) Joachim Raff
(By Request.)
"Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 2.....Schumann
Songs:
a. "Stille Liebe,".....Schumann
b. Slumber Song.....Rob. Franz
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven
Songs:
a. Savoyard Song,
b. Greeting, } .....Mendelssohn
Grand Polonaise, E major.....Liszt
Songs:
a. "Ich hab in deinem Auge," Op. 5, No. 6,
b. "Liebchen ist da," Op. 5, No. 2,
c. Approach of Spring, from Op. 27, Franz
Serenade, and Allegro Giojoso.....Mendelssohn

The most spirited and brilliant manifestations of Mme. SCHILLER'S virtuosity were in the Polonaise by Liszt and the *Allegro Giojoso* by Mendelssohn; they were indeed splendidly presented. For poetic fineness of conception and expression, her rendering of the "Kreisleriana" of Schumann, and still more of that most original and delicately imaginative Sonata of Beethoven are to our mind the memorable features of that concert. With the exception of what seemed to us an excess of retardation and *ad libitum* in the Minuet, we thought the ideas of the work were brought out with rare truth and beauty. The Raff Prelude should have been mentioned among the brilliant specimens of pure and easy mastery of a task most difficult. We must confess, the movements played from that Suite were not to our taste so interesting as much that is contained in the Suite played in the first Recital. The Fugue, in this earlier work, with its by no means concise and pregnant theme, seemed more a triumphant exercise of ingenuity, than the development from a germ thought, with a true *raison d'être*, a something worth while to express Miss Cronyn's songs were all delightful as before, and so were Mr. Dresel's thoughtful and fine accompaniments, which always do full justice alike to the composition and the singer.

Madame SCHILLER'S return to Europe, during the coming summer, will be felt as a great loss to our little world of Art here; but it is not time yet to say Good-bye!

The third of the Sanders Theatre Concerts at Cambridge will be on Tuesday evening, Jan 15, and like the last it will consist of Chamber music, the programme including:

String Quartet in E minor, op. 59, Beethoven, Boston Philharmonic Club; Part Songs, Reinecke and Eisenhofer, Swedish Quartet: Miss Hilda Wideberg, 1st Soprano, Miss Amy Aberg, 2d Soprano, Miss Maria Petterson, 1st Alto, Miss Wilhelmina Söderlund, 2d Alto; Duo for Harp and Violin, op. 113 Spohr, Messrs. Freygang and Listemann; Part Songs, Swedish Quartet; Nonetto by Spohr, op. 31, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contrabass, Boston Philharmonic Club.

The following interesting programme of Piano music was performed on the 22d ult., in Bumstead Hall by pupils of the Boston University College of Music:

Sonata Appassionata. Op. 57.....Beethoven
Allegro assai. Andante con moto. Allegro non troppo.
Miss F. V. Dillrance.
Allegro Agitato.....Schulhoff
Miss H. S. Peckham.
Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin
Mr. D. S. Blanpied.
Nocturne. Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin
Etude in A minor.....Thalberg
Miss N. D. Sewall.
"Les Contrastes." 8 hands.....Moscheles
Andante. Fugue. Presto.

Miss LILLIAN BAILEY gives a Concert at Union Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 14, assisted by Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD, Mr. C. R. HAYDEN and others.

The programme of the fifth Harvard Symphony Concert (this week) was sufficiently "modern" to please Young America: It was: Part I. Overture to "Euryanthe," *Weber;* Piano Concerto, in A minor, Op. 16, *Edward Grieg* (second time in Boston) played by Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD; Allegretto from Third Symphony, *Gade*, (second time).—Part II. Piano Solos: *a*, Fugue in E minor, *Handel*, *b*, Nocturne in F sharp, Op 15, No. 1, *Chopin*, *c*, Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 31, *Bargiel;* Symphony in C minor, Op. 68, by *Johannes Brahms* (first time in Boston.

An interval of *four weeks* before the second half of the series of ten concerts, beginning with the sixth on January 31st, when the Brahms Symphony will be repeated. Other features of the programme will be the Overtures to "The Water-Carrier," *Cherubini*, and "The Naiads," *Sterndale Bennett;* and Mr. ALFRED WILKIE will sing "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni." "The Garland," by *Mendelssohn*, and "The Hidalgo" by *Schumann*.

It is stated that THEODORE THOMAS, also, will perform the Symphony by Brahms in his Fifth Subscription Concert here on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16. Boston, like New York, will have several opportunities for making up its mind about the merits of the work.

Music in New York.

(From The World, Dec. 23.)

SECOND CONCERT OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—BRAHMS'S SYMPHONY.

The real interest of the evening centred upon the Brahms Symphony, which stood at the head of the programme. There is no living musician about whose compositions there is a greater variety of opinions, or these opinions more changeable, than this same Johannes Brahms. People whose patience is limited, and whose ears itch for taking melodies—well or ill elaborated—may find enchantment at a first hearing of such limpid works as Raff's "Leonore" Symphony. But let a Brahms "Requiem," or wonderfully complex and original variations, or symphony, for the first time sound forth, and they will compare the work to muddy water and perhaps sigh for the clearness of a Mozart or a Gluck. But if such a work as the "Leonore" Symphony be performed side by side with a work of like character by Brahms, after a few hearings of both the relations will be reversed. The former work, notwithstanding the almost universal delight it at first arouses, soon becomes comparatively wearisome; while the latter seems to grow more and more beautiful, and adverse judgments of its originality and merits are gradually fused into enthusiastic approval. Almost every one (even of his admirers) is at first disappointed in a new work by Brahms. There is one striking peculiarity about his works—they at first seem filled from beginning to end with resemblances to familiar themes; and, what is for the time the more exasperating, these resemblances seem purposely to have been modified into attempted originality by the concealment of slight changes in form, or color or the like. Many hearers express the hasty judgment that the elaboration and the harmonization may be remarkably good, but there is not an original theme to be found. But, with few exceptions, the very passages which at first appear least original will by-and by thrill these rash judges with feeling and power, not only in themselves, but especially as they are served with all their surroundings. The resemblance will for the most part be seen to consist in turns of phrase, and in combinations of these with coloring familiar in connection with them. But when the coloring changes, and Brahms covers them with the syncopated irridescence of which he is such a master, the resemblances vanish and present new beauties drive them from the memory. A striking instance of this is to be found in the introduction (più andante) to the last movement of the symphony performed last evening, where, over the rippling surface of the pianissimo string orchestra, the ethereal tones of the horns breathe forth with mysterious power. The second and last phrase of the horn passage, in form and color both, irresistibly recall the introduction to Schubert's C major Symphony; and the shading of the passage recalls that part of Schubert's andante, in the same symphony, so particularly admired by Schumann. But when the flute succeeds the horn with the very same notes the resemblance is gone, and we are constrained to acknowledge that there is no want of originality in essence to complain of. Brahms is not a mere copyist of the old masters whom he studies and admires so much. Unlike that omniverous student of philosophy and science, Rev. Joseph Cook, he thoroughly assimilates what he learns, so that it becomes fused into new truth and beauty, and on reappearing, it is never clumsily managed, and must be acknowledged to be Brahms's own.

Our public owe thanks to Dr. Damrosch for consenting to bear the brunt of conflicting impressions and opinions by first performing the Brahms Symphony in this country. Its success in other countries had been so loudly heralded that the hearers were tempted to lay the blame of their first clouded impressions upon Dr. Damrosch's performance, which some said had been so hurriedly prepared that the spirit was crushed out of the greatest orchestral work of the day. But the fault was to be found in the novelty of the work itself, much more than in its rendering. Mr. Thomas therefore reaped the benefit (as far as his hearers' ears were concerned) of that first public rehearsal of the symphony by Dr. Damrosch. But it must not be supposed that the renderings of the two experienced conductors were identical. Mr. Thomas seemed to bring much more out of the first movement than Dr. Damrosch. He took the tempo more quickly and made a grander effect, which even the acoustic defects of the Academy of Music could not entirely obliterate. What he may show up in this movement at the next concert in Steinway Hall, with four-fifths of the Philharmonic orchestra is a subject for bright hope. In the andante sostenuto (second movement) the general effect of the two renderings was the same. But Mr. Thomas brought excessive refinement and delicacy of interpretation to bear upon certain passages, with the effect of greater contrast and lusciousness. For example, in the five bars ending with the thirty-first, he restrained the force of the tone of the first violins until they had nearly reachéd their highest point in the syncopation, when they suddenly rose to the climax with a flash of brightest light. But Dr. Damrosch distributed the expression over a larger space. In this movement the long held tones, followed by variations between the oboe and clarinet were beautifully blended in Mr. Thomas's rendering.

In the allegretto (third movement) Mr. Thomas assuredly lost what he had gained by brightness in the first movement, for he took the tempo much too slowly and dragged the life out of it. But Dr. Damrosch made this movement serve the needed purpose of a relief between the andante sostenuto and the adagio introduction to the last movement. His rendering did much to overcome any unfavorable impression of sombreness in the whole work. Dr. Damrosch took eighty-four beats to the minute; Mr. Thomas only sixty-six.

In the last movement the two conductors had their distinctive tempos and merits in rendering. The pizzicato passages in the introduction were hurried too much by Dr. Damrosch (for greater effect) and not quite enough by Mr. Thomas. Something between the two would be better than either. The horn-passage, already referred to, could not be better rendered than it was last evening. It was almost impossible to know when the tone of the horn began. It seemed gradually to condense out of the ether. The introduction well prepared for the grateful outburst of the theme, which Beethoven did not entirely find [!!] for the "Ode to Joy" inthe Ninth Symphony. Brahms had probably an object in introducing this striking resemblance on the hill-top of his symphony. The theme in itself is really an improvement in form upon the two Beethoven themes which it resembles—that in the Ninth Symphony and the variation theme in the "Fantasia." But the use Brahm makes of it is quite noticeably limited, and he avoids using it for his final climax. Dr. Damrosch seemed to put more zeal into his rendering of this allegro than Mr. Thomas brought out. Like Mr. Thomas he took it *non troppo*; but he took it *con brio*, in advance of Mr. Thomas.

As a general opinion of this symphony, it must be ackuowledged to be a great work. If Brahms has more talent than genius, then that talent is nearer to genius than anything we have had since Schumann. While listening to the symphony you get glimpses, but they are mere railroad glimpses, of the great masters, from time to time. Should Brahms be blamed for thus occasionally showing what beautiful landscapes surround his own domain? Not when that to which he has a clear title is so extraordinarily beautiful in itself. The work on this symphony is simply wonderful, and by it Brahms shows himself to be an artist of the highest rank in the use of materials at his command. The colors may often seem thickly crowded together, but study and the choice of proper points of observation will bring out the lines and the perspective with beautiful effect. This will be secured in the many performances of the symphony yet promised in this neighborhood.

MR. G. D. WILSON, the composer, who resides at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., has organized an orchestra of 22 or more persons, of the first young men of the place, who give weekly rehearsals at Rockland Institute, assisted by the young ladies. The last one given, Thursday evening, Dec. 20, is spoken of with much enthusiasm by those who were present. Here is the programme:

Symphony, No. 6, in G.....Haydn
Adagio, Vivace, Andante, Menuetto, Allegro, .
Ave Maria—(with Violin, Piano and Organ, Bach—Gounod
Mrs. Wilson.
March from "Tannhäuser,".....Wagner

Selection from "Judas Maccabæus,".....Handel
"Come, ever Smiling Liberty."
Mrs. Wilson and Miss Graves.
Suite in D. No. 1.....Wilson
Introduction, Allegretto, Andante, Rondo Allegro.
Chorus of Ladies—"The Reapers,".....Clopisson
Polka—"Frida,".....Zikoff

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I'll tell you when. G. 3. d to E. *Havens.* 30
Semi-comic song, with neat music.

Three Simple Words. F. 3. d to g. *Molloy.* 35
"I trace three words upon the sand,
Three easy words to understand."
Very sweet and melodious words and music.

When Katie met me at the Gate, Song and Chorus. G. 3. c to D. *Danks.* 30
"I had a charming little mate."
Pleasing ballad in popular style.

The Son of a Gambolier. Song and Chorus. G. 2. d to E. *L. M.* 35
"A son of a — son of a — son of a — son of a — Son of a Gambolier."
Such a jolly song that we sing and sing, and forget that it's all nonsense.

Somebody over the Sea. A minor. 3. E to g. *Halley.* 35
"What shall I do wi' the hours, dear,
Wi' the days what shall I do?"
A very well imagined Scotch ballad.

Triumphant and Glorious. Bass Song. Db. 5. G Bass staff to f. *Dr. Russell.* 60
"—— the Lord still maintains
His honor victorious and o'er his foes reigns."
Very fine Bass and Baritone Sole, as sung by W. W. Whitney.

Come and cheer me, little Treasure. Song and Chorus. F. 3. c to E. *Speck.* 30
Neat popular song with a nice chorus.

Good Bye. Gb. 4. G to D. *Kayre.* 30
"Good Byes that breathe of happy love,
Grown tender with the lapse of years."
In the unusual key of six flats, but is not difficult to the singer. Of limited compass, and is a good song.

Instrumental.

With joyful Mood and happy Mind. (Mit frokem Muth und heiterm Sinn.) Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 75
A new set by Edward Strauss; and Strauss is always welcome.

Frauenlob. (Praise of Women.) Mazurka Brillante. Eb. 4. *Bohm.* 40
The mixture of brilliancy with the graceful flow of a Mazurka makes a pleasing union of good qualities. A fine Mazurka.

Four Easy Compositions by *Francis Mueller.* Each, 30
Morning Glory Waltz. G. 2.
Water Lily Waltz. F. 2.
Pearl Waltz. D. 2.
Pretty pieces for beginners.

On Flowery Banks. 6 instructive pieces by *C. Ed. Pathe.* Each, 25
1. Shower of Blossoms. F. 3.
2. Hope. D. 3.
3. The Swallow. C. 3.
Good substitutes for studies for those a little advanced.

Morton's Funeral March. D minor. 3. *Clarke.* 30
Mr. Wm. H. Clarke had charge of the music at the funeral of the great senator, and this beautiful composition, rendered in the masterly manner, which is Mr. Clarke's habit upon the organ, must have contributed greatly to the interest of the ceremony.

Illusion Grand Waltz. Ab. 3. *Capitani.* 75
There is no illusion as to the beautiful quality of the Waltz, which will be sure to please.

Lohengrin. Nachtlänge. In 5 keys. 5. *Spindler.* 60
This is No. 14 of Créme de la Créme, and has special interest as combining in attractive form, some of the beauties of a romantic opera.

Hidden Smiles. Mazurka Caprice. F. 5. *Jones.* 65
The melody of the Mazurka is prettily hidden by a sort of butterfly flight of light arpeggios, runs, &c., to which the frequent accented notes give life and variety.

1st Grand Valse Brillante. Eb. 4. *Sudds.* 60
A "grand" waltz has this advantage for the player, that his attention is not continually called to its connection with the dance. Here his enjoyment is purely musical.

Polacca Brillante. Ab. 5. *Bohm.* 60
Brilliant from beginning to end.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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CONTENTS.

Ah! this heart with Joy,	My Father's House.
Annie Dear.	Nancy Lee.
Bonnie Jean.	Nearer, Sweet Lips.
Chime again.	Nellie Brown.
Among the Daisies.	Old Home.
Dream, my Love.	Sweet Robin.
Eyes Like Violets.	Room for all.
Little old Cabin.	Rosebud.
Leave us not.	Unforgiven.

and 50 other Songs of equal beauty.

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PART OF THE CONTENTS:

And Eyes will watch for Thee.	Do not forget your Nellie Darling.
And so will I.	Maggie's Answer.
Angels whisper sweet Good night.	Massa's in the Cold Ground.
Beautiful Lena.	Mistletoe Bough.
Beautiful Love.	Mother says I mus'nt.
Bloom is on the Rye.	My Heart's Best Love.
Breathe again those Sweet Words.	My Heart is thy Home.
Carry me back to Tennessee	Nellie's Secret.
Chiming Bells of Long Ago.	Nellie Wildwood.
Close the door gently.	Nobody Home but me.
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.	No one to Love.
Come to me quickly, my Darling.	O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove.
Come when you will, I've a welcome.	Old Folks at Home.
Dancing in the Dreamy [Waltz.	One Horse Open Sleigh.
	Once Again.
	On the Blue Wave (Duet.)

and 65 others.

Gems of English Song.

232 Large pages. 75 Songs, Duets, &c. It is the unanimous opinion of those who have examined this fine book, that no finer collection of bound (vocal) music has ever been issued.

Angels ever bright and fair.	I am weary with rowing.
Bells of Aberdovy.	I love my Love in the morning.
Beautiful Bird, sing on.	Nazareth.
By the Blue Sea.	Ring on, Sweet Angelus.
Consider the Lilies.	Ruby.
Douglas! tender and true.	and 63 others.
Hour of sweet Repose.	

Household Melodies.

VOL. I.

This is a Large book of 242 pages, containing Songs, Duets and Choruses, principally by popular American composers, and suited to the popular taste of the day. There are also a dozen or so by foreign composers, and the 76 pieces have much variety.

CONTENTS:

Abide with me,	I love thee.
Dream of Love.	Little Sweetheart.
Alone at Home.	Night on the Sea.
Angel Voice.	Shores are Fading.
Blue Eyed Nell.	Please make room.
Better Luck.	Katie's sleeping.
Beautiful Waves.	Golden Door.
Crushed Flowrets.	Dying Hymn.
Forsaken.	Dance.
Gane Awa'.	Darling, rest.

and 56 others.

Household Melodies.

VOL. II.

A glance at the list of authors will show that they are the ones best known to the American public, and the pleasing titles are in themselves a recommendation. There are 224 large pages.

CONTENTS.

Angels meet me.....*Hays.*	Over the Stars....*Leighton.*
Beesmark..... "	Robin, tell Willie ....*Hays.*
Don't be jealous.....*Torry.*	See the Angels....*Leighton.*
Is mother there?.....*Hays.*	Silver at Evening...*Danks.*
Good Bye.....*Leighton.*	Sweet Angels.....*Thomas.*
Let us gather.....*Glover.*	When Silver Stars...*Danks.*
My Shepherd.....*Danks.*	Where little Baby...*White.*
Norah Dear.....*Glover.*	Will you meet me?.*Stewart.*
Oh, these Men!....*Thomas.*	You'll forget me....*Danks.*

and about 50 others.

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It should be understood that the poetry of those Songs is the pure and sweet English of Moore, and is not, to any extent, in the Irish dialect. CONTENTS:

Believe me, if all those endearing.	Origin of the Harp.
	The harp that once thro'.
Come o'er the sea.	The Last rose of summer.
Come rest in this bosom.	The meeting of the waters.
Farewell to my harp.	There's not in this wide world.
Let Erin remember.	
Nora Creina.	The Shamrock.

And about a hundred others.

The Silver Chord.

200 pages. THE SILVER CHORD was the first published collection of vocal music of the series. Very naturally it contains a preponderance of the older and perhaps easier songs,—those that are sung without wearying, year after year, and will outlive multitudes of the newer favorites. CONTENTS:

Ah, I have sighed to rest	Home of my Heart,
Battle Prayer.	I'd be a Star.
Bonnie Dundee.	Kathleen mavourneen.
Cradle Song.	Lass o' Gowrie.
Ever be Happy.	Last Rose of Summer.
Flee as a Bird.	Long, long weary day.

And about 150 others.

Gems of German Song.

200 pages. German and English words given. In the period from 1840 to 1850, a few songs were brought before the American public, which songs were of such remarkable beauty that they were very naturally christened "Gems." Their number has slowly increased; and in the present book, about eighty of the best are preserved. CONTENTS:

Above the Stars.	Herd-Bells.
Adelaide.	Image of the rose.
Beneath the evening's last sweet ray.	I would that my love.
	Ninetta.
Cradle song.	Wanderer (The).
Elegy of tears.	When the Swallows Homeward fly.
Erl-King.	

And 88 others.

The Shower of Pearls.

240 pages. The number of good vocal duets are quite limited, as there is only here and there a melody that takes kindly to a second part. The following are all first-class. CONTENTS:

Ah! could I teach the nightingale.	I've wandered in dreams.
	Murmuring sea.
A, B, C. Comic duet.	Minute-gun at sea.
Arrayed in clouds.	There's a sigh in the heart.
Go thou and dream.	The moon is beaming o'er.
Gypsy countess.	Where the warbling waters flow.
I know a bank.	

And 50 others.

Gems of Scottish Song.

200 pages. All accessible collections of Scotch Ballads were made to contribute to this volume. Where all were good, it was a pity to reject any; but, as the songs which follow are undoubtedly the choicest of all, those who possess these "gems" are like those who possess gold doubly refined. CONTENTS:

Afton Water.	Gypsy Laddie.
And ye shall walk in silk attire.	Highland Mary.
	Hunting tower.
A man's a man for a' that.	I'm wearing awa', Jean.
Bonny brave Scotland.	Ingleside.
Castles in the air.	Lass of Gowrie.
Farewell to Lochaber.	And about 150 others.

Gems of Sacred Song.

200 pages. A Collection of the most refined and beautiful Sacred Lyrics, with Pianoforte or Reed Organ accompaniments. CONTENTS:

Angels ever bright and fair.	Fading, still fading.
Battle Prayer.	If with all your hearts.
Bird let loose Duet.	Mary's tears.
Come, ye disconsolate.	Messenger bird. Duet.
Consider the lilies.	Oh that I had wings.
Eve's lamentation.	Ruth and Naomi.

And more than a hundred others.

The Musical Treasure.

200 pages, half Vocal and half Instrumental. THE MUSICAL TREASURE has more variety than any other book, as will best be seen by the Contents.

Beautiful days of the Past.	When the Quiet Moon.
Castles in the Air.	Won't you tell me why?
Out in the Cold.	In the Starlight. Duet.
Pretty Birds (German).	Co-ca-che-lunk.
Robin Redbreast.	O Paradise! Qt.
Three Fishers.	Ka-foozle-um.

And a hundred others.

Wreath of Gems.

THE WREATH OF GEMS is a general collection of popular songs, about a hundred in number. 200 pages.

CONTENTS:

Above the stars there is rest	Guarda che bianca Luna.
Aileen Aroon.	I heard the wee bird.
Bild der rose.	Parthenia to Ingomar.
Bridge, the.	Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Danube River, (The).	
Dear angel, sleep thee well.	Silvery midnight moon.
Fairy Bell.	And 83 others.

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200 pages. The favorite Airs of favorite Operas. If we leave out operatic and comic or dramatic trifles that please only for a season, the list of really good operas, that have attained permanent favor, will not much exceed fifty. This collection of "Operatic Pearls" contains most of the best airs of these select operas, and within its covers one will find most of the songs which will be heard during the season of the opera, or in operatic concerts.

CONTENTS:

"Ah non giunge.	I'm a merry Zingara.
Angel of light. "Spirto gentil."	Oh, as fair. "Com e bello."
	Over the summer sea.
By the sad sea.	Pure as the snow.
Heart bowed down.	Sound of harps.
Hear me Norma. Duet.	Still so gently.
If filial love. Duet.	And 80 others.

The Silver Wreath.

A truly elegant collection, differing from others in the possession of fine songs with choruses, also including a large number of the best duets and trios. CONTENTS:

Ah could I teach. Duet.	Would that my love. Duet.
Back to our mountains. Dt.	Nightingale's trill.
Come brave with me.	Oh, softly rise. Duet.
Dreaming of angels.	O swallow! Duet.
Hear me, Norma. Duet.	Rock beside the sea.
How can I leave thee. Dt.	And nearly 50 others.

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THE CLUSTER OF GEMS.

A fine book of 239 pages, full Sheet Music Size, and containing carefully selected pieces for advanced players. They are substantially the same pieces that have appeared from time to time in the popular periodical called "Le Crème de la Crème." Much better than entirely new pieces are these that have been proved, and found worthy of preservation. There are 43 pieces, averaging about 5 pages each; a very convenient length. There is a very even degree of musical beauty in the pieces, so that it is not easy to determine which is best, when one is tempted to say "all are best." Contents:

Adieu. Nocturne.	Esperance. Nocturne.
Alice. Romance.	Feu Follet.
Alpine Glen. Idylle.	Fifth Nocturne.
Au Bord de la Fontaine.	Floridiana. Valse Brillante.
Birdie's Morning Song.	Fontaine. Idylle.
Canzonetta Veneziana.	Forest Birdling.
Chant du Printemps. Cap.	Fresh Life. (Frisches Leben)
Clochette d'Or. Caprice.	Gracieuse. Morceau.
Confidence.	He loves me. (Il m' aime).
Danse Circassienne.	Home again. (Heimkehr).

And 23 others of the same character.

GEMS OF THE DANCE.

Companion to the celebrated "Gems of Strauss." This brilliant title belongs to a Volume of Bound Music, which includes all the recently issued and decidedly popular Waltzes, Polkas, Galops, Redowas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, and other varieties of Dance Music that can be placed between its covers. It has 232 pages. About one third of these fine pieces are new compositions by John or Edward Strauss, the others are by Gungl, Lamothe, Zikoff, Bela, Mack, Stasny, Weingarten, Ghis, Pratt, Parlow, Faust, Godfrey and other celebrities.

CONTENTS:

Adieux (Les.)	Where the Citron Bloometh.
Better Times.	Girofle-Girofla.
Consequenzen.	Lord of Lorne.
Kaufman's Casino.	Blue Bird Echo.
My Fair Lady.	Kutschke.
Roses (Les).	Alpen Rose.

And 67 others.

Gems of Strauss.

250 pages, SHEET MUSIC SIZE. The most brilliant music of the most brilliant of Composers. This book has been the most successful one of its kind. Strauss's music has been known for a generation; but the appearance of the master at the "Jubilee" naturally created an excitement, and the compilation here described has reached a sale of many thousands. Contents:

Academic.	Baden Baden.
Adeline.	Arm in Arm.
Apollo.	Dragon Fly.
Aquarellen.	Orpheus.
Beautiful Blue Danube.	Carnival Botschater.
Alice.	Ostrich Feather.

And more than 70 others.

WELCOME HOME.

This fine book secures its welcome by the variety and beauty of its contents, which according to the Index have 13 Marches and Quicksteps, 18 Waltzes, Redowas, &c., 6 Polkas, 8 Galops and Schottisches, 4 Quadrilles and 17 Rondos or Piano Pieces. As the quadrilles include a number of little airs, the number thus expressed may be increased. Contents:

Amazon March.	Strauss' Dream Waltz.
Camp Quickstep.	Vale of Roses.
Blue Eyes Redowa.	Cricket Polka.
Faust Waltz.	Peerless Polka.
Knight Waltzes.	Sea Foam Polka.
La Murska Waltz.	Away Galop.
Softly Dreaming.	And 50 to 60 others.

Pearls of Melody.

The above name is appropriate as far as melodies are concerned, but the harmony also must have its due praise. The 224 pages are filled with music of medium, of easy medium difficulty, so that the book is most useful to those moderately advanced as players. The authors and their works are of the best. Contents:

Addio.	Heimweh.
Alice Mazurka.	Listen to me.
Angel's Dream.	Love's Greeting.
Brindisi.	May Blossoms.
Chime of Bells.	May day Polka.
Dance Cubaine.	Sunny Home.
Golden Chimes.	And 37 others of equal merit.

Pianist's Album.

220 pages, SHEET MUSIC SIZE. This book might, perhaps, be termed the third volume of the Home Circle, being similar in design to the two volumes of that work, and containing a quantity of popular music which has "succeeded" since its publication. As each volume is an independent collection, the Pianist's Album keeps its own title, and is distinguished by a number of what are more particularly called "Piano-forte Pieces," of some little length and of medium difficulty. Contents.

Grand Russian March.	Mocking-bird waltz.
Turkish March.	Fairy Polka.
Corinthian waltz.	Silver Spring polka.
Fairy wedding waltz.	Peabody schottische.
Il Bacio (kiss) waltz.	Schomberg galop.
Mabel waltzes.	And 91 others.

Piano-Forte Gems.

216 pages. Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Polkas, Mazurkas, Schottisches, Galops, Quadrilles, Dances, Rondos, Variations and Four Hand Pieces. Contents:

Daisy Dean Quickstep.	Weiner bonbon waltzes.
La reve quickstep.	Kiss me quick and go polka.
Days of absence waltz.	Fairy dell polka.
Fairy Dell waltz.	Pickwick galop.
Fairy Footsteps waltz.	Gorilla Quadrille.
Love in idleness.	Last rose of Summer. Var.

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The Musical Treasure.

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LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

VOL. I.

The fine pieces have appeared from time to time in the monthly periodical of the above name. They are here placed in more permanent form. The pieces are very well chosen, and make an admirable collection for the practice and entertainment of piano players somewhat advanced. 242 large pages. The names of the authors, Rubenstein, Oesten, Voss, Kuhe, Hess, Liszt, Thalberg, Lange, Krug and others, are sufficient guarantee for the value of the music. Contents:

Alpine Horn.	Graziosa.
Blumenlied.	Harp Sounds.
Cujus Animam.	Puritani.
Dancing Leaves.	Petit Roust.
Dein Eigen.	May Breezes.
Elegy of Tears.	On the Sea.

And 21 other pieces quite as good.

LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

VOL. II.

Like Vol. I. this contains first-class pieces of some difficulty, thus suiting the taste and capacity of players of some degree of skill. There are about 25 different composers, all of the best class. Contents:

Air Castles.	Fairy Whispers.
Forest Hymn.	Gaselle.
Barcarole.	Heavenly Voices.
Belle Italie.	Lucia.
ConAmore.	Pluie de Fleurs.
Evening Dew.	Crepuscule.

And about 30 more pieces of fine quality.

Fountain of Gems.

This is a collection of easy and pleasing music, in great variety there being a couple of dozen Waltzes, about eight each of Marches, Polkas, Mazurkas, Galops, and little Dances, and twenty-seven Piano Pieces of moderate length, which last valuable quality allows the placing of nearly a hundred pieces on the 224 pages.

CONTENTS:

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Clara "	And about 90 others.

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216 pages. A collection of easy instrumental music. This book being the first issued of the instrumental series, naturally includes the older standard easy pieces, those that have been popular for many years. There are about 150 pieces, most of them fitted to be excellent recreation pieces for learners. On this account the volume is of great value to teachers and pupils. Contents:

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Annie Lawrie quickstep.	Baden Baden polka.
Affection waltz.	Flying Cloud schottische.
Aurora "	Etude Mazurka.
Bohemian Girl waltz.	Champagne galop.
Cinderella "	Basket Cotillon.

And about 140 (or, reckoning simple airs, 170) others.

The Home Circle. (VOL. II.)

250 pages. Piano-forte pieces of easy and medium difficulty, with a few Four Hand arrangements. This book, like Vol. I., is of use to learners, as the music is not difficult, and the duets are most excellent practice. There is a great variety of fine music, as will be seen by the Contents.

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Admired waltz.	King Pippin polka.
Blossom "	Cherry ripe Schottische.
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A book intended to be popular must generally be easy, and the sixty or more pieces of "Parlor Music" are easy or of easy medium difficulty, and the composers of these pieces are those that have been very successful in meeting the popular taste. Has 242 pages. Contents:

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Friendly Eyes.	Scotch Lassie.
Golden Youth.	And about 43 others.

Parlor Music. (VOL. II.)

This is quite similar to the other volume in design, and well filled with about 60 pieces of moderate difficulty. It should here be remarked, that it is difficult to state with exactness the number of pieces in any large collection, as a long piece, a set of Waltzes or a Quadrille, is sure to include little airs or extra pieces that are not named by its title. 223 pages. Contents:

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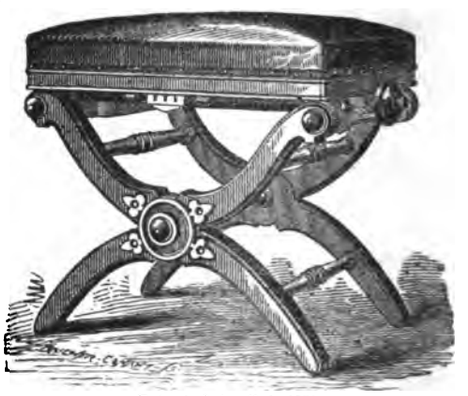

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 959. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 21.

The Art of Phrasing.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

Having in a previous article on The Art of Singing, disposed of vowels and consonants, we propose to speak a few words touching another requisite. We have referred to tone, and to words; we will now speak of the putting of notes together. If a student can *join* two notes or tones, he can join a hundred. The characteristic of singing being smoothness, it follows that notes should be so blended or dovetailed together that a succession of them, which may be called a phrase, or a section of a phrase, should have the smoothness and the shape of one note. And, as a note should be smooth and round, so should be a phrase. A figure somewhat resembling the shape of the human eye is the form that a note should take; and it is, therefore, precisely the form that the several notes should take which we call a phrase, or a section of a phrase. If we analyze a piece of good music, we shall find that it consists of these phrases, and the vocal student should be careful to master them before he gives a public rendering of the composition; otherwise, he may be twisting the author's work into all sorts of shapes—a proceeding which will impair the composition, much to the sorrow of the friends and admirers of the author. But by a judicious recognition of the phrases of the piece, and an equally judicious presentment of them, he will be showing himself possessed of a musical requisite—which is the third that has been pointed out as being necessary for the "listener" to look for in what may be styled good singing. Now, it has been said that the notes forming this phrase or section of a phrase should be sung as one note. It will be understood, therefore, that there must be nothing *jagged* in it—if this word may be allowed to pass current. With whatever amount of sound one note ends must the next note begin; this is dovetailing the notes together. Between the phrases of a composition is the singer's place for taking breath; or, if the phrase be long, he will do so between the sections of the phrases. A good singer will take breath seemingly with as much intention to mark the phrases as to enable him to proceed. The listener should notice *how* a singer takes breath—whether he does it under the circumstances named, or, as many amateurs do it, just when they have a fancy for it. An attention to this will furnish him with another of the requisites which help to make up the account of good singing. This may be the right place to observe, that, in ascending passages, the stream of sound should be fuller as the singer proceeds; and, in descending passages, the opposite course should be observed. This is a rule; but it is one from which it is often necessary to deviate. But whether the rule is being observed, or departed from, the voice should emit a stream of sound; and, as a rule, the middle of the phrase or section should be the largest volume of sound.

Allusion has already been made to color in tone, in order to express sentiment. In speaking of tone, it was essential to make that reference—although this is the proper place for the due consideration of the subject. Most persons have heard such an expression as the merry ring of a voice. The tone of the voice was in thorough accord with the feelings of the heart. The joyousness within gave the bright color to the voice. It has been often said that a sentiment is half expressed by the tone assumed. We know the actuating emotions of a speaker almost as much by the tone of his voice as by the words which he uses. What a power there is, then, in tone! By tone here, is, of course, meant vocal color. We begin to sympathize with the speaker immediately if his sentiment be wise, amiable, or generous; and it is the color of the voice that first moves us. How essential, then, it is to cultivate this color of voice; and especially so, when there is an intention to give expression to artificial sentiments! The emotions and passions to which a singer gives expression—or aims to give expression—are not natural to him at the time; but he has to assume them; hence the voice should have whatever color helps to express the emotion he is assuming. It used to be said of the great tenor, RUBINI, that there were tears in his voice; and that the great Italian vocalist brought tears to the eyes of very many opera frequenters, is beyond contradiction. But there are no RUBINIS in these days. There is, however, no adequate reason why there should not be such singers. And one of the things for which RUBINI was renowned, was this—that his voice assumed the color of the sentiment he was expressing. Let the listener then expect to find the singer's voice in accord with the emotion, or the sentiment, which is assumed. Grief, anger, love, hate, anguish, revenge, and the other feelings supposed to be engendered, must be heard in the color of the voice. And some of these emotions will justify the use of the vibrato. This truth will make it evident that the perpetual employment of the vibrato can only be regarded as a grave fault in singing.

We have said that good and pure singing should be like streams of sound. This expression, of itself, implies that the notes—whatever the intervals between them—should be thoroughly joined together. Let not the "listener" imagine that he must expect to find this junction effected by means of a slur. If the two notes, for example, be separated by an interval of an octave, the voice of the artist goes direct from note to note; and whatever the *timbre* or size of the sound with which the first note ends, with that sized sound should the second note commence. It may then be increased or diminished in volume. This rule—like most others, admits of exceptions being made to it. But to the student we would say, adhere always to the rule rather than be too fond of the exceptions, and injudicious in their use.

These few observations have been made that they may be fresh in the mind of the reader, while we direct attention to another requisite in good singing:—*accent*. Smoothness is the characteristic of singing; but, without accent, singing would be lifeless. We do not here speak of primary and secondary accent—for some of those persons who may derive benefit from the reading of what is now being written, know nothing of music; and to tell such persons that certain tempi have two accents in each bar, while other *tempi* have but one, might tend to perplex them; and it would be directing their attention in a way that might be quite foreign to their desire. But to point out that a good vocalist is something more than an automaton, and that there should be warmth and energy (we were going to say blood) in his singing, is but another way of stating that the listener should expect to find certain notes in the singer's phrases emphasized. Accent gives life to singing; it helps to arouse the hearer's sympathy. To call it the pulsation of singing, will be giving it a definition that may reach the comprehension of many. Singing, however pure and beautiful, if it be without accent, will bear a resemblance to a cold marble statue; but give it accent, and it is like changing that statue into a living being. A judicious care is requisite in the use of this essential to good singing. Were this written solely for vocal students, we should say, if you emphasize the first note of every bar in common-time music with a strong accent, and the third note in the bar with a moderate accent—assuming these notes to be crotchets—your singing will be indeed like that of an automaton; and as phrases frequently end at the commencement of a bar, by accenting that final note you will be condemning yourself at once as being no musician, as well as a bad singer. But, of course, you would not think of accenting the last note or point of a phrase; nor would you accent your notes in the manner just referred to. You look at your phrases, and accent your notes according to the musical demands of each phrase.

We now turn our attention more particularly to the listener. In speaking of accent, it is essential that the musical and the verbal accent should be in thorough accord with each other. Although intelligent musicians in setting words to music are careful in this respect, there are many vocal pieces in existence in which there is a great want of agreement between the words and the music, so far at least as accent is concerned. In songs that have been translated from another language into English, the disagreement spoken of is often to be seen. The attentive listener, though no musician, will soon be able to accustom himself to look for the singer's accents in the right place if he pay due regard to the words sung, for he will know which words should be emphasized; and, assuming that the musical and verbal accent correspond, if he find that the singer has neglected his accent he will put that circumstance down to the debit side of the singer's account in his estimation. He will be the better able to arrive at a correct judgment in this matter if all the singer's words are distinctly enunciated, and he does not have to give a part of his attention to the "book of words" he may be holding in his hand.

The Last Years of Beethoven.

[The following reminiscences are among the most interesting of a long series of papers entitled: "Beethoven judged by his Contemporaries," which the London *Musical Standard* translates from the French of M. NEUKOMM, in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.]

The winter which followed the comparatively happy summer of 1825, was very sad. The malady from which Beethoven suffered became visibly aggravated. It was apparent that his days were numbered.

"Every evening he repairs to a little inn situated near his home. He asks for a glass of beer, and smokes a long pipe. He sits with eyes closed, apparently asleep. If one of his friends address him in passing, he abruptly raises his head, and with a gruff laugh presents his pocket-book to the person who thus disturbs his ecstasy, in order that he may exchange with him some salutations and small remarks. More frequently he writes his replies, instead of giving them verbally. Then, when he has appareutly slept some time, he draws a pocket-book from his pocket—of a larger size than the one he keeps for conversation—and begins to write, his eyes all the time half closed."

These lines are extracted from a young poet who was passing through Vienna, who recounted his impressions in a German paper some time after Beethoven's death. As the name of this young man

will not add anything to the interest of his account, we shall not give it; but inscribe, instead, the more important name of

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

One evening, when the poet of whom we have spoken asked him how Beethoven could thus write? the author of the "Roi des Aulnes" replied:

"He composes.

"But he writes words, not notes.

"It is his way. He indicates the course of his ideas by words, and only occasionally employs notes. The art has become a sort of science with him."

These words may appear like a criticism on the part of Schubert. But it is not so. No one held the great master in greater reverence than he. On another occasion, when he beheld Beethoven absorbed in composition, he said:—

"The waters of the Danube will empty themselves into the sea many a time before the creations of this man will have been received with full comprehension. And that not only because he is more sublime and more elevated than other musicians, but because he is also more complete. He is equally great in epic music and dramatic music, in the lyric style and the prosaic style. In a word, he can do everything. He is to Mozart what Shakespeare is to Schiller. People understand Schiller, no one has as yet fully comprehended Shakespeare. Everybody understands Mozart. Those who know Beethoven say of him, that he has still an infinity of spirit and heart; and indeed he must have loved in an extraordinarily unfortunate manner, to have become plunged in such horrible melancholy."

Schubert's mind was so constituted, that, in his greatest enthusiasm there mingled always a vein of causticity. We have said that he figured among the greatest admirers of the master. The reply that he made to one of his friends in a moment of confidence sufficiently proves it.

He was singing to his friend one day some of his first Lieder, and asked him if he thought that he, Schubert, would ever do anything good. He was then quite young.

The friend replied, that this was already done.

"Ah, well, I persuade myself so, sometimes," Schubert replied; "but what can any one do, after Beethoven?"

For the first time for many years, Beethoven passed the summer (that of 1826) in Vienna.

He was then, as is known, occupied in the termination of several already commenced works. This epoch is a distressing one; and yet an incident which attaches to it is not without a somewhat comic side.

The account is from the pen of the Swedish writer,

ATTERBOM.

"My encounter with Beethoven" (thus this personage expresses himself,) "deserves to be recorded. My friend, Doctor Jeitteles, undertook the introduction. One scorching afternoon, we took our way to the house where Beethoven lived. We mounted two flights of stairs, we knocked; no one replied. We turned the button of the door; the antechamber was empty. We knocked, no one came; we knocked again, still the same silence—and yet we heard footsteps inside. We decided to enter. What a scene presented itself to our eyes! Large sheets of paper marked all over with lines drawn with charcoal were hung over the wall which faced us. Beethoven had his back turned towards us: but in what a condition we beheld him! It was extremely hot, and he had removed his garments one after the other till only his shirt remained. He was hard at work, and wrote with a red pencil upon the folio lying before him, beating the time, and striking chords upon a stringless piano.

"It chanced that he did not happen to turn round. We did not dare to advance. To endeavor to attract his attention by coughing, or disturbing the furniture, was useless; he had not heard us. We were extremely ill at ease; and, without consulting each other, we slowly retired, trembling lest he should perceive our presence. It seemed to us that we had committed a crime of the highest magnitude.

"When we were outside, Jeitteles said to me—'Your end is not attained; but you will be able to say—and I only shall be able to say it with you—I have seen Beethoven at work; I have seen him create.'"

"I quitted him with this impression on my mind; and, in consequence, happier perhaps than as if he had entertained me with one of those commonplace conversations which the most elementary laws of politeness often impose upon men of genius."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing.

By ARTHUR MEES, Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, O.

The excellent articles by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, which have of late appeared in your Journal, on pedagogical questions in musical instruction, encourage me to give the results of careful investigation and experiment on the same and kindred subjects treated of there, as it is evident that the interest in a truly scientific course of study, founded not only on a knowledge of the anatomical structure of the hand, but also on the very important consideration of psychological influences, is being more and more excited. The work of Adolph Kullak on "The Aesthetics of Piano-playing," created a decided impression in German musical circles; and many of the valuable suggestions found in that work could certainly be introduced with advantage in our Methods and Instruction Books. But the efforts of that author, to point out the relation between the mechanical and psychological sides of piano-playing, seem scarcely to have been so thoroughly appreciated as the importance of the subject would warrant. As several points bearing on this very question have been enlarged upon by Mr. Mathews, a few words relating to the same problem may not be amiss. The field for investigation in this particular direction is so very large and comparatively uncultivated, that I may be permitted to turn specially to the remarks made by Mr. Mathews in No. 17 of your valuable Journal, "Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing."

The universal want of ability to "color" the touch is certainly to be ascribed to the fact, that compound touches (coming from several joints simultaneously) are taught at too early a stage of piano practice, whereby a perfect control over the separate joints employed is made most difficult. It is a physiological fact that the intensity of effort and its success depend upon the concentration of mind on *one* point, that is to say, one set of muscles. The most serious error made in piano instruction is, that the attention of the student is not sufficiently concentrated on *those points only which are directly brought into activity.* A naturally gifted pianist will have unusually sensitive finger-tips, and the graduations of touch will be judged by him not so much through an analysis of the joints or muscles employed in bringing out a certain effect, as by the *sensation* which is produced through the nerves of the fingers, in performing this certain motion. A short staccato, for instance, (and here distinction between positive and negative staccato must be carefully made) will produce on the performer's nervous system, through the nerves of the fingers, an impression in direct relation to the effect of the blow. The sensation produced through the nervous system in executing a passage must impress itself on the mind with the utmost accuracy, and come to the consciousness, thus enabling the performer by renewing this sensation through muscular action, to bring about the very same effect at will again and again. The purely automatic movements of the fingers, which are the result of innumerable repetitions of precisely the same succession of efforts, and which invariably produce a mechanical and unsympathetic touch, are principally the result of failing to develop the *sensitiveness of the nerves* of the fingers. The difficulties which arise from the construction of the hand, such as weakness of the fourth and fifth fingers, are of course not meant here, as these can be removed only by developing the muscles through mechanical practice, although here too the training will be materially aided by constant mental concentration and not, as Dreyschock and others teach, by purely mechanical work, simultaneously with the performance of which a book may be read or the mind otherwise diverted—but those motions are referred to, which are retarded by the want of ability to concentrate the mind with sufficient rapidity and impetus on the muscles to be brought into play. The difference of piano *mechanics* and *technics* must here, as at every stage of study, be carefully observed. The *clinging pressure* must therefore be insisted upon not only because it will strengthen the muscles, but because it will make *perception* and *reflex action* become perfect and well defined. The necessity of developing the muscles and bringing their activity to consciousness demands that the attack should be most decided, and brought about by raising the fingers high, as Plaidy and Koehler very emphatically teach. The legato touch will be successfully developed if care is taken that the weight of the hand (the resisting power after the blow) be at no time removed from the finger, but shifted from one finger to the other. [See introductory remarks to Koehler's "Laufer Studien."] This will at the same time cause the nerves to transmit a constant current of sensation, which, as long as it is uninterrupted, and comes from one finger only at a time, will give the best idea of what legato touch ought to be, namely a constant and unbroken pressure on one key or the other (one key only at a time, of course.) Sebastian Bach's style of playing, as described in Forkel's biography, will give excellent information as to the correct manner of playing legato. The danger which arises from calling into activity any other than the knuckle joint (before the normal firm touch has thoroughly become flesh and blood with the pupil) lies in the tendency to assist the blow with motions coming from the first and second finger joints. In playing the F scale downwards, for instance, the fourth and fifth fingers will generally be kept contracted until the moment of passing them over the thumb, when they will be extended; in striking B flat the fourth finger being again contracted sympathetically with the third, which is preparing to press down A, will produce too loud a tone and generally play it slightly staccato. It is one of the greatest difficulties to deliver the blow from the knuckle joint, while the finger joints remain firm and immovable. Koehler's different positions of the hand, made necessary by the short fingers (the thumb and fifth) half on black and half on white keys, wholly on black and on white keys, point to the necessity of adapting the degree of extension of the fingers to the succession of white and black keys, thus securing a quiet position of the hand. As regards the staccato, there are doubtless two classes, the one, the positive staccato, in which the starting point is a small distance above the key, and which is produced by a blow from above and the sudden rebounding of the finger from the key; the second, the negative staccato, in which the starting point is the surface of the key and which is caused by pressure and a sudden relaxation, by which the finger is rapidly thrown from the key. Pupils of Prof. Kullak, in Berlin, will remember how carefully he discriminated between these two classes of staccato touch. It is only in the hope that others more competent and experienced will take sufficient interest to write on similar questions—that these few remarks are offered after careful study and observation.

Production of the "Antigone" of Sophocles at Dresden.

(From an Occasional Correspondent of the Advertiser.)

DRESDEN, Dec. 8, 1877.

Of all people the Germans appear to be those who most truly regard the stage as a means of education and mental culture, rather than as a mere institution for entertainment and an agreeable invention for passing away the time. With laudable perseverance they offer to the public, at not infrequent intervals during the season, various works of their great dramatists, and in Dresden it has for some time been the custom on one evening in every week through the winter to reduce the entrance fees to inconsiderable sums, so that the poorer classes may be afforded an opportunity to form an acquaintance with the masterpieces of dramatic art.

Besides the more stirring plays of Shakespeare and Schiller, the theatre directors do not fear to place upon the stage poems almost devoid of dramatic action, like Goethe's "Iphigenia" and "Torquato Tasso," Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," etc., nor do they shrink from occasionally producing Goethe's "Faust," the beginning of which is so filled with lengthy speeches, and whose representation, even in the abridged acting edition, lasts from four to five hours. To young minds still, as the Germans say, "im Werden—in the act of becoming,—the witnessing of such works of art is of great value, as it brings them into a new and more ideal world, where the pettinesses of actual life disappear and its great emotions exist, refined and elevated, in a half intangible atmosphere, while the ear is tuned to an appreciation of the beauties of language and gains an unconscious conception of its myriad possibilities, and the intellect finds food for reflection and thought in the poet's resolution of those problems which he treats. For the many foreigners, too, who flock to the German cities, it is most advantageous to have the characters which they have studied in books presented to them in the appropriate setting of costume and scene, and that they are thus enabled to take, as it were, an objective view of that which before they have seen only through the medium of their own fancy.

For some years Sophocles's "Antigone," admirably translated into German by Donner, has held its place upon the German stage, and to the beauty and dignity of the drama itself is added the charm of the music Mendelssohn composed for it, heard last winter in Boston with so much pleasure from the Apollo club. As one enters the theatre he finds the stage entirely disclosed to view, the curtain, as well as the usual change of scene and division into acts, being abolished for this evening. The stage is divided, in imitation of the Greek stage, into two planes,—the principal actors standing upon the upper plane, the chorus having their position on the lower, while the two are connected by a staircase ascending on either side. The background represents the entrance to Creon's palace. On the right are pillars and a gateway, on the left the same with the first, trees of a grove appearing beyond. In the middle of the foreground is a Grecian altar piled with *thyrsi* and wreaths.

For the full apprehension of the underlying pathos of the "Antigone," the main facts of the story of Œdipus must be briefly recalled. Œdipus, ignorant of his true origin, accidentally meets his father and kills him; then, having slain the Sphinx who had been devastating the Theban territory, he receives, as the promised reward, the hand of his mother, Jocasta, in marriage, becomes ruler over Thebes, and has by Jocasta two sons and two daughters, Eteocles, Polynices, Antigone and Ismene. When, after the lapse of years, the secret of his birth is disclosed to him, and he discovers what crimes he has unwittingly committed, he is seized with horror and deprives himself of his eyesight; then (Jocasta having already taken her own life), he is cast out by the people and wanders forth from Thebes. On his sad way Antigone accompanies him; she is the support of his feeble steps and the sight of his blinded eyes, and fulfilling her tender office we meet her in "Œdipus in Colonus," when she bids farewell to the dearly beloved and long-attended father, who, clothed in more important honors than in the days of his first prosperity, is caught up amid thunder and lightning to the abode of the immortals—like the prophet Elijah, to whom there came "a fiery chariot, with fiery horses, and took him away to heaven."

With the apotheosis of Œdipus, Sophocles's play of "Œdipus in Colonus" ends, but the imagination follows *Antigone* grieving for the loss of the dear burden, and with all the horror of her house's history upon her, back to Thebes, where await her the dissensions of her two brothers, each of whom claims the crown, the apprehension of war, and finally the terrors of the siege itself, when seven proud chiefs come against Thebes's seven gates, when brother fights against brother and each falls by the other's hand. All these woes has *Antigone* suffered and survived, when, at the beginning of the play which bears her name, she appears before us, and in spite of them all, as if for future compensation for the desolate loneliness into which she is plunged, has been formed a bond which promises her "the bridal-song, and the joy of marriage, the blessing of wedlock and the happiness of children." She is the betrothed of *Hamon*, son of *Creon*, and we hope for her the dawn of a brighter day upon a near horizon. But this is not to be. *Eteocles*, who fell in defence of Thebes, has received funeral honors, but *Creon* has decreed that the body of *Polynices*, who fought against the city, shall remain unburied, exposed to the birds of prey, an abomination in the eyes of gods and men. In defiance of *Creon's* command *Antigone* sets forth to cover with earth, as best she may, her brother's remains. With this the play begins, and then comes a chorus of rejoicing for the triumph of Thebes over her enemies, at the close of which *Creon*, arrayed in scarlet and white robes, issues from his palace and formally repeats his decree concerning *Polynices's* corpse.

Terrible anger seizes him when he hears that, in spite of his order, the dust has been sprinkled upon the body; and when the culprit is discovered to be *Antigone*, she is condemned to death. Calm and beautiful, she stands before the incensed king and receives the sentence which his indignation utters. Firm and unshaken, with indescribably tender dignity, she insists upon the respect due to the gods of the under-world and on her duties as a sister, "Nicht mit zu hassen, mit zu heben bin ich da!" But neither her explanation, the entreaties of *Hamon*, nor the expostulations of the chorus of Theban citizens, can soften *Creon's* stern determination; *Antigone* is led out to die. This is the most thrilling and beautiful part of the play. In language, which rolls and swells in waves of sorrow, in the reaction which follows the first sublime indifference to fate, and as the chill of the approaching grave sends a shiver to her young breast, *Antigone* laments her lot and the lot of her doomed house. The orchestra follows the pauses of her recitation, and at times sustains it with wailings deeper than words, more powerful than speech, while at the close of the strophe and antistrophe, the chorus takes up the burden of her griefs. A last address to the city of Thebes, to its gods and its chief men on whom she calls to witness her undeserved fortune, and she is seized by the servants who are to execute *Creon's* will. She struggles in their grasp, throws herself suppliant for one moment before the altar, and in the next a black veil is flung over her and she is led away, while a thrill of horror pierces the heart of the spectator, and the orchestra follows her departure with sombre chords.

The action, which has flowed in a steady stream from the beginning, seems to slacken a little now in interest and give one time to breathe, when *Teiresias* enters and foretells misery to *Creon* if the body of *Polynices* remains unburied. Moved at last by his predictions and by the urgent entreaties of the chorus, *Creon* revokes his former decree, and hastens himself to release *Antigone* from the tomb, where she had been buried alive. Here follows the one bright spot amid all the gloom, the one relief from the tragic influence of the whole play, as the chorus crown themselves with wreaths, seize the *thyrsi*, and, waving them in the air, march about the altar, singing with powerful voice a hymn to Bacchus. But the exultation is of short duration. *Antigone* has hanged herself in her narrow prison, from which she knew no escape. *Hamon* has fallen upon his sword. *Eurydice*, his mother, on hearing the fatal tidings kills herself, and *Creon* is left alone amid the ruin and desolation he has caused. Horrible end! Tragedy far more terrible than death, or than any wrong by which he might have suffered, to stand thus, surrounded by the corpses of all those who meant for him hope, and love, and joy, and to know that with his own hand he had laid them low. The body of *Hamon* is borne off the stage, *Creon* following. The doors in the background, which had opened, exposing to view the dead *Eurydice*, slowly close again. The chorus, with an admonition to man that the foundation of happiness is wisdom, that he should never forget to reverence the gods, and that he shall surely expiate insolence and rashness, move off the stage, leaving it empty as at first, while the orchestra completes the profound impression made upon the mind with its appropriate parting notes.

L. W. J.

Mendelssohn in Paris.

A LETTER FROM JACQUES ROSENHAIN.

SIR.—I have just read in the last number of the *Gazette Musicale de Paris* a very interesting article on M. Adolphe Jullien's essay, entitled *Mendelssohn à Paris en* 1831. The writer says among other things:—

"M. Jullien's special object has been to prove that Mendelssohn was far from having formed so unfavorable an opinion as biographers have stated of Paris and French artists."

To back up this assertion and to show how far Mendelssohn was from entertaining feelings inimical to France and French artists, I now lay before you a letter, hitherto unpublished, from him, which he wrote me in 1842. In a conversation I had at that epoch with Habeneck, who honored me with his friendship, I told him how much I thought it was to be regretted that Mendelssohn's works were still so little known in Paris. Hereupon, Habeneck commissioned me to write and inform Mendelssohn that he was resolved to have several of Mendelssohn's compositions performed at the Conservatory, and also to take steps at the Opera to procure him a libretto. The following letter from Mendelssohn is an answer to my own, and you will see with what respect he speaks of Habeneck, and how much importance he attaches to the opinion of the French public.——I remain, etc.,

JACQUES ROSENHAIN.

—*Baden, 15th November*, 1877.

"*Berlin, 13th January*, 1842.

"MY DEAR ROSENHAIN.—I was very much pleased at hearing directly from you, and being enabled to conclude that you have remained, what you always were, my dear, kind, and indulgent friend. A thousand thanks from the bottom of my heart. Only, next time, you must not speak to me at such length of my affairs but of *your own*. Of these you do not say a word, and yet they form a subject, I should take the greatest pleasure in hearing you talk about. Remedy this in your next missive, which, it is to be hoped, I shall soon receive. Come! a continuation of our conversation as we returned from our walk from Gohlis to Leipsic! Do you still remember it? I received your piece in B minor,* a few weeks ago, with a line from your pen. It pleased me extremely, and completely recalled the happy time in question; I have often and often thanked you in my mind. But now I should like to know what you have new. I have heard something about an opera, but are there no pieces for the piano, no songs, etc.? Write and tell me everything.

"The W . . . s spend the winter here (it is true that one of them is betrothed); but fancy how I should rise in their estimation if I were to take them fresh intelligence of what you are doing!—Think, too, how I should please my wife, who is, as she always will be, your faithful pupil and admirer; who begs me to remember her to you; and who, thank Heaven, is, like the children, as well as one could wish. We are leading a somewhat dissipated life here; we think every day of the good time past, and should very much like to return to Leipsic. Whether there is any chance of this desire being realized, we shall see between this and a few months. What you say concerning my works and their performance in Paris interested me deeply; receive my best thanks. But I must confess that I do not promise myself a great success. If, while remaining in the path I have pursued, I should, at some future date, succeed in composing better and more characteristic works, I may perhaps hope to see one or other of them make its way in Paris as elsewhere; but I doubt this, as regards what I have done up to now; the compositions in question are not sufficiently different from those where you are. However, as you may imagine, it will be a great delight and a great honor for me if anything of mine is performed in Paris, and especially if a man like Habeneck interests himself in the matter. Present him my best, my very best regards. I entertained in years gone by a great liking for him, and he was then so good and kind towards me that I have thought of him ever since, not only with respect and admiration, but with true gratitude. Please kindly tell him this, and give him my most affectionate compliments.

"The metronomical directions for my *St. Paul* are to be found in the large score, which is indispensable for the performance. Do you think it would be well to commence with "Fingal's Cave?" Should not Habeneck rather try, at any rate, the four overtures, or at least three, at a rehearsal, so as to choose the one best suited to the members of the orchestra? I should very much wish him to do so, and I earnestly beg, through you, that he will. Please tell me, when an opportunity offers, whether he yields to my request; and, in case he does, correct a typographical error in the score and the parts of the *Meeresstille:* the *allegro* should be marked *alla breve* 𝅗𝅥 instead of 𝅝; the movement is very quick; half-a-bar 𝅗𝅥 is worth 𝅗𝅥 about a crotchet—as in the last piece of Beethoven's Symphony in A.

"I write an opera for Paris! You know how strong is my desire to have a libretto by Scribe; you know that

* "Poème pour piano," Op. 24.

for years I have been yearning with all my heart for a genuine, fine dramatic notion. But to come out in Paris with a first work of the kind is beset with such difficulties, that I really could not think of your proposal before having had one or two operas played in Germany, and unfortunately I do not yet see a chance of anything of the sort, that is, a good subject or a good libretto. But thank Habeneck for his kind intention in this instance also, and ask him, if he knows any good and fine subject, for Heaven's sake to inform me of it. I should consider this as the greatest service anyone could do me in my artistic career.

"Please present my best compliments to Eckert, who, a short time since, transmitted me yours; kindly tell him I have not yet received the pieces of which he spoke to me. Should you see Baillot or Chopin remember me to them. And now enough for to-day. Adieu; write soon, and remain as attached as ever to yours, most truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

Von Buelow's Notes of Travel.*

Or would you prefer a title: "Inappropriate Remarks on Things in General," O my respected patron of many years? I at once call your attention to the fact that one part of the above heading may agree too well with the contents of my articles, and that you may feel bound suddenly to stop your recent puff of my talent as a writer of operatic notices (of course, at watering-places only.) By the way, was not there a slight flavor of irony about that said puff? Is it quite certain that you did not mean to characterize me as a Jack-of-all-trades? However, be that as it may,—

"Bin fremd dem Literatentreiben,
Kann ungedruckt im Pulte bleiben."

The fact is, it amuses me to chat, purposelessly, with you, *publicè* or *privatim*, and I am amply rewarded for my trouble by a friendly smile from you in your study. I have, unfortunately, no connection with the ideal Corinth, where the much-lauded fair friends of Herren Eckert, Hiller, and Lindau are said to thrive, and I sometimes suffer from a yearning to unbosom myself. It matters, therefore, little to me whether you preserve the dry flowers of my ink-bottle in your herborarium of epistolary celebrities, or ——. Our good friend Pohl, poor fellow, is unfortunately not in so enviable a position. It was absolutely necessary for his "Friendly Letters from Bayreuth" to be printed at any price. To ensure his pamphlet's appearing with any approach to neatness of form, he was compelled, *nolens volens*, to dedicate it to the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the second husband of Herr Brendell's widow.

He would probably have been glad enough to select a fair being, younger and prettier than the individual chosen, as his addressee; Herr Pohl, however, like myself, seems unable to obtain letters of recommendation to —— Corinth. But this is enough in the way of prelude, as the key is settled.

I.

BRUSSELS.

25th October.

Thomas dead.—Meyerbeer still alive—Robert . . . but not the Devil . . . and Richard . . . but not Cœur de-Lion.—Gratification, despite the police, of the impulse to manufacture operas.—Conductororial pantomimism.—Sansculottism in the Pianoforte Playing of the present Day.

You see, respected Sir, that I have not been in America quite for nothing; I have gone through a course of study of the Yankee newspaper style, and it is with unconcealable satisfaction that I perceive spreading over your features a look of electric expectation, like that in the case of a "fifth," at the fourth desk of the first fiddles in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a new Canonic Suite is being played. Do not be alarmed, I am not cruel, and you shall not snap, or "go off with a bang," like the fifth in question. I can now quite imagine the feeling, for, on Thursday evening, I myself was very near it—"going off with a bang," to wit—in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at one time with rage and at another with weariness. Had I been a crowd in myself I might have confounded the little successor of the great Auber at the Conservatory with the wholesale murderer of the same name at Bremen, translating dynamite by *embêtement*. (He has nothing to do with Theodore Thomas of New York.) I say: "near it;" I was saved solely by the partially very admirable manner in which the persons engaged performed their tasks, and by the friendly way in which my colleague and respected neighbor in the parquet, M. Louis Brassin, shared my torture. I shall speak further of my benefactor presently, when I have somewhat got over my excitement; the latter would render me without more ado capable even of "praising asses," were such a course not forbidden by the virtue which after we have cut our wisdom teeth becomes a duty; I mean *modesty*. The fact is that it was especially myself who was the "ass," for having had the hardihood to appeal from the miserable impression produced on me by the perusal of *Hamlet* in the piano-forte score to the impression acoustically receivable from a scenic representation.

The empty nothingness, devoid of all special physiognomy, which marks Thomas's music, as likewise its pretentious conceit, was then for the first time apparent to me in all its glaring brightness. Even in purely technical matters, such as the instrumentation, where Meyerbeer has shown us that, like Vatel, a man may by skilful preparation render even boot-soles palateable, I was most bitterly disappointed. The only miserable joke my ear came across was in the second act: the goings on, not so droll as repulsive, of a saxophone which was new to me, a bastard of bass-clarinet and English horn, a pair of wooden bellows, certainly not generated by any natural combination, and therefore, thank heaven, not destined to live. Do not think, my dear Herr Senff, that I went to the theatre afflicted with German prejudices or specific musical whims. The sounds of *Fidelio*, the opera with which I had entered on my duties as conductor, had completely died out of my ears, and, shortly before leaving Hanover, I had thrown my whole heart into directing the production of *La Muette de Portici* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Still less, though a Wagnerite *de la veille* (I have been one for thirty-five years, that is, from the very first performance of *Rienzi* at Dresden, in October, 1842), am I to be reckoned among the adversaries of the great Giacomo; on the contrary. With the approbation of my new chief and old colleague, Herr von Bronsart, I hope to give during this present season a comparatively model performance of *Les Huguenots*, such as the latter work needs (unfortunately!) more than *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, *can* be and *is* given *as it ought to be given*, in Munich alone, where it is so performed *par ordre de Mufti*. Nor has my reverence for Shakespeare ever excited me to consider it a crime, in MM. Verdi and Taubert, for instance, to transfer *Macbeth* to music-paper, though I cannot help thinking that with his *Lustige Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) Otto Nicolai did the great Briton higher honor. The boldness of philosophizing in notes (the setting of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," to a certain extent the most endurable bit in the opera, is, however, purl——— borrowed from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*) would, moreover not have offended me in the least; I became inured to this sort of thing, prompted by earnest intention, from *Tristan und Isolde*. So, naïvely *sine ira et studio*, I listened to M. Thomas's strains (*"abgeschiedene Vielfrasweis,"* as David sings in *Die Meistersinger*), and, thanks to M. Brassin's spiritual consolation, continued listening up to Ophelia's scene of natation at the end of the fourth act, The result is short: a most deep-seated conviction on my part of the rottenness of this usurper of the inheritance left by Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and the most open-mouthed astonishment at those gentlemen who lay down the law, and who are incapable of distinguishing apparent life and apparent death. There is no doubt that M. Thomas writes correctly, and "academically," if you like, something in the same fashion that M. Jules Simon conducts politics; but mere smoke is the most the absence of talent in him can produce, accompanied, as the latter is, by such importance that, in its want of character and style, it cannot clear even the rock, want of taste, a rock generally avoided by educated French musicians. Verdi, with all his former roughness, and even with his present queer notions, is quite another kind of fellow, and M. Thomas is not above levying the most continuous loans on him. I say nothing of Gounod; that composer's want of character, or euphemistically speaking, his "eclecticism," has method about it, and in his own circle he has notions which his intellectual guardians did not possess before him. In a word, he belongs at all events to the first of the two classes of operatic composers into which I would divide the entire species—though the worthy non-elect among the so-called "German" incapables desirous of musicalizing dramatically will not agree very cordially with the notion—the said two classes being *those who can add something to the hurdy-gurdy, and those who are compelled to borrow the most necessary things from it.* The dislike I entertain for those of the last sort—a dislike I am least capable of surmounting when, devoured by the same thirst for success as their more frivolous but more highly gifted brethren, they pretend to the orchestra and the critics (they are not able to swindle the singers and the public), that it is solely from "modesty" that they neglect the means of success—induces me now personally to beg Herr von Flotow's pardon for all the rude things once written and spoken by me against him. When, at a period of such operatic poverty, of such noisy sterility as the present, Master Giacomo is loudly cried down, and the pigmies of to-day, jealous of his triumphs, appeal, as they cry him down, to the *Olympian audacities* which Robert Schumann hurled against the presumed Antichrist, forty, and Richard Wagner twenty-five years ago, we must simply reply: *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi.* Schumann understood just as much about an opera as Rossini understood about a symphony; Wagner was guilty of injustice with greater consciousness, though he may be excused in consideration of the hard laws of a "struggle for existence." But "everything has happened before," says Ben Akiba; let the reader call to mind how adverse Weber was to Beethoven, etc. Epigoni, however, who do not deserve being named in the same day with Wagner, even as a specific musician, and whose most striking success will never equal the *fiasco d'estime* achieved by *Genovera*, should, before they are bold enough to try to write operas, poke their respected noses a trifle further into the scores of men like Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and see whether they possess sufficient talent to derive some little practical benefit from the process. The more sensible among them might then come down a peg or two and grow rather disheartened, which would be all the better for poor operatic conductors. For the others, I will cite the winged words of Arthur Schopenhauer: *"When a book and a head cannon together and produce a hollow sound, that is, once for all, not the fault of the book."*

But do you not think, my dear Herr Senff, that it is time for me to conclude my digression? "The art of wearying consists in holding nothing back," says a French moralist. I will, therefore, cure my attack of sentimentality by a bit of triviality, and quickly tell you something which will interest you most deeply. It is that Mdlle. Hamackers, though no longer a young, was a very excellent, and, vocally, blameless, Ophelia, and that M. Devoyod, who played Hamlet for the first time, achieved a success as brilliant as it was merited. The chorus astonished me by its precision and freshness; and the orchestra was, in every respect, wonderfully good. I was agreeably impressed by the deep depth of the space it occupied, so indispensable an element for the promotion of discreet accompaniment, without anything threadbare about the tone; I was less edified with the arrangement which strives to realize the old periwig-principle of separating the strings from the wind with the reform introduced at Berlin by "Cæsar" Spontini, nearly sixty years ago (and long since adopted in large towns like Vienna, Munich, Dresden, etc.) It is true that bow instruments ran correctly like a red thread through the whole territory, but the contrast, equally important for audience and performers, between *brass* and *wood* had been neglected. The person of the evening who possessed the greatest attraction for me was the conductor, M. Dupont, a brother of the well-known virtuoso on the piano and Conservatory-professor. He is one of the most circumspect, most gifted with delicate feeling, most "ubiquitousish," and consequently most warm-blooded and most active of his "caste." These conductorial pantomimics ruffle me less than others, as I know the reasons which make them necessary in complicated modern works. The inhabitants of small German towns, accustomed to pitiless metronomes of flesh and (not too much) blood, who, for instance, had never witnessed a good operatic performance in Italy, take great umbrage at them, and, not having the courage to look over the conductor, are apt to complain that their enjoyment is interfered with, *Il est difficile de contenter tout le monde et son père.* Such must be the consolation of a man when people find fault with him, and when, not having learnt to squint, he is unable to combine the discharge of his duty, which is to signal orders for preparation, of encouragement, and of animadversion to the four quarters of the compass, with a stylobatic bearing of the upper portion of his body.

And now, by way of farewell to-day, a word of thanks to my faithful companion in suffering, M. Brassin! I cannot tell you, O my respected patron, what good it did me at length to meet once more a "real pianist in trowsers." Such beings, especially when real individualities, have now become as rare as the "pianists in petticoats" have become legionary. And—your hands on your hearts, ye admirers of the fair sex—is there *one* pianoforte virtuoso who can artistically reproduce, for instance, Beethoven's G major concerto, Op. 58, unless he knows the score inside-out and upside-down? But can any fair pianists do so, except their queen, Mad. Clara Schumann! It is not difficult to draw a conclusion. Ladies' emancipation is beginning to discredit pianoforte playing. The gap occasioned by Carl Tausig's early death has not yet been filled up; I believe, however, that it may be

*From the Leipsic *Signale*, edited by Herr Senff. Translated in the London *Musical World*.

by M. Louis Brassin. Despite his grey hair, he is as fresh, bodily and intellectually, as he is mature; he has, hitherto, not condescended to be his own propagandist, though his talent, as a composer as well as an executant, would have fully justified such a course. He sacrificed long since all interest in himself to his "*Nibelungen* belief." His new paraphrases of fragments from *Der Ring* are the best and most useful things I have seen. Yet he, by no means, belongs to the non-independent Bayreutherians,* whose organ is the Fritzian *Monitor of leading Motives*. His three new pianoforte studies: "Impressions d'Automne," for performance at concerts, I warmly recommend to all those among my colleagues who are good enough to consider me not quite incompetent in such matters. He is moreover meditating a second Concerto—so it is time to think about the first.

Perhaps it is rather like offering you mustard after dinner, my dear Herr Senff,† if I recall to your mind an amusing anecdote, dating from 1852, and related of Dr. Liszt and Chevalier de Kontski at Darmstadt; but it is worth warming up again.

Attired in his most magnificent Spanish uniform *à la* Marfori, the Polish martyr in search of court-concerts called upon the Grand Ducal *Capellmeister*, and solemnly offered, in the guise of a present, the first copy of his latest offspring in the instructive line: *L'Indispensable du Pianiste*, to the said Grand Ducal official. "My dear friend," observed the latter, "when you again want to indulge in a bit of humbug, you may as well do it in a slightly less rococo style. For my part I can assure you, as a person not entirely devoid of experience in such affairs, that I know of only one real indispensable du pianiste—and that is a decent pair of trowsers."—Countersigned,—HANS VON BUELOW.

*In the German expression "*Bay-Reuthianehte*" there is a verbal jingle not to be reproduced in English.—TRANSLATOR.

†The reader, if unacquainted with German, must know that *Senf*—which, with the exception of an *f* too little, is the name of the editor of the *Signale*—signifies "mustard." What signifies it, if it does?—TRANSLATOR.

Music in Leipzig.

THE SEVENTH GEWANDHAUS CONCERT—JOACHIM'S WONDERFUL VIOLIN PLAYING—THE FOURTH EUTERPE CONCERT.

[Correspondence of the Philada. Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, NOV. 30, 1877.—The programme of the seventh Gewandhaus concert last evening, was a remarkable one, from the fact of Joseph Joachim being presented in a double capacity—that of violinist and composer. As the first he is known the wide world over to be without a rival—a very Liszt of violinists. To *see* him play is scarcely less interesting than his playing; his bearing is manly and full of dignity, and nothing more exquisitely graceful than his bowing can be conceived. He is fully conscious of his wonderful powers, which, however, like a true artist, he ever and always only uses towards the achievement of the very highest ends. In this respect he is a noble example for many artists who, having acquired the means, use these as an end.

The composer Joachim is constantly and rapidly developing; his Overture is proof of this, which certainly, without speaking disparagingly of violinists, would never lead one to infer that it had been written by one who has gained all his laurels as master of an instrument to which, unlike the piano and its harmonies, everything but pure melody is foreign.

The whole programme of the concert was as follows:

Variations, on theme of Haydn.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, A minor.....Viotti
Entr'act and Ballet music from "Ali Baba,"
Cherubini
Barcarole and Scherzo, for violin.....Spohr
Elegische—Overture.....Joachim
Symphony, F major, No. 8.....Beethoven

The orchestral compositions, and especially the symphony, were played with the abandon and spirit characteristic of this rare combination of musicians; they always play, never disappoint, and not seldom, when an exceptionally good star reigns over their concerts, their performances partake of the nature of the ideal and the wonderful.

Joachim, of course, was enthusiastically greeted, and, equally of course, did he show himself worthy of the grand ovation, for such it really was. He played only like Joachim, the one, peerless and unrivalled. The whole was one of the "good star" concerts.

The fourth Euterpe concert, last Tuesday, had this programme:

Overture, Op. 124.....Beethoven
Concerto, E minor.....Scholtz
Sympnony, C major.....Schubert

Piano Solos:
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1,
Berceuse,
Scherzo, B minor, } .....Chopin
Overture, "Anacreon,".....Cherubini

Hermann Scholtz, from Dresden, was the soloist. He is one of the few good Chopin players, having a touch delicate in the extreme, but scarcely of sufficient strength. This want was not felt in the compositions he played, excepting, perhaps, in parts of the Scherzo. But Schumann and Beethoven, requiring sterner handling, would suffer seriously under his soft fingers. He is a refined und highly-gifted pianist, and also not unfavorably known as a composer. His composition, which was beautifully played by him, is, not only in key, but also in form and style, in sympathy with Chopin's famous concerto, without, however, even approximately reaching up to his great model, this most charming of tone-poems. He was much applauded, and added a Mazurka of Chopin.

The orchestral compositions were played admirably. The symphony on the programme is not the well-known one of Schubert in the same key, but an arrangement for orchestra, by Joachim, of one of Schubert's four-hand compositions for piano—Op. 140. The arranger has apparently overlooked one fact, namely, that in compositions written for the piano, with its peculiarity of sound produced by quickly and crisply played passages, such effects cannot be reproduced by the orchestra, and as a symphony, which form of composition requires a much broader handling. * * * *

I will only give the programme of the second Gewandhaus soirée:

Trio—For stringed instruments, Op. 9.....Beethoven
Quintet—Piano and strings, Op. 14.....Saint-Saëns
Quintet—Strings, E flat.....Mozart
Italian Concerto—For piano.....Bach

The composer of the piano quintet was also the pianist.

The operas during the week have been Weber's *Freyschütz*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, Gluck's *Armida* and Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

NOV. 7.—The eighth Gewandhaus concert took place last evening, the programme being:

Overture—"Faniska,".....Cherubini
Aria from "Creation,".....Haydn
Concerto for piano, F minor.....Chopin
Songs.....Old German and French
Symphony, C major.....Schubert

The performance suffered too much from comparisons with the concert last week, which was from first to last an unusual and memorable one. Happily, the beautiful symphony (both it and the overture being played in the usual excellent manner of the orchestra) came last, otherwise there would have been positive disappointment. The vocalist, Frau Schimon-Regan, formerly in this city, now in Munich, is a good artist, with a small voice; the songs were prettily sung. The piano concerto was not in worthy hands. The young lady who played it, while talented, is not sufficiently developed to attempt successfully Chopin's concerto.

It is rumored that Johannes Brahms will shortly come to Leipzig to conduct his newest (second) symphony. Another rumor, which for some time has been agitating the minds of many, has suddenly assumed positive shape and form, and promises to become an established fact; namely, a new building and hall for the concerts of the Gewandhaus. To all, excepting to the comparatively few fortunate subscribers who have only, after long and patient waiting, acquired their privileges, the necessity of a new hall has been but too obvious for many years. The old hall, splendidly adapted to the chamber concerts, has become entirely too small for the modern symphony, and is also not nearly large enough to hold the many would-be subscribers. I have it from a reliable source that upwards of one thousand persons had unsuccessfully applied for seats at the beginning of the present season, of which large number hundreds have been on file as applicants for many seasons. Formidable difficulties, indeed, must have prevented the proposed plan from maturing any sooner; what their character is I am at a loss to guess, but not improbably the deeply-rooted prejudices in favor of the old hall, with its really grand associations, were not the least of them. Over the names of men long and intimately entwined with the history of the Gewandhaus concerts, an inducing proposition has been made to subscribers and donators, of which so many at least will certainly avail themselves as to place the enterprise at once beyond the reach of a financial embrarassment now or at any future time. It is to be hoped that in as short a time as is consistent with excellence, the wishes and hopes of so many, musically inclined, will become a realized fact.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 21, 1877.—Last Saturday evening witnessed the fourth of those delightful Gewandhaus Chamber Concerts, with a programme as varied as interesting and beautiful:

Concerto for three pianos, D minor.....Bach
Quartet for strings, E flat major.....Haydn
Concerto for three pianos, F major, (manuscript),
Mozart
Octet for wind instruments, Op. 103.....Beethoven

The concerto of Mozart had for many years been lying, with many other manuscript compositions of the same composer, in Offenbach, in the possession of André, where they would probably still be, were it not that a complete, uniform and worthy edition of Mozart is about being published by Breitkopf and Härtel, as a pendant to the great Beethoven edition of the same publishers. It is an exquisitely beautiful composition, not for a moment denying its famous authorship—every note a gem. Appropriate cadenzas to each of the movements have been written by Reinecke, which will be published with the original score. Both concertos were well played, Reinecke modestly sustaining the third, while the first and second piano parts were ably taken care of by Herr Maas and Herr Carper; the accompaniment was in the hands of members selected from the orchestra.

The Haydn Quartet and the Beethoven Octet were not only well performed, but were also, as compositions, in pleasant contrast with each other and with the Concertos. Every number was intensely enjoyed and applauded by the large and appreciative audience.

The programme of the tenth Gewandhaus orchestral concert:

Overture—"Prometheus".....Beethoven
Aria—from "Das unterbrochene Opferfest,"
Winter
Concerto—for piano—G major.....Rubinstein
Songs—{Er ist's, Sandmännchen, Auftrage,} .....Schumann
Toccata—D minor.....Bach-Tausig
Symphony, No. 3, A minor.....Gade

was not an uninteresting one. The pianist, Adele Hipplus, from St. Petersburg, had no mean task to perform in the difficult Rubenstein Concerto; that it did not *seem* a task, proves that she is already highly developed, both technically and musically. In spite of her youth, it may be predicted that she will shortly take equal rank in the pianistic world with the most celebrated names of her sex. The songs and aria were sung by Frau Schuch-Proska, from Dresden, an artiste of superior abilities and pleasing voice. The overture and symphony were played with marvelous precision, fully equal to the very best performance of this singular orchestra. This concert was the last for the year, the next falling on the first day of the new.

Der Freyschütz, *Heinrich der Löwe* and *Das Goldene Kreuz*, have been the operas given during the week.

According to an official announcement in the *Tageblatt*, the subscriptions towards the erection of a new Gewandhaus building, during three days, amounted to 615,000 marks from 535 subscribers. The directors are hopeful that the whole of the estimate (900,000 marks) will be reached within a reasonably short time.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

LONDON "MONDAY POPS." "Cherubino" in *Figaro*, who, like his American cousin in our Boston *Courier*, writes always in the first person singular, tells us:

The post-Christmas season at the Monday Popular Concerts will begin on Monday next, and the enterprise will then be prosecuted with vigor. It is extraordinary that the ante-Christmas series has not—and, I believe, never has—been found to pay its way; but whether this is to be attributed to the season of the year, to the vagaries of fashion, or to the fact that the chief artists do not appear till after Christmas, few would be inclined to venture an opinion. It is a fact that the Monday Popular Concert audience is a peculiar one. A portion of it is aristocratic, and its members attend the Monday Popular Concerts because it is the correct thing to do so. This section will be found in those stalls which are near the platform. A large portion is composed of pure music lovers, and this portion will be found to crowd the shilling orchestra, the back area, and the gallery. Yet another portion is composed of professors of music and critics, who will be found in the side-seats, in the back rows of stalls, and in the alcoves near the door. This section is, of course, on the free list, but it serves as excellent bait, the critics attracting others by the notices in the newspapers, and the professors inducing their pupils to attend. But a large section of the professors and of the aristocracy prefer only the best and most celebrated artists, and they will not attend performances given with the assistance of performers of the Madame Haas, Mdlle. Schirmacher, and Fräulein Mehlig type. These artists are good enough in their way, but those who pretend to be connoisseurs will have none of them. So they wait for Joachim and Madame Schumann, and when these two great artists arrive the Monday Popular Concerts may be assured of several weeks of full houses. This year, for some reason which is not explained, Madame Schumann will not play at the Monday concerts at all. But Fräulein Krebs opens the ball on Monday, and she will be followed on Jan. 28 by Herr Ignaz Brüll, on Feb. 2 by M. Wieniawski, and on Feb. 10 by Dr. Joachim, who will appear on every Monday and Saturday thenceforward for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Prout's New Symphony.

(From "The Graphic.")

The directors of the Crystal Palace are doing good service to English music. Among the most recent productions at these concerts was a manuscript symphony in G minor, by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, one of our ablest and best informed composers. His work is modelled after the classical form of which so many examples have been bequeathed to us by Haydn and Mozart. It does not attempt to emulate the larger development distinguishing the symphonies of Beethoven from those of his illustrious predecessors, but keeps discreetly within the old prescribed limits which the genius of Beethoven, as it expanded more and more, enabled him to outstep. Mr. Prout's symphony, however, shows the hand of a musician thoroughly familiar with the elements of the art he professes, and as thoroughly practised in their use. Being uniformly regular in construction, and preserving no marked characteristics calling for special description, it is a genuine example of abstract music, equal to the majority of things of the kind for which we are indebted to modern German writers, who, in defiance of the so-called "forward" (really backward) school, adhere to the principles so emphatically illustrated in the efforts of the earlier masters. There is no "dreaming" in it; all is simple, straightforward, and at the same time scholarly. The symphony consists of four movements, which seem to constitute a happy family group. The opening movement, *allegro moderato e con fuoco*, is legitimate parent to its three successors; the *larghetto* is melodious and expressive, the *scherzo*, as in Beethoven's first quintet, and one of the symphonies of Schumann, is supplemented by two trios; and the *finale*, a movement of well-sustained vigor, exhibits such ingenious application of the fugal style, as proves its author to be well versed in the art of counterpoint, once the indispensable study of musicians, but in the present day not sufficiently taken into consideration. If Mozart and Beethoven when young had not labored arduously to acquire a command of this important agent, the one could never have written the *finale* to his *Jupiter*, the other the *finale* to his *Eroica*; nor, deprived of its aid, could Mr. Prout, with all his enthusiasm, have produced the last movement (*vivace assai*) of his Symphony in G Minor. The work was admirably executed under the direction of Mr. Manns, and the composer was unanimously called forward at the conclusion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1878.

Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert.

The experiment in the last concert (Jan. 3) of an essentially "modern" programme, in which new works had the lion's share,—in deference for once to the continual complaint of critics and fault finders—afforded small encouragement for following up the "new departure." There was no increase of (paying) audience; indeed the sale of tickets has been larger in several of the preceding concerts, which offered no such stimulus to curiosity. The season tickets of course are a fixed quantity and count alike in every concert. The holders thereof may have turned out more generally than they had done of late, piqued by the same love of novelty which made professional musicians, and all of the numerous class who are wont to expect "complimentary" admission upon such occasions, eager to hear (themselves and wives) a notable new Symphony. This is all there was in the appearance of a "better house" that afternoon. And when the fact is stated that, of those eager crowds, a large proportion coolly left the hall before the Symphony was half over—(unhandsome conduct, surely, if they were among the clamorers for novelty)—it may well be doubted whether it would be politic, or not rather suicidal, for the management, to play much longer on that string. The truth is, the new music is *not* popular, and it is hard to escape the conclusion that the demand for it (we mean as publicly expressed in newspapers) is either frivolous or not sincere.—But our business here is with the *music* of the concert, with the following programme and performance:—

1. Overture to "Euryanthe,".. .....Weber
2. Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, Op. 16, Edward Grieg
   Allegro molto moderato.—Adagio.—Allegro moderato.
   William H. Sherwood.
3. Allegretto, from Third Symphony, Op. 15....Gade

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1. Pianoforte Solos:—
   a. Fugue in E minor.....Handel
   b. Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 2.....Chopin
   c. Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 31.....Bargiel
   William A. Sherwood.
2. Symphony, in C minor, Op. 68...Johannes Brahms (First time in Boston.)
   1. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro (C minor.)
   2. Andante sostenuto (E major.)
   3. Poco Allegretto e grazioso (A flat major).
   4. Adagio (C minor); più Andante; Allegro con brio (C major).

The programme and the concert have been called "splendid" in some quarters where we have long ceased to look for any praise; and the term is not entirely inappropriate. It was at least a brilliant programme, and for the most part brilliantly performed. If any complained of dullness, it was not until they had listened to the middle of the first movement of the long anticipated new Symphony; and that was partly perhaps the fault of Brahms, but quite as much their own fault, or, rather, owing to their own want of preparation and of more familiarity with a work not luminous upon a single hearing.

There was a spirited, effective rendering of the stirring "Euryanthe" Overture for a beginning. The Concerto by Grieg was interesting rather as an occasion for Mr. SHERWOOD's admirably sure, clear, finished, brilliant virtuosity, than for the intrinsic merit of the composition. It has beauties here and there, with much of the charm of a certain wild Norse flavor; but it has also much that is extravagant, much that is trivial, albeit pretty, as in the dance melodies of the finale; and it betrays a constant straining for effect. Embellishments, elaborate cadenzas, *tours de force*, seem to make up a large part of the loose staple of the work. Nor is it free from the provoking, wilful, ugly traits so common in the music of the new Northern school, —or rather, school broke loose. But Mr. Sherwood, in its rendering, was at his very best. Refined, discriminating, full of well considered light and shade, his whole interpretation did full justice to the work, while his technique was masterly.

—The little Gade Allegretto (given for the first time last winter) was played with delicate expression, and was a sweet relief after the frantic energy of Grieg. Here was Norse music of a finer and a purer kind.

Mr. Sherwood's smaller solos were very beautifully played, especially the Handel Fugue, which had a hearty, genial sound, while the themes and the whole contrapuntal development were kept perfectly distinct. The Chopin *Nocturne*, too, was given with fine insight and poetic feeling. The *Scherzo* by Bargiel impressed us as an oddity, too trivial and uninteresting.

And now we come to the main feature of the programme, the Brahms Symphony, about which there has been so much discussion, and such sweeping judgments have been uttered both in praise and condemnation, some wildly shouting: "The Tenth Symphony!", others pronouncing it dry, pedantic, depressing and intolerable, a thing which one can hardly sit through with patience.

We must confess that it has grown upon us as we have become more familiar with it through several rehearsals and some study of the score and the four-hand arrangement. It is at least an *earnest* work. There is matter in it; themes and motives which are pregnant, pertinaciously adhered to and consistently developed. It has a pervading unity of plan and spirit, and grows to a great climax. The musical texture is ingenious, complex and masterly; nothing seems loose or vague. The instrumentation, too, is masterly, although we have not noticed in it any exquisite surprises, any fresh bits of original effect or contrast, such as we get in Gade, or in Liszt, or Raff or Wagner; it is all rather of a uniformly rich, subdued and sombre hue; depth and fulness being the distinctive characteristic, although no extra instruments are employed, with the exception of a Contra-Fagotto, whose place had to be supplied here by the Tuba.

We are sure those who will hear it several times will find the first movement much more interesting than they did on the first hearing, though probably not less depressing. It is difficult to understand at once. The principal theme is hardly like a theme at all, and it is some time before one seizes it and holds it in his mind; the short accessory motives, on the contrary, are positive and pregnant, and continually recur with passionate significance and point. The slow introduction, beginning grandly with chromatic thirds ascending in the strings, descending in the reeds and flutes, while the tympani and basses continually sound the same deep C, in six-eight strong and regular pulsation, foreshadows the coming themes and phrases of the Allegro. It seems indeed as if some august sacrificial ceremony were preparing. This short introduction is, to our mind, one of the finest portions of the Symphony; this and the Finale are the best. But the Allegro is depressing; like most of the new compositions on a large, ambitious scale, it seems to us *sick* music; it certainly is not music which a sick man may listen to and feel better. It is wearisomely full of chromatics and of restless modulation. Nor do we find in it a positive originality. It is not much akin to Wagner, we were pleased to find; but it suggests older things continually. Schumann's "Manfred" music was in our mind more hauntingly than any other through the whole first movement; but there were also positive resemblances for a few bars now to the *Coriolan* and now the *Leonore* Overture, and frequent floating reminiscences of the Ninth Symphony. And here we may mention, in other parts of the work, a wearisome excess of a certain Schumannish trait: namely those catch-breath rhythms, where the expected accent at the beginning of a measure falls on *nothing*,—accented silence; a fine effect when sparingly used, but exasperating when it occurs too often.

The *Andante* (E major) opens in a clearer mood, much as any old master (Haydn, Mozart) might have written, and gives a short-lived promise of an interval of peace and comfort. Only for a few measures! when the sickness and the restlessness return, and still the heart is full of heaviness. Yet many a beautiful detail will reward a closer study; near the beginning, for instance, a peculiar long melodic passage by the oboe continued by the clarinet.—The *Allegretto*, in its pastoral simplicity,—a quiet Intermezzo in the usual place of the Scherzo—is perhaps the most readily appreciated and most fascinating piece of all. The fond duplication of a measure in each half of the first melodic period, and the blithe answering theme in thirds, have an air of unaffected genuineness. In this simpler music at least you feel that there is heart. But this too grows uneasy ere 'tis done.

It was a pity that so many left the hall before the arrival of the last movement; for it is this that makes the great effect, and leaves the impression that all that went before, however seen as in a glass darkly, was tending steadily to an almost sublime conclusion. The introductory *Adagio* is a stately preparation of the popular "Joy" theme, so palpably and closely imitated from Beethoven, filling the mind with expectation of relief and the dispersion of the clouds before a brilliant sun. There is a passage in it quite Beethoven-like, where the strings,

pizzicato, seem to be groping as on tiptoe in the dark and feeling for a door of exit. And when the time quickens to the *più Andante* (mark the correct use here of the word *Andante*, which means *going*, and not slow) a fascinating phrase rings out from the horn, amid the rustling *pianissimo* of strings, which is at once echoed by the flute as from the sky above, and thrills one like the sudden omen of a clear day in the East. This is worked out with great power, and then begins the joy theme (*Allegro non troppo*, but *con brio*), which, however, we do not find so joyous, nor of so popular a stamp as that in the Ninth Symphony. The development is exceedingly rich, broad and splendid, the horn phrase heard ever and anon in the midst of it, besides many reminiscences of earlier movements. It is comparatively cheerful and exciting, the master movement of th work; and yet we cannot say it seemed to us inspired, inspiring and uplifting, glorious, transporting in the same sense, or the same degree, as the Finale of the Ninth or of the Fifth Beethoven Symphony. And after all, allowing all praise to this last movement, we cannot escape a total impression of the Symphony as something depressing and undefying, a work coldly elaborated, artificial; earnest to be sure, in some sense great, and far more satisfactory than any Symphony by Raff, or any others of the day, which we have heard; but not to be mentioned in the same day with any Symphony by Schumann, Mendelssohn, or the great one by Schubert, not to speak of Beethoven.

Such is our impression so far; we shall doubtless find more in the work on further hearing; our interest in it will increase, but we foresee the limit; and certainly it cannot become popular; it will not be *loved*, like the dear masterworks of genius.—A word of hearty praise is certainly due to the Conductor and the Orchestra, for giving us upon the whole so clear and strong a rendering of so wholly new and difficult a work upon such short rehearsal. The musicians took it up with zeal and energy, and generously *gave* an extra rehearsal in their desire to bring it out as well as possible. It will be given again in the next concert (Jan. 31), after having been also heard this present week from the fine orchestra of Theodore Thomas.

The Vocal Clubs.

Our three Clubs, mixed and single, each with a host of friends ("Associates") and supporters, each sure of the largest and most enthusiastic sort of audience whenever it invites, have now given their first concerts of the season, showing what music they have so far been studying, and with what results both in the mastering of the music and in their own vocal and musical improvement. Here they lie before us, three of the neat and tasteful little square books of words and programmes, which have become the fashion with such Clubs. Being so uniform in size and shape, it is a very easy matter for the lover of this speciality in music to bind them up in thicker volumes and preserve the record of all that all the Clubs have done.

First among the miniature quartos comes that of THE CECILIA, the first programme of its second season, which was twice performed, Dec. 6 and 13, in the Tremont Temple, Mr. B. J. LANG director. The First Part was miscellaneous, beginning with a Choral from Bach's Matthew Passion: "'Tis I! my sins betray thee," very evenly and beautifully sung without accompaniment, the four parts kept distinct in their melodic movement, yet blended in rich harmony. This was followed by the Overture to Cantata, No. 28, by Bach, well arranged by Mr. ARTHUR W. FOOTE for two pianos and effectively performed by him and Mr. J. A. PRESTON. Next an English part-song by Stevens: "From Oberon in fairy land," of a popular cast, ending in hearty "Ho, ho, hoes!" Again the two pianists gave a fine rendering of the Variations by Saint-Saëns on a theme from Beethoven (Trio from Piano Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.) Finally a delicate and dreamy part-song for female voices: "Summer Night," by Gade, sung with good light and shade and great sweetness and purity of tone.

For the Second Part the Club had prepared a novelty, a work of more pretention, in Heinrich Hofmann's Cantata: "The Fair Melusina." The old legend of the Knight who marries a Nymph of the Fountain, with all the fatal consequences, is cleverly worked up by Osterwald in the poem, which is really poetic, with much variety of character and incident, affording fine opportunities of contrast to the composer. There is in the first place a prologue and an episode of a subdued and serious character, sung without accompaniment. Then there are choruses of nymphs, of hunters, of both together, of the infuriated people shouting: "The foul witch bring out!", of stern water spirits, with dialogue and Arias in all the characters, which offer contrasts in abundance. Of the music, which doubtless would be more effective with an orchestra, we may say that it contains much that is pleasing, much that is beautiful, and some things grand or terrible, but little that is strikingly original, or much above innocent, agreeable commonplace. But there were fine opportunities for good singing, which for the most part were well improved, especially in the choruses, which showed critical and careful training,—indeed a marked improvement on the year before. The soloists were Miss MARY BEEBE, high soprano, as *Melusina*; Dr. BULLARD, baritone, *Count Raymond*; Mrs. HALE JACOBS, *Clotilda, his mother*; and Mr. C. E. HAY, bass, *Sintram, Clotilda's brother*, the last two constituting the evil element in the plot. These all sang creditably. Dr. Bullard truly like an artist.

By a strange coincidence the BOYLSTON CLUB, for the *pièce de resistance* of its concert (Music Hall, Dec. 19) had also prepared a Cantata of the Mermaid character, half watery, half human, keeping up the interest by the same contrasts, and perhaps rather more of semi-dramatic intensity, than the *Melusina*. This time the composer was English. We will let the *Courier* describe it:

Another Water-Cantata by a living composer! Salt water this time! Like Hoffmann's *Tale of the Fair Melusina*, Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* is the story of the love of an unhappy nobleman for a water-sprite, ending, as usual, in the nobleman's destruction and the banishment of his lady-love from the spirit world. It would be unfair to say that there is not much excellent writing in Smart's work. The chorus of Storm-Spirits, *Down through the deep*, for instance, is spirited and very effective: a capital imitation of Mendelssohn. The chorus of Sea-Maidens, *Hail to thee, child of the earth!* is pretty in melody and contains some quite pleasant effects of harmony, yet one is a little surprised to find such exceedingly innocent, even infantine, music in a work which aspires to the level of a serious cantata. It reminds one of the pretty little choruses for female voices that are to be found in collections of music for the use of young ladies' seminaries. As for criticising it, one might as well think of criticising a new-born baby. Upon the whole, the only claim the cantata can make upon musical consideration is that the music is generally easily-flowing enough, and is in no place either ugly or ungraceful. To call it melodious would be stretching a point, for by a melody we understand a succession of notes which is not only comprehensible as an existing entity, but has some vital character of its own. Smart's music is certainly innocent of any special vital character. The best that can be said of it is that, if it is commonplace and trivial, it is for the most part unpretentious. The composer seems to have been content not to try to do more than naturally lay in him. That he should have thought what he could do so easily worth doing at all is, however, somewhat strange. Only in one place do we find any attempt at the grandiose, and that is a lamentable failure. The terzet and chorus *Where art thou, son of a mortal race?* aims at the form of the conventional operatic grand Ensemble-Piece, but it is turgid, uninspiring and often vulgar. The airs and duets do not rise above tame mediocrity.

The chorus was richer in numbers and in quality of voices than ever before, and sang with a precision, spirit, taste and nice light and shade, most honorable to themselves and their accomplished Conductor, Mr. GEO. L. OSGOOD. The solos were by Miss L. C. NASON, as the Sea-Maiden, who has a fresh, clear, sweet and powerful soprano voice, of large compass, and executes even the most florid melody with rare ease and accuracy; Mr. CHENERY, a smooth, sweet tenor, not robust, but singing with expression, as Dunkerron; and Dr. BULLARD, as the Storm King. Part II. was as follows:

Sweet, Honey-Sucking Bees. Madrigal, John Wilbye, 1609
Tho'rt like unto a Flower. Male chorus.....Osgood
Sweet May. Female voices.....Barnby
Oh, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose. Mixed chorus.....Garrett
The Long Day Closes. Male chorus.....Sullivan
Down in a Dewy Dell. Female voices.....Smart
March. (Hark! the Trumpet Calleth Us to Arms.) Male chorus.....t.....Buck
When Allan-a-dale Went A-Hunting. Glee for mixed chorus.....De Pearsall

John Wilbye's five-part Madrigal was admirably sung, the polyphonic character being well preserved, while the composition in itself was to us the most interesting of all the selections. Mr. Osgood's beautiful part-song was most warmly received, being most delicately and sympathetically rendered. All the pieces were well sung, particularly Smart's "Down in a dewy dell," in which the pure, rich female voices had been trained to perfect unity and exquisite expression. The Boylston Club for its next task announces Mendelssohn's "Athalie" (so too does the Cecilia), Raff's "Morning Song," and Palestrina's *Missa per i Defonti*.

Last, but not least, the oldest of the Clubs, still glorying in genial bachelorhood, the APOLLO, gave its first programme of the season twice (Jan. 9 and 15) before immense and most enthusiastic audiences. We know not when we ever listened to those seventy musical and manly voices with so much pleasure. The singing, the execution and expression of the music, was beyond praise. And there were more things of a substantial, noble character than has been usual in programmes mostly made up of part-songs. For instance, the opening piece was a harmonized arrangement of that sublime hymn of Beethoven's: "God's glory in nature," one of the six sacred songs from Gellert. With these splendid tenors and basses it was one solid cubic mass of harmony, every modulation a new phase of grandeur; and the effect was much enhanced by employing the deep tones of the organ with the piano in the accompaniment; only in the few chords of interlude the great instrument was hardly inclined to sympathize in pitch with the smaller. The martial double chorus from *Oedipus*, also, was superbly sung and was worthy of their pains. And, for a conclusion, the German patriotic "Warder Song," by Raff, was at least a work of high emprise, one of the most elaborate compositions for male voices, containing baritone solos grandly sung by Mr. JOHN WINCH, a Choral, Fugue, &c.

Besides these there was a "Rhine Wine Song" by Franz,—a part-song with some contrapuntal cunning in it; Bischoff's "I know a maiden." with Baritone Solo by Dr. BULLARD; "The Flower Net," by Goldmark, a delicate and quite original conceit, not without poetic charm; a "Twilight Song" by Lachner, chiefly interesting as a piece of wonderfully pure, sustained and even pianissino; and Schumann's breezy "Foresters' Chorus." The Club that evening was at its best.

The entertainment was varied by Mr. WM. J. WINCH'S admirable singing of Schubert's "Erl-King," and Jensen's "Murmelndes Lüftchen, Blüthenwind." Also by a couple of instrumental pieces. First the Andante and Variations, and the Presto, from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, very finely played by Mr. LANG, Conductor of the Club, and Mr. RICHARD ARNOLD, a truly excellent, artistic violinist. The other was a pleasing Romance in B flat, Op. 27. by Saint-Saëns for violin, pianoforte and organ, by the same artists, with Mr. SUMNER as pianist.

We said we never listened to the Apollo with more pleasure. We did not hear them sing the *Antigone* music last year, which must have been a greater treat. Will they not give it again?

Since writing the above, we have heard the Brahms Symphony played by the Thomas orchestra; but we have said enough perhaps on that theme for once, and, lacking room for more, must reserve our impressions of the concert. The same of the interesting concert this week at the Sanders Theatre, and that of Miss Lillian Bailey.

NEXT IN ORDER.—Mr. ERNST PERABO will give two more concerts at Wesleyan Hall on the afternoons of Jan. 25 and Feb. 1. These, to the regret of all who have so richly enjoyed his concerts in the past, especially the two this season, will be his last in Boston for some time to come, and may be regarded as benefit concerts. Mr. Perabo proposes ere long to resume his residence in Europe for a while, and we shall miss him as well as Mme. Schiller,—two of our very best. To make his Matinées as complete as possible, the artist, with characteristic enthusiasm, has been lavish in expenditure for new music and professional assistants. Will not a grateful public help him to recover some of it, sure of rich treats in return for a small price of admission. He will be assisted, in some works for four hands, by his pupil, Miss Elise B. Fay, a sister of Mrs. Sherwood.

The sixth HARVARD CONCERT comes on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 31, when the Brahms Symphony will be repeated, and Mr. ALFRED WILKIE will sing "Il mio tesoro" and songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann.

The sixth and last Thomas Concert will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, preceded on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, by the fourth Cambridge Concert, and followed on Thursday afternoon (14th) by the seventh of the Harvard Symphony series.

Music in New York.

DR. DAMROSCH'S NINTH MATINÉE.

Brahms's First Symphony was repeated by the grand orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch yesterday, and was received with even greater warmth than it was on the previous Saturday, when it was first produced, although the audience was much smaller. It was certainly played with greater rapidity and fire than before, and if not quite a perfect performance was rendered with sufficient clearness of outline to enable the audience to judge its merits.

The second part of the concert was devoted to "Christmas music." A biblical legend by Hector Berlioz, called "The Flight into Egypt," never before performed in this country, headed this part of the programme. Albeit a quaint and somewhat eccentric composition, it is

☞ We ask attention to the card, on our first page, of Miss Marie A. Brown, who offers to supply a want much felt by pupils and teachers living away from cities, and having no facilities for the judicious selection of pianoforte and vocal compositions. Miss Brown is highly commended to us as a lady of musical culture and experience, well qualified for so delicate a task.

Speaking of music recalls a statement of the London *Athenæum* to the import that the musical features of the Ex osition of 1878, in Paris, will be of extraordinary interest to the musical world, the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts having issued a decree for performances that shall exemplify art in its highest forms as respects both composition and execution, and a committee, with M. Thomas, principal of the Conservatoire, as president, having been appointed to carry the decree into effect. The commission comprises some of the leading representatives of music in France—M. M. Gounod, Jules Cohen, Deldevez, Dubois, Guilmont, Guirand, Holanzier, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Weckerlin, and the foremost members of the Academy of the Fine Arts; and the sum of 250,000 francs (about $50,000) has been appropriated to meet the pecuniary exigencies of a projected musical exhibition that shall astonish the assembled nations. It has been settled that the concerts shall take place in the vast saloon of the edifice now being erected upon the heights of the Trocadero, with its vistas lengthening into the gloom and haziness of a far perspective measured off at intervals with pillars. This feature is to be essentially international, and foreign composers are invited to confer with the committee as to the competition, and in regard to accepting works already written. Our daily contemporaries have given so little attention to the details of preparation for the Exposition, that the composers of this country have scarcely been notified of the brilliant opportunity furnished by this recent decree. It remains now to set on foot a department of poetry, and the Fine Arts organization of the affair will be complete.—*Library Table, Dec.* 22.

Sig. Federico Ricci died at Conegliano on the 10th of Dec.; he was born at Naples, and was 68 years of age. When only twenty he brought out, in collaboration with his brother, Luigi, at the Teatro Valle, Rome, his first opera, *Il Sonnambulo*, and at Parma, during the following year, *Il Colombo* and *L'Eroina di Messico*. The non-success of these works induced the brothers to dissolve their alliance. Federico then wrote alone *M. Deschalumeaux*, a comic opera, which in 1835 proved a great success at Venice and throughout Italy. He afterwards produced *Le Prigioni di Edimburgo*, at Trieste; *Un Duello sotto Richelieu*, at Milan; *Michelangiolo e Rollo*, at Florence; *Corrado d' Altamura* and *Vallombra*, at Milan; *Isabella de' Medici*, at Trieste; *Estella di Murcia*, at Milan, etc. After a lapse of twelve years the two brothers again went into artistic partnership, and composed their best and most celebrated work, *Crispino e la Comare*. Among other works by the subject of this notice may be mentioned *Une Folie à Rome*, at the Athénée, Paris, in 1869; and, since the Franco-German war, *Une Fête à Venice*, at the same theatre; *Le Docteur Rose*, at the Bouffes Parisiens; and *La Petite Comtesse*, at the Théâtre Taitbout. Federico Ricci was for twelve years a master at the Conservatory of St. Petersburgh, and in 1869 was created a knight of the Legion of Honor.

Rome, Dec. 28. Miss Anne Brewster writes to the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

Mr. Hooker, the well-known American banker in Rome, had his usual Christmas-eve musical party. For twenty-five years this delightful entertainment has been given by this hospitable gentleman and his wife; to it flock the American and English colonies, as well as many Italians. It is a private concert; distinguished artists are engaged, and the fine old compositions of masters, Christmas music that used to be sung at St. Peter's in the old days, are given. One of the singers, Signora Rosati, a well-known popular contralto concert singer of Rome, said, on Christmas eve, "This is the twenty-third year I have sung for Mr. Hooker." The Maestro Direttore, on Monday evening, was the popular singing teacher of Rome, the composer of fascinating songs, Signor Augusto Rotoli, as well known in London society as in the best circles of his native city. Two clever amateurs also sang very finely:—Signor Grant, one of the partners of Maquay, Hooker & Co., whose voice is most delicious; and Signor Carlandi, the nephew of Signor Alessandro Castellani, an amateur who is a veritable artist. Carlandi inherits his music with his Castellani blood. Every member of the large family is a fine musician; the family can get up a private concert, both instrumental and vocal, without calling in any aid. Rossini used to say the finest tenor he ever heard was Alessandro Castellani, that he sung like a seraph. Among the grand old composers' names on Mr. Hooker's programme, such as Basili Guglielmi and Palestrina, figured our truly gifted American composer Boott, of Boston; a *Maria Mater* of his, a beautiful chorus, was sung with great success. Palestrina's celebrated motetto, *Panis Angelicus*, a chorus without accompaniment, was executed as only Roman singers can execute such music. Altogether it was a delightful entertainment, and made society grateful for the twenty-fifth time to Mr. Hooker for his kind, refined and agreeable hospitality. Nearly a thousand people were invited, and the noble, spacious apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, in Palazzo Bonaparte, must have had at least eight hundred guests assembled in it.

Chicago. The second of the series of Rivé-King concerts, in aid of the Foundlings' Home, was given last evening at Hershey Hall to a larger audience than attended the first, on Monday evening. It was also a more appreciative and enthusiastic audience, and, although perhaps neither the programme nor the performance were better than those of the first concert, it was more enjoyable, because there was more of sympathy in the audience and consequently of inspiration on the stage. Mme. King's numbers were very varied in character, and abounded in strong contrasts of style and color that afforded an excellent test of her ability, although none of her numbers included any large or serious work. They were the Reinecke cadenza to the Beethoven C minor concerto, the Chopin Nocturne in G minor, and Valse in A flat, the first movement of the Schubert Sonata in A minor, the Schumann Tarantelle, Weber's "Perpetuum Mobile," and Tausig's brilliant transcription of the Strauss waltz, "Man leben nur noch einmal." The Chopin numbers were delightfully played, not only with the utmost clearness in phrasing and intelligence in the interpretation, but with real feeling for the poetical sentiment which infuses all of Chopin's work. The Tarantelle, Perpetuum Mobile, and Strauss-Tausig waltz, peculiarly the latter, brought out her wonderful brilliancy of technique, as well as power, in superb style. The execution of the second number named above was followed by a very persistent demand for an encore, which was declined however. Mr. Eddy played the Mendelssohn Sonata in A, No. 3, and that impressive Funeral March and almost ecstatic Seraphic Chant of Guilmant's, in such a masterly manner that he received an encore, to which he replied with Vogt's beautiful "Night Song." The vocal features of the programme were very interesting. Miss Whinnery sang Faure's "Sancta Maria" and the "Bolero" from the "Sicilian Vespers," and for an encore to the first, Sullivan's "Let Me Dream Again." The singing of Faure's impressive song was admirable in every respect, but neither the quality of her upper register nor the flexibility of her voice adapt it to the rapid and florid work of the "Bolero," which may account for her taking it in a slower tempo than any other artist who has ever sung it here, and it has been sung very often. Mrs. Stacy's first number was an exquisite Romanza by Berlioz, "Return, My Own Beloved," which has never been sung here before. It is in reality a severe composition, although very intense and dramatic in its feeling, and yet is one that cannot help becoming popular. Her singing of it was so earnest and impassioned, and her vocalization so artistic and well adapted to the sentiment of the Romance, that she secured a very hearty encore, to which she replied with a sprightly little Milkmaid Song. Mr. Tyrrell had for his first number Calcott's song, "Friend of the Brave," which he sang very well; but his second number, the Halevy aria, "If Laws Severe," was badly out of tune. Notwithstanding this he got an encore, and replied with a German song, "My Native Land." Mr. Tyrrell's voice, in one respect, is a curiosity. It is of great range, but the bass quality attaches only to his lower register. All above that is baritone and tenor, in which respect he resembles Emelie Melville, who was here recently, and who really had three distinct voices,—soprano, mezzo-soprano, and alto. Mr. Tyrrell's lowest notes are superbly solid, firm, and sonorous, but above these they are somewhat raspy. The third concert will take place this evening. Mrs. King will play Beethoven's "Pathetic Sonata," Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor, Valse in D flat, and Scherzo in B flat minor, Field's Nocturne in A, and Liszt's transcription of the "Tannhäuser March;" and Mr. Eddy, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Thiele's Theme and Variations in A flat. Miss Whinnery will sing Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and Eckert's "Swiss Song;" Mrs. Stacy, Mozart's "Dove Song," and Rockel's "Bride Bells;" and Mr. Tyrrell, Haydn's "O Pity, Savior," and Schubert's "Wanderer."—*Chicago Tribune, Jan.* 11.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Per Sempre. (Forever.) Waltz Song. B♭. 7. c to b. *Gloria.* 50
"Per sempre, questo mio cor."
A bright and difficult song for prima donnas. Sung by Ilma de Murska. The most difficult parts may be avoided by the use of choice notes.

What are they to do? B♭. 4. d to F. *Randegger.* 50
"No.—no.—no!
Let her go!"
A beauty, every way, and sure to be applauded.

Who is She? Song and Chorus. G. 2 d to g. *Bertie.* 30
"There is a little maiden.
Who is she? Do you know?"
A very cheerful song in praise of a cheerful face.

The Charms that I sing. D. 4. d to E. *Tours.* 40
"Fair as the plume of the lily white dove,
Soft as the down on the butterfly's wing."
Highly wrought poetry, to which the rich music is an appropriate accompaniment.

The Cottage on the Moorland. *Madame Sainton Dolby.* 30
"The sweetest flow'r that grows there,
Is my own little Nell."
A simple, rustic sort of song, with the fragrance of the moorland in it.

I cannot Forget. E♭. 4. a to D. *Madame Sainton Dolby.* 40
A song one may sing with much satisfaction. It is "high principled," full of feeling, and (for an Alto voice) quite effective.

Hymn to the Night. (Hymne a la Nuit.) B♭. 5. d to F. *Gounod.* 40
"When in the azure dome, the stars."
"Viens, lorsque dans l'azur les astres."
A very fine hymn, words and music alike beautiful. There is a striking "declamatory" arrangement of the melody, which is very far from being a recitative, yet is quite subordinate to the sentiment of the text.

My Home's on the boundless Sea. A♭. 3. c to F. *Pratt.* 30
"Merrily sing, yes, ho!
A sailor's life for me."
A jolly sea song, to good music.

Instrumental.

Polacca Brillante. A♭. 5. *Bohm.* 60
Brilliant from beginning to end.

Belle's Galop. D. 4. *St. Leon.* 40
More difficult than most galops, with a showy introduction and considerable octave playing.

Romance. Op. 26. No. 1. F. 3. *Rubenstein.* 40
With a portrait of the master, who has the grace to provide easy and most tasteful music for those who like music for the sound and not for the difficulty.

With Joyful mood and Happy mind. (Mit frohem Muth und heiterm Sinn.) Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 75
A new set by Edward Strauss; and Strauss is always welcome.

Fraeulob. (Praise of Women.) Mazurka Brillante. E♭. 4. *Bohm.* 40
The mixture of brilliancy with the graceful form of a Mazurka makes a pleasing union of good qualities. A fine mazurka.

First Light Infantry March. C. 3. *Hammerel.* 40
We find in this considerable brilliancy and power, and also, what is unusual, a number of rapid runs, which will keep some "valve" players fingers nicely warm.

Sweet Bye and Bye. Meditation. G. 4. *Navarro.* 35
Notice that two other pieces have a similar name, and give title and author's name in ordering. A very pretty piece, in which the "meditation" is in the form of numerous light arpeggios, hovering round the clearly stated melody.

Marjolaine. Quadrille. 3. *Arban.* 40
The quadrille includes 10 airs from the opera; and these airs are better on an instrument than given vocally.

Bride's Song. 4 Hands. E. 3. *Jensen.* 50
Rather a striking duet of no especial difficulty. Commended to teachers.

Willow Cottage March. C. 3. *Vane.* 30
A pleasing melody, and generally good march.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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Come unto Me.
Give thanks.
Glory to God. (Christmas.)
Gloria in Excelsis.
Gracious Spirit, love divine.
Guide our footsteps.
Hear our Prayer.
Holy, Holy Lord.
Holy Father, hear.
Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.
Hymn Chant. (Communion.)
Hymn Chant. (Funeral.)
I love thy Kingdom, Lord.
I love them that love me.
It is a good thing.
I will lift up mine Eyes.
I will arise.
Jesus, lover of my Soul.
Jesus, meek and gentle.
Let the People praise thee.
Let the Words of my Mouth.
Lift your glad Voices. (Easter.)
Make a joyful Noise.
Mighty Father.
My Country.
Now the Shades of Night.
O be joyful in the Lord.
O, praise God.
Oh! where can rest.
Passing over.
Praise the mighty God.
Praise the Lord.
Praise waiteth for thee.
Praise waiteth for thee.
Praise the Lord, O my Soul!
Praise, for He is gracious.
Praise ye the Lord.
Responses. Nos. 1 and 2.
Rock of Ages.
Safely through another Week.
Sacred Peace.
Saviour, breathe an Evening
Shout the glad Tidings.
Softly the Light of Day.
Softly fades the Twilight Ray.
So fades the blooming Flower.
Teach me Thy Statutes.
Teach us, O Lord.
The Day is passed.
The Lord's Prayer.
The Lord my Shepherd.
There is not a Place.
Thine forever.
Thou art my Strength.
Thou dear Redeemer.
Thou wilt keep him in Peace.
Unveil thy Bosom.
Venite, in Bb.
Worship the Lord.

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Blow, Winter Wind.
Bugle Song.
Come away.
Come, Brothers.
Cradle Song.
Class Parting Song.
Centennial Song.
Come, Dorothy.
Dear Switzerland.
Decoration Day.
Ever true.
Evening Song.
Fairy Song.
Fairy Whispers.
Farewell to the Wood.
Farewell Boat Song.
Farmer's Song.
Five times, by the Taper's light.
Flow, softly flow.
Forest Life.
Good Morning.
Good Night.
Good Wishes.
Hurrah for Columbia.
I cannot Sing.
In Summer's cool shade.
In the lonely Vale.
In the Sweet Long ago.
In the Forest.
Land of Freedom.
Love, sweet Love.
May.
May Flowers.
Maying Glee.
Maid May's Concert.
Minstrels are we.
Morning Chorus.
Mountain Life.
Night and Morning.
Night on the Mountain.
Oh, fly with me.
Oh, hush thee.
Our Boat.
Over the Grave.
Phoebus.
Pit-pat falls.
Ripe Strawberries.
She sleeps.
Sleighing Glee.
Sleighing Song.
Silver Moonlight.
Sleep, gentle Lady.
Sleep in Peace.
Spring Morning.
Spring Song.
Summer.
Sweet is the Hour.
Song should breathe.
Song of the Triton.
The Bird of Paradise.
The Belfry Tower.
The Exile.
The Singer's Carnival.
The Rover.
The Rover's Joy.
The last Night.
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The Old Path.
The little brown Church.
The Herdsman
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The cool Fountain.
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The Month of May.
The Starry Night.
The Starry Banner.
The Sky-Lark.
The glorious Land.
The Power of Love.
The Dream.
The Hoar Frost fell.
The Violet.
The Watcher.
The Watchman.
There's one that I love.
Through the Wood.
Tyrolian Ducks.
Tyrolese Song.
Venetian Boatman's Song.
Watching Angels.
Wandering Minstrels.
When Winds breathe soft.
When soft Winds blow.
When the Roses.
We'll crown them.
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Who shall be fairest?
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God that madest.....*Emerson*
God be merciful.....*Sir J. Goss*
Guide me.....*Emerson*
Hear our Prayer.....*Ryder*
Heavenly Father.....*Farmer*
How sweetly flowed.....*Marshner*
I will call on the Lord.....*Hummel*
I cannot always trace.....*Dow*
I will be glad.....*Petri*
It is a good thing.....*Hayden*
Nearer, my God.....*Clarke*
O, most merciful God.....*Hullah*
O, Holy Jesus.....*Ewing*
O, Lord most Holy..... *Abt*
O, Lord most merciful.....*Bissell*
O, Lord our Governor.....*Gordsly*
O, for the wings.....*Mendelssohn*
Oh, when shall I be free.....*Mrs. Scott*
Praise thou the Lord... .....*Mehul*
Prepare ye the way.....*Garrett*
Rest, weary Heart.....*Emerson*
Rock of Ages.....*Havens*
Saviour breathe.....*Emerson*
Sabbath Morning.....*Emerson*
Sanctus.....*Lambillotte*
Softly fades the Twilight.....*Havens*
Soft as fades the Sunset.....*Emerson*
See, from Zion's sacred.....*Emerson*
See Daylight is fading.....*Emerson*
Song of Judgment.....*Mendelssohn*
Sleep thy last sleep.....*Barnby*
Show me Thy ways.....*Emerson*
Sweet is thy Mercy.....*Barnby*
The Lord is in His Holy Temple..*Havens*
The Day is Past .....*Emerson*
The Lord's Prayer.....
The Pilgrim's Prayer..... *Emerson*
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Adieux (Les.)	Where the Citron Bloometh.
Better Times.	Girofle-Girofla.
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Adeline.	Arm in Arm.
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Aquarrellen.	Orpheus.
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Alice.	Ostrich Feather.

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Amazon March.	Strauss' Dream Waltz.
Camp Quickstep.	Vale of Roses.
Blue Eyes Redowa.	Cricket Polka.
Faust Waltz.	Peerless Polka.
Knight Waltzes.	Sea Foam Polka.
La Murska Waltz.	Away Galop.
Softly Dreaming.	And 50 to 60 others.

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Alice Mazurka.	Listen to me.
Angel's Dream.	Love's Greeting.
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Chime of Bells.	May day Polka.
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Turkish March.	Fairy Polka.
Corinthian waltz.	Silver Spring polka.
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La reve quickstep.	Kiss me quick and go polka.
Days of absence waltz.	Fairy dell polka.
Fairy Dell waltz.	Pickwick galop.
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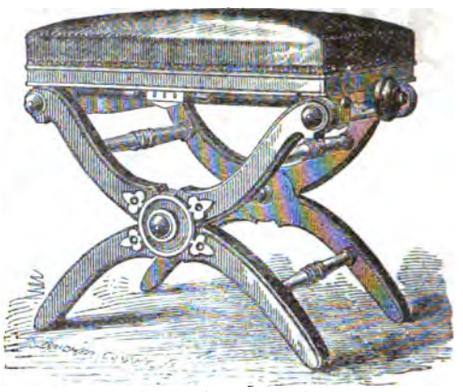

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 961. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 23.

Anthems.*

ANTHEM (Gr. *Antiphona;* Ital. and Span. *Antifona;* Eng. *Antiphon*). The idea of responsive singing, choir answering to choir, or choir to priest, seems inherent in the term, and was anciently conveyed by it; but this, as a necessary element of its meaning, has disappeared in our modern Anglicized synonym 'anthem.' This word—after undergoing several changes in its Anglo-Saxon and Early-English forms, readily traceable in Chaucer, and those writers who preceded and followed him, and subsequently used by Shakespeare, Milton, and others,—has at length acquired a meaning equally distinctive and widely accepted. It now signifies a musical composition, or sacred motet, usually set to verses of the Psalms, or other portions of Scripture, or the Liturgy, and sung as an integral part of public worship. If it be not possible so to trace the word etymologically as to render it 'the flower of song,' as some scholars have wished, yet the anthem itself in an artistic aspect, and when represented by its finest examples, may justly be regarded as the culminating point of the daily ritual-music of our English Church.

Anthems are commonly described as either 'full,' 'verse,' 'solo,' or 'for a double choir'; the two former terms correspond to 'tutti' and 'soli' in current technical phraseology. In his valuable work 'The Choral Service of the Church' Dr. Jebb makes a distinction between 'full anthems, properly so called, which consist of chorus alone, and the full anthem with verses; these verses however, which form a very subordinate part of the compositions, do not consist of solos or duets, but for the most part of four parts, to be sung by one side of the choir. In the verse anthem the solos, duets, and trios, have the prominent place; and in some the chorus is a mere introduction or finale.'

Nothing can be more various in form, extent, and treatment, than the music of 'the anthem' as at present heard in churches and cathedrals. Starting at its birth from a point but little removed from the simplicity of the psalm, or hymn-tune, and advancing through various intermediate gradations of development, is has frequently in its later history attained large dimensions; sometimes combining the most elaborate resources of counterpoint with the symmetry of modern forms, together with separate organ, and occasionally orchestral, accompaniment. In its most developed form the anthem is peculiarly and characteristically an English species of composition, and is perhaps the highest and most individual point which has been reached by English composers.

The recognition of the anthem as a stated part of divine service dates from early in Elizabeth's reign; when were issued the Queen's 'Injunctions,' granting permission for the use of 'a hymn or such like song in churches.' A few years later the word 'anthem' appears in the second edition of Day's choral collection, entitled 'Certain Notes set forth in four and five Parts to be sung at the Morning and Evening Prayer and Communion'; and at the last revision of the Prayer Book in 1662 the word appeared in the rubrick which assigns to the anthem the position it now occupies in Matins and Evensong. Only one year later than the publication of the 'Injunctions' Strype gives probably the earliest record of its actual use, at the Chapel Royal on mid-Lent Sunday, 1560: 'And, Service concluded, a good Anthem was sung.' (The prayers at that time ended with the third collect.) Excepting during the Great Rebellion, when music was banished and organs and choir-books destroyed, the anthem has ever since held its place in choral service. At the present day, so far from there being any prospect of its withdrawal, there seems to exist an increasing love for this special form of sacred art, as well as an earnest desire to invest its performance always, and particularly on festivals, with all attainable completeness and dignity.

Ever since the Reformation anthems have been composed by well-nigh all the eminent masters which this country has produced, from Tye and his contemporaries onwards to Gibbons, Purcell, Boyce, Attwood, and our still lamented Sterndale Bennett. The history of the anthem accordingly can only be completely told in that of music itself. The following attempt at classification, and references to examples, may serve in some measure to illustrate the subject.

EARLY SCHOOL, 1520–1625.—Tye, Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons. The vagueness of tonality anciently prevalent begins in the music of Tye to exhibit promise of settlement; while in that of Gibbons it almost entirely disappears. Tye's anthem 'I will exalt Thee, O Lord' is remarkable in this respect, as well as for its general clearness and purity of harmony. Of Tallis's style 'I call and cry,' and 'All people that on earth do dwell,' are good examples. 'Bow Thine ear' and 'Sing joyfully,' Byrd, with 'Hosanna,' 'Lift up your heads,' 'O clap your hands together,' and 'Almighty and everlasting God,' Gibbons, are assuredly masterpieces of vocal writing, which can never grow out of date. Most of the anthems of this period are 'full'; 'verse' or 'solo' anthems, however, are at least as old as the time of Gibbons. Sir F. Ouseley has done good service to the cause of church music and the memory of our 'English Palestrina' by his recent publication of a 'Collection of the Sacred Compositions of Orlando Gibbons.' In this interesting and most valuable work will be found (besides several 'full' anthems, and other matter) not less than twelve 'verse' anthems, some of which have solos; none of these are contained in Boyce's 'Cathedral Music,' and all may probably be reckoned among the earliest known specimens of this kind of anthem. The employment of instruments in churches as an accompaniment to the singers dates as far back as the 4th century, when St. Ambrose introduced them into the cathedral service at Milan. Later on, some rude form of organ began to be used; but only to play the plainsong in unison or octaves with the voices, as is now often done with a serpent or ophicleide in French choirs. It seems to be beyond doubt that the use of some kind of instrumental accompaniment in churches preceded that of the organ. During our 'first period' it would seem that anthems when performed with any addition to the voices of the choir were always accompanied by such bow instruments as then represented the infant orchestra. 'Apt for viols and voices' is a common expression on the title-pages of musical publications of this age. The stringed instrument parts were always in unison with the voices, and had no separate and independent function, except that of filling up the harmony during vocal 'rests,' or occasionally in a few bars of brief symphony. Before the Restoration, according to Dr. Rimbault, 'verses' in the anthems 'were accompanied with viols, the organ being used only in the full parts.' The small organs of this period were commonly portable; a fact which seems to indicate that such instrumental aid as was employed to support the singers was placed in close proximity to them: an arrangement so natural, as well as desirable, that it is surprising to find it ever departed from in the present day.

SECOND PERIOD, 1650–1720.—Pelham Humphrey, Wise, Blow, Henry Purcell, Croft, Weldon, Jeremiah Clarke. Such great changes in the style and manner of anthem-writing are observable in all that is here indicated, that a new era in the art may be said to have begun. Traceable, in the first instance, to the taste and fancy of Humphrey and his training under Lulli, this was still more largely due to the renowned Purcell, whose powerful genius towers aloft, not only among his contemporaries, but in the annals of all famous men. The compositions of this period are mostly distinguished by novelty of plan and detail, careful and expressive treatment of the text, daring harmonies, and flowing ease in the voice parts; while occasionally the very depths of pathos seem to have been sounded. The following may be mentioned as specimens of the above masters. 'Hear, O heavens' and 'O Lord my God,' Humphrey; 'Prepare ye the way' and 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength,' Wise; 'I was in the Spirit,' and 'I beheld, and lo!' Blow; 'O give thanks,' 'O God, Thou hast cast us out,' and 'O Lord God of Hosts,' Purcell; 'God is gone up,' 'Cry aloud and shout' (from 'O Lord, I will praise Thee,') and 'I will love Thee' and 'O Lord God of my salvation,' Clarke. While all these pieces are more or less excellent, several of them can only be described in the language of unreserved eulogy. As the 'full' anthem was most in vogue in the former period, so in this the 'verse' and 'solo' anthem grew into favor. It seems to have been reserved for Purcell, himself through life a 'most distinguished singer,' to bring to perfection the airs and graces of the 'solo' anthem.

During this period instrumental music began to assume new and individual importance, and to exercise vast influence upon the general progress of the art. Apart from the frequent employment of instrumental accompaniments by anthem composers, the effect of such additions to the purely vocal element upon their style and manner of writing is clearly traceable from the time of Pelham Humphrey downwards.

Some interesting notices* of this important change and of the general performance of anthems in the Chapel Royal may be gleaned from the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn. To quote a few: Pepys, speaking of Christmas Day there in 1662, says, 'The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vialls, and the King came down to receive the Sacrament.' Under the date Nov. 22, 1663, recording his attendance at the chapel, the writer says, 'The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy, and they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musical, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem.' Evelyn, on Dec. 21, 1663, mentions his visit to the chapel, and records it in the following important passage:—'One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient,

*From *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by GEORGE GROVE, D. C. L. Vol. I. Part I. London: Macmillan & Co., 1878.

*I am indebted for these to the kindness of my friend Dr. Rimbault.

grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern, or playhouse, than a church. This was the *first* time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful!'

The development of the simple stringed quartet of Charles the Second's royal band was rapid and important. Purcell himself wrote trumpet parts to his celebrated 'Te Deum,' and in 1755 Boyce added hautboys, bassoons, and drums to the score. Handel's Chandos anthems were variously instrumented; amongst them, in addition to the stringed quartet, are parts for flutes, oboes, bassoons, and trumpets; though all these instruments are not combined in any single piece. After this, with Haydn and Mozart shining high in the musical firmament, it was but a short and easy step to the complete grand orchestra of Attwood's coronation anthems.

THIRD PERIOD, 1720–1845.—Greene, Boyce, W. Hayes, Battishill, Attwood, Walmisley. At the beginning of this period the anthem received little accession of absolute novelty; yet, probably owing to the influence of Handel, it found able and worthy cultivators in Greene and several of his successors. 'I will sing of Thy power' and 'O clap your hands,' Greene: 'O give thanks,' and the first movement of 'Turn Thee unto me,' Boyce; with 'O worship the Lord' and 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem,' Hayes, are admirable examples of these several authors. To Battishill we owe one work of eminent and expressive beauty: his 'Call to remembrance' seems like a conception of yesterday, so nobly does it combine the chief merits of our best modern church composers with the skill and power of the elder masters. 'Withdraw not Thou,' and 'Grant we beseech Thee,' Attwood, with 'Remember, O Lord,' and 'O give thanks,' Walmisley, belong almost to the present day. With names so familiar in 'quires and places where they sing' this brief record of notable anthem-writers of the past may be fitly closed.

The number of anthems composed previously to the last hundred years, and scattered among the MS. part-books of cathedral libraries, considerable though it be, represents but imperfectly the productive powers of the old-English school. It is probable that many hundreds of such pieces have been irretrievably *lost*, either by the sacrilegious hand of the spoiler or the culpable neglect of a mean parsimony. Of the seventy-one anthems written by Blow, and sixty by Boyce, as composers to the Chapel Royal, how few remain, or at least are accessible! And, to glance farther back, where are the missing outpourings of the genius of Orlando Gibbons, or the numerous 'composures' of all his fertile predecessors? The principal treasures actually preserved to us are contained, for the most part, in Day's 'Collection,' already mentioned, Barnard's 'Church Music,' the volumes of Tomkins, Purcell, Croft, Greene, and Boyce, the collections of Boyce, Arnold, and Page in print, and of Aldrich, Hawkins, and Tudway in MS., together with that of the twenty-two anthems of the Madrigalian era, edited by Dr. Rimbault for the Musical Antiquarian Society, and Sir F, Ouseley's edition of Gibbons already mentioned.

Foremost among all foreign contributions to our national school of church music must be placed the twelve anthems written by Handel for his princely patron the Duke of Chandos. Standing apart from any similar productions composed on English soil to texts from the English Bible and for the chapel of an English nobleman, these works of England's great adopted son may justly be claimed as part of her rich inheritance of sacred art. Belonging to a class suited for special occasions are the Funeral and Coronation anthems of the same master. These, together with Mendelssohn's stately yet moving psalms and anthems—some of them also composed to English words—may be legitimately adopted as precious additions to our native store of choral music.

Widely different from such genuine compositions are those adaptations, in the first instance from Handel by Bond, and later on from Masses and other works, which have found their way into use in this country. Whether in these we regard the application of strange words to music first inspired by other and widely different sentiments, or the affront to art involved in thus cutting and hacking the handywork of a deceased master (even in his lightest mood) for the sake of pretty phrases or showy passages—which, however appropriate to their original shape and purpose, are palpably out of keeping in an Anglican service, as well as unsuited to our churches and their simpler executive means—such adaptations are radically bad, and repugnant to all healthy instincts and true principles of feeling and taste. The adaptations of Aldrich in the last and Rimbault and Dyce in the present century from Palestrina and other old continental composers, though not free from objection as such, are not included in the foregoing condemnation.

The eclecticism of existing usage in the selection of anthems is well shown by the contents of a book of words recently put forth for cathedral use. In addition to an extensive array of genuine church anthems of every age and school, from Tye and Tallis to the latest living aspirants, here are plentiful extracts from the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; two from Prof. Macfarren's 'St. John the Baptist,' a few of Bach's motets and choruses, several highly objectionable adaptations from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and lastly some specimens of French taste in 'church music' from the pen of M. Gounod. A wide range of art, truly!

Concerning the choice of the anthem the same clerical and high authority before quoted remarks that 'it ought to be a matter of deliberate and religious study'; and being a 'prescribed part of the service, every notion of ecclesiastical propriety dictates that it should harmonize with some portion of the service of the day.' Dr. Jebb further says that 'at each of the particular seasons of the year it would be well to have a fixed canon as to the anthems from which a selection should invariably be made.' These opinions carry conviction with them, and need no enforcement.

In counterpoint and its concomitants, the great works of former ages will scarcely ever be equalled, still less surpassed. Yet, while the English Church can reckon among her living and productive writers Dr. S. S. Wesley, whose anthems, whether for originality, beauty, or force, would do honor to any school or country, together with the genial and expressive style of Sir John Goss, and the facile yet masterly art of Sir Frederick Ouseley, not to particularize other well-known names, we may be well content with the present fortune of the anthem, as well as hopeful for its future.

While many fine examples of eight-part writing exist among the anthems of Gibbons, Purcell, and various later composers, it is much to be desired that the plan of writing for two choirs, treated *antiphonally*, were more cultivated among us, than has hitherto been the case. The ample spaces and acoustical properties of our cathedrals and large churches are eminently suited to enhance the effects belonging to such a disposition of voices; while the attendance of trained and self-dependent bodies of singers would ensure all necessary point and firmness of attack in performance. In this direction, and in the employment of an independent *obbligato* accompaniment for organ, orchestra, or both combined, probably lie the most promising paths to 'fresh fields and pastures new' for the rising school of musicians, who aspire to distinction as composers of the anthem. [E. G. M.]

Von Buelow's Notes of Travel.*

III.

GLASGOW.

11th November.

A whilom Danish Tenor-Violinist.—Statistical Difference between Glasgow and Sondershausen.—Little Story from a Watering-Place.—Harmonious Wolf-Howling.—Contribution to the Natural History of that celebrated Personage: "Our" Maestro.—Ostend and Calais not the Pillars of Hercules—as far as musical Composition is concerned.—An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth—A Divertissement in Court-Martial Fashion.

* * * To-day is a Sunday. That an English, to say nothing of a Scotch Sunday, is to be characterized by the opening chorus in the third act of *Les Huguenots*,† is something which not even a child on the Continent believes. Yet a foreigner, who is not a professional idler, exaggerates unduly the horrors of this seventh day. Do you know the old, and now unfortunately forgotten, pamphlet of the atheistical, radical Proudhon, on the necessity of observing the Sabbath? He comes to conclusions which the late Herren von Westphalen and von Müller, former Ministers of Public Worship, would have countersigned with ecstacy, and in combatting which by arguments, if not as plentiful as blackberries, the most ready-tongued advocate of progress would be knocked up. What signifies the sacrifice of keeping my piano scrupulously locked up for twenty-four hours, in comparison with the blessing of independence for the brain during the same period? For 52, say fifty-two, days in the year I am here assured against nerve-poisoning by the pianoforte plague in the house and the organ-grinding pestilence in the streets. I can collect my ideas, and arrange my correspondence; I am able to devote myself without interruption to the edifying perusal of our "sacred scores," etc., the high masses of such men as Bach, Cherubini, and Beethoven, the Requiems of a Berlioz and of a Brahms, works which, for want of time, are so seldom accessible to us; I am not, as in Germany, constantly in mortal dread of being startled by the door-bell, announcing the idle mendicant tribe of pianists and composers, ashamed or not ashamed to beg, as the case may be, whom we receive—in order to be free from them the next Sunday. Fatal error! They grow tame and familiar, and then regularly chronic. For instance, here comes Herr — Knolle,‡ generally with a large roll of paper, and very humbly begs (1) you to give him a recommendation to the committees of various subscription-concerts; (2) kindly to look through the manuscripts he has brought with him. After you have had the charity to louse§ the waste-paper of the Future from the grossest grammatical and orthographical blunders, and been foolish enough to sweeten several pills of strong censure by two or three expressions of ordinary courtesy, your visitor mistakes your little finger for your whole hand, and requests: (3) the admission of the Opus or Opusculum into your own concert programme; (4) a laudatory notice in the musical paper with the largest circulation; and (5) a feud between you and a hitherto friendly publisher in consequence of your request, to be couched, of course, in the style of a ukase, that he will have Herr Knolle's vomit speedily engraved, splendidly got up, and most liberally remunerated. The thanks for giving you all this little trouble will subsequently assume the shape of a dedication to the agent. Tasso will make you Duke of Ferrara. Humph! Of one fact Herr Knolle & Co. have no suspicion, and that is that poor "celebrities," in proportion as they grow older—unless they desire to unite with the process that of becoming childish—must husband their time better; that they prefer passing their hours of leisure in a musical church instead of in a musical public; and would rather converse with great men, who have always something new to say if we only listen to them properly, than with little ones, who are frequently capable of making a man repent the avocation he has chosen and feel ashamed of the wretched confraternity among whom he has fallen. This reminds me of the adventure, not, perhaps, very generally known,

*From the Leipsic *Signale*, edited by Herr Senff. Translated in the London *Musical World*.

† According to the German libretto, in which the third act opens with the chorus of citizens on the banks of the Seine: "To-day is a holiday . . . . let jollity have full course," etc.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "*Knolle*" is used figuratively and contemptuously for "a clod; a boor."—TRANSLATOR.

§ The exact rendering of the German word *lausen*.—TRANSLATOR.

of a deceased Copenhagen conductor and one of his subordinates; I will interpolate it here, for application if required. At the outset of his career Master Niels W. Gade played the tenor violin under Herr Gläser as his conductor. He had one day to pay a visit to his chief on a matter of business, and, during the interval between his name being taken in, and his own admission, he examined in the drawing-room a small and elegant cabinet, which displayed to the admiring eye of the spectator all the works, magnificently bound, and ranged in a row, of the author of *Adler's Horst*. The chief entered the room unobserved. "Ah! you are looking at my scores, eh, and are astonished at the quantity I have given to the world? There—you may look at the *inside*, also, and at your leisure. You are a conscientious, persevering young man, whom a person like me can encourage. I know that you will be careful not to damage the beautiful binding, and I shall have great pleasure in placing at your disposal one work after another to assist you in your studies." "I am sure you are very kind, sir," replied Gade, smiling modestly, "and, at some future time, I will be so free as to avail myself of your friendly offer. At present, I am too absorbed in the study of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passionsmusik*, which I should like to go through first, as my musical education stands as yet upon too weak a basis for me to study and properly appreciate several masters simultaneously. But at some future time, at some future time—" Strange that this "future time" never arrived—Gade the tenor-violinist has become Gade the composer without Gläser's help.

But Copenhagen is not Glasgow, anymore than Glasgow is—Sondershausen. Just fancy, my dear Herr Senff, that there are in Germany many originals still very much in the dark as to the above fact, and under the impression that, because it possesses no permanent orchestra and has only a two months' concert-season, Glasgow can scarcely stand statistically on the same level as Sondershausen. Thus, for instance, the musical director—his name is Springinsfeld*—from Frankfortam, who honored me with a call last July at Bad Kreuznach, opened his eyes very wide, on my lamenting my inability to controvert by proof the fact that the principal town in Scotland has not for a considerable time exceeded half a million. It cost Herr Springinsfeld enough to obtain this information: he did not make—even his travelling expenses. My worthy landlord at Eisenach, observing strictly my physician's directions carefully to protect me against all pickpockets of my nervous calm, and from all who wanted to make unlawful attempts upon my good temper as a patient, sent the intruder in question for half a day to all the spots where he was safe not to meet me. But modern "will" has learned from old "belief" the secret of moving mountains, and—no one after all can escape his fate. So, in the afternoon, I fell unawares into the hands of him who was searching for me, and who stated that "he must have some conversation with me on a most important business matter." As he spoke German tolerably for a discharged republican and particularist—only a man who is by his vocation a great traveller would have detected while listening to my interlocutor a mixture of the local accent of the natives of Sumatra—and as, moreover, *I could not help it*, I surrendered him both my ears, on condition that he would most graciously be as brief as possible. "I have read in the papers that you have been offered the post of conductor at Glasgow. I cannot for a moment believe that, with your bad health, you will accept an offer from so remote a place!" (it is, certainly, a considerable number of cat's springs from the office of the *Didaskalia*.) "Now, I have come to ask you to recommend me in your stead. It is true that you do not know of what I am capable, but for that very reason you are not justified in mistrusting my ability. You may rely upon my doing my best to reflect full credit to your recommendation, and, should you in the interim compose anything new, upon my exerting myself to push it. I care far less about the recompense I shall receive for the sacrifice I make of my time and for my services, than about my rendering myself known in a more extended sphere." I think something might now be done for the man. You need only, most honored sir, write to the Brothers Wolff in Kreuznach—"good, honest" musicians, and "good, honest" men; they can signal you farther details concerning Herr Springinsfeld, musical director.*

I wonder whether Springinsfeld will ever be promoted to be "Our Maestro?" What do you think? "Yes, but who is M.U.?"†—"What, do you not know him? Why, you may meet him everywhere; nearly at every station mentioned in the railway guide, or even by the music publishers' catalogues. He is circulated in an *endless* number of copies, especially in Germany and Italy. But this multiplicity is merely a phantom, an effect of Maja's veil, a ——*representation*, to speak the language of Schopenhauer. Our Maestro is in himself one and the same being, only, by virtue of the *principum individuationis*, appearing under manifold forms, which spring into life, pass away, and again spring into life."

You have had enough of this philosophic jargon—and so have I. Let us speak German; let us call the M. U. without more ado, "*the local musical celebrity*."

We may divide the M. U. into two principal species, according to a seemingly very outward token: he is either single or married, being in the former case far less dangerous than in the latter. If single, he passes his leisure evenings at the tavern, and talks politics with his admirers. If, however, he fills his pipe with the assistance of a wife, he puts on a dressing-gown, and—begins composing.

The bachelor occasionally does so, too, but only *acutely*, for he lives more genially and therefore faster; moreover, he gives himself up prematurely to drink, if not sufficiently held in check by the lady of the chorus (should he be the conductor at a theatre) or the wife of a commercial traveller (should he only direct a private vocal association) who provides for his—lyric—wants,

If he is no longer a bachelor, he has, provided he be wise, chosen unto himself a wife from out the gentry of the town where he is established, hooking his fish by the not unusual method of imparting instruction on the piano or in singing. If possible, the mother-in-law belongs to a noble family and has highly ramified connections. A younger brother-in-law is a referendary, who supplies gratuitously the national-liberal local paper with theatrical and concert criticisms and sometimes words for songs, besides, in leap year, an opera libretto. The M. U. rivals in productiveness his frequently better, though seldom handsome half. Simultaneously with the birth of every scrofulous baby, a respectable number of respectable trios, quartets, books of songs, sonatas, cantatas, symphonies, suites—nay, occasionally, even an oratorio or an *opera*—see the light of day. In his opera, the composer endeavors to "accommodate" the old with the new tendency; shows his fellow-townsmen how a man may become a Richard Wagner without the latter's *extravagances*, etc. The opera is sometimes performed, and sometimes actually printed. The great feature, however, of the composer's meritorious services is, the fact of "his preserving, by solid dams, his sphere of action from being inundated by false tendencies." Admirable! let him dam away as hard as he can. But let him guard against the lust of conquest and ambitious plans of annexation; do not let him allow his imagination to be come too heated by the adoration of his relatives and the brothers of his lodge; and let him, on no account, run foul of his neighboring peer, Our Maestro in B. Otherwise can we blame the latter for requesting the frontier gendarmes to beg Our Maestro in A to content himself with composing, conducting, and intriguing exclusively in the place where he is accustomed to petition every year for a diminution in his income-tax and an augmentation of his salary?

The epithet of "our" possesses, however, a dignified acceptation when it is applied to a *national* and not a local celebrity. The present representative Nestor of English music is undeservedly far less known in Germany than his predecessor—though contemporary—Mendelssohn's friend and pupil, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, who died in 1875. The readers of the *Signale* may learn from Fétis or Mendel the noteworthy biographical details concerning George Macfarren, as well as the very extensive catalogue of his works. I will now content myself with stating that he is Bennett's successor as director of the Royal Academy of Music in London, as well as lecturer on music in the University of Oxford;* that he was born in 1813; that he has been for the last ten years completely blind (for which reason he is compelled to dictate all his new manuscripts): and that, above all, he is an author who can no longer be ignored on the Continent—*despite* his fertility. A less delicately polished nature, perhaps, than Bennett, but for me personally much more sympathetic, because most decidedly more healthy, more muscular, richer in color, and more sanguine. There is nothing hysterical, mollusk-like, or misty; we find in him pregnant expression, concise form, and well-marked individuality, not without even originality. Though he is English, I should feel inclined to characterize him, compared with Bennett, as a Scotchman. Arthur Sullivan may possess greater elasticity; and Henry Gadsby, a younger composer of decided talent, more freshness—but George Macfarren is at present the princeps of British composers and musical scholars, just as Gevaert is the head of the Belgian school, and Verhuëlst the pope—though, it is true, with a very Old Catholic tinge—of the compositorial church in Holland.

The Choral Union of Glasgow have, with tact and good taste, begged Mr. Macfarren to inaugurate their new hall—after it has been first consecrated, according to the inevitable custom in England, by Handel's *Messiah*—with the first performance of his grand dramatic cantata, *The Lady of the Lake* (founded on Walter Scott's poem, which forms the basis, also, of Rossini's opera, *La Donna del Lago*), offering him, in return for the privilege, a hundred guineas, which is neither illiberal nor over-generous. It is not till the third evening, Friday, the 16th November, that your correspondent will enter on his duties with a Beethoven celebration. But about my approaching labors (which will comprise, independently of the six "classical," eight "popular" concerts, to be partially repeated in Edinburgh and some of the smaller neighboring towns), it be comes me, as a matter of course, to be altogether silent. From the London papers—for the members of the metropolitan press will stream in shoals to the inaugural ceremonies—as well as from some few local correspondents, you will be able to learn all the same that our concert-hall can accommodate very comfortably 2,800 persons, including the executants, and that it appears to have turned out so well acoustically—though this is certainly a fact which remains to be proved—that I believe the number—not very imposing numerically, it must be owned—of the stringed instruments, 18 violins, 6 violas, 6 violoncellos, and 5 double-basses, will prove amply sufficient. But then, among these artists, who have all come from London, there are no invalids, semi-invalids, or quarter-invalids. But I will now lay down my pen. After I have talked so much about others, and amused myself at their expense, it is only just that I should be treated in the same way by them. Good-bye, till the season of pickled gherkins, my dear Herr Senff;—but the *Signale* are silent. Well, all the better for our respective colleagues, and for you, too. In my next letter I should assuredly have told you the very cutting motive of the toast proposed by an author, once anti-French, to Napoleon I., because he (at least in Nuremberg) had ordered a publisher to be shot! Do you take? Always yours,

HANS VON BULOW.

Arthur Sullivan's Career.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan holds a prominent position among the leading representatives of musical art in England, now living. His popularity has been earned by positive merit, and though mainly due to distinction in a department not recognized by the doctors as the highest in musical art, it is, nevertheless, an honestly acquired fame and one that is far from ephemeral. A concert not intended to be purely classical: one, that is, where vocal music, pure and simple, shall be the principal attraction, can hardly be gotten up, nowadays, without the name of Sullivan on the programme. If it be urged that Mr. Sullivan has not entirely fulfilled the bright promise of his youth, it may be pleaded, in extenuation, that the composer must live as well as other mortals. And though, in the production of those ballads and romances which have made his name best known in both worlds, he has sometimes uttered com-

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* "*Herr Springinsfeld*" may be rendered "Mr. Smart" or "Mr. Brisk."—TRANSLATOR.

* "Signal you farther details," etc. ("*Die können Ihnen den Herrn Musikdirector Springinsfeld näher signalisiren.*) The reader will please to bear in mind that Herr von Bülow's letters are addressed to the editor of the *Signale*.—TRANSLATOR.

† Initials of "Maestro Unser" ("Our Maestro.")—TRANSLATOR.

* I was not previously aware of this latter fact, having been under the impression that George Macfarren was Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.—TRANSLATOR.

monplaces, or has allowed his individuality to take on the garb of mannerism, he has not altogether deserted Apollo's service for that of Plutus: the flame on the altar may have become dimmed, but it has never yet gone out. Mr. Sullivan has succeeded—more or less—in every kind of composition which he has attempted, and these attempts have covered a wide range and included nearly every department of the art, grand-opera and instrumental concerto being the most notable exceptions.

The biographical dictionaries have not yet included the name of Arthur Sullivan. Still on the sunny side of forty, he is perhaps too young for that. The facts concerning his life and career, herewith presented, are gathered from various sources, chiefly newspaper paragraphs, printed at wide intervals of time and space. His father was a musician, and was, for many years, professor at Kneller Hall, a school of instruction for the bandmasters in the British army. His mother was of Italian birth, and Arthur's taste for music was inherited from both parents. It is said that when not more than six years old he attempted to write original melodies. Endowed in his youth with a fine voice, he was, at his own request, attached to the choir of the Chapel Royal, Saint James's Palace. His musical studies were kept up during his three years' service as a chorister. At the age of fourteen, he succeeded in gaining the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, being the first to enjoy this precious gift. He remained at the Academy for two years, Sir John Goss and Sir Sterndale Bennett being his chief instructors. He then went to Leipzig, and studied for three years at the Conservatory established by Mendelssohn, under Julius Rietz, Moritz Hauptmann and Moscheles. It was impossible for Moscheles to avoid an interest in anything or anybody nearly or remotely connected with the memory of his beloved pupil, and Sullivan, being the first winner of the Mendelssohn scholarship, attracted the worthy professor's close attention. And so we find frequent reference to the young Englishman in Moscheles' diary. January, 1858, he describes Arthur as "a lad of great promise," adding "I feel sure he will do credit to England." The success of the young musician's music for Shakespeare's *Tempest*—produced at a "trial concert" in Leipzig, in 1861—gave sincere pleasure to the professor, who thus hints at the unqualified success of the occasion: "The composer was, as he deserved to be, unanimously called forward at the end of the work." Mr. Sullivan returned to England shortly after. In 1862 *The Tempest* music was played at the Crystal Palace, and the young author's merits were at once recognized. Some of the dance-music from this work has been given here by Mr. Thomas's orchestra. *The Tempest* is numbered Opus 1, by the composer, though there were previous works from his pen, among them an orchestral symphony written when he was a mere boy; but Mr. Sullivan has, very likely, seen fit to discard any immature efforts from the list of his acknowledged compositions. During the same year (1862) a ballet, *The Enchanted Isle*, was produced in Covent Garden, and the music of the piece, furnished by Mr. Sullivan, was received with much favor. His next work was an operetta, *The Sapphire Necklace*, the late Mr. Chorley supplying the text; the opera has not yet greeted the footlights; the Overture has figured on English concert programmes. The cantata, *Kenilworth*, sung at the Birmingham festival, in 1864, did not largely augment the composer's reputation. In 1865, appeared a *Te Deum*, an anthem and several songs and piano solos: among the latter an *Etude*, written especially for Madame Schiller and played by her, in Mechanics' Hall, March 6, 1874. A symphony was played at Liverpool, in 1866, with moderate success. *The Prodigal Son*, the first of Mr. Sullivan's two oratorios, was produced at the Worcester (England) festival, September 8, 1869. The father's joyous greeting to the returning prodigal has been often sung here in concerts by Mr. John F. Winch. *On Shore and Sea*, a cantata (words by Mr. Tom Taylor), was written for and brought out at the opening of the London International Exhibition, May 1, 1871. It was sung in Chicago, June 6, 1877, at one of the concerts of the Apollo Club Musical Festival. *The Light of the World* is the most ambitious attempt which Mr. Sullivan has yet made. The critics, divided as to its merits, appear united as to the author's sincerity. It was first heard, August 27, 1873, at the Birmingham festival. Mr. Theodore Thomas has given the pastoral symphony and the overture in Music Hall.

Besides the music for *The Tempest*, Mr. Sullivan has also written "musical illustrations" for *Henry VIII.*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. The latter is for a Masque introduced in Act II., and was first made use of by Mr. Charles Calvert for a revival of the play at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in 1871. It was heard at a concert in the Crystal Palace, October 28, 1871, and portions of it were also included in a programme for the same place, in June, 1874. Among Mr. Sullivan's concert-works are three overtures—*In Memoriam*, *Marmion* and *Di Ballo*; Mr. Thomas has given the last-named here. Mr. Sullivan's dramatic works are few and belong to the school of comic opera. Their titles are: *Thespis*, *Il Contrabandista*, *Cox and Box*, *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*. The third and fourth of this list have been the most successful, and have been produced on professional and amateur stages, in England and the United States, times without number. Mr. F. C. Burnand wrote the verses and arranged the text (from Maddison Morton's well-known farce) for the first of this pair of clever trifles. It was first performed in Boston, April 25, 1876, at Union Hall. *Trial by Jury* was the product of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's droll humor, and the piece had a long run at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1874. The Soldene Troupe brought it out at the Globe Theatre on November 18, 1875. Previously to this—March 28, 1876—it had been given by a company of amateurs, in Monument Hall, Charlestown. The piece has been quite popular here, for besides many performances by amateurs at Beethoven Hall, at the South-end, and at South Boston, the records shew that it was given by the Soldene Troupe fourteen times in 1876, ten times in 1877, and by Mrs. Alice Oates's company, at the Museum, twice in 1877. *The Sorcerer* is also a child of Mr. Gilbert. It was produced, during the Christmas holidays of last year, at the Opera Comique, London, where it is now running successfully. Mr. Sullivan's peculiar facility in writing comic music is shown in a drawing-room extravaganza, *The Miller and his Man*, composed in 1874, for which Mr. F. C. Burnand wrote the book.

If Mr. Sullivan has not produced a lyric work of large importance, the fault has not been entirely his: opportunity given, it is not too much to expect that such a work would soon be forthcoming from his skilful and tuneful pen. It is said that a symphony, begun several years ago, still lies in his desk, awaiting the finishing touches. Mr. Sullivan's songs are many, and, as a rule, are good. He has also written a number of duets and other forms of concerted vocal music, including part-songs for male voices, some of which have been sung at club concerts here. Mr. Sullivan now holds two honorable and responsible positions, the most important of which is that of principal of the National School for Music at South Kensington; the other is that of professor of harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. From Cambridge University he received the degree of Doctor of Music a year or two ago. It is said of Mr. Sullivan, by those who know him best, that his disposition and character are of the most genial and generous kind. In a private letter written by a musician, formerly residing in Boston, to a gentleman of this city, it is intimated that Mr. Sullivan would gladly visit America, did circumstances and time permit. There is hardly an artist of his rank now living to whom the public would give a warmer greeting.

F. H. JENKS.

Music in Leipzig.

TWELFTH GEWANDHAUS CONCERT—BRAHMS'S SECOND SYMPHONY—SIXTH EUTERPE CONCERT.

(Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Jan. 11th, 1878.—The twelfth Gewandhaus concert was one of extraordinary interest, and this was the programme:

Overture—"Euryanthe,".....Weber
Concerto, for violin, A minor.....Vieuxtemps
Aria, from "Es'her,".....Handel
Songs—{Dunkel ist der Wald, Hold erklingt der Vogelsang, Eil schmolls nur Vater,}..Brahms
Romance, for violin.....Bruch
Rondo, for violin.....Wieniawski
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The new symphony of Johannes Brahms was first performed in Vienna, where, according to the reports in the journals of the day, it met with decided success. However great its success may have been there, it could not have been more flattering than that which attended its first performance here. At the general rehearsal, on Wednesday morning, the hall was filled with friends and admirers of the great composer, many having come from a great distance. Conspicuous among those present were Clara Schumann, Kirchner, and many notable journalists and critics from different cities. As the little great man, baton in hand, was about giving the sign for beginning, orchestra and audience joined in giving him a very enthusiastic greeting; after each movement, and especially after the third, which was repeated, the applause was loud and long.

The symphony, while not so grand and broad in conception as his first (C minor), has all those elements which stamp it, not only as the work of a great master, but one, also, destined to live and grow more deeply and quickly into popular favor than is probable or even possible for the first, from the fact that this, with its fierce emotional conflicts, its cutting dissonances, a tone-*tragedy*, requires to be heard and studied often intently; it requires also an orchestra and a leader able to take in and comprehend its deep meanings, if chaos and confusion, vexation and disgust are not to be the result. The other, less a tragedy than a comedy, instantaneously entwines itself most affectionately around the hearts and minds of the listeners, so graceful and beautiful are its melodies, and so unrestrained their flow.

One of the more prominent critics has termed the first, in C minor, the "tenth" symphony, implying that if Beethoven had written another symphony, following his ninth, whatever its proportions might have been, the one of Brahms would measure up to its fullest stature. The assertion is, of course, an absurd one; but if it could with propriety be made, with the same degree of propriety his second could be placed on an equal plane with Beethoven's fourth or seventh.

The orchestra did its part nobly, both individually and collectively, as if in thorough love with its work; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, the personal magnetism of the composer and conductor being such that the most unwilling member would have found it difficult to resist its influence.

Frau Kölle-Murjahn, from Carlsruhe, sang charmingly, particularly the songs which were accompanied by the composer. Emil Sauret, the violinist, had some difficulty in warming the audience up to the same degree of enthusiasm he is in the habit of exciting where and whenever he plays. This was probably owing to his choice of compositions, which, however pretty in themselves, suffered considerably by their surroundings. Reinecke conducted the overture, in regard to the performance of which nothing but praise can be said.

The sixth Euterpe concert was a very enjoyable one, principally because of the excellence of the programme, which was as follows:

Mendelssohn—"Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt."
Mozart—Aria from "Titus."
Bruch—Concerto for Violin.
Brahms—Mainacht.
Goldmark—Herzeleid. } Songs.
Schumann—Waldesgesprach. }
Beethoven—Romanze for Violin, F major.
Raff—Symphony, "Im Walde."

The orchestra did its part very well. Concert-meister August Raab played the Concerto and Romanze, in both of which he proved himself an artist of considerable ability. He is also a prominent member of the Gewandhaus orchestra. Fräulein Louise Proch, from Brunswick, has a voice, with the quantity of which no fault can be found, while its quality needs not a little refining. In consequence of this defect her part of the programme could not touch any sympathetic chord in the audience.

LEIPZIG, Jan. 18, 1878.—The presence of Brahms and the production of his new symphony, last week, were events that caused unusual excitement and enthusiasm, in this as well as in other cities, judging from the many strangers in the audience, among whom were many notable names—Clara Schumann, Joachim and wife, Stockhausen and others. In musical circles and in the journals the symphony was thoroughly discussed and criticized, sometimes severely and harshly, but more often favorably, and always as the work of a great composer not to be measured by an ordinary standard. Brahms has left for Hamburg, and musical affairs here are again resuming their natural course. That this is not an ordinary one is shown by the large number of concerts and operas daily to be heard, as also by the unexceptionable quality of the programmes presented. It would be a difficult matter indeed for one person to keep the run of all the musical performances, and certainly it could not be done with any degree of comfort or enjoyment.

Of the concerts this week, the thirteenth of the Gewandhaus was most attractive; the programme, in strong contrast with the one of last week, though every bit as enjoyable, was as follows:

Overture—"Torquato Tasso".....Schulz-Schwerin
Cavatina from "Euryanthe".....Weber
Concerto, for Violoncello.....Witte
Songs: {Das Mädchen und Schneeglöckchen. Weber; Auf dem Wasser zu singen.....Schubert; O süsse Mutter.....Reinecke}
Solos for Violoncello.....Reinecke
Arioso, Gavotte and Scherzo.
Symphony, No. 7, A major.....Beethoven

The Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert symphonies are very familiar to both orchestra and audience; at least seven of the Beethoven are played every season, among which the ninth is never missed, usually performed in the last concert of the series. Rehearsals are scarcely necessary, and in fact the general one, on Wednesday mornings, the only one, unless there be a new symphony on the programme, is in every respect as good as the evening concert. Visitors are admitted at two-thirds of the evening charges, about fifty cents in American money, of which advantage a large number avail themselves; for, besides the cheapness and the greater comfort with which the music may be enjoyed, it is the only opportunity offered to the many unable to gain admittance to the evening concert. As a matter of course, therefore, both symphony and overture were very well played, the latter under the conductorship of the composer. As a composition, the overture did not meet with much favor; the applause was, doubtless, only in appreciation of the performance. The possibility of a connection with this music and the title may not be doubted, but if there was a connection at all, it can only have been a very remote one.

Frau Kölle-Murjahn, a charming and gifted vocalist, sang to better advantage than she did last week; her choice of compositions was also a happier one, inasmuch as they better suited the peculiar qualities of her voice.

In response to the applause she sang Mozart's "Veilchen."

Carl Schröder, the interpreter of the violoncello compositions, is a member of the orchestra. Yet a very young man, he has already acquired considerable fame, both as a violoncellist and as a composer. He is also one of the instructors at the Conservatory.

The operas given recently have been *Lohengrin*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, *Hans Heiling* and *Tannhäuser*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Opera in Chicago.—Marie Roze.

It is significant of the interest which has attached to the début of Mlle. Marie Roze, that Hooley's Theatre was crowded last evening upon the occasion of the performance of "Favorita," the audience in attendance being fully as large as on Monday evening, when both Kellogg and Cary sang, and a very popular opera was given. It is only truth to say that "Favorita," notwithstanding its name, has not been a favorite opera in this city. It has been given but eight times here, its first performance having been witnessed at McVicker's on the 8th of March, 1854, so that on the average it has only been heard once in over two years. Any really dramatic singer, however, could hardly ask for a better opera in which to make a début. Lucca chose it on that account, and Marie Roze, who in many respects closely resembles the little German prima donna, probably selected it for the same reason. While it has in reality but one prominent aria, there is ample scope for a genuine artist to assert herself in the gradually-increasing passion and intensity of the role of *Leonora*. It added, furthermore, to the interest of this début that Marie Roze is not a novice, but comes here with a reputation which has been established and with an unquestioned position as a prominent artist on the European boards. Her reception was more than a recognition. It was cordial and enthusiastic enough to indicate sympathy and interest, and to assure her that she was warmly welcome. She combines many qualities that will always commend her to an audience. In personal appearance she is tall, robust, and commanding, with a very sweet and expressive face, a natural courtliness of presence, and an equally natural ease and grace of manner that prepossess one in her favor the moment that she appears. Her ease upon the stage indicates thorough familiarity with all its requirements of business. As an actress she is above the standard of lyric artists, the most of whom are simply conventional. Her stage presence is always attractive, and while of necessity she must indulge, especially in recitative passages, in more or less of the stereotyped gesture and posture of opera, she invests them with a peculiar charm by reason of her exquisite grace. Through all her action appears that principal characteristic of the great artist, simplicity and repose. She sacrifices nothing for effect, and does not seek to make points by sensations or outbursts of power for which she has saved herself. Every movement in action and every effort in vocalization shows thorough training and the true artistic finish, so that, although she never surprises, her personation from commencement to end is harmonious and symmetrical. Her voice, although it is of good compass, and fresh, smooth quality, is not at all phenomenal or even a surprising one. It is a mezzo-soprano of very agreeable, smooth, and pleasant timbre throughout its range. The lower voice, though very rich in quality, is not strong. The middle tones are beautiful and very sympathetic, and the upper very sweet, though not very strong or penetrating. The beauty of her art, both lyric and dramatic, lies, as we have said, in her simplicity and repose, as well as in the exquisite grace of all that she does, and these qualities evidently impressed themselves upon the audience, as it is rare that a debutante has made a more unequivocal success upon our lyric stage. The hearty appreciation which met her earlier efforts gradually warmed into enthusiasm as the movement of the work developed in intensity and called out her dramatic power. The "O mio Fernando," which is really the culmination of her role, was sung with charming expression and true pathos, and received a well-deserved encore. The rest of the real work of the opera was shared by Karl, Conly, and Verdi. While neither of the three may be called great artists, it is to their credit that they sang with earnestness and sufficient enthusiasm to sustain the interest of the work. The only drawbacks upon the performance were the long waits in the entr'actes, the careless singing of the chorus, and a ballet divertisement which only served to needlessly prolong the performance. Upon so small a stage a ballet is superfluous.—*Chicago Tribune, Feb.* 6.

Since first Gounod's poetical setting of the Faust legend was presented on the Chicago stage years ago, with Frederici as *Gretchen*, and the ponderous, phlegmatic Hermanns as *Mephisto* and the very prince of devils, how many *Marguerites* have sung their passion to the spinning-wheel and found it in the dairy! It is an imposing array, that includes Nilsson, Lucca, Parepa, Kellogg, Hersee, Durand, Boschetti, Richings, Hermanns, Canissa, and other artists, and now comes another worthy to take equal rank with the best,—Marie Roze. Worthy by virtue of her beauty, grace, tenderness, and sympathy, her poetic delicacy of sentiment, and invariable refinement, and sweetness of manner, as well as her emphatic vocal and dramatic powers. Her personation last evening was witnessed by a large audience, which greeted her with every token of the heartiest appreciation. Her singing was marked by exquisite taste, truth, and expression; but, beyond the mere vocal requirements of the role, there was something peculiarly delicate, tender, and beautiful in the personation. As an ideal picture of Goethe's heroine, it was almost matchless, her beautiful eyes and wonderfully expressive face telling the story of the discovery and confession of passion, the retribution and the expiation, with a power and meaning independent of all stage business or the librettist's text. As a personation at once realistic and artistic, it was one of the strongest ever seen upon the lyric stage in this city, and worthy to rank by the side of Lucca's great creation, though differing from hers in the characteristics of grace and refinement, and in delicate shades of emotion, in which latter respect she possesses remarkable power. The entire personation was so harmonious, and in such admirable keeping with the unity of the character, that it is needless to single out any scene or phrase of the representation for notice. It is pleasanter to remember it as a whole, as a finished picture of this great poetical creation, perfect in all its tints of color and expression, beautiful and graceful in all its outlines.

It would also be pleasant if we could regard anything else (with the exception of Miss Cary's charming personation of *Siebel*) that is worthy of praise. Leaving out Marie Roze and Cary, the performance was a dreary one. Mr. Karl was a very unsatisfactory *Faust*, and seemed to have little or no idea of the dramatic requirements of his role, and when he had an opportunity for vocal display, as in the "Salve dinora" for instance, only mangled it. Mr. Gottschalk as *Mephisto* was dry in voice and lifeless and impotent in action, and apparently not overfamiliar with his lines or music. Mr. Cauffman (*Valentin*) may be excused, as he is an amateur only, but still he may be credited with an excellent baritone voice and a very good method of singing. When his nervousness wears off and he learns what to do with himself on the stage, he may accomplish something. Of the remaining characters, the less said the better. The chorus was very bad. A chorus that cannot even sing the waltz in tune is something worse than bad. The ballet barely fell short of the ridiculous and absurd. The mounting of the work was tawdry, and indicative of stage poverty. Summing it all up, we may say that, while *Marguerite* and *Siebel* could hardly be excelled for goodness, the rest of the performance could hardly be excelled for badness. This evening "Aïda" will be given.—*Ibid, Feb.* 7.

THE HISTORY OF FRENCH OPERATIC MUSIC, in all its minutest details, is getting itself written very rapidly. Of the very interesting and copiously-annotated catalogue of the Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra we have already made mention. The first volume is now complete, and one instalment has been issued of the second, covering the years 1807–1826, and containing the portrait of Spontini, etched by M. LeRat. The two succeeding numbers will, for most readers, be the most entertaining, for they will record the many brilliant successes of the past fifty years, "the epoch Rossini-Meyerbeer," to use the locution of M. Lajarte, the compiler of the catalogue. And while M. Lajarte is thus tracing the main itinerary of opera in France, more than one of his colleagues have been exploring its by-ways. M. Adolphe Jullien is the author of nearly a dozen musical monographs of varying value and bulk, of which not the least important is the latest, 'La Cour et l'Opéra sous Louis XVI.' (12mo, pp. 369. New York: F. W. Christern). In searching in the national archives for documents cited by M. Desnoiresterres in his excellent work on 'Gluck et Piccini,' M. Jullien came again and again upon the names of Salieri and Sacchini. Knowing how scant were the biographic details about these composers, whose lives and labors had been overshadowed by the conflict of their immediate predecessors and masters, Gluck and Piccini, M. Jullien felt his curiosity piqued; he made a thorough investigation of the documents, discovering many new and important points in French musical history, which he has set forth at length in 'La Cour et l'Opéra.' His title is well chosen indeed; the paternal government managed the amusements of its subjects with as much intrigue, as much log-rolling and wire-pulling and pipe-laying, as it managed any other important affair of state. The volume—the separate chapters of which have previously appeared in two musical periodicals—contains two distinct biographies. The pages devoted to Salieri are the more interesting and the chapter recounting the collaboration of Salieri and Beaumarchais in "Tarare" comes most apropos. Beaumarchais, after Gluck and before Wagner, enunciated the fundamental ideas which are to dominate the art-work of the future. M. Jullien points out many analogies between the words of Beaumarchais and the words of Wagner (see p. 250 et circa). He also indicates the similarity in character between Salieri and Beaumarchais, a similarity which rendered the execution by the composer of the musical suggestions of the author an easy task. Beaumarchais even went so far as to send Salieri airs which he had noted down, desiring the composer to use them in a given situation. M. Taine has likened Sheridan to Beaumarchais; here is another point of resemblance, for Michael Kelly has told us that Sheridan, although he knew nothing of music, had this same feeling of musical effect. The author of the "School for Scandal" and the author of the "Marriage de Figaro" wrote each an opera, and both the "Duenna" and "Tarare" were marked successes. M. Jullien cites the malicious reproduction by one of Beaumarchais' critics, apropos to "Tarare," of the jest of *Figaro*: "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante."—*Nation.*

HAMBURGH. To commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the first production of an original German opera, an event which took place at the playhouse in the Goose Market, and was the commencement of opera in Germany, Herr Pollini will give at the Stadttheater a series of six special performances, under the title of: "*German Opera in Hamburgh, during* 200 *years, from* 1678 *to* 1878." The performances will be as follows: First evening. Prologue. Scenes from *Venus und Adonis*, by Kaiser; Scenes from *Almira*, by Handel; *Der betrogene Kadi*, one-act comic opera, by Gluck.—Second evening. *Die Jagd*, three-act opera, by Adam Hiller; *Doctor und Apotheker*, two-act comic opera, by Dittersdorf.—Third evening. *Adrian von Ostade*, one-act opera, by Weigl; *Entführung aus dem Serail*. Fourth evening. *Fidelio*.—Fifth evening. *Der Holzdieb*, one-act comic opera, by Marschner; *Der Freischütz*.—Sixth evening. *Lohengrin*. Señor Pablo de Sarasate played here from the 4th to the 11th inst. On leaving this town he will visit Lübeck, Hanover, Brunswick, Posen, Liegnitz, Görlitz, Breslau, Königsberg, and Leipzig. On the 4th of February he will give a concert at the Singacademie, Berlin.

ROME. Sig. Domenico Mustafa is appointed by the Pope perpetual director of the Sixtine Chapel. The post had remained vacant since the death of the musical historian, Baini. Wishing to put an end to the intrigues of competitors, the Pope ordered that each clerk of the chapel should hold it in succession for a year. His Holiness has at length adopted the old course. Sig. Mustafa is a man of more than ordinary talent, and the public retain a favorable recollection of his conducting *La Vestale*, *Fernand Cortez*, *The Messiah*, and the *Mass*, by Palestrina, which was performed here last summer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1878.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The sixth Symphony Concert, after the double pause in the middle of the series of ten, drew a somewhat larger audience than usual. Whether it indicated the beginning of a revival of the concert appetite here generally, or whether it was the curiosity to hear the Brahms Symphony again, we cannot undertake to say. We think, however, that the whole programme proved enjoyable. It was as follows:

Overture to "The Water-Carrier".....Cherubini
Aria:—"Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni." Mozart
Alfred Wilkie.
Overture—"The Naiads,".....Sterndale Bennett

Songs, with Piano-forte:—
a. The Garland.....Mendelssohn
b. The Hidalgo.....Schumann
Alfred Wilkie.
Symphony, in C minor, Op. 68.....Johannes Brahms
(Second time.)

After a third hearing the Brahms Symphony left essentially the same impression on us as before. We do not think we need to go into any further criticism or description of the work. That we found more in detail to interest the mind we freely grant; and we may even say that in a certain sense its power and beauty,—its intensity above all—and the thoughtful ingenuity, the constructive skill shown in it, grow upon us. This has been the case particularly with the first and the last movement, —most of all the expectant prelude to the popular theme, or Joy tune, together with the tune itself, so brilliantly worked up to a final climax. And still the total influence of the work is depressing. It does not seem inspired; it did not spring from the clear heaven of invention; it shows more of pains-taking calculation than of the imaginative faculty or quality. Its author was in earnest, and had a good outfit of experience and means to work with; and that is what saves it. But will it save it long? Whether it is to take a place among the immortal Symphonies at all,—not to speak of "the immortal Nine"? We see that Mr. Thomas, after some feeling of the public pulse, has abandoned his intention of giving it here again this week, and has come to the conclusion that Beethoven is better bait.—As for the performance, people seemed surprised at the smoothness, the clearness, the intelligent accent and the spirit with which the whole work was rendered by our orchestra after only one rehearsal since the preceding concert. It was most creditable to the musicians and above all to their Conductor, CARL ZERRAHN.

As much may be said of the interpretation of the two thoroughly genial Overtures, so well contrasted. The stately opening and spirited Allegro of Cherubini's to the *Wasserträger* never grows hackneied. And Bennett's romantic, delicate creation of his youth, the freshest, most felicitous, imaginative thing he ever did, was so presented as to be keenly appreciated.

Mr. ALFRED WILKIE, as a tenor singer, has become pretty generally known here during a year or two past in choirs, clubs and concerts, and also by his singing in the last performance of *Elijah* (in the Tabernacle). His voice has sweetness, a good compass and a fair degree of power. Now and then an upper note rings out with very satisfactory resonance, but only to be followed by another of less pleasing *timbre*. His musical culture, we should judge, has not been all that his talent warrants. But he executes fluently and tastefully, and he sang the Mozart Aria quite acceptably; and the songs likewise, although there was hardly enough of life infused into Schumann's "Hidalgo." Mr. Wilkie, however, might have claimed consideration on the ground of a long journey, with fatigue and loss of sleep.

MR. ERNST PERABO's fourth and last Matinée, at Wesleyan Hall, fell upon the day of the great snow-storm (Feb. 1). About fifty only of his friends ventured out, and for them (for surely they deserved it) he conscientiously and kindly played through the whole of the exacting programme, printed without the composers' names, in the same conundrum style with that of the week before. On the following Friday (Feb. 8) he repeated the concert for the benefit of the many whom the storm had kept away, this time *with* the names, as follows:—

"Suite in vier Sätzen." D minor, Op. 7, Julius Röntgen
1. Entrata. 2. Andantino. 3. Toccata. 4. Passacaglia e Giga.
First time in this country.
"Fantasie für Piano zu vier Händen," E flat minor, Op. 79.....Joseph Rheinberger
a. Praeludium. E flat minor. Andantino.
b. Intermezzo. B major. Allegretto.
c. Fuge. E flat major. Allegro moderato.
First time in this country.
Valse-Caprice for the Piano. A major. Op. 31, X. Scharwenka
First time in this country.
"Character Bilder,".....Rubinstein
Sechs Clavierstücke zu vier Händen." Op. 50.
No. 5. Berceuse. Moderato. B minor.
No. 3. Barcarole. Moderato con moto. G minor.
No. 6. Marche. Allegro. C major.
First time in this country.
Grande Sonate pour le Piano. F minor, Op. 142, Franz Schubert
a. Allegro moderato. *c.* Tema con variazioni.
b. Allegretto. *d.* Allegro scherzando.
Third time in Boston.

This programme, we are sorry to say, must constitute about all our record of the concert, which we learn was uncommonly interesting, and the hall was filled with a sympathetic audience, who did not wish to lose the last opportunity, probably, of hearing Mr. Perabo for some time to come. A business engagement robbed us of the whole programme with the exception of the last number, the Schubert Sonata, which was first published as such in 1838; but, as it did not sell, the crafty publisher divided it into four separate "Impromptus," two of which, at least, have been often heard here. They are exquisitely beautiful, and we know not that we have ever heard them more charmingly interpreted.

THE CECILIA gave its second concert of this its second season, at Tremont Temple, on Friday evening, Feb. 8. The Temple was completely filled with the Associate Members and invited guests of the Club. The Director, Mr. B. J. LANG, having had the misfortune to be thrown from a sleigh, breaking the upper bone of his left arm, he of course was not at his post; the Concert was conducted by his pupil, Mr. ARTHUR W. FOOTE, who seemed as much at home in the position as if he had been a veteran, and all went off smoothly and effectively. The principal feature of the programme, forming the Second Part, was Mendelssohn's noble music to the lyric odes of Racine's "Athalie," which it was intended to give with the accompaniment of a small orchestra; but that is postponed until the repetition of the concert, which will have to wait for Mr. Lang's recovery.

The First Part opened appropriately with an eight-hand performance, on two Chickering Grand Pianos, of Mozart's model Overture to the "Magic Flute," by Messrs. TUCKER, SUMNER, PRESTON and FOOTE. They played with great precision and true accent, giving a very clear and satisfactory notion of the work. The Allegro, so often hurried out of all reason, was taken at just the right tempo; the broad, massive tone of the instruments filled the large room with a sonority almost as intense as that of a common orchestra. This was followed by a part-song for mixed voices of quite a superior order to those mostly sung on such occasions: the "Evening Song" by Hauptmann (No. 4 of the set of six, Op. 32), to charming words from Rückert. It is a fresh and charming bit of part-writing, with not a little poetic, as well as artistic subtlety. And it was finely sung, the parts well-balanced and distinct. The song seemed not so generally appreciated as we think such music would be if it were more often sung. Schumann's wild, romantic "Gypsy Life" was sung with spirit, and was vividly picturesque. Another part-song, "The Little Ship," by Schumann, was the favorite with the audience and had to be repeated. The music is pleasing and well adapted to the little story of the words, the mention of the huntsman's horn and the flute of the young traveller being eked out by a bit of realism, to-wit, the introduction of an actual horn and flute.

Of the *Athalie* music we shall be better prepared to speak after its repetition with orchestra. This time the brilliant and majestic Overture, and the War March of the Priests were effectively represented on the two pianos by the four young artists named above; and the accompaniments were well played by two of them. In this way, with mere piano-forte accompaniment, *Athalie* has been given only once or twice in Boston, eight or nine years ago, by the Parker Club in the old Chickering Hall. The Cecilia chorus is much larger, and we may safely say that all the choruses were finely sung, as were likewise the solo portions by Miss S. C. FISHER, Mrs. G. K. HOOPER, Mrs. C. C. NOYES and Mrs. A. L. FOWLER. Mrs. Noyes, particularly, as the first Contralto, bore the heaviest responsibility, and in spite of a bad cold delivered the dramatic and impassioned portions of her part with great fervor and effect. Compared with the *Paulus* and *Elijah*, the *Lobgesang*, or the *Antigone* and *Œdipus*, this work must to many seem somewhat monotonous, and in some parts a little dry and tame. Naturally so, considering the character of Racine's text; and it was here given without any reading of the connecting portions of the drama, or any abstract thereof to make clear the dramatic progress. Unfortunately the musical work, bound by the text, lacks climax. But there is much beautiful and some superb and splendid music in it; and more variety than one perhaps may fancy on a single hearing; you have but to sing yourself in it or read it over at the piano to discover that. The opening chorus: "Heaven and earth display" (repeated for the finale) is a grandiose, inspiring hymn of praise. It has been sung with effect in some of our School festivals. The mournful Chorus (No. 4): "Premised joys, menaced woes," beginning with Sopranos in unison, then in four-part harmony, then answered by Tenors and Basses, leading into full chorus, is highly expressive and unique, full of the "mystic gloom impending," as the text has it. The martial chorus: "Depart, ye sons of Aaron," simple as it is, with its receding sounds: "We go, we go," is worthy to succeed the noble March of Priests. Doubtless the whole work will receive new life and color from the orchestra; so let us hope that Mr. Lang will soon have both arms free!

CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS. The fourth subscription concert was on Tuesday evening of this week (Feb. 12); and for once this season the beautiful Academic Theatre (Sanders Theatre) was remarkably well filled, of course with people of intelligence and culture. The THOMAS Orchestra and Mme. SCHILLER were the magnets, for it is plain the Cambridge people care more for an Orchestra than they do for Chamber Concerts; so do most publics as for that matter. The programme also could not have failed

to exercise attraction; the Symphony and Overture at all events, while for the *newsily* inclined ("newsy" is a newspaper word) there was no lack of novelties. This was the bill of fare, and it appeared to give great satisfaction:

Overture to Midsummer-Night's Dream, in E major, Op. 21.....Mendelssohn
Piano Concerto in B flat minor. Op. 32..Scharwenka
1. Allegro patetico, Adagio, Allegro animato.
2. Allegro assai.
3. Allegro non tanto, Quasi adagio, Allegro molto e passionato.
Madame Madeline Schiller.

Pastoral Symphony, No. 6, in F major, Op. 68, Beethoven
Piano Solo,.....Chopin
a. Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57.
b. Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53.
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Wedding March, (Ländliche Hochzeit), from Op. 61.....Goldmark

Mendelssohn's fairy Overture was as delicately and nicely played as one may ever hear it. And the Pastoral Symphony, still the most exquisitely perfect illustration which Music ever gave of summer in the country,—so close to Nature—that is, to a poetic lover's sense of Nature—so close, indeed, that the very first few notes which form the motive of the opening Allegro seem to have been overheard and caught from her, was rendered well nigh to perfection. It is the loveliest, most transporting and imaginative of pastorals; to hear it is as good as being in the woods and fields, or sauntering by the brookside in the shade. And the storm, though it is short and makes less noise than most of our modern composers make even on peaceable occasions, is still unsurpassed in music. Nowadays a composer is nothing if not intense, impassioned (seemingly), heaping Ossa upon Pelion of cumulative loud effects; so that is rest and refreshment to the spirit, and deep inward joy, to listen to this Symphony. There is as as much genius in it as in the fifth, or seventh, or the Ninth, only another phase of manifestation, for Beethoven has much of the many-sidedness of Shakespeare. This time there was no fault to find with Mr. Thomas's tempos in a Beethoven Symphony,—at least none to our poor perception.

The "Wedding March" by Goldmark is a singular affair. The quaint rustic tune is first hummed over in soliloquy by the basses; then the outline is filled in with all the instrumental colors. And then ensues a long series of variations most fantastical, some stately and some droll, some more than serious, even mournful. It were a curious wedding procession to *see*, made up of all manner of parties in all manner of moods. The crying mood is as frequent as any, for some go by with handkerchiefs to eyes apparently; then a merry wild set tossing up their caps, and flinging fire-crackers and torpedoes; others seem capering on hobby-horses; others walk grave and thoughtful; others march in knightly pomp and military splendor. All the variations are ingenious, full of quaint devices; and a few, toward the end, especially, have wealth and beauty of expression; but strangely the whole course comes round to where it began and dies out in the old soliloquy. What does it all mean? It is a thing which one could hear more than once, if only for its clever feats of instrumentation.

The new Concerto by Scharwenka is a most brilliant and audacious piece of musical sensationalism, with many passages of interesting novelty and beauty, and some that impressed us as ugly; for instance the opening motive, which recurs again, and is much in the same style and surly humor with the first phrase in Liszt's E-flat Concerto. It is throughout very heavily and noisily accompanied, and seems to have an intensely passionate and tragical intention. It would be painful but for the middle movement, which is graceful and more for the pianist's flowing fingers, and occasional passages of piano solo which have considerable charm. It certainly is a brilliant work; and it was wonderfully well played on Mme. SCHILLER's part and seemed exciting to the audience. But we must hear it more to judge fairly of its merits.

THE next (eighth) HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Feb. 28, offers the following programme:

PART I. Overture to "Rosamunde" (first time), *Schubert;* Old Italian Songs, GEO. L. OSGOOD; Symphony in G (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel), *Haydn.*—

PART II. Overture: "The Hebrides," *Mendelssohn;* German Songs, G. L. OSGOOD; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, *Beethoven.*

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The third of the subscription series of four Oratorio performances will come on Wednesday evening, March 6, when Mendelssohn's great Oratorio "St. Paul" will be given after very thorough rehearsal.

NEW YORK, FEB. 11.—At the fourth Symphony Concert of the Thomas Orchestra, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st, the following selections were performed:

Symphony, E flat.....Haydn
1. Adagio—Allegro con spirito. 2. Andante.
3. Menuetto. 4. Allegro con spirito.
Capriccio, Op. 4.....Hermann Graedner
Overture—"Bride of Messina,".....Schumann
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.....Beethoven

A welcome feature of the programmes of both the Symphony and the Philharmonic concerts this winter is the absence of vocal soli.(!) The voice, at the best, is an imperfect organ and is constantly subject to a variety of depressing influences. It may be that the singer is fatigued, or nervous, or suffering from a cold—even the state of the weather and the temper of the audience are not without effect upon the vocalist; and, when it is considered that few singers are without defect in voice or method, even when heard at the greatest advantage, it is evident that vocalism is out of place (?) in a programme like the one given above, unless a number of voices are employed in chorus so that individual imperfections are not noticed. It has been thought that the public must have singing, but, in a symphony concert, the custom is more honored in the breach than the observance, and I sincerely hope that it will not be revived.

The Haydn Symphony in E flat was beautifully rendered and the Capriccio by Hermann Graedner, in which a brief and simple theme is very skillfully treated, was received with so much favor that it had to be repeated. The performance of Schumann's fine Overture to Schiller's "Bride of Messina" was no less excellent, although the work is in decided contrast to the selections which preceded it.

"The poetry of earth is never dead" sang John Keats, and so it is with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. There are compositions which can be grasped, comprehended, mastered; but this Symphony, like Schubert's in C, seems to reach beyond comprehension. We may analyze it, and talk of the progression of the bass, in the allegretto; the felicitous employment of the hautboys in the minor solo of the first movement, or the skilful treatment of the horns in D in the Scherzo. But who can analyze the poetry that lies underneath and finds expression in this universal language! Schumann [?] made this attempt, and, acute critic as he was, his (own or borrowed) comparison is weak, when he writes of the Allegretto as "the merriest of weddings" with bells ringing, organ sounding, *pew doors opening and shutting* and the arrival of a bridal procession with choir boys, lighted tapers and incense. This is fixing a limit to the imagination with a vengeance, and reminds one of the man who heard the grass growing in Haydn's "Creation."

At the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Feb. 9, the following selections were performed:

Symphony, No. 1, in D.....Mozart
Variations on a theme by Haydn.....Brahms
Overture—"Sakuntala," Op. 13.....Goldmark
Symphony, No. 8, in F.....Beethoven

Mozart's symphony in D, although not so well known here as those by the same composer in E flat, G minor, and C, certainly merits frequent repetition. It was written in 1786, two years before the prolific period in which the three symphonies last named were produced. It it divided as follows:—1. Adagio—Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale (Presto). The composition is graceful, flowing and melodious, and it was quite delightful to hear it so well played throughout, as to leave no room for criticism. In passages of special difficulty, as for example, those containing closed sounds for the horns, when one might expect rough or doubtful notes, there was admirable certainty and precision, and all the stringed instruments were handled to perfection.

The Variations by Brahms on Haydn's Choral of St. Antoni we have had several opportunities of hearing. The theme is noble and impressive and the setting is superb.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, with its splendid instrumentation and gorgeous Oriental coloring, is always welcome, and nothing could be more in keeping with the bright and cheerful spirit which characterized the programme than Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in which the composer leaves the Olympian heights and walks in the flowery fields for the last time.

A. A. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 11.—It may interest lovers of good music to know that about a year ago some musical persons in this city endeavored to form a society which should have for its aim the practise and improvement of choral singing, with a view to elevate the musical taste of this community, and to bring out such works of the recognized masters in musical expression as were within the capabilities of such a society. The attempt was so successful that last year the society, securing for its conductor Mr. J. B. Sharland of your city, held a series of rehearsals and at their close gave a public concert, with a programme including among other things, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer."

The society was composed principally of persons of small musical knowledge, but with plenty of zeal and patience, willing to be taught, and eager to learn. The performance last season was very creditable to the society, all things considered, and gave promise of better things in the future.

The rehearsals were resumed this season, with growing interest. Beginning about the middle of October, they continued, with slight interruption at the holidays, until the last week in January. On the 31st of January the society gave its second concert with the following programme, rendered with piano accompaniment simply, as yet not having the means to bring an orchestra, or string quintette even, to their aid.

Praise Jehovah, Op. 73.....Mendelssohn
Sacred Cantata for Solo, Quartet and Chorus.
Ballad—"Little Birds, go to Sleep," (by request), F. A. Howson
Mrs. Wilson Eyre.
Chorus of Gleaners.....Liszt
From "Prometheus."

Fair Ellen.....Max Bruch
Cantata for Soprano and Baritone Solos and Chorus.
A Finland Love Song.....Henry Hiles, Mus. Bac.
Words by Thomas Moore.
Part-song by Full Chorus.
Frühlings-Botschaft (Spring's Message), Op. 95, Niels W. Gade
Translation by Mrs. Charteris Cairns.

Criticism on the concert would be out of place at this time. Suffice it to say that the society did itself great credit in its rendering of the works presented, and has large incentives musically to nobler and higher efforts. We hope its members and means will be increased and that it may do a great work for the cause of the best music in Newport. Yours respectfully,

A. G. L.

MUSIC IN SALEM, MASS. The programmes of the Concerts, given once a fortnight in the Essex Institute Hall this winter, are full of interest, presenting a great variety of compositions and performing artists. Here is the second, of Nov. 26:

Fugue in C major.....J. S. Bach
Sonata Pathetique in C minor, (Op. 13)....Beethoven
Mr. Sherwood.
"Matin Song,".....John K. Paine
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
a. Waltz in A flat major, (Op. 34, No. 1).....Chopin
b. Nocturne in F major, (Op. 23, No. 4)....Schumann
c. Ballade in A flat major, (Op. 47).....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
Concert Polka.....Mulder
Miss Kellogg.
a. Norwegian Bridal Party Passing by, Edvard Grieg
b. Song Without Words, in G major, (No. 25), Mendelssohn
c. Octave Study in E flat (No. 7)....Theodor Kullak
Songs: *a.* "Ich liebe dich,".....Grieg
b. "Little Jacob,"
c. "The Farmer and the Pigeons,"
German Fairy Tales..... ....Taubert

Here is the fourth, Jan. 14:

Sonata in D major.....Mendelssohn
Messrs. Tucker and Wulf Fries.
Songs—"Ich grolle nicht,".....Schumann
"Italy,".....Mendelssohn
Mrs. J. W. Weston.
Two Marches (from Op. 16).....Gade
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.
a. Sarabande.....Bach
b. Menuet.....Mozart
Mr. Fries.
Study in D flat major.....Liszt
Mr. Tucker.

Two Diversions (from Op. 17)..W. Sterndale Bennett
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.
Serenade and Scherzo from Suite in D,
Camille Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Fries and Tucker.
Aria—"My heart ever faithful." 'Cello Obligato.....Bach
Mrs. Weston.
"Nuits Blanches," (No. 13)..... Stephen Heller
"Two Ecossaises,"..... Chopin
Mr. Tucker.
Bridal Music (two numbers).....Adolf Jensen
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.

The Chicago Orchestra.

At the present rate of progress it will not be long—if, indeed, the time has not already arrived—before the fine collection of talent which Mr. Loesch has succeeded in organizing for the Sunday afternoon concerts at North Turner Hall will have made its title, the Chicago Orchestra, a credit and honor to the city. The improvement that has taken place within the past two months is the highest tribute that could be paid to the energy and ability through which it has been brought about; but it is at the same time pleasant to add that substantial acknowledgement upon the part of the music-loving public is not wanting. The audiences of the past few weeks have never been equalled either in number or respectability in the history of the North Turner Hall concerts, while in the matter of enthusiastic appreciation, no local organization of instrumental performers has hitherto obtained so solid a footing. All this is gratifying in every way, the more so that it gives promise of supplying a long-present need,—that of a thoroughly first-class orchestra. Yesterday's programme was in general the best of the season thus far. Parts first and third were of the light, popular order, while the serious work was massed in part second, beginning with the "William Tell" overture, in which the technical talent of the orchestra is seen at its very best; then the Swedish wedding march by Soedermann, of which it is not too much to say that, making allowance for the number of instruments, it has never been better done in Chicago. This led up cleverly to the Boccherini minuet for the strings only, which for delicacy and expression in the playing was intensely captivating, and secured an imperative encore. The next ensuing number, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," is probably the most formidable work the orchestra has yet undertaken, and hence the really fine performance of yesterday may be set down as its most creditable achievement thus far. Comparison with the Thomas orchestra's handling of this gorgeous piece of "tone-painting" would be manifestly unfair, since, in the nature of things, with a band whose members are necessarily scattered so widely during the week, Mr. Loesch could not hope to secure the necessary rehearsals; but the fact remains that the interpretation was masterly and the rendering very effective, and that a critical audience was delighted with this fine test of the orchestra's calibre. It is safe to say that an equal amount of good music, admirably performed, was never before heard in Chicago for an admission fee of fifteen cents. The second part alone of the programme was worth five times that price.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An International Musical Festival.

General Torbert, United States consul-general at Paris, has transmitted to Governor McCormick, commissioner-general of the United States at the Paris Exposition, full details of the proposed international musical festival, which is to take place in connection with the Exposition. The invitation to participate in these entertainments has already been accepted by England, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Prussia and other European nations. The last day on which entries can be made is the 1st of March. All lists of authors, and, so far as po sible, the names of pieces of music to be performed, must be sent in as early as May 1. The French commissioner-general reserves the right to revise the list, if he shall find it necessary, for the purpose of excluding anything calculated to provoke political manifestations or to wound national susceptibilities. Changes in the programmes, or additions to them, may also be made after May 1 by the commissioner-general. No application will be received by the French authorities from individuals or associations, unless presented through their respective commissioners-general. The Grand Salle du Trocadero, which will accommodate nearly 5000 people, as well as a smaller concert-room in the same building, will be placed at the disposal of the performers free of charge. The receipts of each concert will belong to the nation by which it is given; but from these receipts must be paid all incidental expenses, except those pertaining to the police arrangements, which will be assumed by the French government. Each country must provide for its own wants in respect to orchestral or other accompaniments. The music of living composers can be presented only by the nations to which they respectively belong; but out of regard to the exigencies of those countries which have been relatively unproductive of music, the works of dead composers may be selected at will by any nation. Application will be made for a reduction of the rates of transportation for persons and material from the French ports to Paris, and the suspension of the rights of authors and editors will also be requested by the French commissioner-general. The main objects sought in giving this festival, are variety of musical composition, excellence of execution and the expression of character and sentiment as translated in music. The French authorities are earnest in the desire that the United States may be represented with an ample programme. Applications for further information should be addressed to Governor McCormick.

Some of the New Men.

Mr. Perabo's programmes contain the following notices:—

XAVER SCHARWENKA was born January 6th, 1850, at Samtor, Province of Posen, Germany, and is of Slavonic descent. His parents, in 1859, moved to Posen, where he pursued his academical studies, devoting to music his occasional leisure. In 1865 he went to Berlin, where he intended to follow scientific studies. His passion for music, however, gained the upper hand, and he entered upon his musical career under the able teachers—Kullak, piano, and Würst, composition. In 1869 he gave his first orchestral concert in Berlin, in which he achieved a rare success. Soon after, his first compositions were published: a Trio, a Sonata for Violin, one for Piano, Songs, and many piano-pieces, in all 37 works, among which are a Piano Quartet and a Concerto for piano, with orchestra. The latter work had great success in Germany, and the honor of a performance by Liszt at the residence of Minister von Schleinitz in Berlin. At Weimar, Liszt gave a Matinée at which only compositions of Scharwenka were played. His concerto is now enjoying success in Vienna, Paris and London. Scharwenka is now in Berlin, with his brother Philipp, also a noted pianist and composer.

JULIUS ROENTGEN was born at Leipzig, Germany, on May 9th, 1855, and is the son of Engelbert Röntgen, Concert-master of the Gewandhaus-orchestra. His rich musical endowment showed itself in his piano-playing at the early age of five. When eight years of age, he composed without having received any instruction, a Sonata in four movements for the Piano, which astonished his later teachers. His musical and scientific education he received mostly in Leipzig; Piano of L. Plaidy and Carl Reinecke, harmony and counterpoint of E. F. Richter, Moritz Hauptmann and Fr. Lachner of Munich. In 1873, in company with the celebrated singer, Julius Stockhausen, he gave concerts in North and South Germany, and was welcomed with the warmest sympathy as pianist and composer. His works are published by Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig. His last work is a Serenade for wind-instruments, which was performed with great success at a Soirée of Chamber Music at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, in February, 1877.

Popular Taste in Music.

(From the New York World.)

A novel experiment has lately been tried at Glasgow in connection with the Saturday popular concerts, conducted by Dr. Hans von Bülow. The last performance of the series being at hand, it was resolved to supply the audience of the last but one with a list of all the works in the repertory, and invite them to mark the pieces of their choice, those obtaining the highest number of votes to form the closing programme. The result is curious, and, as to the musical taste of Glasgow, instructive. Of the eighty-three works in the list, only five received no votes at all, so that we may assume a great diversity of opinion among the electors. The largest number who agreed upon anything at all gave 279 votes to the "Tannhäuser" overture, that to "William Tell" receiving the next greatest amount of support, with 213. Programme music therefore stands high on the banks of the Clyde, to the exclusion of such works as the finale to Beethoven's Septet, the overture to "Oberon," and Haydn's Symphony in B-flat, all of which were out of the running. Dr. von Bülow's skill as a pianist secured a place for Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, a duo concertante for two pianos by Saint-Saëns, and a fantasia on Scottish airs by Moscheles, which had respectively 105.95, and 126 votes. Patriotism carried Foster's "Rob Roy" overture to victory with 94 suffrages. The young ladies, we expect, voted in a body 95 strong for the overture to "Zampa:" and, with their lovers, ran Mendelssohn's Wedding March ahead with 131 "ayes." True culture, on its part, secured a place for the overture to "Zauberflöte," with 100 votes; but how are we to explain the favor shown to the last movement in Haydn's "Farewell" symphony and Mozart's "Musical Joke?" If a surgical operation be needed to make a Scotchman understand a verbal witticism, a musical production of that ilk must be very far beyond him indeed. But our wonder abates when we call to mind that there is a large Irish colony in Glasgow. No doubt it was Pat—the rogue—who gave 118 votes to Haydn's comedy and 117 to Mozart's burlesque.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Like a Turk. G. 3. d to E. *Corre.* 30
Comic view of poor Turkey and her perplexities.

The Day my Love went Maying. Eb. 3. E to F. *Gray.* 30
"And by chance my steps were straying,
Till we met at close of day."
A beautiful ballad, with May, Love and Flowers in it.

I am waiting, Essie dear. Song and Cho. Fine Lithograph title. C. 3. E to F. *Brown.* 40
"I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear,
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low."
Beautiful song and very fine picture.

Four Popular Comic Songs, by *John Read*, ea. 35
No. 1, Gainsboro' Hat. D. 2. a to E.
No. 2, It's Nice. F. 2. F to F.
No. 3, Johnny Morgan. Eb. 2. E to E.
No. 4, I'm in it. F. 2. E to E.
Four nonsensical songs, easy, and with good music.

Thou art like unto a Flower. Quartet for Male Voices. Ab. 4. G to a. *Osgood.* 30
"Upon thy golden tresses,
My hands I lay in prayer."
Fine words by Heine, finely set to music.

Vive la Bacchanal! (Drinking Song.) C. 3. F to F. *Leybourne.* 30

Mid Starry realms of Splendor. Ab. 5. c to a. *Murio Celli.* 40
"In calm so sweet and tender,
I roam in blissful dreams."
One of Miss Emma Abbot's successes. A fine portrait of the lady on the title.

Oh! press thy Cheek against my own. (Lehn deine Wang' an meiner Wang'.) Eb. 3. c to E. *Jensen.* 30
"And when in the glowing flames at last."
"Und wenn in die grosse Flamme fliest."
Heine's words, simply and beautifully "translated" by the music.

Instrumental.

New York by Gaslight March. F. 3. *Gass.* 30
A kind of song melody with three variations, all in marching time. An agreeable march, and it is a good instructive piece.

Happy Thought Polka. C. 3. *St. Leon.* 30
Very wide awake throughout. Is not loaded with difficulties, and will induce "happy thoughts" in those who keep step to it.

Two Easy and Instructive Sonatinas. *Alfred Richter*, each, 60
No. 2. Key of C. 4. Complete, 1.00
Is not a Sonatina in length, as it covers 10 pages. Furnishes good and entertaining practice.

Musical Nosegay. 12 Little Melodious Pieces for Practice, in the easiest Major and Minor keys. In 3 Books (or Numbers). Each, 75
No. 1.—1, Blue Violets, C, 1; 2, Reseda, C, 2; 3, Dancing, G, 2; 4, Golden Spurs, G, 2.
No. 2.—5, Evergreen, F, 2; 6, Forget me not, D, 2; 7, Snow-bells, C, 3; 8, Lilies A, 3.
No. 3.—9, Pure White, D, 3; 10, May Blooms, B, 3; 11, The Prize, Bb, 3; 12, Cypress Tree. G, 3.

Little Queen Waltz. G. 2. *Acker.* 25
Her little majesty will be sure to like it. Nicely fingered.

La Fiancée. Polka. F. 3. *Ball.* 40
Quite bright enough for the quick footsteps of gay Fiancée and her adorer.

Hobart Pasha March. Bb. 2. *Watson.* 40
A spirited march in honor of the admiral whom Turkish sailors honor because, say they, "he is the Boss—phorus."

New York 7th Regiment March. Eb. 3. *Markstein.* 40
A very powerful march, with Fife and Drum duets, Trumpet and Bass solos and calls, and plenty for full band in it.

Louisa Waltz. Db. 3. *Hammerel.* 40
A sort of "grand" waltz of 7 pages, in which both power and sweetness are brought out very agreeably.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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Price of each Book in Boards, $2.50. In Cloth $3.00. In Cloth Gilt, $4.00.

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A fine book of 239 pages, full Sheet Music Size, and containing carefully selected pieces for advanced players. They are substantially the same pieces that have appeared from time to time in the popular periodical called "Le Crême de la Crême." Much better than entirely new pieces are these that have been proved, and found worthy of preservation. There are 43 pieces, averaging about 5 pages each; a very convenient length. There is a very even degree of musical beauty in the pieces, so that it is not easy to determine which is best, when one is tempted to say "all are best." Contents:

Adieu. Nocturne.	Esperance. Nocturne.
Alice. Romance.	Feu Follet.
Alpine Glen. Idylle.	Fifth Nocturne.
Au Bord de la Fontaine.	Floridiana. Valse Brillante.
Birdie's Morning Song.	Fontaine. Idylle.
Canzonetta Veneziana.	Forest Birdling.
Chant du Printemps. Cap.	Fresh Life. (Frisches Leben)
Clochette d'Or. Caprice.	Gracieuse. Moreau.
Confidence.	He loves me. (Il m' aime).
Danse Circassienne.	Home again. (Heimkehr).

And 23 others of the same character.

GEMS OF THE DANCE.

Companion to the celebrated "Gems of Strauss." This brilliant title belongs to a Volume of Bound Music, which includes all the recently issued and decidedly popular Waltzes, Polkas, Galops, Redowas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, and other varieties of Dance Music that can be placed between its covers. It has 232 pages. About one third of these fine pieces are new compositions by John or Edward Strauss, the others are by Gungl, Lamothe, Zikoff, Bela, Mack, Stasny, Weingarten, Ghis, Pratt, Parlow, Faust, Godfrey and other celebrities.

CONTENTS:

Adieux (Les.)	Where the Citron Bloometh.
Better Times.	Girofle-Girofla.
Consequensen.	Lord of Lorne.
Kaufman's Casino.	Blue Bird Echo.
My Fair Lady.	Kutschke.
Roses (Les).	Alpen Rose.

And 67 others.

Gems of Strauss.

250 pages, SHEET MUSIC SIZE. The most brilliant music of the most brilliant of Composers. This book has been the most successful one of its kind. Strauss's music has been known for a generation; but the appearance of the master at the "Jubilee" naturally created an excitement, and the compilation here described has reached a sale of many thousands. Contents:

Academic.	Baden Baden.
Aleline.	Arm in Arm.
Apollo.	Dragon Fly.
Aquarrellen.	Orpheus.
Beautiful Blue Danube.	Carnival Botschater.
Alice.	Ostrich Feather.

And more than 70 others.

WELCOME HOME.

This fine book secures its welcome by the variety and beauty of its contents, which according to the Index have 13 Marches and Quicksteps, 18 Waltzes, Redowas, &c., 6 Polkas, 8 Galops and Schottisches, 4 Quadrilles and 17 Rondos or Piano Pieces. As the quadrilles include a number of little airs, the number thus expressed may be increased. Contents:

Amazon March.	Strauss' Dream Waltz.
Camp Quickstep.	Vale of Roses.
Blue Eyes Redowa.	Cricket Polka.
Faust Waltz.	Peerless Polka.
Knight Waltzes.	Sea Foam Polka.
La Murska Waltz.	Away Galop.
Softly Dreaming.	And 50 to 60 others.

Pearls of Melody.

The above name is appropriate as far as melodies are concerned, but the harmony also must have its due praise. The 224 pages are filled with music of medium, of easy medium difficulty, so that the book is most useful to those moderately advanced as players. The authors and their works are of the best. Contents:

Addio.	Heimweh.
Alice Mazurka.	Listen to me.
Angel's Dream.	Love's Greeting.
Brindisi.	May Blossoms.
Chime of Bells.	May day Polka.
Dance Cubaine.	Sunny Home.
Golden Chimes.	And 37 others of equal merit.

Pianist's Album.

230 pages, SHEET MUSIC SIZE. This book might, perhaps, be termed the third volume of the Home Circle, being similar in design to the two volumes of that work, and containing a quantity of popular music which has "succeeded" since its publication. As each volume is an independent collection, the Pianist's Album keeps its own title, and is distinguished by a number of what are more particularly called "Piano-forte Pieces," of some little length and of medium difficulty. Contents.

Grand Russian March.	Mocking-bird waltz.
Turkish March.	Fairy Polka.
Corinthian waltz.	Silver Spring polka.
Fairy wedding waltz.	Peabody schottische.
Il Bacio (kiss) waltz.	Schomberg galop.
Mabel waltzes.	And 91 others

Piano-Forte Gems.

216 pages. Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Polkas, Mazurkas, Schottisches, Galops, Quadrilles, Dances, Rondos, Variations and Four Hand Pieces. Contents:

Daisy Dean Quickstep.	Weiner bonbon waltzes.
La reve quickstep.	Kiss me quick and go polka.
Days of absence waltz.	Fairy dell polka.
Fairy Bell waltz.	Pickwick galop.
Fairy Footsteps waltz.	Gorilla Quadrille.
Love in idleness.	Last rose of Summer. Var.

And about 80 others (or more, reckoning short airs).

The Musical Treasure.

200 pages. Half Vocal and half Instrumental. THE MUSICAL TREASURE has more variety than any other book, as will best be seen by the Contents.

All Right.	Marriage Bells.
Light Step.	Roses.
Sweet Kiss.	Barbe Blue Lancers.
Voice of Spring.	Convent Bells.
Constantia.	Remember Me.
Jolly Brothers.	Shepherd Boy.
Up and Away.	Starry Night.
Beautiful Blue Danube.	Will-o-the-Wisp.
Boston Dip.	Beautiful Bells.
Fairy Wedding. 4 hands.	And a hundred others.

LA CRÊME DE LA CRÊME.

VOL. I.

The fine pieces have appeared from time to time in the monthly periodical of the above name. They are here placed in more permanent form. The pieces are very well chosen, and make an admirable collection for the practice and entertainment of piano players somewhat advanced. 242 large pages. The names of the authors, Rubenstein, Oesten, Voss, Kuhe, Hess, Liszt Thalberg, Lange, Krug and others, are sufficient guarantee for the value of the music. Contents:

Alpine Horn.	Grazioza.
Blumenlied.	Harp Sounds.
Cujus Animam.	Puritani.
Dancing Leaves.	Petit Rouet.
Dein Eigen.	May Breezes.
Elegy of Tears.	On the Sea.

And 31 other pieces quite as good.

LA CRÊME DE LA CRÊME.

VOL. II.

Like Vol. I. this contains first-class pieces of some difficulty, thus suiting the taste and capacity of players of some degree of skill. There are about 25 different composers, all of the best class. Contents:

Air Castles.	Fairy Whispers.
Forest Hymn.	Gazelle.
Barcarole.	Heavenly Voices.
Belle Italie.	Lucia.
ConAmore.	Pluie de Fleurs.
Evening Dew.	Crepuscule.

And about 30 more pieces of fine quality.

Fountain of Gems.

This is a collection of easy and pleasing music, in great variety there being a couple of dozen Waltzes, about eight each of Marches, Polkas, Mazurkas, Galops, and little Dances, and twenty-seven Piano Pieces of moderate length, which last valuable quality allows the placing of nearly a hundred pieces on the 224 pages.

CONTENTS:

Amazon March.	Clarion Polka.
Equestrian March.	Favorite Mazurka.
Azure Sky Waltz.	Enchanting Galop.
Clara "	And about 90 others.

The Piano at Home.

250 pages. Four Hand Pieces. A book of the greatest value to teachers and pupils, since the former do not need to be told of the excellent effect on "time" and "security" of practice with four hands. Aside from the technical use, the book presents some of the best kind of material for musical enjoyment. Music, when performed in this way, is doubly powerful. There is also a richness in harmonic effect, quite difficult to be evolved by the hands of one performer. Contents:

Blue Danube waltz	Il desiderio.
Carabinier. Swiss march.	Jolly brothers' galop.
Carnival of Venice.	Maiden's prayer.
Dumbarton's bonnie Dell march.	March of men of Harlech.
	Monastery bell.
Fairy wedding waltz polka.	Pestal.
Her bright smile waltz.	And 53 others.

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200 pieces for Reed Organs. Pages, SHEET MUSIC SIZE. "The Organ at Home" contains a large number of pieces in great variety, and all adapted to the character of the instruments. Contents:

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Angel's trio. "Elijah."	Fredonia march.
Blue eyes.	Funeral march.
Blue-bells of Scotland.	Golden leaf Schottische.

And about 200 others.

The Home Circle. (VOL I.)

216 pages. A collection of easy instrumental music. This book being the first issued of the instrumental series, naturally includes the older standard easy pieces, those that have been popular for many years. There are about 150 pieces, most of them fitted to be excellent recreation pieces for learners. On this account the volume is of great value to teachers and pupils. Contents:

Aladdin quickstep.	Azalia polka.
Annie Lawrie quickstep.	Baden Baden polka.
Affection waltz.	Flying Cloud schottische.
Aurora "	Etude Mazurka.
Bohemian Girl waltz.	Champagne galop.
Cinderella "	Basket Cotillon.

And about 140 (or, reckoning simple airs, 170) others.

The Home Circle. (VOL. II.)

250 pages. Piano-forte pieces of easy and medium difficulty, with a few Four Hand arrangements. This book, like Vol. I., is of use to learners, as the music is not difficult, and the duets are most excellent practice. There is a great variety of fine music, as will be seen by the Contents.

Cecilia march.	Bobolink polka.
En avant march.	Cuckoo "
Admired waltz.	King Pippin polka.
Blossom "	Cherry ripe Schottische.
Canova "	Il Poluito galop.
Clara "	Angelina quadrille.

And about 130 others, (including 23 four hand pieces.)

Parlor Music. (VOL. I.)

A book intended to be popular must generally be easy, and the sixty or more pieces of "Parlor Music" are easy or of easy medium difficulty, and the composers of these pieces are those that have been very successful in meeting the popular taste. Has 242 pages. Contents:

Always ready.	Happy New Year.
Belle Jeunesse.	Jewel Box.
Biuette.	Belle Gitano.
Chant de Berger.	Lily of the Valley.
Don Pasquale.	Merry Foresters.
Dream Land.	Moss Rose.
Fairy Land.	Beautiful Hudson.
Friendly Eyes.	Scotch Lassie.
Golden Youth.	And about 43 others.

Parlor Music. (VOL. II.)

This is quite similar to the other volume in design, and well filled with about 60 pieces of moderate difficulty. It should here be remarked, that it is difficult to state with exactness the number of pieces in any large collection, as a long piece, a set of Waltzes or a Quadrille, is sure to include little airs or extra pieces that are not named by its title. 222 pages. Contents:

Balancelle.	Dance of Love.
Bashful Polka.	Gazza Ladra.
Chilperic waltz.	Heimweh.
Cleopatra waltz.	Huguenots.
Dame Blanche.	And about 50 others.

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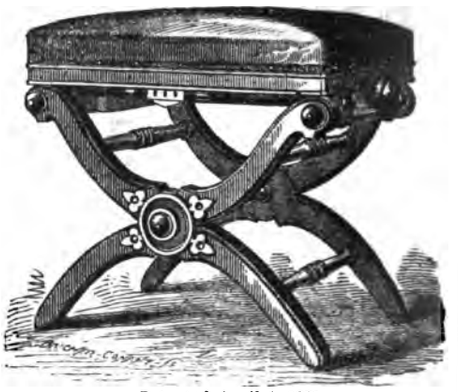

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 962. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 24.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Unity and Variety."

I wish some lover of the beautiful and of the philosophically sound would defend or explain in these pages the expression, "unity and variety" or "unity in variety," as used by many writers in discussing the beautiful. To my mind this collocation of terms is stupid, meaningless, and therefore unsuitable. To speak of "unity in variety" is to commit tautology, because the term unity in this connection implies a unity of diverse elements. To say that a work possesses variety is to say that it contains at least two or three ideas or suggestions. Unquestionably, unity is an element of the beautiful. But the proper antithesis to the term unity in this case, it seems to me, is *contrast*. Unity, Contrast, and Symmetry are among the necessary elements of a beautiful musical work. Unity and symmetry are to a certain extent attributes of form. Unity and contrast are also *interior* elements of the beautiful in music. The former consists in a preponderance of some one idea or emotional expression in such a way as to give point to the piece. Contrast is indispensable on account of the emotionality of music; for every emotional excitation speedily exhausts itself, and if repeated often in succession exhausts the capacity for that particular kind of experience. If however a contrasting excitation intervene, the original excitation may then be repeated, and both become more eujoyable by reason of the relief the contrast affords. It seems to me, therefore, that *variety* is a fool, or at least not necessarily rational; because there may be much variety and no contrast—as we sometimes find in Mozart, and frequently in inferior writers. But contrast is a particular kind of variety which is really meant when the term "unity in variety" is used. I do not know whether this principle applies in the other fine arts besides music, oratory, and rhetoric. But in these I think it will be found valid. And it seems to me that the term "contrast" might very properly take the place too long unworthily held by the empty term "variety."

Besides, if we consider the general direction of musical composition since Bach, we shall find it, I think, to be towards a stronger emotionality, and more vivid contrasts, the most extreme limit of artistically employed contrast so far being in the case of Schumann. Sometimes Schumann descended to mere variety, and totally fails to leave a clear expression; but in other cases, *e. g.*, the Novellette in E, Op. 21, and that in B minor, Op. 99, he combines the most perfect contrast with the most definite expression. See a precisely similar principle followed by Chopin in his Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29, and the Impromptu in C sharp minor. In all these cases the restless principal idea but serves as a foil for the deep spiritual beauty of the lyric melody which forms the contrast.

I do not remember whether I mentioned in these columns once having a conversation with that gifted genius, Mr. Robert Goldbeck, on the relative merit of Bach and Beethoven. Goldbeck took the ground that Bach must be the greater. "I soon become tired" said he, "of any single work of Beethoven's; but I *never* tire of Bach." The proper answer to this did not at the moment occur to me, but I have since thought that the explanation lay in the fact that Bach's music is extremely intellectual, and we never tire of admiring a clever intellectual process. On the other hand, Beethoven's music is distinctly emotional, and because emotional, and that too for each piece in a definite direction, it soon wearies one, as might be concluded from the principle enunciated before. But we find that, however weary we may become of a Beethoven piece at the moment, we can very soon return to it with zest. And thereby it appears that Beethoven's music is true and valid for our day, and probably for long to come.

The tendency of the new school to unite the emotional and the intellectual, not only in every work but in every moment of every work, seems to me to be founded on a fallacy. Contrast of sound has been carried very far in musical works since Beethoven—so far that his works all sound at least *reserved* and moderate; whereas in the day of their creation they presented the boldest points of contrast then known. Every Beethoven work has its own inner contrast, its own peculiar "motion" and "repose," its thematic and its lyric periods. In the lyric moments the emotional rules; beneath it the intellectual grip of the master is apparent enough; but the form and the spirit of the passage is emotional. It is in many cases like, *e.g.*, the intellectuality of Portia's plea for mercy. Never man spake more thoughtfully and penetratingly, nor more to the point; yet it is the intellectuality of woman's soul, that is to say after the pattern of angels. The thought is not based on the merely mechanical processes of logic or metaphysics, but the soul looks straight down through the whole matter, down to the underlying principle of God's eternal right. So in the Beethoven contrast between the lyric and the unlyric. There is never a moment of the lyric but is moulded and determined in obedience to the subtlest laws of musical thought. But the *shape of the idea*, the period-structure, its whole leading impression is emotional. The opposite moments, on the other hand, however cleverly spun out from this or that little bit of a motive, are equally determined and controlled either by an emotional impulse for that very time, or else for the sake of an emotional climax presently to be reached.

Yet while this is true, and while it is also true, that in many places the lyric and thematic shade into each other by imperceptible degrees; it is true as a general thing that throughout the Beethoven works the contrast in this respect is decided and grateful. Especially must we notice the *Andante Cantabile*, and the purely lyric *Adagios* in which Beethoven stands alone.

Now in the modern school it seems to be taken for granted that natural harmonies are exhausted, and have become meaningless. Indeed I should date the "Modern Romantic School" from the discovery of the chord of the diminished seventh and the chromatic scale.

"In Adam's fall
We sinned, all."

And so, however slight the work, the composer labors in his harmony from "Dan to Beersheba," and especially labors to make his slow movements profound by new and "original" harmonies. By this it happens that the *Adagio* entirely loses its character of repose, and becomes labored, heavy, and tedious. One of the best illustrations of this kind of work is in Wagner's "Lohengrin," much of which is beautiful music, and everywhere shows the hand of a master, yet which by reason ot overdoing the intellectual (or more properly the *laboring*) element in every point, becomes on the whole tiresome; and cannot be heard with the spontaneous pleasure with which we receive the works of Beethoven or even the best of those of Chopin, Schumann, and Schubert.

It seems to me as if in many passages of Wagner, and still more in the imitations of his disciples, scores are crowded with motives and ideas to a point where there is no longer either unity or variety; and *contrast* remains only in the comparatively unimportant point of greater or less volume of sound. This chapter is a Meditation.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

"The Seven Deadly Sins."

BY HAMERLING AND GOLDSCHMIDT.*

Christian theology designates as "deadly" or mortal (in contradistinction to "venial") those sins which bring with them spiritual death, that is to say, loss of the state of grace, and, as we know, it enumerates seven of them —Pride, Avarice, Voluptuousness, Anger, Intemperance, Envy, and Indolence of heart. These deadly sins have, at the request of Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt, of Vienna, been taken by Robert Hamerling, the poet, as the subject of a libretto, which has been set by the musician ordering it, and performed by the artists of the Imperial Operahouse. The work is divided into three parts. The first might be entitled, "Prologue in Hell." The Prince of Darkness holds a kind of cabinet council, at which he receives a report from his "seven principal demons" of what they had been doing on earth. Each of the Deadly Sins boasts in turn of the evil it has wrought among men. Each respected speaker is taunted by the other six (or, as the poet with a remarkable absence of mind repeatedly directs, by all *seven*) demons in the refrain, "Was thust du gross?

*By Dr. Hanslick in the *Neue freie Presse*.

Bruste dich nicht, wir thun noch mehr!"† The whole seven ultimately wing their way back to earth, for the purpose of entering on a new course of rivalry in evil. The second part depicts, in a series of scenes loosely tacked together, the doings of the Seven Deadly Sins. In the first place, the Demon of Indolence seduces a troop of weary pilgrims into stretching themselves upon the moss, and resting their galled feet. The poet seems here to overlook the fact that, though the Church regards "indolence of *heart*" as a deadly sin, she by no means goes so far as to impose eternal damnation on wayworn pilgrims for taking a short rest. Schlegel once called idleness the only blessing left us of Paradise. After Indolence comes "the peacock's tail of Ostentation and the mirror of Egotism" operating on a youth as he strolls in gentle converse with his Beloved. In the dialogue between the couple we have the following:

"Ich fröhnte dem stolzen *ichsüchtigen* Trieb.
Entselbstet nun segn ich und preise die Liebe,
Dich liebend erkor ich, mir selber *ersterb'* ich."‡

(You of noble minds may see by these words what Hamerling thinks of love's purest sentiments!) With unexampled celerity Ostentation alienates the youth from his intended; the swain leaves us suddenly, for "Happiness beckons him from afar." After finishing with the youth, Ostentation takes a hero in hand, making him a robber of crowns and a tyrant. This brings down upon him a revolution. He issues from the latter victorious, it is true, but marked for the punishment of hell. Now comes the turn of Covetousness, the most modern of all scape-goats. She first teaches the people "new ways of making rapid gains without trouble," and hereupon sets up in business herself with the motto, "Gold for All." The fourth demon, Envy, is dismissed very curtly by the poet, and without being clearly distinguished from Covetousness. Envy is represented as immediately urging the people to the pillage of the rich. Then, without more ado, we have the next scene. The Demon of Intemperance gets the better of the guests at a feast. They pour forth their "Bacchic impulse towards delight" in the following particularly charming lines, marked by such good taste:—

"O Bauch, O Bauch! Vieledler Theil,
Wir mögen gern dich pflegen! . .
Der Kopf ist Arbeit, schwere Noth;
Du Bauch, du Bauch, sei unser Gott!"§

(The genuinely Viennese rhyme of "*Noth*" with "*Gott*" imparts to the verse an especially patriotic flavor.) Directly the gastrologists are sufficiently inspired with drink, Evil Desire joins them. This demon has thus characterized himself in the prelude: "I mix the poison which oozes through and infects the juices with sin. Always unhappy, because never satisfied, the Son of Light wallows effeminately in dissipation." O Wagner! you have seduced by your example not musicians alone, but even poets! To think that a man with such poetic power as Hamerling should lose himself in such a horrible verse! The Son of Light immediately succumbs, as a matter of course, to the multitude of "delicious women's alluring forms."* Only the last demon, Deadly Sin No. 7, Rage, can now follow. He begins by hounding on the peoples against their sovereigns (in which, strange to say, he is seconded by the "Chorus of Priests,") and then nations against nations. Everything on earth is now reduced to the same level, and a chorus of despair, in which men curse themselves and their Creator, closes this second part of the oratorio, with its very last of horrors. The third part commences infernally, like the others, with a chorus of demons, but concludes, astonishingly enough, with blessed reconciliation and redemption. And who is it who delivers mankind, depraved alike in body and soul, after they have been dragged through seven deadly sins, each of which brings with it eternal damnation? A Singer with a harp! Theologians may probably not agree to this kind of medicine, as agreeable as it is cheap—and even we non-theologians are astounded by the extraordinary logic of the proceeding. The Harpist sings about truth, beauty, and love; his "accursed strains cause the demons pain," but mankind delight. Finally, "the Queen of the Hosts of Light" appears in person to reward the lyrical redeemer "by crowning him with the head-adorning wreath."

Despite a few fresh-colored pictures in the second, and numerous noble thoughts in the third part, Hamerling's poem is a very unsatisfactory philosophico-allegorical hermaphrodite, without blood and without life. Luckily, the garland of fame is too firmly fixed on the brow of him who wrote *Ahasver*, for these *Deadly Sins* seriously to loosen it. Besides, our objections to the choice of such a subject are directed far more against the musician who undertook to set it, or even expressly ordered it, than against the poet. Poetry holds sway over a far more extensive empire than music, and has at command far richer resources, whenever it is a question of portraying the night-sides of nature, sin, and vice, and, generally, what is hateful and bad. It is a defect, and, as I think, a beautiful and blessed defect, in music, that she can not do this, or can do it only suggestively and transiently. Just as music and architecture are the least capable of all the arts of becoming comic, so, agreeably to their whole nature, do they possess more limited powers than any other art in representing what is bad and hateful. How is music able to express envy, avarice, and covetousness? Evidently only by what is musically ugly and distorted, vague and general, without the distinguishing characteristics of any particular one among the Deadly Sins. Rage and Voluptuousness are, by the surplus of passionate movement innate in them, more easily accessible to music than the other sins, but still merely as isolated shadows bringing out, with double purity and beauty, the light parts of the picture. It is thus, and thus only, that all great composers have treated the Morally Odious. An opera made up exclusively of Pizarros, Bertrams, Mephistos, and Ortruds, would be a mistake inviting parody, just like Goldschmidt's oratorio, which undertakes to depict a pattern-card of human vices and offences, garnished with devils. The fact is, at the end of the second part—and on this head it is impossible for any one to be deceived—the musical picture of the deadly sins is really thoroughly and exhaustively complete, like its colored model by Makart. The conciliatory epilogue with the heaven-sent Harpist strikes us as no material addition, as the poetry of perplexity, and might without disadvantage be omitted. Had the composer selected for the motive power of his story *one* of the pernicious sins, involving his hero in, and rescuing him from, *that* (something in the way that Wagner does with Tannhäuser), he might perform his task artistically. Even had he commanded all the Seven Deadly Sins to advance successively at the charge against one interesting and significant hero, whether as the result of a wager, like Mephisto's with the Lord, or through an egotistical suborner, like Bertram, or owing to the whirlwind of social circumstances—we might listen to what he has to say. But to select as the subject of a grand musical composition the Seven Deadly Sins, philosophically and abstractedly taken as such, and for their own sake alone, is itself a deadly sin against the sacred spirit of music. A composer who orders such a libretto causes us at the very outset to suspect him of possessing an unmusical nature, and of being a speculator trading with false effects. In the Middle Ages a mystery was called a "*Grands Diableries*," if only four devils performed in it; what composer would now-a-days seriously tackle seven, if the seven were in earnest? The matter would be different had we a Beethoven, whose genius could descend even unto the lowest abyss without seeing the lamp of the Beautiful extinguished! What Michael Angelo dared to do in his "Last Judgment" is not to be undertaken by the first skilful dilettante, and though we might accept a setting of the *Seven Deadly Sins* as a Titanic caprice on the part of Beethoven, we cannot on that account sanction it when coming from Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt.

[To be Continued.]

†"What is there to boast about? Do not be so grand; we will do still more!"

‡"I was a vassal to proud and I-seeking" (egotistical) "feeling. *Unselfed* I now bless and prize Love; loving, I select you, and by so doing become dead, as far as I myself am concerned." Such is the meaning, it strikes me, of the above transcendental verses, if—I tremblingly venture to observe—they contain any meaning at all. —TRANSLATOR.

§"O Belly, O Belly, thou noble part of the body, willingly do we take care of thee! The head means work and deep trouble, Be thou, Belly, thou, our god."

*"*Wonniger Weiber verlockender Leiber.*"

Music in Italy.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

(From the "Standard.")

The sociologists who maintain that political decadence, if never unaccompanied by national retrogression in every other department of civilization, could not desire a better illustration of the truth of their theory than the recent story of civilization in Italy has afforded them. Art, in every one of its manipulations, fell there to the lowest pitch of degradation during the period of the nation's political abasement, and it is now beginning to recover itself *pari passu* with its political recovery. I have on various occasions recently called attention to this fact as exemplified in the department of the painter. And now I am able to point to some recent circumstances which seem to justify the hope that a similar *renaissance* is declaring itself as regards music.

English people have probably hardly been aware of the extremely low ebb to which music had sunk in all its branches in Italy.

The best voices which Italy produced were heard in London. The old prestige was still sufficient to cause many singers born on the northern side of the Alps to deem it expedient to make themselves known to the English public under fictitious Italian names, and the frequenters of the "Italian" opera scarcely noted the increasingly small proportion of the executants who were really of Italian origin. For those, however, who know Italy well, it was impossible that there could be any doubt or mistake about the matter. No good music was to be heard from one end of Italy to the other. Church music had perished more completely than all the other schools of the art. I remember when an admirably well sung mass might be heard every Sunday morning in the little chapel of the Pitti Palace. It was discontinued some years before the late Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his throne, because, as the world was told at the time, the expense of it was found to be too great. It is not likely that this was the real reason; and at last it was clear that those for whose gratification the service had hitherto been performed had come to care less about the music in proportion to the money cost of it. In all the principal churches of Italy the musical services were perfunctorily performed, and bad. On any festal occasion, it was abundantly evident that the ecclesiastical managers of the *fête* had become well aware of the fact that their churches could be made attractive to the people rather by appealing to the eye and to the vulgarest tastes of that organ, than to the ear. Whatever money was available for the purpose was spent in upholstery—white and red calico hangings, and abundant candles—not on music. Such music as there was was utterly bad, and so careless on the subject were all concerned in the matter—clergy, organist, and congregation—that I have often and often heard the commonest operatic airs played as an accompaniment to the solemnization of the mass. At Rome, as might have been expected, matters continued to be somewhat, but not much, better a little longer. One of the first results of the fall of the Pope from the position of a sovereign prince was the suppression of the celebrated musical service of the Sistine Chapel. That of the Canon's Chapel in St. Peter's still remains; but is very far from what it once was. Some of the well-known old voices may yet occasionally be heard there; but voices do not, likewise, improve by keeping; and nothing is more immediately evi-

dent to those who, induced by the memory of better days, may yet find themselves at the once celebrated vespers at St. Peter's, than that those of the choir who could sing if they chose will not take the trouble of doing so. The service is performed in the most slovenly and perfunctory manner, and, in a musical point of view, is a disgrace to the church. It might have been thought, perhaps, that a body so little liable to change as a convent of nuns would have been more slowly affected by the prevalent decadence. But it is a curious fact that such has not been the case. The singing of the nuns at the Trinità dei Monti, which was for so many years so justly celebrated, has ceased to be worth hearing. In a word, there is absolutely no ecclesiastical music to be heard from one end of Italy to the other, save such as is utterly discreditable. In part this is due, no doubt, to the circumstances which have caused hatred and contempt for all ecclesiastical things whatever to be a prevailing sentiment and habit of mind throughout Italy. But it is evident that the real causes of the phenomenon in question have a deeper and more widely-extended root than this, from the fact that dramatic music is in a very little better condition. The opera-houses are certainly far better attended than the churches; but the fact that they should be well attended, while such performances as those to which the audiences of Rome, Florence, Milan, and Naples are accustomed, are alone to be heard in them, is perhaps the most damning proof of all, of the utter degradation of music. People go to the theatres to see each other and to chatter, because they know not what else to do with themselves; because it is the custom—not for the sake of hearing music. The "spectacle" and "ballo" are the only attractions. So well is this known to be the case, that every *impresario* puts out his whole strength on these, to the utter starvation of the musical part of the performance. If there were good singers to be had, Italian audiences would not pay for them. They prefer that their money should be spent on velvet, and satin, and tinsel, and flesh-colored tights. Occasionally some star, worthy of being called such—generally an instrumentalist, rarely a vocalist—will come to Rome, and for two or three evenings or afternoons will fairly fill the Sala Dante; but the audiences on such occasions are composed almost entirely of foreigners. If there were no English or Americans in Rome the account of empty benches in the Sala Dante would be a beggarly one indeed, and artists of merit would no longer dream of visiting the Eternal City. The same thing may be observed even in the military music, of which the *Patres Conscripti*, of the Campidoglio, regale the Romans with so large a provision. Four or five times a week a band plays on the Pincian Hill in the afternoon, and it is undeniable that that pleasant place of resort is very much more crowded on those afternoons when the band plays, than on the other days of the week. But the fact that it should be so only furnishes another proof of the absolute deadness of music in Italy. For the playing to be heard on the Pincian is bad beyond anything that would be at all tolerated elsewhere. It must be supposed that the nursemaids and their charges, and the *jeunesse dorée* doing their *travaux forcés* of flirting at the carriage doors, find their labors in some degree alleviated by the more or less rhythmical clang, clang of the brass, and the very "strong music in the drum!" But surely the performance is enough to make a musical man, who remembers the Austrian bands on the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, regret the Italian freedom which wanders so unrestrainedly into discord.

It is under these discouraging circumstances that an enthusiastic lover of his country and of music has arisen to attempt the uphill task of imparting to music in Italy that impulse of renaissance and progress, which has been so markedly felt in the Peninsula in other departments of art and civilization. His name will not be heard for the first time in the English musical world, for Giulio Roberti met in England with the first decided success, which encouraged him to give his life and very remarkable powers of work and energy to music. Giulio Roberti is a Piedmontese. He was born at Borgo, near Saluzzo, in 1823, and was intended by his parents for the bar. Nor did he give his serious attention to music till he had so far complied with these intentions as to obtain his degree both in civil and canon law. Luigi Felice Rossi, of Turin, a very learned musician, himself the pupil of Mattei and Zingarelli, and the inheritor from them of the best traditions of the good old schools of Bologna and Naples, was his master. In 1849, after successfully bringing out an opera, called *Piero dei Medici*, on the Turin stage, he went to Paris, where he became well-known as a successful composer of chamber music, and remained there till, returning to Turin in 1858, he produced an opera, called *Petrarca*, which failed. Smarting under the sense of this disappointment, he made up his mind to abandon music, and accepted a position, for which his knowledge of most of the European languages rendered him specially fitted, under the directors of the Italian railways; but he could not keep his hand off the stave, and composed a mass for four voices and grand orchestral accompaniment, which was performed, first at the Oratory at Brompton, and subsequently by all the principal Roman Catholic choirs in London, Edinburgh, Leeds, Sheffield, and Bristol, the author having been invited to England to superintend the production of it. This led Roberti to establish himself for awhile, in London, where he produced much sacred and other chamber music, which has been published by Novello, Ewer & Co., Cramer, etc. Fortunately for Italy, family circumstances then recalled him to the Peninsula. Returning from perfect conversance with the musical world in London, Roberti could be under no delusion respecting the position of his art in a country where the professional performers are nearly all, as they phrase it, *orecchianti*, mere singers by ear; and where out of the profession it would be in all probability difficult to find an individual from the Alps to Etna who could sing a page of music at sight.

If this state of things was to be remedied, Roberti knew well that the only hope must be in beginning from the foundation. In the midst of almost insuperable difficulties, with very small and inadequate means, amid opposition, ridicule, and indifference, he succeeded in obtaining permission to found a school of choral singing in the "Pia Casor di Lavoro," at Florence;—in the workhouse, in fact. Thus, on the most discouraging and unpropitious materials to be found in such a place, he went to work gratuitously, it need hardly be said, and in the course of the following year invited the city to hear his workhouse scholars perform a concert of the works of Palestrina, Marcello, Pergolese, Cimarosa, and Cherubini. The success was a splendid and astonishing one; and could have been obtained only by a rare combination of the special skill required for teaching, indomitable energy, and an enormous amount of labor. The result was the initiation in Italy of a movement which will, it may be hoped, extend to her, also, the civilizing effects which the popular study of music is so abundantly producing in other lands. To the Syndic of Florence, Peruzzi, belongs the credit of having at once perceived that the man who had achieved such results with the workhouse children would be the right man in the right place at the head of a national movement for the serious study of music. Signor Roberti was charged by him with the establishment of classes of music in all the municipal schools, and with the yet more important organization of a normal school for masters and mistresses. And subsequently the Minister of Public Instruction made instruction in music a portion of the regular curriculum in all the national schools, and a musical instructor was placed on the staff in every such establishment.

Signor Roberti soon found, however, that when this had been obtained, his work was by no means done. The masters of the schools, under whose authority the teachers of music were necessarily placed, however good men they may have been for their work in other respects, were naturally, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wholly ignorant and careless of music, and were disposed to regard it as a not very important part of the studies of their scholars, even where they did not, as in many cases, suffer the musical teacher's position to become wholly a sinecure. This was not a state of things which could satisfy Roberti. Putting his shoulder to the wheel, therefore, with renewed energy, he has been pursuing his up-hill task from that time to this. The great object is that the musical instruction given in the national schools should be made, what it is far from being at present, a serious reality. It may be feared that there is not much to be hoped for as long as the practical joke of placing such a man as the Boeotian Sig. Coppin in the position of Minister of Public Instruction shall be continued. But there are abundant signs (December, 1877), that Italy has had about enough of her radical ministry; and, with the return of a truly "liberal" ministry to power, there can be little doubt that Sig. Roberti's plans will be realized. Of course, such an improvement in the church music of Italy, as shall place it on a level with that of England and Germany, a creditable condition of dramatic music, and the creation of a musical taste in the country, somewhat superior to that needed for the comprehens-on of a melody of Offenbach, (though even that is not to be heard well executed in Italy at the present day), is not to be expected from such a beginning in a month or a twelvemonth. But it is the right seed to produce such a crop. It will, there can be little doubt, in due course produce it, and it is to be hoped, that we shall see the name of Giulio Roberti fittingly recognized as a faithful laborer in a field of patriotic effort, which will result in the regeneration of Italian musical taste.

Nor can it be denied that, if the *seed* is good, the *soil* is superlatively excellent. In music, as in all the other arts, the Italian's ra idity of intelligence, and the *sensitiveness* of his perceptions, so to speak, wonderfully lighten the labors of his instructors. Of course, this facility has its dangers. There is always the risk that such temperaments—being able to achieve much with little effort—should stop short at a point where facility is still easy to them, instead of pressing onward, so as to attain the facility which is *difficult*. "*Quel facile, quant' è difficil el*" exclaimed a great artist, with profound truth. But, all deductions made, it will be admitted by those who have any real acquaintance with the populace of Italy (though the number of such is not, perhaps, very large in proportion to the swarm of tourists who skim over the surface of the country), that the intelligence, good humor, executive faculty, and habitual sobriety of these people, make them as valuable material as can anywhere be found for the formation of choral bodies. And men like Giulio Roberti, who recognize and act upon this fact, are doing better service to their country, than if they poured out rhetorical declamations about "la Patria" from their places in parliament, or thundered against political opponents in the columns of a newspaper.

John Sebastian Bach.

(From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.)

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN—'to whom,' in Schumann's words, 'music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder'—youngest son of Ambrosius Bach, was born at Eisenach March 21, 1685. His life, like that of most of his family, was simple and uneventful. His father began by teaching him the violin, and the old-established family traditions and the musical importance of Eisenach, where the famous Johann Christoph was still actively at work, no doubt assisted his early development. In his tenth year the parents both died, and Sebastian was left an orphan. He then went to live with his elder brother, Johann Christoph, at that time organist at Ohrdruff, and under his direction began the clavier, at the same time carrying on his education at the Ohrdruff 'Lyceum.' The remarkable genius of the boy began at once to show itself. He could soon play all his lessons by heart, and aspired to more advanced music. This impulse his brother it seems did not encourage. We are told that he possessed a MS. volume containing pieces by Frohberger, Pachelbel, Kerl, Buxtehude, and other celebrated composers of the day. This book became an object of longing to the young Sebastian, but was strictly withheld from him by his brother. Determined nevertheless to gain possession of the volume, the boy managed with his little hands to get it through the latticed door of the cupboard in which it was kept, and at night secretly copied the whole of it by moonlight, a work which occupied him six months. When the stern brother at last discovered the trick, he was cruel enough to take away from the boy his hardly-earned work.

At the age of fifteen (1700) Johann Sebastian entered the 'Michaelis' school at Lüneburg; his beautiful soprano voice at once procured him a place among the 'Mettenschüler,' who took part in the church music, and in return had their schooling free. Though this gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with vocal music, instrumental music, especially organ and pianoforte playing, was always his chief study. Böhm, the organist of St. John's at Lüneburg, no doubt had an inspiring effect upon him, but the vicinity of Hamburg offered a still greater attraction in the person of the famous old Dutch organist REINKEN. In his holidays Bach made many expeditions to Hamburg on foot to hear this great player. Another powerful incentive to his development was the ducal 'Hof-kapelle' at Celle, which, being in a great measure composed of Frenchmen, chiefly occupied itself with French instrumental music, and thus Bach had many oppor-

tunities of becoming acquainted with a branch of chamber and concert music, at that time of great importance. After remaining three years at Lüneburg he became for a time 'Hofmusikus' at Weimar in the band of Prince Johann Ernst, brother of the reigning duke, and in 1703 was made organist at Arnstadt in the 'new church.' Here he labored with restless eagerness and energy at his own development in both *technique* and theory, and very possibly neglected the training of the church choir. In 1805 he obtained a month's leave to visit Lübeck in order to make acquaintance with the organist Buxtehude and hear his famous evening performances on the organ during Advent. He seems to have considered his stay there of so much importance that he prolonged it for three months. This liberty, and his habit in accompanying the services of indulging his fancy to the disturbance of the congregation, drew upon him the disapprobation of the church authorities, but without interfering with his position as organist—a fact which proves that the performances of the young genius were already appreciated. It seems that his reputation as an organist was even then so great that he had received applications from various quarters. In 1707 he went to Mühlhausen in the Thüringen, and in the following year to Weimar as court-organist. From this time we may consider his studies to have been completed; at Weimar his fame as the first organist of his time reached its climax, and there also his chief organ compositions were written,—productions unsurpassed and unsurpassable. In 1714, when twenty-nine years of age, Bach was appointed 'Hof-Concert-meister,' and his sphere of activity became considerably enlarged. An interesting event took place at this time. Bach used to make yearly tours for the purpose of giving performances on the organ and clavier. On his arrival at Dresden in the autumn of 1717 he found there a French player of great reputation named Marchand, whose performances completely carried away his hearers, though he had made many enemies by his arrogance and intolerance of competition. Bach was induced to send a written challenge to the Frenchman for a regular musical contest, offering to solve any problem which his opponent should set him, of course on condition of being allowed to reciprocate. Marchand agreed, in his pride picturing to himself a glowing victory; time and place were fixed upon, and a numerous and brilliant audience assembled. Bach made his appearance—but no Marchand; he had taken himself off that very morning; having probably found an opportunity of hearing his opponent, and no longer feeling the courage to measure his strength with him.

On his return from Dresden in 1717 Bach was appointed Kapellmeister at Cöthen by Prince Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen. This young prince, a great lover of music, esteemed Bach so highly that he could not bear to be separated from him, and even made him accompany him on his journeys. Bach's duties consisted merely in directing the Prince's chamber-music, as he had nothing to do with the church music or organ-playing. Accordingly this period of his life proved extraordinarily fertile in the production of instrumental music. A journey to Hamburg in 1721 brought him again in contact with the aged Reinken; on this occasion he was a candidate for the post of organist at the 'Jacobi Kirche,' where he was attracted by the splendid organ. In spite of his great fame, and notwithstanding his having again excited the most unmixed admiration by his organ-playing in Hamburg, he failed to obtain the post; an unknown and insignificant young man being preferred to him,—possibly because he offered to pay 4000 marks for the office. At length, in 1723, Bach was appointed cantor at the Thomas-Schule in Leipsic, and organist and director of the music in the two chief churches. Cöthen was no field for a man of his genius, and the Duke's love of music had considerably cooled since his second marriage. He therefore quitted the place for his new post, though retaining sufficient interest in it to write a funeral ode (Trauer-Ode) on the death of the Duchess in 1727. His position at Leipsic he retained till the end of his life; there he wrote for the services of the church his great Passions and Cantatas, and his High mass in B minor (1733), which exhibit the power of his unique genius in its full glory. In 1736 he received the honorary appointments of Hof-Componist to the Elector of Saxony, and Kapellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels. In 1747, when already somewhat advanced in age, he received an invitation to Berlin to the court of Frederic the Great, where his son Emanuel held the post of cembalist, a fact which made the king desirous of hearing and seeing the great master himself. Bach accepted the invitation, was received with the utmost respect and kindness by the king (April 7, 1747).* had to try all the Silbermann pianofortes and organs at Potsdam, and excited the greatest wonder by his improvisation on given and self-chosen themes. On his return to Leipsic he worked out the theme which the king had given him, and dedicated it to him under the title of 'Musikalisches Opfer.' He now began to suffer from his eyes, and subsequently became quite blind. This was possibly caused by excessive straining of his sight, not only with the enormous number of his own compositions, but also with copying quantities of separate parts, and works by other composers, as materials for his own studies; besides this he himself engraved more than one of his own pieces on copper. On July 28, 1750, his life was brought to an end by a fit of apoplexy.

Bach was twice married (Oct. 17, 1707, and Dec. 3, 1721); by his first wife, Maria Barbara, the daughter of Michael Bach of Gehren, he had seven children. She died at Cöthen in 1720, during her husband's absence at Karlsbad with the Prince. Three only of her children survived the father—an unmarried daughter and two sons, Wilhelm Friedemann and Philip Emanuel. His second wife, Anna Magdalena Wülkens, youngest daughter of the Weissenfels Hof-Trompeter, had a musical nature and a fine voice, and showed a true appreciation for her husband. She helped to encourage a strong artistic and musical feeling in his house, and besides attracting foreign artists, exerted a beneficial influence on the sons, who were one and all musically gifted. This marriage produced thirteen more children, nine sons, of whom only two survived the father, Johann Christoph Friedrich and Johann Christian.

In Johann Sebastian centres the progressive development of the race of Bach, which had been advancing for years; in all the circumstances of life he proved himself to be at once the greatest and the most typical representative of the family. He stood, too, on the top step of the ladder: with him the vital forces of the race exhausted themselves; and further power of development stopped short.

All the family traits and qualities of the Bachs to which we drew attention in the introduction to this article, and which were handed on by natural disposition as well as education and tradition, stand out in Johann Sebastian with full decision and typical clearness—a deeply religious sentiment which, though in many points closely approaching to the pietism then developing itself, yet adhered with a certain naïve severity to the traditional, orthodox, family views; a truly wonderful moral force, which, without any show, embraced the problem of life in its deepest sense; and a touching patriarchal spirit, which was satisfied with humble circumstances, rejoiced in the blessing of an unusually numerous family, and regarded the family life as the chief raison d'être. With and above all this there was an artistic striving, founded exclusively on ideal views, and directed with complete self-forgetfulness to ideal aims alone. His art and his family,—those were the two poles around which Bach's life moved; outwardly, simple, modest, insignificant; inwardly, great, rich, and luxurious in growth and production. His activity was extraordinary and unceasing. Besides his official duties and his actual labor as a composer, which in themselves alone are astonishing, he made copies for himself of other composers' works, including those of the Bach family; he sometimes engraved on copper, and even occupied himself with the manufacture of instruments. He invented an instrument between the violoncello and viola, which he called viola pomposa, and devised a piano with catgut strings which he called lauten clavicymbalum. At the same time he was a model paterfamilias, made the musical education of his sons his especial and peculiar care, wrote educational works for his pupils like the 'Klavierbüchlein' for his son Friedemann, and the famous 'Kunst der Fuge,' and also trained a great number of pupils who afterwards themselves became famous, such as Johann Caspar Vogler, Agricola, Altnikol, afterwards his son-in-law, Marpurg, Kirnberger, and Ludwig Krebs. Bach's development points to a steady and indefatigable pursuit of a definite and fixed aim, guided by his genius alone. He had a clear insight into his artistic mission; developed himself out of himself with a perfect unity of purpose, holding aloof from external influences in the field of art, but rather drawing them to himself and so appropriating them through the power of his genius as to mould them into a complete whole. If in a measure he ran counter to the continual encroachments of Italian opera, this may be attributed less to his artistic than to his moral and religious views.

Bach's importance for the history of music lies in the fact that, starting with instrumental music, and adhering to the spirit of it, he developed all forms and species of composition in an entirely new and independent manner. The old vocal style, which was founded exclusively on polyphony, was exhausted. Bach created an entirely new vocal style based on instrumental principles, carried it to the summit of perfection, and there left it.

Bach's masterly counterpoint is generally spoken of as the special mark of his genius; and unapproachable as he is in this branch, his real power lies less in the almost inconceivable facility and dexterity with which he manages the complicated network of parts, than in that formal conformation of the movements which resulted from this manner of writing; in this he exhibits a consistency, fertility, and feeling for organic completeness which are truly inimitable. His melody, his harmony, and his periods all seem to be of one mould; an indestructible spirit of severe logic and unalterable conformity to law pervades the whole as well as the parts. These formal principles are governed, pervaded, and animated from first to last by the idea of the musical composition; so that the materials, though in themselves void of expression, become imbued with an inexhaustible depth of meaning, and produce infinite varieties of form. This wonderful unity of idea and formal construction gives the stamp of the true work of art to Bach's compositions, and explains the magical attraction which they exert on those who make them their earnest study. Besides these less obvious qualities, Bach's importance in the history of music shows itself in the immediate influence he exerted in various ways towards its greater development. He first settled the long dispute between the old church modes and the modern harmonic system; in his chorales he often makes use of the former, but the harmonic principle is predominant in his works, just as it still lies at the root of modern music. Connected with this was the 'equal temperament' which Bach required for instruments with fixed intonation. He put this in practice by always tuning his pianos himself, and moreover embodied his artistic creed in relation to it in his famous 'Wohltemperirte Klavier,' a collection of preludes and fugues in all keys. Bach's influence upon the technical part of piano-playing must not be forgotten. The fingering which was then customary, which hardly made any use of the thumb, and very seldom of the little finger, was inadequate for the performance of his works. But he stood entirely upon his own ground, and formed for himself a new system of fingering, the main principle of which was the equal use and development of all the fingers, thus laying the foundation of the modern school; on the other hand he laid down many rules which, though no longer binding, to a certain degree reconciled the old and the new schools, and gave the whole system a thoroughly personal stamp, making it appear, like everything else of Bach's, unique.

(To be Continued.)

*I owe this date to Mr. Carlyle, though he has omitted all mention of the occurrence in his Life of Frederick. [G.]

Music in Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, Jan. 25, 1873.—The fourteenth Gewandhaus concert was to have been in celebration of Clara Schumann's fiftieth anniversary as a pianiste, but for reasons not made known she, almost heroically and at the very last moment, declined all the honors that were to have been showered upon her. The programme was to have consisted entirely of compositions written by her immortal husband, and she was to have been the recipient of costly gifts, laurel and golden wreaths and flowers. From a private source two reasons are stated for her declining: The one, that she dreaded the excitement; the other, that October next being the month when, fifty years before, she made her *debut* as a pianiste, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, the celebration now would have been a premature one.

The programme, instead of the intended one, was as follows:

Overture—"Abenceragen".....Cherubini
Songs—"Dichterliebe".....Schumann
Variations for Orchestra.....Rudorff
Songs.—{Meine Rose.....Schumann; Frühlingstraum.....Schubert; Die Soldatenbraut.....Schumann}
Symphony, No. 1, B flat.....

The orchestral variations, a novelty, are based on a very pretty theme, but one, apparently, not well adapted for being varied; the variations themselves, twenty-one in number, are not in sufficient contrast with each other, the instrumentation is too monotonous, and consequently they grow tedious long before the end is reached. The composer conducted and was applauded. The overture and the symphony were the gems of the evening, in the performance of which the orchestra added another glorious page to its great record of artistic deeds already accomplished this season.

Perhaps in no other city is the music of Schumann so fondly and faithfully cultivated; it was here that he spent the best years of his manhood, during which period all his greater works were created. A monument, in memory of the composer, has recently been placed on the promenade, in close proximity to the Gewandhaus.

Frau Kölle-Murjahn was again the warmly-welcomed vocalist of the evening, than whom there is none with a deeper hold on the sympathies and affections of the Gewandhaus audience. Besides the songs in the programme, she sang Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht."

The seventh Euterpe concert was one of the best given by the society this season, both in point of execution and in choice of programme, which was as follows:

Overture, C minor.....Böhme
Concerto for piano, E flat.....Beethoven
Songs— { Sulelka.....Mendelssohn
{ Du bist die Ruh.....Schubert
Andante from F minor Sonata.....Brahms
Rondo brillant, Op. 25.....Mendelssohn
Swedish Songs { Föresatts.....Lindblad
{ Polska from Upland....Dannström
Symphony, D minor.....Volkmann

As the programme was a lengthy one, the symphony was not so much enjoyed as it would have been had it been heard first instead of last. The overture, conducted by the composer, is the work of a resident musician, written some thirty years ago. It is not a great composition, but is fluently written, revealing a musical character, quiet and pleasant in disposition, and modest in its aspirations. The piano compositions were interpreted by the Euterpe's able Capellmeister, Wilhelm Treiber. His bold conception of the grand concerto, in which he also displayed a high degree of technical ability, stamps him as an artist to be ranked among the best of the many good pianists here. This was decidedly the best performance of the evening.

Fraulein von Axelson sang the German songs very coldly, for which she made some amends by her really charming manner of singing the Swedish songs.

The operas during the week have been *Das Nachtlager von Granada*, *Die Hugenotten* and *Hans Heiling*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

A Popular Concert.

(From "The Graphic," Feb. 2.)

At Monday evening's concert, Mr. Arthur Chappell presented his audience with another welcome novelty in the shape of a quartet in B flat from the inexhaustible pen of Franz Schubert. An early work, composed when Schubert was scarcely eighteen, this quartet is a very remarkable instance of his precocious genius. It was originally meant for a trio, but the original plan was speedily abandoned, and assumed the shape under which it is now presented. In each of the four movements we find the author in his happiest mood. What that means all who know, and knowing, cannot otherwise than love, the music of Schubert may well understand. If Schumann, his most devoted admirer, had only been acquainted with one half of what Schubert produced the world would have been the richer and the wiser for one of the most glowing testimonials that ever critic gave to artist—or, better still, that one great artist ever paid to another. How generously sympathetic was Schumann is proved, among various instances, in his articles upon Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett; but what he says about Schubert, "the imaginative painter, whose pencil was steeped now in moonbeams, now in the full glow of the sun," surpasses in enthusiasm whatever else he has written; childish enthusiasm in some respects it may be—nay undoubtedly is; but genuine for all that, and exhibiting the profoundly amiable nature of the eminent Leipsic critic, "Eusebius," "Florestan," and "Raro" all in one, even more conspicuously, perhaps, than his own beautiful works. The performance of the B flat quartet by Mdme. Norman-Néruda—as much at home in Schubert as she is in Haydn and Mozart (which is saying no little)—Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and, in the absence of Piatti, Signor Pezze, was all that could be wished. It excited unmistakable interest, and has added a valuable contribution, hitherto unknown, to Mr. Chappell's unprecedented repertory. A new pianist, Herr Ignaz Brüll, appeared at this concert, creating more or less of a sensation by his execution of Beethoven's *last* pianoforte sonata (in C minor and major, Op. 111), which Mdme. Arabella Goddard, to her credit be it said, was first to introduce to the public at St. James's Hall, seventeen years ago. Herr Brüll's performance, though unequal, was one of incontestable merit, and appreciated at its worth. Being recalled, he again took his seat at the piano, and played the *scherzo* from Schubert's sonata in G. Herr Brüll's great fault, according to our own impression, is an inclination to exaggerate the meaning of the composer he interprets. This was evident not only in Beethoven's sonata, but in the trio of Schubert's *scherzo*, in the artless simplicity of which lies its abiding charm. In Schumann's E flat quintet, Herr Brüll showed himself a pianist of the most demonstrative modern style. It was Mdme. Norman-Néruda's last appearance at the Monday evening concerts for the present series, and, as if she wished to make her hearers regret her temporary loss, she played her very best—which signifies best of the best—in Leclair's quaint "Tambourin," for which, being encored, she substituted a Barcarolle by Spohr. We can only understand an "encore" to mean that the audience, content beyond measure, wish to listen once more to the identical piece that has charmed them; but nowadays "encore" would appear to signify two pieces for one—as much as to say, one hundred per cent for the cost entrance. Sims Reeves, following in the wake of the great contralto, Marietta Alboni, was among the first to resist this unwarrantable extortion; but Sims Reeves was unhappily what the French term *journalier*—or, in plain language, when in good voice, and consequently in good spirits, he would as readily come forward and sing again, no matter what, as the humblest and most anxiously aspiring of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, this great English artist might have set an example which in the end could not have failed to influence others. The vocalist at last Monday's Popular Concert was Mdme. Antoinette Sterling, the popular American contralto. In addition to one of Schubert's exquisite Müller songs (exquisite, indeed, to have inspired Schubert so spontaneously) and Schumann's beautiful *Lied*, "Wenn ich früh"—so admirably translated from Rückert by John Oxenford—Mdme. Sterling gave Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Beatrice Cenci's song, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," from Shelley's immortal, though impossible tragedy, with such deep and intelligent expression of the words as would have brought tears into the eyes of the most sensitive and impressionable of poets. Sir Julius Benedict was at the pianoforte—which means that, in each instance, the accompaniments were played to perfection.

CHICAGO, FEB. 22, 1878. Since my last there have been two important concerts here—at least important considering the musical and social interests involved. The first was that of the Apollo Musical Club, Feb. 14. The society showed their good discipline, and in the choral numbers sang admirably, especially in their most important piece, the name of which I cannot recall, and have no programme at hand. The Club still remains under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, but as they declined to follow his lead in the introduction of a ladies' auxiliary chorus this year, he has organized a mixed chorus called the Bach Choir, which meets once in a while and has its debut yet to make. Mr. Tomlins also directs a chorus in Milwaukee and seems to be enjoying a well-deserved success. Still it is easy to see that in this way his interests are divided, so that the Apollo Club no longer absorbs his best efforts. Besides, the Club was so unfortunate as to lose the services of its painstaking and remarkably effective Secretary, Mr. E. G. Newell, and this also has something to do with their comparatively quiet state this season. Furthermore, they say that some of the best members are talking of seceding and organizing a new chorus with a "better leader." This "dark horse" of a better leader than Tomlins I have strained my eyes in vain to see, so far.

The solo performances at this concert were those of the artistic and well-known soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe of New York, and a new violinist by the name of Ruff. The latter was an unmitigated fiasco. Miss Beebe made a great success.

Last Tuesday evening was the second concert of the Beethoven Society, with this programme:

Overture—Melusine.....Mendelssohn
Loreley—an unfinished Opera.....Mendelssohn
1. Ave Maria—Soprano Solo and Ladies' Chorus.
Miss Jennie Dutton and Ladies of the Beethoven Society,
2. Vintage Song—Male Chorus.
Gentlemen of the Beethoven Society.
3. Finale—Soprano Solo and Chorus.
Miss Jennie Dutton and Beethoven Society.
Two Songs, { a. Morning Song..... } Raff
{ b. Elegy..... }
Beethoven Society.

Selections from the Opera of Fidelio.....Beethoven
1. Overture.
Orchestra.
2. Aria of Marcelline.
Mrs. Jewett.
3. Quartet.
Miss Jennie Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. E. Dexter and Mr. Jas. Gill.
4. "Gold Song" of Rocco.
Mr. Jas. Gill.
5. Finale of the Opera.
Miss Jennie Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. C. A. Knorr, Mr. E. Dexter, Mr. James Gill, Dr. Martin and the Beethoven Society.

Orchestra of 40 members, selected from the best professional performers in the city.

The Society will give for the third and last Concert, Max Bruch's Grand Work, "Odysseus."

The orchestra was very good and did not cover up the voices except in places where it was impossible to reproduce the rich scoring softly enough to accompany the by no means large voices of the solo singers. The chorus numbered about two hundred. On the whole they sing perhaps better than last year, but after all it is still very far from the degree of finish that might be obtained from the material they have there. I should say they made their best effect in the Vintage song, the Raff songs, and in one or two places of the Fidelio finale. As a whole the performance lacked climax, a fault partly, at least, to be attributed to the programme.

The principal solo singers were Miss Alice Dutton and Mrs. Jennie Jewett, both of them having many friends. Both were well received, and the latter made a decided success in the Marcellina aria. Still it must be admitted that neither of the voices is large enough to be heard to good advantage in so large a hall, and with orchestra.

I suppose any opinion of mine on the Beethoven music will be somewhat late in the day, but passing that, I hope it is not too much to say that in my opinion had Mendelssohn lived to finish the Loreley opera it would not have made a success. Mendelssohn was very interesting as a fore-token of the romantic school. Into this new path he advanced but slightly, and from this slight departure from the traditions of the elders he derived the advantage of apparent freshness and originality, without offering enough of the *new* to make himself unintelligible. But immediately after him came those other romanticists, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner, who went so far in the new direction as for the time to become unintelligible. These writers *explored* the remote provinces and by-paths only hinted at by Mendelssohn; and now that a generation has come on ready to follow them throughout their various wanderings, Mendelssohn remains no longer romantic except in a feeble way, while at the same time he is equally far from satisfying the hearty lover of the classical as represented by Beethoven. Hence it is that we hear Mendelssohn's music much as we read a story in the "Third Reader." The story may be clever and all that, but it is only for the immature. Perhaps I put this too strongly, but I doubt not many who read this will agree with me in the general idea that Mendelssohn has become obsolescent in the same manner that Dussek and Pleyel have in the main become obsolete. [!?] Perhaps it is none of my business, but it does seem to me a pity that Raff should not be able to bring his works to better considered and more compact climaxes, for he is a writer who will probably

count for more than any other of our day except Wagner.

The Beethoven society deserves to be congratulated on returning to the rational and artistic habit of giving great works with orchestral accompaniment. It also affords our local singers extremely desirable opportunities for appearance in important numbers with satisfactory surroundings—a piece of benevolence better calculated to foster local talent than to present great works in a style above criticism.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, but I have no room for programmes to-day.

The Chicago Conservatory of Music has lately procured a good-sized two-manual organ from Johnson and Son, and it is just erected and opened in the lecture-room of the First Baptist Church, where it will be administered to friends and pupils by that industrious and every way deserving musician, Mr. C. A. Havens. The opening concert took place last Wednesd y evening, a neat programme being presented, the two important numbers of which were the Guilmant Sonata and the Thiele Theme and Variations in A flat, played by Mr. Eddy.

I have lately heard the most complimentary accounts of the Pupils' Matinées given by Mrs. Regina Watson every fortnight at her residence. I have not been able to go, but a friend of mine, one of the best judges in the city (and a teacher in another school besides) attended the last one, and assured me that the appearance of the pupils was admirable, indicating remarkable and altogether superior qualities in the teacher—and this too in the case of quite young pupils. I am the more pleased to men this, as I have formerly had occasion to differ from Mrs. Watson in the matter of one of her public appearances. Meanwhile, I am as ever,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

DAYTON, O., FEB. 15.—The people in this part of the country are not entirely devoid of a love for that which is of the highest and noblest in the musical art. True, their advantages for cultivation in this direction have not been great, and compared with those afforded in your city of Boston, decidedly insignificant. And yet we have had the musical "leaven" here, which during the past four years, from a very small beginning, has been increasing and expanding, and on the 15th inst, culminated in a magnificent performance of Handel's "Messiah."

It may be a matter of interest to some of your readers to know that about four years ago, a musical society was organized in this city, with a membership of about seventy-five voices, and was called the Philharmonic Society of Dayton. It was fortunate in securing as its first director, Prof. Leon Jasiewicz, a gentleman possessing some qualifications which are so essential to the acceptable filling of such a position. He was enthusiastic in his work and untiring. For two years he conducted, in connection with a committee, the musical part of the Society's work with great acceptance, and during this time a perceptible growth and advancement was made towards a higher appreciation and love for that which is the most beautiful and ennobling in the divine art. The Professor's case is now a very sad one, he having fallen a victim to a terrible disease from which it is not likely he can ever recover.

During the past two years, the society has learned to love and honor as its leader, Prof. Otto Singer. The reputation of this gentleman as a musical director and composer of no small attainments, is not confined to this vicinity alone. He it is who has the responsibility of training the great chorus for the coming "May Festival" in Cincinnati, in which the Philharmonics of this place are to participate. The result of his labors, we predict, will be the grandest success. His ability to inspire and call forth all the powers of a chorus, is nothing less than wonderful, while there is something like magic in his wielding of the *baton*, in controlling and carrying a chorus through a difficult or dangerous passage.

In the earlier stages of its existence the society very wisely studied selections from the best musical works, but refrained from attempting anything extended, until its singers were prepared to undergo the hard work incident to such an undertaking. Its first work of a continuous character was Mendelssohn's Cantata: "As the Hart pants," which was finely given and much enjoyed, the concert occurring early in the Fall of 1876. The next Spring the society performed for the first time in the city of Dayton the Oratorio of the "Messiah," with an orchestral accompaniment. The solo parts were creditably sustained by individual members of the society, and altogether the performance was pronounced a grand success. Such music, rendered with a competent chorus, is rarely heard outside of the larger cities; and the society felt no little pride and gratification in being able and permitted to perform so glorious and sublime a composition. On last Friday evening the oratorio was repeated with a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and an orchestra of twenty-two instruments. The solo parts were again sustained by members of the organization.

The Choruses were exceptionally well rendered, there being a brilliancy, precision, and promptness of attack not often heard. This is necessarily a very limited and inadequate description of what has, and is being accomplished by the society, but enough has been written Mr. Editor, to show that something at least has been done in this place towards creating an interest and love for music pure and undefiled. May the good work go on!

Respectfully,

F. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1878.

A New Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

We have before us the first Part of an elaborate and thorough work, so far as one may yet judge, which, if carried out in the same style and spirit through the twelve quarterly parts which are to make up its two volume , will far surpass in completeness, in accuracy, in well-digested, candid, thoughtful information, whether for amateurs or for professional musicians, any lexicon or dictionary of Music that has ever yet appeared. We do not except even the most ponderous German works. Many new questions, many new points of interest and new composers have arisen since their day. Mr. George Grove is the very intelligent and able Secretary of the Crystal Palace Association, a man of extensive intercourse and correspondence with musical persons everywhere, and in all respects admirably qualified for his great task. He commands the services of the best authorities and writers, English and foreign, each of whom furnishes such articles as lie within his special sphere of thought and practice. The list of contributors includes such names as Sir Julius Benedict, Joseph Bennett, W. Chappell, W. H. Cummings, E. Dannreuther, J. W. Davison (of the *Times*), Ferdinand Hiller, E. J. Hopkins, John Hullah, Sir Fred. A. G. Ouseley (the Oxford Professor), Herr Ernst Pauer, E. Prout, Dr. Rimbault, Dr. Arthur Sullivan, and many others both English, French and German, besides our own countryman, the biographer of Beethoven, A. W. Thayer; also Col. H. Ware, of the Boston Public Library, and other Americans, doubtless, not yet named. The idea of the work is best explained in a portion of its brief preface:

> The want of English works on the history, theory, or practice of Music, or the biographies of Musicians, accessible to the non-professional reader, has long been a subject of remark. Of 'Methods' and special text-books there is no lack, nor of dictionaries of 'musical terms;' but there is no one work in English from which an intelligent inquirer can learn, in small compass and in untechnical language, what is meant by a Symphony or Sonata, a Fugue, a Stretto, a Coda, or any other of the terms which necessarily occur in every description or analysis of a Concert or a piece of Music, from which he can gain a readable and succinct account of the history of the various branches of the art, or of the rise and progress of the Pianoforte and other instruments, or the main facts and characteristics of the lives of eminent or representative Musicians, or the circumstances attending the origin of their chief works.
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> Such questions are now constantly occurring to those who formerly would never have thought of them. This demand the DICTIONARY OF MUSIC is designed to meet. It will contain articles on musical history and biography; on the science and practice of composition, and the nature, construction, and use of musical instruments, explanations of musical terms, and general information on modern Music since the fifteenth century; the whole arranged alphabetically, and so given as to be intelligible to the Amateur, as well as useful to the professional Musician; Special attention will be paid to English Music. Every effort will be made to compress the articles as much as possible, consistent with their being intelligible and readable. Illustrations in music type and occasional wood-cuts will be given.

It will be seen that it is laid out upon a larger plan than Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms, which treats most matters more briefly and wholly excludes musical biography; or than our New England Moore's Encyclopædia, which is already obsolescent, having been prepared too early for the satisfactory answer of the questions of to-day, though it is still popular and in many respects convenient for superficial students. But for the earnest seeker after musical information, for one who wishes to go to the bottom of the matter and really understand things, such a Dictionary as Mr. Grove's is greatly needed. The Musician needs it, as well as the Amateur. And students of Music, such as throng our "Conservatories" and "Schools," ought, every one of them, to possess a book so thoroughly well prepared for them.

An idea of its fulness may be formed from the fact that this Part I., of 128 octavo pages, beginning with the letter A, only reaches the word "Ballad." And of the exhaustive yet concise way in which the more important topics are treated, the two articles which we have copied from its pages: on *Anthems*, by Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral, and on *J. S. Bach*, are very satisfactory and fair specimens. The whole Bach family are treated with proportionate fullness; also the *Bach-Gesellschaft*, with the whole list of contents of the 24 noble volumes of Bach's works which it has so far published. The articles on the French *Academie de Musique*, on the Italian *Academis*, the *Ancient Concerts* in London, etc., are excellent. The subject of *Accent* is copiously illustrated by quotations in notes from Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, and even Brahms. But no article has interested us quite so much, or has seemed to us to afford such satisfactory evidence of the earnest and progressive spirit in which the Dictionary sets out, as that on *Additional Accompaniments*—a subject which has acquired great importance through the recent efforts to revive the great Choral works of Bach and Handel. This admirable article, presumably by Ebenezer Prout (though the initials "E.P." equally belong to Herr Ernst Pauer), fills thirteen columns, and is enriched with many examples in notation from Handel's "Messiah" and Bach's Passions and Cantatas, placing in each instance the sketchy accompaniment of the original manuscript beside the arrangement of Mozart, Mendelssohn or Robert Franz, and recognizing the merits of the last named far more appreciatively than some of his learned German critics have yet had the grace to do. All the definitions of technical terms, like *A Capella*, *Andante*, *Andantino*, etc., so frequently confused and vague, are admirably clear, concise and positive.

We look forward with eagerness to the successive instalments of this noble work, and we commend it heartily, with full conviction of its great value, to all lovers and professors of the divine Art.

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* *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians (A. D. 1450–1878), by Eminent Writers, English and foreign, with illustrations and woodcuts.* Edited by GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L. In two Volumes. Vol. I. Part I. London: Macmillan & Co., 1878.

Concerts.

THEODORE THOMAS. The sixth and last subscription concert (Wednesday evening, Feb. 13), drew a more numerous audience to the Music Hall than either of its predecessors. This must have been owing largely to the excellence of the first half of the programme, and partly to the novelty of the last half. The first consisted of two standard masterworks of the very first class. First, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which was played marvellously well, although we must still dissent from one characteristic of the modern virtuose interpretation (the term *virtuoso* may apply to orchestras as well as solo artists,)—we mean the habit of exaggerating the contrasts of *tempi*, taking slow movements too slow and fast movements too fast; witness the Allegretto and the Finale in this instance. The second piece was Schumann's Piano Concerto, in A minor, of which the interest still deepens the oftener we hear it properly interpreted. And Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD'S rendering was masterly. Perfectly self-possessed, clear in his own mind as to the effects he was to produce, thoroughly saturated, so to speak, with the music and its meaning, and armed with a sure and admirable technique, as well as with a never failing memory, he gave us the great work in a style which the most exacting could enjoy; and he was of course admirably accompanied.

The two pieces which formed the second part were:—1) that grotesque Wedding March, with its ingenious and fantastic Variations, by Goldmark, of which we can say nothing materially different from what we said of it after its first performance at Cambridge, except that, on the whole, it interested us rather more this second time; and—2) a new *Capriccio*, Op. 4, by Hermann Graedner. This was an exceedingly brilliant and ingenious piece of orchestration, leaving, however, quite a vague impression. It might perhaps have had more meaning for us, had not sense and mind become already weary with listening to brilliant things.

(Crowded out last time.)

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The Matinée of Saturday noon, Feb. 9, at Wesleyan Hall, had some features of uncommon interest, as the following programme shows:

Overture for eight hands: "Siege of Corinth," Arr. by H. P. Chelius
Misses L. Butler, R. McBeath, Mrs. Turner, and Mr. F. Litchfield.
Song: "Al Desio," from "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart
Miss Marie Murdoch.
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Miss Emma McKim.
String Quartet. Variations on the Austrian National Hymn.....Haydn
Miss Lillian Shattuck, 1st Violin, Miss A. Shepardson, 2d Violin, Miss L. Chandler, Viola, Miss Lettie Launder, 'Cello,
Piano—Andante favori.....Hummel
Mrs. L. E. Turner.
Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A major.....Handel
Andante—Allegro—Adagio—Allegro moderato.
Messrs. La Frone Merriman, and Herm. P. Chelius.
Song: "Bid me discourse,".....Bishop
Miss Murdoch.
Last Movement of Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, Beethoven
Miss Anna Britt.

The performers were pupils of the Conservatory, under the direction of its head, JULIUS EICHBERG. When we entered the room, we were struck by the voice, more powerful than sweet, yet agreeable and clarinet-like, and very evenly developed, and by the easy, fluent execution of the young lady who was singing an elaborate and interesting Aria, which we never heard before, from Mozart's *Figaro*; on looking for it in the score we find it given in an Appendix, and we wonder that it has not found its way before into our theatres or concert rooms. It certainly was a very creditable piece of vocalism, and sung as if she loved to sing.

Still more were we interested in the first string Quartet performance which we ever heard by four young ladies. They were well matched; tone and bowing both were excellent; and Haydn's genial Variations on the National Hymn of Austria were on the whole quite satisfactorily interpreted. The fair violoncellist, we are told, (she has hitherto appeared as violinist), has had but a few weeks practice on that instrument. We trust this quartet playing will go on gaining scope and power. Nothing is more wanting in our musical opportunities.—The Handel Sonata, also, was a novelty of a good old wholesome sort, and was quite enjoyable. For the Beethoven Sonata movement we were not able to remain.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The programme of the seventh Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14) proved unusually attractive, and there were many expressions of enthusiasm in the audience.

Overture to "Faniska,".....Cherubini
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in C minor (first time).....Saint-Saëns
1. Allegro moderato and Andante.
2. Allegro vivace, Andante and Allegro.
John A. Preston.
Overture—"Hiawatha" (MS.).....J. C. D. Parker
Vivace, from the "Scotch" Symphony..Mendelssohn

Fourth Symphony, in D minor, Op. 120...Schumann
Introduction and Allegro—Romanza—Scherzo—Finale.

The charming Overture to "Faniska" was enjoyed as much as ever, being nicely played. Mr. PRESTON, one of the youngest of our concert pianists, a pupil successively of Mr. Parker and of Mr. Lang, proved himself easily equal to all the rare difficulties of the new Concerto by Saint-Saëns. He has great *aplomb*, remarkably sure, firm execution, a good touch, great facility and smoothness in running passages, even rapid ones in sixths and fourths. He plays too with considerable expression, and with good conception of the intentions of the composition and its capabilities of effect. His manner is modest, quiet, and yet resolute. Of the Concerto itself there are various opinions, from those who found it only a barren waste of difficulties, to those who liked it better than anything they have yet heard from the French composer. We incline, after several hearings in rehearsal, to the latter feeling. We found its power and beauty growing on us. The first movement, beginning with a simple, plaintive theme, in little fragments answered between orchestra and piano, proved to be pregnant matter for development and interesting variations, leading into an impressive Chorale (*Andante*,) which returns in later portions of the work, as does the opening Allegro theme, showing unity and earnest purpose in the whole. We confess to less liking of the Scherzo-like opening of the second part, with its thin, dry, scrambling *fugato*; but the Chorale comes again with new weight and significance, a period of repose; and then, for a Finale, we have a theme which is as much a "Hymn of Joy" as that of the Ninth Symphony or that of Brahms, although in quite another rhythm, and which is worked up to a truly grand and noble climax; a good national hymn, we fancy, could be made of it.

Mr. PARKER was received with a hearty and prolonged welcome as he came forward to conduct his own new work, the "Hiawatha" Overture, which he did in the quiet, simple, and yet firm manner that is native to him. The Overture is difficult, at least for a first reading, partly on account of the unusual key, B-flat minor, in which it is written, and taxed the orchestra severely to do it justice after only two rehearsals. Yet its intentions came out clearly, revealing good thematic matter and development, and a happy faculty of rich and varie instrumentation, besides a sensitive poetic feeling and much beauty of expression, with good unity and climax. It is a graceful, delicate, romantic, rather than a great or very powerful Overture, and yet it does not lack strength. The composer was recalled and bowed his acknowledgments amid long continued applause.

The *vivacious* bit from the "Scotch" Symphony flung in plenty of sunshine in the midst of three long works all in the minor mood. How one can talk of Brahms after that D-minor Symphony of Schumann, it is difficult to conceive. Here is a work which thrills with genius through its every limb and every fibre. The Romanza and the Scherzo are wonderful; the exquisite charm of the former relieved in strong yet happy contrast against the bold impetuosity of the latter; while the slow motive of the Introduction, reproduced in the Romanza, lends a unity which is anything but monotony to the whole. The transition from the Romanza into the vigorous Finale is most original and powerfu., though holding on to the same thread of motive. The Symphony was played with fervor, with good accent, light and shade, and excellent effect; it was one of the best successes of our orchestra.

The eighth programme (this week) consisted of:

PART I. Overture to "Rosamunde" (first time), *Schubert*; Old Italian Aria: "Pur dicesti," *Lotti*, GEO. L. OSGOOD; Symphony in G (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel), *Haydn*.—PART II. Overture: "The Hebrides," *Mendelssohn*; Songs by *Franz*, G. L. OSGOOD; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, *Beethoven*.

In the ninth concert (last but one) Miss FANNY KELLOGG will sing "As when the dove," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and probably a superb dramatic Aria from Mozart's early Opera *Idomeneo*, —an Aria equal to his best in later years. The Symphony will be Gade's No. 1, in C minor; the Overtures, Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses," and Rossini's to "Tell;" and the Concert will open with the Allegro of the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert.

BOYLSTON CLUB. The second concert of the season (Music Hall, Feb. 20) was as brilliant a success as any vocal Club has ever had in Boston. The Hall was crowded, the programme excellent and much of it new, and the chorus and part-singing singularly perfect. The first part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*; the second was as follows:

Slumber Song. Male chorus.....Taubert.
Song of the Summer Birds. Female chorus. Rubinstein.
a. Welcome. } Mixed chorus.....Rheinberger.
b. Night Song. }
Fields so Green. Female chorus.....Reinecke.
Folk Songs:
a. Forsaken. Male chorus. Composer unknown. From the Carinthian.
b. Have you my Darling seen? Mixed chorus. (Words from the German. Osgood.
Song of the Lark. Male chorus.....Schachner. (From the Characterbilder.)
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....Mendelssohn.

The *Athalie* was given with piano accompaniment by Mr. PETERSILEA, omitting the Overture, but giving the March of Priests. The solos were creditably sung by Miss DORA WILEY, Miss L. C. NASON and Mrs. JENNY M. NOYES. The choruses were sung with fine precision, spirit and expression, and with admirable balance of the parts. We never heard a purer, richer body of sopranos, and the deep basses were strikingly full and grand. The effect of the choral mass was frequently enhanced by the judicious Organ accompaniment by Mr. G. W. SUMNER. But the distinguishing feature of this, as compared with the likewise excellent performance of the same work by the Cecilia, was the giving of the melo-dramatic portions of the middle. These were read, or recited, some by individual voices issuing from various quarters of the platform, and some by chorus in unison. And the reading was of a superior order, really artistic and impressive—particu... Miss KATE DAVIS'S delivery of the part of Salomith, repe... ly followed by spontaneous applause. [We must add, t... that the understanding of the dramatic plot was greatly aided by the well prepared Argument and Notes in the tasteful little programme book.

Mr. OSGOOD and the Club, which he conducts and trains with such marked ability, are to be congratulated on a particularly happy selection of fresh part-songs;—novelties which are truly interesting; *rara aves* of their well-nigh exhausted race. Every one of these had some striking beauty to commend it, showing artistic skill in the weaving together of voice parts, with the single exception of the Lark Song by Schachner, in which we found next to nothing to delight, and which was also the least well sung piece, the voices seeming weary. Nor can the lugubrious "Forsaken," being but an old Carinthian Folk-song, be regarded as artistic; it was encored, not for its cheerfulness, but as furnishing the most exquisite specimen of male part-singing of the evening. Taubert's "Slumber Song" was charming and very delicately sung. Rubinstein's female chorus, full of birds and sunshine, was delightful in itself and in the rendering; and the two songs by Rheinberger, especially the "Night Song," seemed to us among the best instances of this kind of writing we have had since Mendelssohn. Reinecke's green fields were grateful and refreshing, with sweet fresh voices leading the way In greatest possible contrast, both in style of composition and in its up-springing joy and rapture, to its "Forsaken" mate (excuse the Hibernicism!), was Mr. Osgood's own new and charming part-song, woven with a subtle, genial Art,—the most felicitous of his productions so far, as it seemed to us. It makes the voices, at least the tenors, soar beyond their wont, but the enthusiasm of the song and of the singers ought to be equal to that, lifting them above themselves like the Joy hymn in the Choral Symphony.—Truly the Boylston Club are in the full tide of successful progress, and we trust they will avail themselves of their well-earned advantages for bringing out Choral treasures new and old, following where the worthy ambition of their leader from the first has led and pointed.

CHICAGO. The Beethoven Society gave its second concert last evening at McCormick's Hall to a large audience, and with a large degree of success. At the very outset, Mr. Wolfsohn is to be credited with having made an elegant programme, not only very attractive in its individual numbers, but thoroughly harmonious and consistent. It opened with that delightful overture which Mendelssohn wrote to the legend of Melusine, the last of the series that included the "Midsummer Night," "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," and the "Hebrides,"—this one the most delicate and characteristic of them all. What more appropriate instrumental work could have preluded the "Loreley," both legends being connected with the water-spirits of the Rhine? The "Loreley" was the second number. The Society has given it once before, but it is good enough to bear many a repetition. There are only four numbers to the operatic fragment,—the "Ave Maria,"—a soprano obligato to first and second soprano accompaniment; a spirited "Vintage Song" for mænnerchor; the finale to the first act, an instrumental introduction (allegro moderato), leading up to a responsive double chorus, invoking the Rhine fays; and a long and trying scena, set off against chorus, in which *Leonora*, the heroine, seeks for revenge against her false lover. The choral parts were excellently given, especially the "Vintage" number, which went off in dashing style. The soprano part was taken by Miss Alice Dutton, whom we do not remember to have heard in any important concert before. She has a voice of moderate strength and good range, which is essential in the "Loreley" music, that runs very high, and is set against a heavy accompaniment, and she sings with spirit and intelligence; but there is a want of resonance in her tone, so that she failed to express the full passion and dramatic intensity of the part, especially in the closing number, which requires an almost exceptional voice. The third number was a double one, including a fresh, breezy "Morning Song" and an "Elegy" by Raff, neither of which have been given here before. Their selection is creditable to Mr. Wolfsohn's good taste. Such music is healthy and bracing, and ought to be heard oftener. They are admirably instrumented, the themes being set into the accompaniment like a beautiful piece of mosaic work. The programme closed with five numbers from "Fidelio,"—first, the overture, the "Fidelio" being selected from the four. Second, the aria in the first act ("Die Hoffnung schon,") in which *Marcellina* tells the bliss of her love, which was sung by Mrs. Jewett with admirable voice and expression. Her conception of the aria and the fine dramatic spirit with which she invested it were alike creditable to her musical intelligence. She made the hit of the evening, and the success which she achieved was enthusiastically recognized by the audience, and richly deserved. The Canon Quartet, which followed the solo (Miss Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Gill,) was not altogether satisfactory, the tenor not being in strict tune and the voices not being well balanced. Mr. Gill, for the fourth number, sang *Rocco's* gold song ("Hat man nicht auch Geld daneben,") in which his worst failing was want of precision in keeping with the instrument. The last number was the finale to the last act, which describes the release of the prisoners and the rescue of *Florestan*, the solos being taken by Mrs. Jewett, Miss Dutton, and Messrs. Knorr, Dexter, Gill, and Martin. In this number the chorus did some excellent work, and sang with great spirit and power. As a whole, the Society is entitled to great credit. The sopranos have fallen off a little in strength and the tenors were at times a little "off," but the altos were very steady, and the basses have never sung with such full volume of tone or good effect, and the general result was a most enjoyable and satisfactory concert, with one of the best programmes Mr. Wolfsohn has ever given us. We congratulate him that his little army has graduated from the piano, and can now sing with orchestra. —*Chicago Tribune, Feb.* 20.

PHILADELPHIA. Several pupils of Mme. Emma Seiler distinguished themselves in a concert thus described by the *Evening Bulletin* of Feb. 15:

Natatorium Hall was crowded with a brilliant audience last evening on the occasion of Miss Bare's first public concert, as this may be called, although the young lady has frequently appeared in connection with other musical performances in this city. The programme was an unusually choice one, The instrumental part consisted of two numbers by Mr. Jarvis, including Thalberg's variations on "Elisire d'Amore," Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, and Mendelssohn's Scherzo, Op. 16, which were given with all the brilliant expression and execution of the distinguished pianist. Mr. Stoll gave an exquisite performance of Wieniawski's "Airs Russes," handling his violin with delightful delicacy and spirit. The principal vocal part was, of course, sustained by Miss Bare, who was in admirable voice and sang her several numbers in a manner evincing great improvem nt both in style and in the development of an organ of peculiar purity and power. A coldness of manner which marked Miss Bare's earlier public performances has wholly disappeared, and with the overcoming of this defect it is safe to predict for her a brilliant career as a popular vocalist. The other vocal parts were taken by Mr. Gastel, who sang Schubert's "Morgengruss" and Horn's "Trinkspruch," and accompanied Miss Bare in a duo from Spohr's "Faust" in a very pleasing manner; Miss Bingham, another pupil of Mad. Seiler's, who, albeit a little frightened at her first essay in public, sang Hatton's "Bid me to live" with a degree of spirit and good tone that promise excellent things for her in the future; and Mr. Chamberlain, also a pupil of the same school, who sang Nicolai's duet, "*L'Addio*," with Miss Bingham in good style. Mr. Stoll's violin obligato accompaniment of Miss Bare's two songs, Kalliwoda's "Far Away," and, an encore, Reinecke's "Spring Flowers," deserves a word of special commendation.

The audience testified their enjoyment of the evening's entertainment by much enthusiastic applause, nearly every vocal number winning an encore, and the whole affair passed off most pleasantly and creditably.

An Artificial Voice.

We read in an English paper:

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with woods, brasses, strings and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done; and now, at the end of four months, a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its grooves. When pushed home the reed-plate slopes downwards, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out, and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow were of brass. Experiments have shown, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds made of vulcanite can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

Miss Minnie Hauck at Brussels.

A correspondent of the *Bulletin* (Philadelphia), writing from Brussels, January 21st, says:

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the great American prima donna, who has been recently engaged to replace the late Mme. Tietjens at Her Majesty's Opera in London, is now singing at the Grand Opera House in Brussels, where she obtained the greatest success. The Brussels papers unanimously put her in the same rank with La Patti and Nilsson, and Miss Minnie Hauck undoubtedly can be considered as the coming star. During the last five years the young and beautiful singer filled successfully the positions as prima donna at the Italian operas of Paris and London, and the grand Imperial operas of Vienna and Berlin, and has been created Kammer-Sängerin (Singer of the Imperial Court) by the Emperor of Germany. The Queen of Belgium conferred upon her the Order of the Star (Stern-Kreuz). Miss Hauck is now engaged by Mr. Maurice Strakosch for 500,000 francs ($100,000) for three years."

CINCINNATI. The advance programmes for the Cincinnati biennial musical festival, to be held May 14 to 17 inclusive, have just been issued. The musical directors will be Theodore Thomas, assisted by Otto Singer of this city. The soloists are Mme. Pappenheim, Annie Louise Cary, Emma Cranch, Mrs. Osgood, Louise Rollwagen, Chas. Adams, Christian Fritsch, Signor Tagliapietra, M. R. Whitney and Franz Remmertz. Mr. George E. Whiting of Boston is announced as the organist. The programme consists of Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the Eroica symphony, Liszt's grand mass, scenes from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung," and chorus from the "Meistersinger," scenes from "Alcestare" and others. The festival is to occur in the grand Music Hall, just completed, and the new organ, manufactured in Boston, the largest in the United States and largest but two in the world, is to be played on that occasion for the first time. The mass chorus consists of 500 voices.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My Love is far Away. Part Song for mixed voices. B. 5. f to b. *Osgood.* 30
"The earth is kissed by fragrant showers,
But my heart doth count the weary hours."
Arranged for mixed voices, but was first made for the Apollo Club. A fine quartet.

Then Comes Rest. C. 3. c to C. *Barri.* 40
"Reaper, in the field afar,
Cease thy toil among the sheaves."
An admirable song, whether we regard the beautiful words with their restful quality, or the calm, tranquil flow of the music.

The Angel's Song. (Der Engellied.) (La Serenata.) G. 4. d to g. *Braga.* 50
"It was no earthly melody."
"Von Himmel nur kommen die Töne."
"Non é mortal la musica."
Here are a combination of beauties; the story of the sick child, of the calling angel choir, and of the sad mother, repeated in three languages, and the appropriate music, enriched with a Violin or Violincello accompaniment.

Marie. Eb. 3., d to F. *Cowen.* 40
"An April sun; a silver wave."

Marie. Ballad. Gb. 3. G to E. *Jensen.* 30
"For thou thyself art like a prayer,"
"Du bist, ja, selbst wie ein Gebet."
Here are two songs with similar titles.—(Mem. Always, in ordering music, give the exact title and the author's name.) The first is an American ballad, with a melody of considerable variety, and furnished with extra notes for *tours de force*. The second is German-English, with twice the number of flats, but a very simple melody, as simple hearted as the German *Marie*, but has a varied and rich harmony in the accompaniment.

Sadie the Flower of the Dell. Song and Chorus. D. 3. c to F. *Jones.* 40
Ballad in very pleasing, popular style.

Loved and Lost. D. 3. c to F. *Müller.* 40
"Now the city sleeps,
The night is calm and sweet."
Very beautiful song of fine sentiment.

My Lover across the Blue Sea. F. 3. E to F. *Adam.* 35
"But oh! if he *should* come, why, mercy,
I'd hide like a mouse, dear me."
A very pretty ballad by the young lady who found a "sailor beau" in her tea cup.

Under the Lamplight. D minor. 3. c to D. *Gray.* 35
"They who make life so dear,
Lay in a dreamless sleep."
Affecting ballad of the "Out in the Cold" order.

Instrumental.

En Route. 4 Hands. Eb. 5. *Sydney Smith.* 1.00
Well known super brilliant piece in 4 hand form.

Quadrilles for Violin and Piano. *Winner.* ea. 50
No. 2. Mazourka Quad. 3. (Russian.)
There are 9 numbers, arranged with Winner's well-known skill and care.

Regrets. Nocturne. C. 4. *Hammerel.* 35
So named because the player regrets when it is finished, and generally, no doubt, returns and plays it the second time. In good shape and melodious, but not quite sleepy enough for a nocturne.

Nancy Lee Waltz. Eb. 3. *Pratt.* 30
Bright waltz, including a favorite air.

Where we Laugh and Live. (Wo man lacht and lebt.) Galop. D. 3. *Ed. Strauss.* 30
"Where we laugh and live" must be Vienna, where people will have their sport if they starve for it, and where this bright Polka helps, no doubt, to make matters cheerful.

Ten Russian Songs without Words. Selected by *N. H. Dale.* 50
These are very possibly better on the Piano or Organ than with the voice; are very spirited, and have of course, 10 different melodies.

Wedding Tour Galop. F. 3. *Wallis.* 35
As bright as the happy time mentioned; of which the "glissandos" may represent the fast slipping away of the time.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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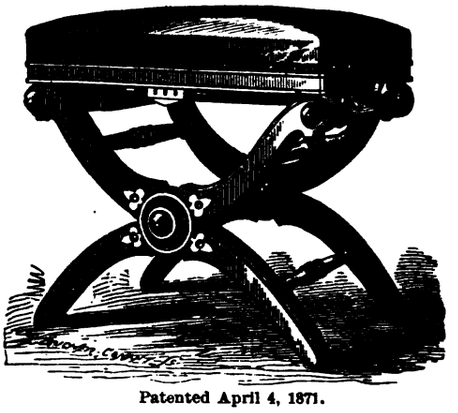

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WHOLE No. 967. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 3.

Berlioz.

BY EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

(From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Part II.)

BERLIOZ, HECTOR, born Dec. 11, 1803, at La Côte Saint-André, near Grenoble, France; died March 9, 1869, at Paris.

He stands alone—a colossus with few friends and no direct followers; a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, violently one-sided; whose influence has been and will again be felt far and wide, for good and for bad, but cannot rear disciples nor form a school. His views of music are practically if not theoretically adhered to by all eminent composers and executants since Beethoven; and if interpreted *cum grano salis* his very words could be used as watchwords which few musicians would hesitate to adopt. Take, for example, the following sentences, written at long intervals, yet forming a sort of profession of faith, to which Berlioz clung without flinching throughout the whole of his long career: 'Musique, art d'emouvoir par des combinaisons de sons les hommes intelligents et doués d'organes speciaux et exercés. . . . La musique, en s'associant à des idées qu'elle a mille moyens de faire naître, augmente l'intensité de son action de toute la puissance de ce qu'on appelle la poesie . . . réunissant à la fois toutes ses forces sur l'oreille qu'elle charme, et qu'elle offense habilement, sur le système nerveux qu'elle surexcite, sur la circulation du sang qu'elle accélère, sur le cerveau qu'elle embrasse, sur le cœur qu'elle gonfle et fait battre à coups redoublés, sur la pensée qu'elle agrandit démesurément et lance dans les régions de l'infini: elle agit dans la sphère qui lui est propre, c'est-à-dire sur des êtres chez lesquels le sens musical existe réellement.' ('A travers chants,' p. 1.)

Berlioz's startling originality as a musician rests upon a physical and mental organization very different from, and in some respects superior to, that of other eminent masters; a most ardent nervous temperament; a gorgeous imagination incessantly active, heated at times to the verge of insanity; an abnormally subtle and acute sense of hearing; the keenest intellect, of a dissecting, analyzing turn; the most violent will, manifesting itself in a spirit of enterprise and daring equalled only by its tenacity of purpose and indefatigable perseverance.

From first to last, from the 'Ouverture des Francs Juges' and the 'Symphonie fantastique' to 'Les Troyens,' Berlioz strove to widen the domains of his art; in the portrayal of varied and intense passions, and the suggestion of distinct dramatic scenes and situations, he tried to attain a more intimate connection between instrumental music and the highest poetry. Starting, as he did, on a voyage of discovery, no one need be surprised that he occasionally, nay perhaps frequently, sailed beyond his mark; and that he now and then made violent efforts to compel music to say something which lies beyond its proper sphere. But, be this as it may, his occasional failures do not render his works less interesting, nor less astonishing.

Berlioz was one of the most uncompromising champions of what, for want of a better name, has been dubbed 'programme music.' In his 'Symphonie fantastique' with its sequel 'Lelio,' and in 'Romeo et Juliette,' elaborate efforts are made, by means of programmes and superscriptions, to force the hearers' imagination to dwell on certain exterior scenes and situations during the progress of the music; and these efforts, it must be confessed, are not always successful. One either loses the musical thread and has to fly to the programme for explanation, or one dreams of the programme and misses the music. The really perfect specimens of Berlioz's instrumental works are in truth those in which the music speaks for itself, and the programme or superscription may be dispensed with. Such are, for instance, the 'Scène aux champs' and the 'Marche au supplice' in the 'Symphonie fantastique,' the 'Marche des Pélerins' in 'Harold,' the Overtures to 'King Lear,' 'Benvenuto Cellini,' 'Carnaval Romain,' 'Le Corsaire,' etc.

From a technical point of view certain of Berlioz's attainments are phenomenal. The gigantic proportions, the grandiose style, the imposing weight of those long and broad harmonic and rhythmical progressions towards some end afar off, the exceptional means employed for exceptional ends—in a word, the colossal, cyclopean aspect of certain movements, such as the 'Judex crederis' of his 'Te Deum,' or the 'Lacrymosa' and 'Dies Iræ' of his 'Requiem,' are without parallel in musical art. The originality and inexhaustible variety of rhythms, and the surpassing perfection of his instrumentation, are points willingly conceded even by Berlioz's staunchest opponents. As far as the technique of instrumentation is concerned it may truly be asserted that he treats the orchestra with the same supreme daring and absolute mastery with which Paganini treated the violin, or Liszt the pianoforte. No one before him had so clearly realized the individuality of each particular instrument, its resources and capabilities. In his works the equation between a particular phrase and a particular instrument is invariably perfect; and over and above this, his experiments in orchestral *color*, his combination of single instruments with others so as to form groups, and again his combination of several separate groups of instruments with one another, are as novel and as beautiful as they are uniformly successful.

French art can show nothing more tender and delicately graceful, more perfect in shape and diction than certain of his songs and choral pieces—the duet between Hero and Ursule, 'Vous soupirez Madame,' from 'Béatrice et Bénedict,' and single numbers among his 'Nuits d'été' and 'Irlande.' Nothing more touching in its simplicity than 'L'adieu des bergers' and 'Le repos de la Sainte Famille,' from 'L'Enfance du Christ.'

But there is a portion of Berlioz's works from which many of his admirers, who are certainly not open to the charge of being musical milksops, recoil with instinctive aversion. One must draw the line somewhere, and the writer would draw it on the hitherside of such movements as the 'Orgies,' which form the finales of the 'La Symphonie fantastique' and 'Harold en Italie,' or the chorus of devils in the 'Damnation de Faust.' Bloodthirsty, delirious passion such as is here depicted may have been excited by gladiator and wild beast shows in Roman arenas; but its rites, whether reflected through the medium of poetry, painting, or music, are assuredly more honored in the breach than the observance. On the other hand, it cannot be overlooked that these same reprehensible pieces contain some of their author's most astonishing technical achievements.

No musician, unless he writes for the stage, can hope to live by his compositions in France; accordingly Berlioz was driven to the dubious 'métier' of beneficiare—to conducting concerts of his own music whenever and wherever he could get a chance, and to journalism, 'feuilletonism.' A note of bitter complaint at the tortures hardly to be borne which the 'compte rendu' on matters musical he furnished weekly during a space of twenty years for the 'Journal des Débats' entailed on him, runs through all his prose. These newspaper scraps made a name for their author as the foremost musical critic and one of the most brilliant of French journalists; whilst the perfection of style and graphic narrative of his Mémoires have proved him the equal of the best modern prosateurs. Frenchmen only can say whether or not his verse is likely to live by its own merits, apart from the music to which he wedded it, in 'L'Enfance du Christ,' 'Béatrice et Bénedict,' and 'Les Troyens.'

Berlioz knew the principal works of Beethoven, Weber, Spontini, Mozart, in every respect, down to the smallest details, by heart, and he has always and very frequently spoken of them with contagious enthusiasm and convincing eloquence. Yet he was by no means an erudite musician, his knowledge being restricted, like that of most men of genius, to the range of his personal sympathies. Of Handel, Bach, Palestrina, he knew little, and at times spoke in a manner to lay bare his ignorance.

Berlioz's father, a physician, wished him to follow the same career. At eighteen years of age, and much against his will, he was sent to Paris as a student of medicine; music however so engrossed him that, though he attended lectures and tried hard to overcome his repugnance to the dissecting room, his anatomical studies came to nothing, and he entered the Conservatoire as a pupil of Lesueur, after a violent quarrel with his parents, who stopped supplies and forced him to earn a scanty subsistence by singing in the chorus of an obscure theatre, Le Gymnase Dramatique. At the Conservatoire, which he once left in a huff and reentered as a member of Reicha's 'classe de contrepoint,' he met with little encouragement from the dons, to whom his sentiments and beliefs, his ways and works were more or less antipathetic; and he was positively hated by the director, Cherubini. So that, in spite of his most remarkable attainments (the 'Ouverture des Francs Juges' and the 'Symphonie fantastique,' which he wrote whilst a pupil at the Conservatoire, are more than sufficient to show that he was then already the master of his masters, Cherubini of course excepted), it was only after having been repeatedly plucked that he was permitted, on the fourth trial, to take a prize for composition. In 1828 he took the second, and at last, in 1830, with the cantata 'Sardanapale,' the first prize—the 'Prix de Rome'—to which is attached a government pension, supporting the winner three years at Rome. On his return to Paris, finding it difficult to live by composing, he was driven to earn a livelihood by contributions to newspapers, and by occasional concerts and musical festivals, which he organized on a large scale. The story of his violent and eccentric passion for Miss Smithson—an Irish actress who came to Paris with an English troupe, and made a sensation as Ophelia and Juliet, whilst the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, kindled by Victor Hugo, was at its height—is minutely told in his 'Memoires,' published after his death. That sad book contains many a hint of the misery he subsequently endured with her as his wife, the prolonged fits of ill health, bad temper and ungovernable jealousy she was

subject to; it tells how disgracefully she was treated by the very audience who had lauded her to the skies when she reappeared as Ophelia after the pseudo-enthusiasm for Shakespeare had blown over; how she fell from her carriage, broke a leg, and could act no more; how her losses as the manageress of an unsuccessful theatrical venture crushed him, and how they ultimately separated; Berlioz, with scrupulous fidelity, supplying her wants out of his poor pittance as a contributor to newspapers up to her melancholy death and interment.

Admired occasionally with an enthusiasm akin to adoration (for instance by Paganini, who, after hearing the 'Symphonie fantastique' at the Conservatoire, fell on his knees before Berlioz, kissed his hands, and on the following morning sent him a cheque for twenty thousand francs), always much talked of, but generally misunderstood and shamefully abused, Berlioz was not a popular man in France, and Parisians were curiously surprised at the success of his long 'Voyage musical,' when he produced his works in the principal cities of Germany and Russia. In 1852 Berlioz conducted the first series of the 'New Philharmonic Concerts' at Exeter Hall, and in the following year, on June 25, he conducted his opera 'Benvenuto Cellini' at Covent Garden.

He tried in vain to get a professorship at the Conservatoire. The modest appointment of librarian to that institute in 1839 and the cross of the Legion d'Honneur were the sole distinctions that fell to his lot.

His published works, few in number but colossal in their proportions, are as follows:—

Op. 1. Ouverture de 'Waverley.'

Op. 2. Irlande; 9 mélodies pour une et deux voix sur des traductions de Thomas Moore.

Op. 3. Ouverture des 'Francs Juges.'

Op. 4. Ouverture du 'Roi Lear.'

Op. 5. 'Grande Messe des Morts' (Requiem.)

Op. 6. 'Le 5 Mai.' Chant sur la mort de l'empereur Napoléon, pour voix de basse avec chœurs et orchestre.

Op. 7. 'Les nuits d'été.' Six mélodies pour une voix avec orchestre ou piano.

Op. 8. 'Réverie et caprice.' Romance pour le violon avec orchestre ou piano.

Op. 9. Le Carnaval Romain, Ouverture Caracteristique.

Op. 10. Grand Traité d'instrumentation et d'orchestration modernes. Avec supplément 'Le chef d'orchestre.'

Op. 11. 'Sarah la Baigneuse.' Ballade à trois chœurs avec orchestre.

Op. 12. 'La Captive.' Réverie pour mezzo soprano avec orchestre.

Op. 13. 'Fleurs des Landes.' Cinq mélodies pour une voix avec piano.

Op. 14. 'Episode de la vie d'un artiste.' Symphonie fantastique en cinq parties.

Op. 14 bis. Lelio, ou Le retour à la Vie.' Monodrame lyrique, 2e partie de l'episode.

Op. 15. Grand symphonie funèbre et triomphale pour grande harmonie militaire, avec un orchestre d'instruments à cordes et un chœur ad libit.

Op. 16. 'Harold en Italie' Symphonie en 4 parties, avec un *alto* principal.

Op. 17. 'Roméo et Juliette.' Symphonie dramatique avec chœurs, solos de chant et prologue en récitatif choral.

Op. 18. 'Tristia.' 3 Chœurs avec orchestre. (Méditation religieuse, Ballade sur la Mort d'Ophélie, Marche funèbre.')

Op. 19. 'Feuillets d'Album.' 3 morceaux de chant avec piano.

Op. 20. 'Vox populi.' Deux grands chœurs avec orchestre. (La menace des Francs, Hymne à la France.)

Op. 21. Ouverture du 'Corsaire.'

Op. 22. 'Te Deum,' à trois chœurs avec orchestre et orgue concertants.

Op. 23. 'Benvenuto Cellini.' Opéra en trois actes. Paroles de Leon de Wailly et August Barbier. (Partition de piano. Paris, Choudens.)

Op. 24. 'La Damnation de Faust.' Légende dramatique en quatre parties.

Op. 25. 'L'Enfance du Christ.' Trilogie Sacrée. 1. 'Le songe d'Hérode.' 2. 'La fuite en Egypte.' 3. 'L'arrivée à Sais.

Op. 26. 'L'Impériale,' cantate a deux chœurs et orchestre.

'Le Temple universel.' Chœur à quatre voix et piano.

'Prière du Matin.' Chœur à deux voix et piano.

'La belle Isabeau.' Conte pendant l'orage, avec chœur.

'Le Chasseur danois.' Pour voix de basse avec piano.

'L'Invitation à la valse de Weber.' Orchestration.

'Marche Marocaine' de L. de Meyer. Orchestration.

'Recitatives' pour 'le Freischütz.'

'Béatrice et Bénedict.' Opéra en deux actes imité de Shakespeare. Paroles de Hector Berlioz. (Partition de piano. Paris, Brandus.)

'Les Troyens.' Poème lyrique en deux parties: (1) 'La prise de Troie.' [MS.] (2) 'Les Troyens à Carthage.' (Partition de piano. Paris, Choudens.)

Besides the 'Traité d'instrumentation,' with its sequel 'Le chef d'orchestre,' included above amongst his musical works as Op. 10, the subjoined literary productions have been issued in book-form:—

Voyage Musical . . . . Mémoires, comprenant ses voyages, etc., 1803-1865. Paris, 1870.

études sur Beethoven, Gluck et Weber, 2 volumes. Paris, 1844.

Les soirées de l'orchestre, 1853.

Les grotesques de la musique; 1859.

A travers chants; 1862.

Historiettes et Scenes musicales.

Les musiciens et la musique.

Advertised by M. Levy frères in 1872, but not yet published.

The Bach Choir in London.

After the success achieved with J. S. Bach's colossal Mass in B minor, by the Amateur Society of ladies and gentlemen in 1876, and again last year, it was easy to believe that their labors would not stop at that point. Accordingly, they have appeared before us in St. James's Hall with a concert —first of three, the opening section of which comprised Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the *Christmas Oratorio*— which, for the most part, is quite as jubilant in expression as the *Passions* according to Matthew and John are the contrary. The dissimularity of the themes may well account for this; and Bach knew how to represent consolation in music as well as to represent grief and penitence. To ordinary hearers the *Christmas Oratorio* must essentially always exercise more charm than those graver embodiments of the Passion, of which, although four are believed to have been written by the Thuringian master, only two ("Matthew" and "John") are known. From the very first chorus, "Christians, be joyful," we feel as if in another element; and though, as Professor G. A. Macfarren intimates in an exhaustive essay on the subject, "the manner is the same" (being Bach's manner), "the character is essentially different." In short, while with the *Passions-Musik* we are depressed, with the *Christmas Oratorio* we are enlivened. But it would be superfluous to discuss further a theme so familiar to amateurs and musicians inclined to dive beneath the mere surface of things. Bach's faculty was such that, as has been hinted, he could not only treat cheerful subjects just as well as he could treat grave, but—take, for instance, some of his instrumental music —comic themes as well as serious. He was more or less of an eclectic, as his *suites*, containing innumerable *gigues* and other lively dances, prove. Thus his occasional bidding to his gifted sons, Friedemann and Emmanuel (two children among many), "Come, now, and let us go and hear the pretty tunes at Dresden"—where Hasse, by the way, was writing operas—is perfectly in consonance with his substantially grave and patriarchal character. If Bach studied Vivaldi (composer of the "Cuckoo concerto") in his earlier time, he may well have consoled himself, in moments of leisure, with Dresden, Hasse, etc. The real fact is, that it did the stern old contrapuntist good, and was of no small advantage to his sons, both Friedemann and Emmanuel, though it brought John Christian Bach, whom Mozart used to call the "English Bach," down to the level of the most trivial writers for the clavichord—ultimately set aside by that same Mozart. About the general performance of the first half of the *Christmas Oratorio* (which, it is to be hoped may be succeeded by the second), we have little to say except in praise. These vocal amateurs evidently work with zeal during the intervals, and the assistance they obtain from certain members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, though doubtless valuable, is, after all, but a straw in the balance. Herr Otto Goldschmidt is a hero at his post, and labors *con amore*; while the occasional presence of his distinguished lady in one of the foremost choral benches can be only calculated to incite the amateur singers to increased exertion. Herr Goldschmidt has also an excellent orchestra (with Herr Ludwig Straus as leading violin) under his control, and this, in such intricate music as that of Bach, is of no small importance. The leading solo singers, Miss Mary Davies, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Herr Henschel, all went to their task with right goodwill. Mdme. Patey was everywhere irreproachable, and never sang anything more perfectly in our remembrance of her career than the truly Orphean melody, "Slumber, beloved, and take thy repose." Mr. Shakespeare, in the very trying air, "Haste ye shepherds," with many passages better fitted to an instrument than to a voice, (Bach, unlike Handel and Mozart, but something more like Beethoven, in his latter works, had occasionally little consideration for that human instrument), proved successfully what an advantage it is to be a musician, in addition to being a singer. Every passage told—for every passage was distinctly enunciated. Mr. Shakespeare was cleverly accompanied in the flute *obbligato* part by Mr. Svendsen, as was Herr Henschel by Mr. T. Harper in the trumpet which gives character to the air, "Mighty Lord," sung by the German bass with an intelligence that proclaimed him a genuine adept in the Bach school. The chorus, efficient more or less from beginning to end, deserves especial note for its forcible and effective execution of the superb hymn of thanksgiving, "Glory to God in the highest." The chorales, without exception, were impressively given, more particularly that known as "Vom Himmel hoch," set three times to different words in the first parts of the oratorio, and "For us to earth He cometh poor," in which the sopranos of the choir are chiefly engaged. We should also have mentioned Mdme. Patey's air, "Keep, O my spirit," in which not only the singing of the lady, but the execution of the violin *obbligato* by Herr Strauss, was irreproachable. To conclude, the first three sections of the *Christmas Oratorio*, thus performed, only raised a strong desire to hear the last three with the the same executants. The second part of the concert included Schumann's *Neujahrslied* ("New Year's Song") for chorus, solos, and orchestra, in which Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, and Herr Henschel were the leading singers; the late Samuel Sebastian Wesley's superb eight-part anthem, "O Lord, Thou art my God," with vocal solos and organ accompaniment (Mr. Thomas Pettit); and Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," another piece of ingenious eight-part vocal writing, for chorus, with orchestral accompaniment. Schumann's work (a posthumous publication), is full of charm and spirit, like almost all he has written, but can hardly be ranked among his most genuine inspirations; Wesley's anthem, in which three of the chief singers were joined by Messrs. Frost, Beckett, and Kempton, in the sestet, "For this mortal must put on immortality," contains a final chorus, "And that day it shall be said," which might have been signed "Handel;" while the Psalm of Mendelssohn may take rank with anything of its kind existing. This was the last piece in a concert brimful of interest, all the more so because of its variety; and we were only sorry to observe that so many of the audience left the hall when the first piece in the 114th Psalm had already begun. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt conducted the performance from first to last with the skill and intelligence of a thoroughly practised musician. The Bach choir has begun well again, and there is every hope that it may go on stedfastly in the path it has thus struck out for itself. Such "amateurs" are welcome.

The able and scholarly adaptation of the words in the German original, by the Rev. Mr. Troutbeck, demand hearty recognition, as also does the discreet and able manner in which Mr. Ebenezer Prout has fitted some of the old orchestral parts to modern use.—*Times.*

An Italian View of Verdi's Requiem.

(From *La Gazetta Musicale*, Milan, May, 1874.)

The principal impression remaining, after we have listened religiously to the new masterpiece, is everywhere the same, and we have seen it piercing through all the lyric outbursts in the notices and criticisms published both by home and foreign papers; this is a mass not resembling other masses; it has a physiognomy of its own. At every page, even when the inspiration becomes entwined in the sinuosities of the fugue, we hear people say: '*Ecce Deus!* Behold Verdi!' The sacristies may cry out scandal, because they wish even genius to put on the black cassock, and enter the flock of imitators; they vociferate the most holy maxim that: all are equal before plain-song. But, to everyone who does not feel round his head the iron circle of certain consecrated maxims of formalism, it is clear that this is the grand merit of the new mass, and that Verdi could not have done, and ought not to have done, otherwise.

An excellent critic, Sig. Filippi, has gone so far in maintaining this principle as almost to twist into something deserving censure what ought to be regarded worthy of the highest praise. He justifies the dramatic form in Verdi's sacred composition by uttering the following trifle: the religious senti-

ment of yore no longer exists; the blind and brutal faith of former days has disappeared. But this is not true; religious sentiment does fortunately still exist, and too much, also, among the immense majority of the ignorant, exists the blind and brutal faith of the ninth century. What has disappeared, at least for those who think, is the veneration of form and of the ritual; the substance of religion remains rooted in the hearts of all, even in the heart of him who doubts in order not to let his reason lie idle, only ceremonies have lost their prestige; the gods are not leaving us, as an impatient chronicler has hastened to tell the world; it is the priests and the monks who are doing so; the mist of the middle ages is clearing away, but the light of all time remains; churches and monasteries are shaken, but there is left the azure dome, in which the stars perform the solemn ritual of ages. Religious songs, which originally were dull, monotonous, heavy, oppressive by their length, and careless about any accent save the accent of solemnity, have been gradually transformed, and, so to speak, humanized. And this reformation was not begun to-day, systematically, from a spirit of philosophic rebellion, and out of antagonism to religious worship, but begun ages ago from the very nature of things; the day on which the choruses of the faithful replied from the naves to the priests, there was heard the first piercing cry, the first accent of real grief, and the first cantilena made open war upon plain song. This solemn but empty style was, it is true, adapted to the ceremonies of the priests; it was, like other things, a part of the ritual, and had, of course, to be incomprehensible like all the other forms of a faith which cannot be understood; the majestic and imperceptibly modulated vociferation must have seemed a strange dialogue between God and the priest; it was, at all events, a strange kind of music. The great musicians who wrote real music for masses, psalms, and so on, diverged from this mysterious style; in the accents of Palestrina are the movements of suffering humanity.

Now-a-days, formalism, the greatest strength of the Roman Catholic religion, has felt the blows of philosophy; it has been shaken by the heresies of revolution, and discredited by the puerile stubbornness of its own defenders; the measured music of other days has no longer sufficient strength to make itself honored, just as it never had authority in matters of feeling or æsthetics. But this does not mean that there were formerly two kinds of music, and that the music of the church must necessarily be opposed in form and feeling to the other, as is pretended by some who deal out æsthetics like pills.

For everyone who reasons with his own brain, for everyone who, not satisfied with existing authorities, attributes to traditions their just value, and seeks in the past only the method of unfolding the present, and a reason for greater independence in the laws of the future, music is one and the same, that is to say: inspired, learned, elegant, and affectionate, according to the mind which creates it, but it is free and unshackled; if it is joined to words, seeming to interpret, comment on, and illustrate it, such unique music corresponding to the unique type of the beautiful is called dramatic music. I could easily cite a hundred examples of sacred music of this kind in the operas of the modern repertory. The pages of *Le Prophète*, of *Faust*, of *L'Africaine*, of *Aida*, of *La Juive*, of *Mosè*, and of numerous other scores which, to save space, I will not name, are plainly stupendous examples of music which is, at one and the same time, sacred and dramatic.

And what more solemn and grandiose drama can there be than a mass for the dead?

The voice which invokes eternal peace for the Departed, which foretells the tremendous day of judgment, which announces and describes the opening of the tombs at the sounds of the trumpets, and the astonishment of death and nature, and the groans of the guilty, and the majesty of the Judge, and the damnation of the rejected—that voice finds accents which vibrate in the human heart, be it Roman Catholic or not Roman Catholic, because it represents to the mind the obscure enigma of another life which is the base of every religion. No, the modern drama, with all its allurements, with all its febrile excitement of adulteresses, and all the race of bastards in their train, was never more effective than this same voice. Materialists alone (and genuine materialists are rare) may smile at such fancies, but all the rest of the human race, to whatever religion they may belong, must feel its mysterious fascination.

What has Verdi done? In the first place he has not departed from the traditional forms, except in so far as was requisite to profit by the increased power of the orchestral elements; but, making frequent use of the classical form of the fugue, and investing primitive counterpoint with renewed youth, at one time he has not scrupled to interrupt the fugue with an orchestral outburst, on which is the impress of his genius, and, at another, to give the counterpoint caressing and elegant forms corresponding to his taste as an artist; we have form, but not form only; the idea predominates; it has entered the old garments, and so adapted them round its body that they appear something new, which affords cause for scandal to the clericals. What would have been said to the author of *Aida*, if, when giving us a mass, he had restricted himself to the orchestral resources of the famous time of Palestrina, as a mark of homage to the so-called classicism of that giant, who, in his own day, was assuredly looked upon as an innovator by sundry fanatics for the Gregorian chant?

It is time to come to an understanding, if we would arrive at any really practical and useful result. The musty distinctions between music for the church and music for the stage are merely verbal distinctions, with no other foundation than the locality of the performance; good sense and æsthetics have nothing to do with the matter. As regards its merit, music admits of no classification beyond that of Rossini: beautiful or ugly; unless it be this one: dramatic or not dramatic, that is, well-adapted, or ill-adapted to the words and to the situations.

To come to the particulars of Verdi's new masterpiece, I believe I may at present assert, with the consciousness of bestowing the greatest praise upon the composer, that the whole of his music is eminently sacred and dramatic.

Listen to the 'Requiem:' it begins with a most gentle whispering of the violins; to this succeed solemn and murmuring voices, which, when they sing the praises of the Lord, respond to, and follow, each other; here we have the classic fugue, but with what shrewdness and dramatic appropriateness employed! Then the four principal voices implore pity in the 'Kyrie,' alternately taking up the invocation, in the midst of a delicious orchestral movement.

It is the day of wrath; this is announced by the brisk snatches of the stringed instruments accompanied by the dull thunder of the big drum; then, in the track of these voices of nature, which is being rent asunder, there succeeds the long and continuous cry of humanity awakening to its immortal destiny, a cry which is simultaneously terror, wonder, desire, and affrighted anxiety. This first part of the 'Dies Iræ' is really something extraordinarily effective. In the 'Tuba mirum,' the orchestra describes graphically the grandeur of the day. The trumpets of the Judgment re-echo from all sides; their sounds combine with, or are opposed to, each other, till they become overwhelming, and, when this wild tumult has ceased, the voice of the bass is introduced to describe the stupor of astonishment felt by nature and by death at the sight of those who have risen again. The description of this astonishment is accomplished by means of certain intervals between one word and another, and I do not know which is the greater, the effect itself or the simplicity of the means by which it is obtained. This is succeeded by another most admirable fugue on the words: 'Liber scriptus,' and then begins the most harrowing part of the 'Dies Iræ.' The following short trio is full of melancholy; grand is the effect of the quartet and chorus, 'Rex tremendæ;' and stupendous the 'Recordare,' in the form of a duet between the soprano and the mezzo-soprano; the prayer to Jesus could not have found more expressive accents; the lamentation of the sinner in the tenor solo is most touching, and forms a grand contrast with the 'Confutatis maledictis,' which the bass, Maini, hurls forth with the impetuosity of an implacable inquisitor, or of a Mephistopheles seizing his prey. In the 'Lacrymosa' we first hear once more the descriptive orchestral movement, and then the stupendous epic closes with the quartet once again invoking pity and peace. Each of the parts of which we have given an idea is in itself most admirable; but we have here to do not merely with the beauty of Verdi's conception; the sublimity of the work consists in the harmony of all the parts when taken together, in the profound sentiment which predominates in it from beginning to end, and in the philosophy, neither niggardly nor petty, with which every terzina is musically colored; every phrase, pronounced; and every word, underlined.

The 'Dies Iræ' is followed by the Offertorium, 'Domine Jesu.' I must direct attention in this piece to the words which refer to the archangel Michael, and which are expressed by a phrase containing a most suave aspiration, and intense, yet timid desire, accompanied by an exceedingly soft movement of the violins. The second part of the Offertorium is undoubtedly, by its simplicity, one of the most solemn pages of the work. The offering-up of the sacrifices and of the prayers is effected by one of those indeterminate phrases as vague as the mystic sentiment which dictates them.

Some one has said and written that there occurs in the 'Sanctus' a movement almost *choreographic* in character; I kept both my ears wide open, but I still was deaf; not only did I hear nothing choreographic, but I should be very much astounded if any ballet-master ever succeeded in making his gauze-skirted troops execute pirouettes to such music; if he succeeded, for we must not be sceptical as to choreographic talent, I should say: bravo. Lastly, the 'Sanctus' is nothing else than a fugue difficult to perform, but cheerful and light in character, as becomes the piece which sings the glory of Heaven. The 'Agnello di Dio' would tame even wolves; it is a simple phrase, first sung by the soprano and the mezzo-soprano together, and then repeated by the chorus, but it has delicately blended effects of piano and *pianissimo*, so elegant and pleasing, and an interrupted cadence so fascinating, that the public had to make an effort so as not to break out into applause. The third time the phrase is executed, the accompaniment of the flutes, and the charming design of the violins are wonderful.

In the 'Lux æterna,' which is a short and exquisite trio, I remarked among its many gems, a graceful movement of stringed instruments, first introduced at the words 'Luceat eis,' and which is really like a tremulous flash of light cast across the shades of the Infinite.

All agree in saying that the 'Libera me' is a grand piece, and would alone suffice to establish the reputation of its composer as a great master; very effective here is the monotonous psalmody first sung by the soprano and then repeated in an undertone by the basses; dramatic and harrowing is the motive of the soprano, trembling at the thought of the wrath to come. We then hear again, for the third time, the rumor of the last catastrophe which shall befall the world, and then we hear the 'Requiem;' finally the invocation: 'Libera me' recurs once more. It is a picture of grand proportions, comprising the whole epic of death; in this grandiose part, Verdi, from whom so much was expected, has surpassed all expectation.

Verdi's "Requiem Mass."

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, May 2.)

The Requiem Mass of Signor Giuseppe Verdi, which, in compliment to the memory of his friend, Signor Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet and novelist, was named by him "The Manzoni Requiem," is the latest important work given to the world by the most popular lyric musician of the day. Its performance throughout Europe has excited great enthusiasm, and there have been few instances in musical history of a work of its character so quickly commanding equal admiration. Of course, it has encountered adverse criticism. Von Bülow called it an opera "in ecclesiastical costume." But this witty epithet might have been applied, with equal [?] truth, to the Requiem of Mozart. Verdi's long experience in the theatre would naturally lead him to express himself by means more familiar to the footlights than to the altar, though it be a service for the dead which inspires his pen. The Requiem is dramatic in exactly the same sense as Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is dramatic. Verdi's work may also be fairly judged by the same rules which one would apply in considering the artistic merits of the dramatic portions of an oratorio by Handel or Mendelssohn. It is the dramatic and human element which gives to the best-known oratorios of either—except "The Messiah"—their vivid character. Without this element, developed and emphasized by every means known to the musician, it is a question if they would have so long held their positions in the world of art. It was a saying of Baillot, the violinist, that "it is not enough that the artist should be well prepared for the public; it is also necessary that the public should know what it goes to hear." It is with that idea in mind that the following description of Verdi's Requiem—it makes no pretence to being an analysis—is submitted. We only regret our inability to present quotations. One may as well hope to suggest

the rose's fragrance in the cabalistic formula of the laboratory, or tell the glories of autumnal sunsets in a paint-merchant's inventory, as in words alone to describe the beauty of a melody.

The Requiem begins quietly enough. The strings play a half-dozen bars of a simple melody in A-minor, then the male voices chant "*Requiem*," in open fifths, the female voices repeat the refrain, and all unite on "*Requiem aternam*," chord of E-major. The strings continue in a movement full of tenderness, and the sentence, "*Dona eis Domine*," is finished, in syncopated phrases, by the sopranos. The full chorus breathe the prayer, "*Et lux perpetua*;" the key, now A-major, is gradually modulated into A-minor as "*luceat eis*" is whispered by the separate voices, and from that into F-major, leading into "*Te decet hymnus*," whose beginning is canonistic in form. The time is slightly accelerated in this movement, which is sung without accompaniment, at first *forte*, but with diminished force at the end. The initial movements are then repeated, with some unimportant changes. "*Kyrie eleison*" is a complicated chain of imitations in A-major, whose subjects are first given out as solos, and dependent parts are also assigned to the soloists during the choral delivery, which leads us to think that Verdi did not originally intend the choral force to be of much greater proportions than is commonly employed in European opera houses. The orchestral accompaniment seems to confirm this thought. There are long passages, with such directions as *leggierissimo*, *staccato*, and *pianissimo*, constantly reiterated. The orchestration of the entire work, it may be said here, is extremely rich and effective. Verdi has divided the great mediæval hymn "*Dies Ira*" into nine movements, which are, however, so linked together as not to disturb the continuity of thought which distinguishes this wonderful poem. Crashing chords (G minor) repeated four times, prefaee the entrance of the chorus. All of the instrumentation at this point is of the most intense and exciting sort. The trilling trumpets seem to picture forth the flaming horrors of the day of wrath. Though the composer introduces a second theme, it is not, apparently, for the sake of contrast. It rather adds to the intensity of the movement. There is, however, a gradual *diminuendo*, beginning with the second theme, whose form is repeated in the accompaniment, while the chorus whisper, as though hushed in awe, "*Dies ira*," which is heard again in the bass of the accompaniment to *Quantus tremor*, sung by the chorus, in unison, *sotto voce*. As its last syllable is uttered the trumpets begin a flourish, which, gradually *crescendo* in force, and *animando* in movement, leads to "*Tuba mirum*." It is the line "*Coget omnes ante thronum*," which, we presume, suggests to Verdi the idea of posting these trumpets—eight of which are prescribed in the score—at various points, even directing that one pair be invisible. These trumpet calls and answers are reiterated all through the chorus, and do not cease until the last word of the verse is sung. *Mors stupebit* is sung by bass solo. The bass drum played with its braces slackened, the stroke being given on the unaccented parts of the measures, produces here a weird and solemn effect.

Verdi originally wrote a fugue for "*Liber scriptus*." It afterwards being considered desirable that Mme. Waldmann should be permitted an opportunity to display the resources of her extraordinary voice, a solo movement was substituted. The melody (D-minor) is of great beauty. From time to time the chorus whisper in unison, "*Dies ira*." Violin arpeggios succeed the solo, leading to a *reprise* of *Dies ira* (second theme), the concluding measures of which, slowly dying away, prepare the ear for the beginning of the *Adagio* (the key still remaining G-minor), set in the form of a trio (two sopranos and tenor) for "*Quid sum miser*." The most prominent portions of the accompaniment for the trio are given to the wood wind, clarionets playing sustained tones against persistent arpeggios by the bassoons. Simple, dignified and graceful are epithets properly applicable to this movement. Without warning the basses of the chorus burst forth "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*," in unison with trombones. A fine effect is produced here by means of a contrast between the *f* of the basses and the answering voices (*pp*) of the tenors. The melody set for "*Salva me*" is very beautiful and expressive, and great skill is shown in the modulations by which it is passed from one to another solo voice. The movement (*Adagio maestoso*) begins in C-minor, but the changes of tone are incessant, and it finally ends, in accordance with the signature (established about midway), in C-major. Another fine melody succeeds, without change of time or movement, for the duet (two sopranos) "*Recordare*," an interesting, clearly written movement, in F-major. The string quartette and horns furnish the accompaniment, and at the end of each phrase of the first theme one hears three notes on the dominant, uttered by wood wind, producing a wonderfully bright effect. "*Ingemisco*" and "*Qui Mariam*" are for tenor solo. The melody of the latter (the former is *quasi-recitativo*) is very expressive, but greater expression will be found in the accompaniment. A chromatic rush at the end carries the key from E-flat to E-natural, and the bass solo, "*Confutatis*" (marked *andante*) follows. This aria is more passionate, in both vocal and instrumental score, than either of the solos that have preceded. A vivid effect is produced at the reception of "*Confutatis maledictis*" by the use of chromatic scales in contrary motion. The cadence at the close is interrupted before reaching its anticipated close by the orchestral crashes which precede "*Dies ira*," the first theme of which is repeated, followed by an ending not before employed. The strings complete the movement and, by degrees, prepare the way to a new key (B-flat minor), and "*Lachrymosa*" (marked *largo*) is begun by the soprano. Great ingenuity is displayed throughout the piece in modulations, and contrasts of major and minor keys. Above the dirge-like themes—in whose enunciation the chorus participate—the solo soprano utters a plaintive, syncopated melody, the violins emphasizing the effect. The expression of grief, which is in the highest sense dramatic, comes to an end, and "*Pie Jesu*" is sung, first by the four soloists, without accompaniment, and closed by the quartette and full chorus, "*Dona eis requiem, Amen*," by all the voices in unison, and the full chord of B-flat major, repeated *pp* by the orchestra, brings the hymn to a close.

"*Domine Jesu*" is for solo quartette. The principal theme is very graceful, and is first given out by the strings. It is in A-flat, marked *andante mosso*. There are several strongly marked contrasts of key, rhythm and movement in the course of the piece, "*Quam olim*" being headed *allegretto mosso*, while "*Hostias*" becomes an *adagio*. "*Quam olim*" begins like a canon. A remarkable effect is produced by descending chromatic scales at one point. A very grave and serious melody is that set for "*Hostias*." "*Sanctus*" (marked *allegro*) is a bright and stirring fugue for double chorus, led in by trumpet calls and loud vocal proclaims, thrice uttered, of *Sanctus*. At "*Hosanna*" the movement takes on the dignity of a chorale, so far as voices are concerned. The accompaniment is exceedingly brilliant at this point.

"*Agnus Dei*" begins with a melancholy melody, sung by two sopranos, in octaves, without accompaniment. The chorus repeat the melody, also in unison, accompanied by strings and wood-wind. The entire movement is notable for its calmness, a calmness which is not disturbed by the repetition of the subject by the chorus in three-part harmony. "*Luz aterna*," trio for messo-soprano, tenor, and bass, has for accompaniment the string quartette, below whose continued tremblings are heard some deep chords from the brass. A portion of this piece is unaccompanied, and there is a fine effect produced by the use of the great drum. The end of the prayer is slowly breathed forth against rapid *arpeggios* for flutes. "*Libera me*" is begun by soprano *senza misura*, continued by chorus. "*Dum venerie*," soprano solo, succeeds a melody of great power, and at its close there is a prolonged pause. The orchestra again gives warning of *Dies ira*, which is repeated by chorus. The voices take the places of the instruments in a repetition of the first movement of the mass (*Requiem, etc.*) Again there is silence. The soprano repeats "*Libera me*," which serves as introduction to a long fugue in C-minor, set to the same words with whose last episode the voice of the soprano interweaves her touching prayer. The second theme in *Dies ira* is heard in the orchestra. *Libera me*, etc., is intoned by the soprano, the chorus accompanying in voices just removed from silence: *Libera me, Libera me*, repeat all the voices, in the softest unison. It is the last sound.

It would be an easy matter to point out the motives and methods of treatment which have something in common with the works of other composers. Their enumeration, however, would not materially enlighten the reader as to the beauties or peculiarities of the mass. So far as Verdi's own characteristics are concerned, it is enough to say that it is the style used with such signal success in "Aida" which has been employed in the mass. Points of resemblance to earlier and more familiar works are by no means frequent or striking. One feature, especially notable, is the difference of treatment at each repetition of a motive, by a variation or addition of harmonies, or of instrumentation, or in the ending.

The history of the mass is briefly as follows: It was first sung at Milan, in St. Mark's church, on the first anniversary of Manzoni's death, May 22, 1874. Several performances were then given at La Scala. It appeared in Paris at the Opera Comique, June 8, following. The Parisians were permitted several opportunities to hear it at this house during that summer and the next spring, as well as during the spring months of 1876 and 1877 at the Salle Ventadour. It was soon heard at Vienna and at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig. Ferdinand Hiller produced it at the Cologne festival of last summer. It has had a triumphant career through the British Isles ever since its production at the Royal Albert Hall in 1875, and has even been sung at St. Petersburg. It was first heard on this side of the Atlantic, October 25, 1874, at St. Ann's church, New York. Its first performance with orchestra was given at the New York Academy, November 17, 1874, by the artists of Mr. Max Strakosch's troupe. Three performances were given in 1877 by the Beethoven Society of Chicago, the last two being with orchestra. Mr. George E. Whiting included a large portion in the service arranged by him in honor of the late Pope, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in February last. Some of the solos have been sung on other occasions at this church, as well as at concerts in the Music Hall.

Hermann Kuester.*

On the 17th March, there died at Hereford a distinguished musical scholar, H. Küster, Musical Director and Court Cathedral Organist, Berlin. Born the 14th July, 1817, at Templin in the Uckermark, he received his schooling at the Gymnasium of Prenzlau. He was intended for a theological career, but his natural inclination soon attracted him to music; it was from Christ. Koch, Cantor in his native town, that he took his first lessons on the piano and organ; he then found a means to play the organ in public, and tried his hand at composition. The inauguration of the organ in Liebenwald afforded him an opportunity, through his brother-in-law, the Cantor, of composing a psalm for the ceremony. He attended the performance, and was urged by A. W. Bach, Musical Director of Berlin, to devote himself entirely to music. This deciding him, he proceeded to Berlin and became a student of the Royal Institute for Church Music and of the Royal Academy of Arts. In the theory of music he enjoyed the instruction of Rungenhagen and Professor A. B. Marx, while he studied pianoforte-playing under Ludwig Berger. At the public meetings of the Academy various prizes were awarded him, and several of his compositions executed. In the year 1845, he accepted the offer of the musical-directorship at Saarbrücken, but returned in 1852 to Berlin, where, with the exception of a short sojourn at Dresden, he settled as a teacher of music and singing. After Grell was elected director of the Singacademie, Küster obtained, in 1857, that musician's place as Court-Cathedral-Organist. Having acted for many years as teacher of singing at the Louisenstädtische Realschule, he resigned on the 1st January, 1877, on account of continued ill-health, his post as organist as well as that of teacher of singing in the Friedrich Werder Gymnasium. As a composer he wrote various operas and oratorios (*Judith, Die Erscheinung des Kreuzes, Julian der Abtrünnige, Johannes der Evangelist, Das Wort des Herrn, Die ewige Heimath, Hermann der Deutsche*), psalms, cantatas, motets, songs, orchestral works, and organ-preludes, some of which he made public through the printing-press. His vocal works have often been successfully performed here and elsewhere. As a writer on musical subjects he contributed to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* and *Echo*, besides being the author of the following independent essays: *Ueber Handel's "Israel in Egypten"* (*On Handel's "Israel in Egypt,"*) Berlin, 1854; *Populäre Vorträge über Bildung und Begründung eines musik. Urtheils mit Erläuternden Beispielen* (*Popular Lectures on the Formation and Foundation of a Musical Judgment, with Explanatory Examples*;) Leipsic, Breitkopf und Härtel. These lectures were divided into three series or "Cycli," namely:—Cyclus I. The most simple Tone-forms; Cyclus II. The higher Tone forms; Cyclus III. On Tone-purport. Cycli I. and II. are the fruit of a more extensive series of lectures publicly delivered by the author in the years 1869, 1870, and 1871. Illness prevented him from delivering Cyclus III. Küster helped to found the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein (Berlin Association of Composers) of which Professor and Dr. Alsleben is now President. We sincerely regret Küster's death; he leaves behind him the reputation of a composer of great knowledge and of a clever writer.

TH. R.

—*Berlin, the 20th March*, 1878.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Music in Leipzig.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

LEIPZIG, April 1st, 1878.—The programme of the twenty-first and last Gewandhaus concert was the following:—

Ph. Em. Bach	Symphony in D major
G. F. Händel	Aria from Cæcilian Ode
Joseph Haydn	Symphony in D major
W. A. Mozart	Aria from Idomeneo
L. v. Beethoven	Symphony in C minor

The concert might aptly have been termed an historical one, showing the development of the symphony from Bach to Beethoven; it was also a condensed history of music in general, covering a period of nearly two centuries.

The orchestra, under the inspired leadership of Carl Reinecke, aided by his able Concertmeister Röntgen and Schradieck, completely met and fulfilled the most exacting expectations in the performance of the parts allotted to it, and was worthy, if ever an orchestra was, of its noble task. The arias were sung by Fräulein Weckerlin, from Munich. The culminating point of the concert was, of course, the C-minor symphony; it never before seemed to sound so grandly, and it fittingly terminated the long series of these famous concerts.

The following will convey an idea of the enormous activity of the Gewandhaus for the season just closed: Twenty symphonies, of which number five were of Beet-

hoven (Nos. 3, 5, 7, 8 and 9); three of Schumann (Nos. 1, 2 and 3); two of Haydn, and one each of Ph. E. Bach, Brahms, Gade, Hiller, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rietz and Svendsen; five orchestral compositions consisting of more than one movement (suites, variations, etc.); twelve choral compositions, among these Haydn's "Seasons;" twenty overtures, sixteen concertos for various instruments, eighteen instrumental solos, twelve arias, and thirty-six songs, in all one hundred and thirty-nine numbers.

The names of the composers in alphabetical order were: J. S Bach, J. Ch. Bach, Ph. E. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Bruch, Cherubini, Chopin, Dietrich, Ernst, Faccio, Franz, Field, Gade, Gluck, Götz, Graziani, Hiller, Haydn, Haendel, Jadassohn, Jensen, Joachim, Lachner, Liszt, Lotti, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rameau, Radecke, Reinecke, Rietz, Rossini, Rudorff, Rubinstein, Sucher, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, Sarasate, Schulz-Schwerin, Scharwenka, Schradieck, Svendsen, Taubert, Viotti, Vieuxtemps, Volkmann, Weber, Wagner, Winter, Witte and Wieniawski.

The soloists were Fräulein Olden and Weckerlin, the Frauen Koch-Bossenberger, V. Edelsberg, Joachim, Schimon-Regan, Schuch-Proska, Kölle-Murjahn and Sucher, Gura and Vogl as vocalists; Reinecke, Saint-Saëns, Brahms, Scharwenka, Ordenstein, Fräulein Hippius and Jacobsohn, as pianists; Sauret, Wieniawski, Joachim, Sarasate, Schradieck and Fräulein Haft, as violinists; Grützmacher and Schröder, as violoncellists.

Brahms, Hiller, Joachim, Rudorff, Saint-Saëns and Svendsen personally conducted their respective compositions.

Rienzi, Lohengrin, Der Prophet, Der Blitz (Halévy) and the *Barber of Seville* have been the operas given recently. In the first three, A. Schlott, tenor, from Hanover, sang the solos of Rienzi, Lohengrin and Leyden. He is a great artist, and by voice and as an actor, peculiarly fitted for the representation of the prominent tenor parts in Wagner's operas.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Music at Wellesley College.

The Trustees of this flourishing institution have placed music on an equal footing with the other College Courses, having established a Musical Course of five years beginning with the present Collegiate year. The very complete scheme of studies is set forth in the *Calendar for* 1877–'78 as follows:

This course is intended for those who have peculiar musical taste and talent, and wish to attain a high standard of classical culture. A full description of the courses is given, in order that candidates may understand the nature of the instruction and the thorough study that will be required if they select either of the three courses.

The branches taught will be Piano-forte, Organ Playing, and Solo Singing, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition, Theory, History, and Æsthetics of Music.

There will be three regular courses of instruction, either one of which may be selected—the Piano-forte, Organ, and Voice. Classes of two or more will be formed, if desired. All pupils in Music will study Harmony during the first and second years Counterpoint and Fugue during the third and fourth years, and Composition the fifth year. Musical Theory will be studied during the second and third years, History and Æsthetics of Music during the fourth and fifth years.

The Musical Library contains a choice collection of works for the use of the pupils. The entire Musical Course is strictly classical, and has been arranged with the object of giving a thorough knowledge of the science of Music, developing the highest degree of technical skill, and cultivating pure taste and style.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

FIRST YEAR.

Tausig's Daily Studies.

Selections from the following works:

Cramer-Etudes; Czerny-Etudes, Op. 740, 2 Books; Czerny-"Method of Legato and Staccato," Op. 335; Krause-Etudes, Op. 5; Krause-Etudes, Op. 9; Loeschorn-Etudes, Op. 67, Books I and II, Op. 136; Jensen-Etudes, Op. 32; Mayer-Etudes, Op. 205; Bach's Inventions; Select pieces to be played without notes; Solo, and Piano and Violin Sonatas of Haydn and Mozart; easier Sonatas of Beethoven; Songs without Words, Mendelssohn; Pieces for four hands; smaller works of best modern composers.

SECOND YEAR.

Tausig's Daily Studies.

Selections from the following works:

Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum" (Tausig); Eschmann-Etudes, Op. 22; Bennett-Etudes, Op. 11; Carl Mayer-Etudes, Op. 119; Moscheles-Etudes, Op. 70; Bach's six French Suites; Bach's six English Suites.

Sonatas by Beethoven and Schubert; larger pieces of Bach, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn and Schumann; Concertos by Mozart; Concerted music; selections from best modern composers.

THIRD YEAR.

Selections from the following works:

Grund's Etudes, Op. 21; Harberbier-"Etudes-Poésies;" Eschmann-Etudes, Op. 16; Chopin-Etudes, Op. 10; Henselt-Etudes, Op. 2; Henselt-Etudes, Op. 5; Kullak's Octave Studies; Moscheles-Characteristic Studies, Op. 75; Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord."

Sonatas, Concertos by Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven and Hummel; Concert Pieces by Bach, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Thalberg, Moscheles, Liszt and Rubinstein.

FOURTH YEAR.

Chopin-Etudes, Op. 25; Kullak's Octave Studies; Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord;" Sonatas; Concerted Music; Concertos by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven and Chopin; Concert Pieces by modern writers,—Liszt, Rubinstein, Tausig, Raff, Chopin, Brahms, Bennett, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Reinecke, Saint-Saëns, Rheinberger, Henselt, and Paine.

FIFTH YEAR.

Selections from the following works:

Liszt-Etudes, Rubinstein-Etudes and Preludes, Alkan-Etudes.

Sonatas, Concerted Music; Concertos by Beethoven, Chopin, Saint-Saëns and Rubinstein. Concert Pieces continued.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE ORGAN.

FIRST YEAR.

Rink Organ School, Book IV.

"The Organist," by Southard and Whiting (for Instrumentation.)

Lemmens's Organ School, Book II.

"Arrangements from the Scores of the Great Masters." W. T. Best.

Preludes, Fugues and Concert Pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn, Merkel, Guilmant, and other composers.

Introduction to extempore playing, and accompaniments for solo and chorus singing.

SECOND YEAR.

Mendelssohn's Sonatas, Op. 65.

Merkel's Sonatas.

Best's "Arrangements," continued.

Works of Bach, continued.

Extempore Playing, continued.

Accompanying solo, choir, and chorus with orchestra.

THIRD YEAR.

Bach's Preludes, Fugues, etc., Ritter's Sonatas, Handel's Concertos, Best's "Arrangements," Concert Pieces by the best German, French, and English composers. Accompanying continued.

FOURTH YEAR.

Rheinberger's Sonatas, Grand Studies, Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Fantasias, and Variations, by Bach, Handel. Mendelssohn, Hesse, Rink, Guilmant, Best, Buck, Whiting, Paine, Widor, and Saint-Saëns. Accompanying continued.

FIFTH YEAR.

Bach's Trio Sonatas, Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Fantasias, Variations, Passacaglia, etc., Thiele's Concert Pieces, Best's "Arrangements," Grand Concert Pieces by the best masters.

Lessons as to the structure of the Organ, tuning, and repairing.

COURSE OF STUDY IN SOLO SINGING.

FIRST YEAR.

Physiology of the Voice. Rules for breathing, and their practical application to the formation of simple, pure tones, of uniform force. Study of the diatonic scale in slow tempo on the vowel *a*. Practical application of the rules for breathing to the study of blending the registers of the voice. Intonation. Study of the slow trill. Study of the diatonic scale on the Italian vowels *o* and *e*. Exercises.

SECOND YEAR.

Continued study of the trill. Study of the Italian vowels *i* and *u*. Solfeggio practice, as preparatory to pronunciation. Etudes for soprano. "36 Leçons faciles et graduées pour le Chant." Luigi Bordese (easy studies of short range.) "24 Vocalises pour Mezzo-soprano ou Soprano," Marchesi. Etudes for Alto. Panofka, Op. 81. Nava's Studies for Alto, arranged by Teschner, ner, Books I and II. Nava, Op. 22, Book I. "Vocalises pour Contralti," Marchesi.

THIRD YEAR.

Study of Italian melody. The Aria. Renewed study of the practical application of the rules of breathing, in equalizing the voice and increasing its compass. Study of the trill. Etudes for mezzo-soprano and soprano, selected from Bordogni. Etudes for Alto; Nava, Op. 12, Book III. Analysis of English vowels and diphthongs. Mode of treatment in singing English text. Select Italian and English Songs. Studies in Expression and Phrasing.

FOURTH YEAR.

The Aria continued. Recitative, Dramatic Accent, advanced study of Breathing as a source of expression.

For Soprano.—Lamperti's "Studies of Bravura," Books I and II. Bordogni's advanced Etudes in Bravura.

Continued study of the trill.

Alto. Continued study of Nava, Op. 22, Book III.

Selections from Operas.

Twelve Operatic Arias for Soprano;
Twelve Operatic Arias for Alto,
arranged from Handel by Robert Franz.

Continued study of Accent and Phrasing. Select German Songs.

FIFTH YEAR.

The Aria continued.

Further study of Recitative, Dramatic Accent and Phrasing.

Continued study of Breathing as a source of expression. Oratorio. Opera. English, German, Italian and French Songs.

To this course will be added, from time to time, at the discretion of the teacher, the study of Duets, Trios and part-singing; also, recreations in the form of simple ballads and songs, selected according to the ability and progress of the pupils, so that they will not interfere with the regular and more severe prescribed study.

THEORETICAL TEXT-BOOKS USED IN THE STUDY OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION:

Richter's Harmony (translations by Parker, Taylor.)

Richter's Counterpoint (translated by Taylor.)

Haupt's Counterpoint and Fugue (translated by Eddy.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1878.

Concerts.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The sixth and last subscription concert of the second season (Tuesday evening, April 23) was fully equal to the best. The Thomas Orchestra bore the whole burden of the following excellent and solid programme:

1. Overture to Coriolanus, in C minor, Op. 62, Beethoven
2. Duo Concertante for Violin and Violoncello, with Orchestra, in A major, Op. 33.....Paine
   Allegro non troppo, Adagio molto e cantabile, Allegro non troppo.
   Messrs. Brandt and Hemmann.
3. *a.* Prelude,
   b. Choral,
   c. Organ Fugue in G minor,
   .....Bach
   Adapted for Orchestra by J. J. Abert.

1. Nocturne and Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer-night's Dream," Op. 61, Mendelssohn
2. Symphony, No. 2, in B flat, Op. 38.....Schumann

The Overture and the Symphony were given with a glorious fire, as well as with fine artistic discrimination and true force of contrast and expression. Both are works which one can never tire of hearing. The pieces from Mendelssohn's fairy music were exquisitely rendered, particularly the Scherzo.

Herr Abert's adaptations from Bach have several times been given by Mr. Thomas in the Boston Music Hall. The Choral, harmonized for brass instruments alone, is rich and noble, and in strong contrast to the gentle Prelude (No. 4, *Andante con moto*, in C sharp minor) from the "Well-tempered Clavichord." But we thought the brass too overpowering in the orchestral transcription of the great G-minor Organ Fugue. All those instruments of course are in the Organ; there they are blent in just proportions; but we do not remember to have heard that Chorale standing boldly out from the midst of the Fugue as given on the Organ. Be this as it may, the intrinsic power and wealth and growing grandeur of the composition, with all its voices so distinctly individualized by the orchestra, and worked up to an exciting climax, almost took the audience off their feet, and the call for a repetition was irresistible; old Bach won believers that time!

Professor Paine's new composition is elaborate, brilliant, richly scored, and abounding in bravura passages for the two instruments in the foreground. The combination of violin and 'cello solo against such brilliant orchestration hardly seemed a fortunate one; for, though both played very skilfully, the heavier instrument often struggled at disadvantage to keep up with all the rapid movements of its lighter and freer leader. Once, however, it had a fine chance, in the Adagio, to sing some melodious

and charming on its own account; that movement, with the beautiful transition into it from the Allegro, was particularly beautiful. The work was warmly applauded, and the whole concert gave great satisfaction.

Miss Winslow's second Pianoforte Recital, since her return from her earnest studies in Stuttgart, was given at Union Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 23. Miss Lillian Bailey sang, and the programme was of a very chaste and interesting character, as follows:—

Sonate, D Minor, Op. 31.....Beethoven
Song, "Pur diceste," .....Lotti
Prelude and Fugue, F Minor.....Bach
La Petite Valse.....Henselt
Gavotte.....Silas
Chants Polonais.....Chopin-Liszt
Romance—"Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher,".....Liszt
Etude—"Si oiseau j'étais".....Henselt
Polonaise, No. 3, Op, 26.....Chopin
Song,—"My heart's in the Highlands,".....Franz
Nocturne, No. 2, Op. 15.....Chopin
Valse Caprices.....Schubert-Liszt

The charming young pianist more than confirmed the generally good impression which she made earlier in the season. If her self-possession were equal to her musical feeling and intelligence, her practised skill and her determination and enthusiasm, expressed in every feature of her fine face, we should regard her artistic career a sure one. As it is, we cannot doubt that the nervousness, which partially balked some of her efforts, will soon wear off. To her rendering of that "Tempest" Sonata of Beethoven we listened with no small satisfaction throughout. The romantic, picturesque first movement was played with fire and fine discrimination; the broad, rich Adagio was stately and imposing; and the graceful Rondo Allegretto had the right Ariel grace and airiness. The Bach Prelude and Fugue was evenly and clearly rendered. In the little Henselt Waltz she forgot herself, or her left hand "forgot its cunning;" and the almost angry pluck with which she recovered herself and plunged into the Gavotte by Silas added much to the life and interest of that quaint number. Henselt's "If I were a bird" was exquisitely played; and there was not much wanting in the interpretation of the Chopin and Liszt pieces.

The fresh young singer was well matched with the fresh young pianist. Both the old Italian Aria and the Scotch song by Franz were charmingly sung. In the Joan of Arc Romance by Liszt—lurid and painful as the subject is—there is fine scope for intense lyric declamation and rapt religious joy and triumph over *la belle France* saved; and in this she showed a power and reach of voice, and an impassioned accent hardly anticipated in one so young. Pity only that Liszt should spoil his song by that poor, cheap cadenza just before the end!

Miss Winslow repeated the principal numbers of her programme in a recent New England Conservatory Concert.

Miss Fanny Kellogg's Concert (Union Hall, Monday evening, April 29). In spite of the blinding lightning and the pouring rain, a fine audience enjoyed one of the very best concerts of the whole winter, both as regards programme and performance. Every one of the selections was of a high, pure character, all in keeping with each other, nor did anything intrude itself, even under privilege of an encore, which was not worthy of such company. The example is rare, and merits special commendation.

Songs—*a.* "Du bist wie eine Blume," *b.* "Wanderer's Song," } ..Schumann
Dr. Bullard.
Recitative and Air from "Judas Maccabæus"—"From Mighty Kings,".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
a. Nocturne in C-minor, Op. 48, *b.* Etude in E-flat major, Op. 10, } .....Chopin
Mr. B. J. Lang.
a. Rastlose Liebe.....Franz
b. Geheimes.....Schubert
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Spring Night.....Schumann
Dr. Bullard.
Air from "Acis and Galatea," "As when the dove,".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Introduction and Allegro Scherzando from Concerto No. 2, Op. 22.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. B. J. Lang.
(Orchestral accompaniment on a second pianoforte, played by Mr. G. W. Sumner.
Recitative and Air from "Roberto il Diavolo,"—"In van' il fato,".....Meyerbeer
Miss Fanny Kellogg.

Mr. M. W. Whitney and Mr. J. F. Winch had been announced to sing; but, owing to the illness of the former, Dr. Bullard furnished a most acceptable substitute in the three beautiful songs by Schumann, and he never sang better. Miss Kellogg has developed wonderfully as an artistic singer during the past year. Her voice has gained in volume, in evenness, in sweetness and in *sostenuto*. She seems to be wholly drawn in the direction of sound and noble music, and bids fair to become, indeed she is already, one of its best interpreters among us. Such tasks as those two Handel Arias seldom find a singer better prepared to cope with them. The recitative from *Judas* was declaimed in a large and noble style, and the air "From mighty Kings" was brilliantly delivered. We have before spoken of her artistic and expressive singing of "As when the Dove." It was equally fine this time, sung, not as before with orchestra, but with the truly Handelian pianoforte accompaniment which Mr. Dresel had developed from the score. All the accompaniments were played by him in his inimitable way, so true to the composer and so helpful and uplifting to the singer. The two strongly contrasted songs by Franz and Schubert: Goethe's "Rastlose Liebe," and the exquisite "Geheimes," told for their full worth and beauty. The Meyerbeer music—Isabella's fascinating melody in the beginning of the second act of *Robert*, with all its difficult and brilliant florid passages, was very effectively sung and perfectly accompanied so far as a pianoforte could do it. For an encore Miss Kellogg sang one of Taubert's charming Songs of Childhood: "The Farmer and the Pigeons," to the delight of the audience. Mr. Lang played the C-minor Nocturne by Chopin with his usual certainty and finish; the difficult Arpeggio Etude, in E flat, had hardly the airy grace and lightness which characterize the piece; but he had his revenge with interest in the brilliant *Scherzando* by Saint-Saëns, which we can scarce imagine anybody playing better.

Miss Emma C. Thursby. A complimentary concert was given by this charming singer in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, April 30, in compliance with an invitation from the Governor and other prominent Boston gentlemen, with this programme:

1. Overture to Rosamunde.....Schubert
2. Aria.....Gounod
Mr. Fessenden.
3. In Questa Tomba.....Beethoven
Miss Anna Drasdil.
4. Larghetto and Allegro Vivace from F-minor Concerto, Op. 21.....Chopin
Madame Madeline Schiller.
5. Aria—"Queen of the Night,"—Magic Flute, Mozart
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
6. Andante, from the "Italian Symphony," Mendelssohn
7. Overture—"The Return from Abroad," Mendelssohn
8. "Oh! Mio Fernando,".....Donizetti
Miss Anna Drasdil.
9. Song—"Over the far blue hills, Marie,"
Mr. Fessenden.
10. Aria—"Pré aux Cleres,".....Hérold
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
11. March, Suite Op. 91.....Raff
Madame Madeline Schiller.
12. Duet—"Giorno d'Orrore"—Semiramide, Rossini
Miss Thursby and Miss Drasdil.
13. March.....Orchestra.

Mr. Fessenden appeared in the place of Mr. Whitney, who was still confined by illness; and the sweet-voiced, delicate and even Tenor's singing had its usual charm. Miss Drasdil exhibited her worst faults of style, and her harshest inequalities of voice in Beethoven's "In questa tomba;" but appeared to much better advantage in the hackneied "O mio Fernando" and in the duet from *Semiramide*. She also sang an English ballad for an encore with a great deal of expression.

Miss Thursby was hardly in her best voice, showing signs of fatigue; but her rendering of the Aria from the *Magic Flute*, both the the tender opening: "Infelice," etc., and the high soaring Allegro bravura, was eminently finished, pure and satisfactory. And the Air from *Le Pré aux Clercs* was a most brilliant and refined piece of execution. Of course she was called upon for several encore pieces, and received throughout with very cordial enthusiasm.

Mme. Schiller looked ill, but showed herself the artist that she always is. The orchestra was very small, yet the *Rosamunde* Overture and the two Mendelssohn selections had fair treatment at its hands, under the conductorship of Mr. Zerrahn. The piano accompaniments were well played by Mr. S. L. Studley.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, who has now completed his last series of three concerts at Union Hall, continues to confirm and deepen the impression among musical people of his rare talent, his all-sufficient technique, his thoughtful and intelligent reading of all the important piano composers, old and new, and of a certain electric fire which he throws into each interpretation. In the third concert, his accomplished wife bore her share of the labors and the honors. Here are the two programmes:

Wednesday, 3 P.M., April 24.

XII Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, Robert Schumann
Theme, Variations and Grand Finale.
Mr. Sherwood.
Tarantella—"Già la luna,".....Rossini
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
"Cujus Animam," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater,".....Liszt
Miss Sadie R. Symonds.
a. Fantasie, C minor.....Bach
b. Etude, Op. 10, No. 11, E flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Arthur B. Whiting.
Scena and Prayer from "Der Freyschütz," Von Weber
Miss Lillian Bailey.
a. Songs without Words, No. 23, A minor, No. 1, E major.....Mendelssohn
b. Scherzo in B minor, Op. 24 (New)...Philip Rüfer
Song—"Auf dein Wohl trink' ich Marie," Rubinstein
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
a. "Auf den Bergen," Op. 19, No. 1.....Edv. Grieg
b. Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, (on the black keys,) Chopin
Miss Mary A. Todd.
Polonaise in E major.....Liszt
Songs—*a.* "Stimme der Liebe,".....Schubert *b.* "Frühlings Ankunft,".....Franz
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Barcarolle, G minor, Op. 128, (New), Theodor Kullak.

Thursday Evening, May 2.

Theme and Variations, Op. 15, for two pianos, Alexis Holländer
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
a. Venetianisches Gondellied.....Mendelssohn
b. Rheinisches Volkslied.....Mendelssohn
Mr. C. R. Adams.
Kamennoi Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22.....Rubinstein
Miss Grace D. Sherwood.
a. Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2.....Chopin
b. Romanzen, Op. 28, No. 2, and No. 1....Schumann
Mr. Sherwood.
"Nobil Signer," from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
a. Impromptu, Op. 36.....Chopin
b. Au bord d'une source.....Liszt
Mrs. Sherwood.
a. Valse Noble, No. 3.....C. F. Weitzmann
b. Rondo, from Sonate, Op. 24.....Weber
Mr. Sherwood.
"Das Herz am Rhein,".....Hoelzel
Mr. C. R. Adams.
a. Waltz, Op. 63, Cah. 9.....Rubinstein
b. Maehrchen, Op. 163, No. 4.....Raff
Mrs. Sherwood.
"O del mio dolce ardor,".....Stradella
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Les Préludes—Symphonic poem.....Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

A succession of accidents prevented our hearing but a portion of either of these concerts. But we managed to make sure of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, and can speak in almost unqualified praise of Mr. Sherwood's rendering of that extremely difficult work, so full of meaning, power and beauty; the Variations were each and all set in their true light and characteristically expressed. Numbers 3, 4 and 8, were performed by pupils of Mr. Sherwood.

In the last concert we entered late,—just in time to hear Miss PHILLIPPS sing the Page's Song: "Nobil Signor," which was a treat, so rich and true was her voice, and with such finished style and courtly ease of manner did she give it. The fine old serious Aria by Stradella, too, was sung with large and true expression. And while we speak of singing, we must not forget the manly, ringing quality of voice with which Mr. ADAMS threw his whole power into that patriotic German song, nor his perfect phrasing and enunciation. Mrs. SHERWOOD showed that she had lost nothing of the ease and grace of style that have always charmed in her piano-playing. Mr. Sherwood's performance of Weber's *Moto Perpetuo* Rondo was something marvellous for the fluency and even perfection of its movement. The four-hand arrangement of Liszt's "Les Preludes," finely executed as it was, gave a more adequate idea than we had expected of a work whose charm lies so much in the instrumentation.

MISS LILLIAN BAILEY. The testimonial concert tendered to the favorite young Soprano by the Second Church Young People's Fraternity (Saturday evening, May 4), was altogether a success. Union Hall was crowded; Miss Bailey sang her best; "The Lord is a man of war" went grandly; Mr. HAYDEN contributed much to the evening's pleasure; and so did Mr. LANG, who repeated his welcome contributions to a concert above noticed. The programme was:

1. Jewel Song from "Faust,".....Gounod
   Miss Bailey.
2. *a.* Nocturne in C minor, } .....Chopin
   b. Etude in E-flat major, }
   Mr. B. J. Lang.
3. Aria from "Don Giovanni,"—"Dalla sua pace,".....Mozart
   Mr. C. R. Hayden.
4. Songs—{*a.* For Somebody, } .Franz
   {*b.* Ah, were I but a Little Bee }
   Miss Bailey.
5. Duet from "Israel in Egypt,"—"The Lord is a Man of War,".....Handel
   Mr. J. F. Winch and Mr. M. W. Whitney.
6. Romance—"Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher,"....Lisst
   Miss Bailey.
7. Romanza—"Dormi pure,".....Sonderi
   Mr. C. R. Hayden.
8. Introduction and Scherzo from G-minor concerto.....Saint-Saëns
   Mr. B. J. Lang.
9. Duet—"Una Notte in Venezia,".....Arditi
   Miss Bailey and Mr. Hayden.

Verdi's Requiem.

The Handel and Haydn Society are to be thanked and praised for giving us so fine an opportunity of hearing Sig. Verdi's most important work, the Requiem Mass which he composed for the anniversary of the death of his friend, the novelist and poet, Alessandro Manzoni;—a work which has filled all Italy with enthusiasm and has found many admirers in France, Germany and England. We have copied on another page a glowing Italian article written about it immediately after the first performance, at Milan, May 22, 1874; also from the *Advertiser* of a few days since a careful invoice of the contents of the work from the pen of an admirer, putting a pretty generous valuation upon each item of the list. This will save us many words. That the performance was of remarkable excellence; that the four solo singers were all equal to their trying task; that the great chorus had been thoroughly drilled and were efficiently led by the energetic conductor, CARL ZERRAHN; that the great Organ contributed of its might sufficiently and discreetly under the hands of Mr. LANG; and that the work really inspired both the singers and the larger portion of the audience with enthusiasm, there is no denying. Some even testify to listening all through with profound emotion. With some no doubt it was genuine; but there are many who confound mere wonder and surprise with deep emotion, who fancy their hearts stirred when they are only startled by some outward and sensational *effect;* and what so apt for this as a grand conjuring up of sounds and images of wrath and terror through all the modern means of instruments and voices? When the evidence is all in, at all events when the work shall have become in some degree familiar, the dissenting voices to this profound impression will be found to be not few.

For our part we listened with great interest. We found in this music much that was delicate and beautiful; much that was touching; passages here and there that breathed rest and peace, the proper sense of *Requiem*. But all these traits seemed fragmentary; they were too soon lost in things startling and noisy, with the constant aim to frighten the imagination. We found cheap and coarse effects in plenty; and these reproduced again and again until the effect grew feeble. We traced also those results of a profounder musical study, those careful marks of contrapuntal, fugal, polyphonic lore, of which Verdi is said to have availed himself of late (beginning with his Egyptian Opera *Aida*), and by the putting on of such armor his great native genius is supposed to have rendered itself all-powerful for all great work. We could perceive, too, where he had not disdained to borrow hints of effect from Meyerbeer and Wagner; so that, uniting in himself at last both German and Italian, he must needs be henceforth (in the eyes of his admirers) doubly powerful. But to our mind Verdi is Verdi still, and nobody else. His individuality, his genius, such as it was and is, remains. From *Aida* and from *Il Trovatore*, and even from this *Requiem* he looks out on us with the same eyes and habitual expression. He may have begun to score more carefully; he may make more use of fugue and counterpoint; he may have studied Berlioz on modern instrumentation; till he can produce a work more complex and less superficial in its structure technically; but the spirit is not changed; the genius is no more, no less; the inspiration comes from the same source, tends to the same ends, namely, overstrained intensity of passion, often carried to a frantic pitch, and physical, sensational surprises.

We cannot speak for Catholics, or for Italians, who are nominally at least all Catholics. We take it for granted, Verdi is a Catholic, as was his friend Manzoni; that the Requiem was composed for Italians and for Catholics, after the traditional text of the Church, and that the composer's effort was as far as possible to realize in music the mediæval literal belief in all the terrors of the judgment day as set forth in that powerful old Latin Hymn, the *Dies iræ*. Yet we must confess that to us here, in the light of the Nineteenth Century ideas, it does seem a strange way for an intellectual musician, a patriot of the young, free Italy, to pay honor to the memory of a gentle poet friend, by conjuring up over his grave all the terrors of the last trump and everlasting fires, with the frantic screams and prayers of frightened sinners. Is this the way to sing a loved soul to rest? Is this a *requiem* in any *but* a traditional, conventional, ecclesiastical sense? For peace and gentle prayer and benediction occupy the smallest space amid the terrors of this vast appalling panorama; the *Dies iræ* claims almost the whole of it. But Verdi, as we said before, is Verdi; and it was hardly to be expected that the composer of the *Trovatore*, the pervading musical idea of which is whirling flame and burning at the stake, —"*il rogo*" being the image burnt upon the brain of his poor crazy gypsy mother and her minstrel son—could resist the temptation, armed now with such new means, to try his hand upon a vastly wider canvas in Miltonic flaming scenery a thousand times more lurid and appalling. Might not a truer and a sweeter service for the dead suggest itself in Goethe's Requiem for Mignon, in which Schumann's heart found a lovely subject for his lyre?

But taking the Manzoni Requiem as it is, framed upon the old Latin text, as sanctioned by the Church, and for which Jomelli, Mozart, Cherubini and other masters have furnished classical models, let us try to gather up a few scraps of the impressions made upon us as the seven numbers of the work unfolded.

1. We must acknowledge tenderness and beauty in the opening *Requiem*, which is like a murmured prayer for peace; and sweetly does it glide into the major at the words: *Et lux perpetua*, and return after *Te decet hymnus*. This is all very simple, and modestly expressed. The *Kyrie*, which follows, is not in the elaborate form of a set fugue (with double subject) like Mozart's, nor has it the beauty of that; yet with its imitations in the four solo voices, and four chorus parts, it is elaborate enough, and not without beauty, and a promise of still nobler things to come; only we cannot feel beauty or meaning in that dull, groping accompaniment with which it begins and which savors too much of his earlier operas. The first number, however, is one of the best parts of the work.

2. *Dies iræ!* Here everyone was startled by what, the more we think of it, appears to us a cheap and coarse effect. It is an attempt at quite too literal, realistic, palpable a picture of the "crack of doom." The world is on fire, the dead rising from their graves, the universal air filled with frantic shrieks and cries for mercy. With all his brass, his fierce chromatic scales, his scouring blasts of sound, half the voices descending in chromatics, while the sopranos and tenors hold out one high note, making altogether the extreme of discord, he does his best indeed to realize the supposed occasion; weak nerves may be frightened; all may be startled out of their dull complacency for a moment; they may call it grand and awful; but is it really sublime? Is its appeal to the spirit, or only to the senses? And when this pandemonium breaks loose again in the middle, and still again near the conclusion of the work, does it not seem more and more a false alarm? What sort of a "profound emotion" is this which can respond at all to such a boisterous appeal? Mozart and Cherubini with much more quiet means, and without o'erstepping the modesty of Art, still making *music*, which in its nature is and must be beautiful, touch the inward spiritual springs of awe and guilty fear with a much surer hand. Not to speak of Mozart's great Requiem, in his *Don Giovanni*, where the statue enters in the last scene, there is music which seems to shake the foundations of the earth and of one's very soul, and yet it is all beautiful, pure music; that speaks to the soul, this to the senses and the nerves.

To usher in the *Tuba mirum* Verdi has indeed contrived a great effect; his four pairs of trumpets, some near, some at a distance, as if ringing from the four quarters of the world, are managed with much skill and are most exciting. It is not a new device however; you have heard it in *Lohengrin*, where the clans are mustered, only with a livelier strain; and Berlioz in this same part of his Requiem had employed not pairs of trumpets only, but cornets, trumpets, trombones, ophicleids, etc., in *four separate orchestras of brass*, each numbering ten or more, and placed at the four corners of the choral mass, besides eight fagotti and thrice four horns stationed in the middle. The *Tuba mirum* here, however, is decidedly impressive; we hardly know whether to say as much of *Mors stupebit;* it is certainly bizarre; but it introduced to us a noble voice in Herr BLUM, who knows how to use it. *Liber scriptus* is made a mezzo soprano solo of earnest character, intense dramatic accent, full of a warning and sincere expression, and well suited to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who sang it nobly and with feeling. This and other solos in this middle portion contain real beauty and originality, and it is only natural that much of the best music should lie so near the heart of the work. During the solo are heard faint whispers of the words *Dies ira*, which lead into a strong pathetic chorus on the second subject of No. 1, which is more like human music than the lurid and sulphureous introduction.

—But here, right in the heart and best part of the matter we must pause, for there is no room left, and there is much left to say; there is nothing for it but to add reluctantly: *Schluss folgt.*

CHICAGO, APRIL 18. Here is the conclusion of our Correspondent's letter, for which we had no room in our last number. It is but one of many honest protests which have reached us against that silly and malicious paragraph of the pretended "interviewer" of Mme. Rivé-King.

Having long been more or less acquainted with Julia Rivé-(King) I have found her one of the least disposed to speak of herself or her own playing at all. I have never heard her compare her own playing with that of another in any way. As for that nonsense about the touch, it is too absurd. Then too so far from not studying by note, she *never* plays a piece in a recital (or more commonly a series of recitals) without taking it up and studying it all over as carefully as if it were entirely new to her, looking carefully after every mark and accent. And as for her preferences I have over and over again heard her declare that nothing would suit her better than to play Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann, to the complete exclusion of the entire school of sensational music, in spite of the immense success she always makes with that kind. Such a paragraph is grossly unjust, especially when you consider that all over the West, in small places where no other piano recitals have ever been given, she has played such programmes as this, for instance, which was sent me from Winona, Minn., by my excellent friend Prof. Merriam, the leading piano teacher in that region. (Miss Whinnery did the vocal parts.)

1. Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven (The whole of it.)
2. "O had I Jubal's Lyre,".....Handel
3. *a.* Romance in F sharp, *b.* Allegro from Op. 26, *c.* Spring Flowers, ...Schumann
4. "Swiss Song,".....Eckert
5. *a.* Impromptu C sharp minor, *b.* Berceuse, Op. 57, *c.* Rondeau in E flat, ...Chopin
6. Valse Allemagne.....Rubinstein
7. "I must sing,".....Taubert
8. "Morning Journals,".....Strauss-Tausig
9. "She Wandered down the Mountain Side," Clay
10. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
    Secret Love.....Jensen
    Rhapsody Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt

Now if any artist has played a sounder programme than that this winter I have not seen it noticed in the musical papers; and whether played for better or worse, it was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience in a little town in Minnesota, some four or five hundred miles north-west of this. I think therefore it is due to the encouragement of art that a pianist, who can and does do continually this kind of work, should not be made ridiculous by such evidently malicious misrepresentations as those of the anonymous writer of that paragraph.

Per contra, Mme. King has been solicited by a number of advanced players, to receive pupils this summer. And she has decided to do so to a limited extent, directing her efforts to communicating correct readings of important works, and to the traditions of effective concert-playing, in which, of course, she is a very high authority. I understand that it is her intention to classify the pupils into classes of six or eight, and give lessons of perhaps two hours to the whole class, all of whom should be able to play the work discussed. Each one plays when called on, and the entire reading of the work is thoroughly considered. In such a way I think a student might obtain a more mature and rounded conception of a piece than in private lessons. Less extremely advanced pupils will be taken on pieces within their grasp, while their technical deficiencies will be attended to by other teachers who will be associated with Mme. King. I think there is really a need for this kind of instruction. I have, for instance, in my own class pupils able to manage technically, (and with an artistic conception more than creditable) such pieces as the *Sonata Appassionata*, and in fact pretty much the whole range of standard concert pieces. Such pupils need to hear artists play. This they cannot do even in large cities except at rare intervals. If it be asked: Why give them so important tasks? I reply: they come to school already somewhat advanced. Frequently with a very good foundation. They stay there three, four, and even five years, and *work hard*. Why shouldn't they play well? And how can they learn *music* except by studying pieces that *are* music? This conundrum is hereby given up by

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

"WEAK MIDDLE TONES" AGAIN. We have received the following from Mme. Brinkerhoff, the distinguished Oratorio and Concert singer, and vocal teacher in New York, in answer to the article by a Chicago teacher, which we copied in our last from the *Tribune* of that city:—

MR. EDITOR:—Reading an article in your Journal on "Weak Middle Tones" has made me feel it almost a duty to contradict such fallacy. I have taught singing for over twenty years; my pupils are scattered all over the United States; indeed, Russia, England, France, Germany, and Italy, have some pupils of mine. I defy any one to name a pupil who has weak middle tones in soprano voices—or the 4th space, E register, in contralto voices—unless where loss of method, produced by forgetfulness after long illness, has brought it about.

The equality of the voice is simply consequent upon *right production of, right direction of, and right quantity of breath in delivery*; and this can be understood in one lesson, as well as sixty. The time required beyond that is only for breaking up bad habits of imperfect enunciation and defective breathing.

CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF.

—303 *East 19th Street, N. Y.*

So far as we can see, the difference simply amounts to this: the Chicago teacher finds weak middle tones a common weakness in Soprano voices; the New York teacher declares that said weakness cannot be charged upon the singers *she* has taught. We print both statements, letting each pass for what it is worth. It is not for us to judge or mediate between the rival methods of leading singing teachers, no two of whom have we ever found to agree about this great mystery of "method." To us the main thing seems to be good singing.

ORGAN MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA. Mr. S. T. Strang, one of the most promising young organists of the "Quaker City," has given during the past six months, six Organ Recitals at Grace (P. E.) Church, with the following programmes:—

I. October 20, 1877.

Morceau De Concert.....Guilmant
Canon, F sharp, Op. 39.....Merkel
Fugue E flat, (St. Ann's).....Bach
Festal March.....Calkin
Andante Sostenuto.....Batiste
Fantasie Et Fuga, A minor.....Merkel

II. November 24, 1877.

Grand Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.....Bach
Offertoire, Op. 23.....Batiste
Hymn (from 57th Psalm).....Merkel
Miss K. Chandler.
Sonata, E minor.....Ritter
Allegro risoluto—Andante—Allegro con fuoco.
Evening Song.....Rubinstein
Miss K. Chandler.
Pilgrim's Chorus. (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Arranged by Liszt.
Home, Sweet Home.....Buck
Grand Solemn March.....Smart

III. December 22, 1877.

Toccata, in F.....Bach
Weihnachtspastorale.....Merkel
(Christmas Pastorale.)
Aufenthalt.....Schubert
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Wedding March.....Buck
Offertoire, F minor.....Batiste
Why?.....Cowen
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Andante.....S. S. Wesley
Finale.....Lemmens

IV. January 26, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, G minor.....Bach
Andante, Op. 100, No. 2.....Merkel
Master Wm. C. Young.
(Pupil of Mr. Strang.)
Rendi L'Sereno al ciglio.....Handel
Miss M. Sattes.
Sonata, G minor.....Merkel
Maestoso—Adagio—Allegro Assai—Fuga.
Adagio, Op. 256, No. 1.....Volckmar
My heart ever faithful.....Bach
Miss M. Sattes.
Marche Celebre.....Lachner
Arranged by Lux.
Theme and Variations, in A-flat.....Thiele
Mr. S. T. Strang.

V. February 23, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, B minor.....Bach
Rhapsodie, D major, No. 2.....Camille Saint-Saëns
(On Breton Melodies.)
Prayer. (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Miss M. Sattes.
Sonata in A major, No. 3.....Mendelssohn
Con moto Maestoso,—Andante Tranquillo.
Communion, E minor.....Batiste
O Sanctissima.....Lux
Recitative and Aria. (Rinaldo).....Handel
Miss Sattes.
Grand Chorus, Op. 18.....Guilmant

VI. March 30, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, A minor.....J. S. Bach
Ave Maria. (Transcribed by Liszt).....Arcadelt
[Sixteenth Century.]
a. "Although my eyes in tears." (St. Matthew Passion Music.).....Bach
b. "Never will my heart forsake thee,".....Bach
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Sonata in D minor, No. 1.....Guilmant
Introduction, Allegro—Pastorale—Finale.
Lullaby.....Alexander
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Wedding March.....Buck
Siciliano.....Hopkins
Finale, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," Op. 100, No. 4.....Merkel

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. by *S. N. Penfield.*
Eleven pieces compose the set, of which we now notice:—
Venite. (Chant form). *Ab.* 8. E to E. 25
Gloria Patri. (Easy Anthem). *Ab.* 2. E to F. 25
Venite. (Anthem Form). *Eb.* 4. d to g. 50
Te Deum Laudamus. *Eb.* 4. E to a. 1.00
Jubilate Deo. *Ab.* 4. c to a. 60
Cantate Domino. *Ab.* 4. E to a. 1.00
Conductors of Episcopal and other choirs will do well to examine.

Davy Jones. E minor. b to E. *Molloy.* 30
"There lives an old man at the bottom of the sea,
So I've heard tell:—
And Davy Jones is the name of he."
Capital sea song.

The Herring and the Oyster. (Verliebte Häring.) *Bb.* 3. d to F. *Schäffer.* 35
Sad fate of an 'erring fish.

Three good Ships came sailing in. G. 4. b to E. *Giles.* 40
"And all the winds to the shore did blow,
And all the sails were as white as snow."
Beautiful words by Alice Cary, to well elaborated music.

The Hidalgo. (Der Hidalgo.) D. 4. d to a. *Schumann.* 40
"With songs and hearts I'm playing,
Tho' ready for the fight."
A truly "wayward" song, with surprises and startling effects.

Spanish Evening Hymn. Duet. *Ab.* 4. E to g. *Wright.* 30
"Ave Maria,
Now let prayer and music."
The "Ave Maria" words are by Mrs. Hemans, and the music fits well to the sentiment.

Instrumental.

Three Morceaux de Salon. By *L. Streabbog.* each 30
No. 1. Priere du Matin. Melodie. F. 2.
" 2. Echoes des Montagnes. Tyrolienne. F. 2.
" 3. Souvenirs du Bal. Valse. C. 2.
Three pretty pieces, by one who has the rare talent of making easy, and yet good music.

Babes in the Wood Waltzes. 3. *Fernald.* 50
These babes are named "Gainsboro' Hat," "Grease with Cash," "Happy little Kids," "Two bad Men," "Man in the Moon," "Johnny Morgan," and "You get more like your Dad." A very Musical family!

Babillarde. Caprice. C. 3. *Raff.* 40
A capital "study" as well as pretty piece. Belongs to the set called "Les Harmoneuses."

Aria from Orchestral Suite in D. *Bach.* D. 6. *Whitney.* 40
The difficulty lies in the Pedal part. Otherwise, it is not especially hard to play.

Dance of the Bayaderes. (Bajaderentanz 1.)
Bb. 4. Two Hands. *Rubenstein.* 50
Four Hands. " 60
Arranged with Rubenstein's exquisite tact, so that in its light flowing melody, one can almost see the graceful evolutions of the dancers.

Old Folks at Home. Variations. G. 3. *Warren.* 50
Easy and neat variations to a well known air.

Modjeska Waltzes. (With Portrait.) 3. *Fernald.* 50
Three good new waltzes and finale, with a characteristic portrait.

BOOKS.

JOHNSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THOROUGH BASS.

An Instruction Book in the Art of Playing Church or Glee Music, and all other kinds that are printed in Four or More Parts, on the Organ or Pianoforte. By A. N. Johnson. Price $1.25.

This is at once the most simple and most thorough instruction book extant for learning to play chords. A very large proportion of all who play four-part music on Church or Reed Organs, or on the Piano, play but two or three parts, and do not understand chords. All these will be greatly benefitted by a study of this easy and thorough New Method, which may be learned with or without a master.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

New Pieces for the Piano.

Published in the Autumn and Winter of the Years 1877-78.

Quadrilles.

Mazurka Quadrille. Violin and Piano. 3. *S. Winner.* 50
This is one of nine quadrilles, with a common title, giving quite a variety Mr. Winner understands the instruments for which he arranges, and brings in no unnecessary difficulties.

Cellier's Tower of London Quadrille. 3. *Strauss.* 40
This brilliant and graceful quadrille has 5 numbers, and 6 music pages, enough for quite a variety.

Waltzes.

"Waltz" is a technical word, being the name of nearly all the instrumental music in triple time. But very few waltzes, comparatively, are used in connection with dancing. They are made to delight the ear.

Village Belle Waltz. C. 3. By *W. F. Sudds.* 30
A bright waltz, with a most agreable sparkle to it.

Nancy Lee Waltz and Quickstep. Eb. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 40
Includes a favorite melody, finely arranged for the piano.

Dream of Pleasures Waltzes. 3. By *R. H. Clouston.* 60
Very musical waltzes, which are not divided into numbers, but have all the variety of "sets" and cover eight pages.

International Rifle Match Waltzes. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 75
Four bright waltzes, with an Introduction and a Coda. Musical riflemen will agree that Mr. Pratt has hit the mark, this time.

No. 1. Silver Cross Waltz. C. 3. *J. S. Knight.* 30
" 9. Don't forget me. Waltz. C. 3. " 30
These are two of the numbers of J. S. Knight's "Album," which has 12 pieces of dance music. Mr. K. had quite a "Strauss-like" facility in the composition of music for the dance, for which he was also a very brilliant player. The other numbers are Polkas, Schottisches, Marches and Galops.

Two Waltzes for 4 Hands. By *Carl Bohm*, each, 40
No. 1. Grace. (La Gracieuse.) D. 3.
" 2. Golden Locks. (Blonde Locken.) G. 3.
These are bright and rather easy waltzes, rendered still more bright and spirited by the 4-hand arrangement.

Telephone Waltz. F. 2. *J. W. Turner.* 30
The wonderful new invention should be often used to transmit this, its "namesake" waltz, which will not fail to please.

Valse Aérienne. Ab. 3. *Spindler.* 35
A nice kind of Etude of Expression, which, by the way, furnishes capital exercise in scales and runs.

The Man in the Moon Waltz. D. 3. *Fernald.* 30
A very pleasing melody, arranged as the air of a very pleasing waltz.

Galops, Marches, Schottisches, &c.

Wedding Tour Galop. By *Louis Wallis.* F. 3. 35
Quite pleasing enough to merit its pretty name. Contains a couple of glissades, and quantities of accents, staccato marks and marks of expression.

Spring Greeting. Galop de Bravoura. Db. 6. By *T. B. Grass.* 40
About four degrees more difficult than ordinary Galops, and constitutes a boisterous greeting to Spring, with quantities of octaves, chromatics and arpeggios,—a sort of March wind galop.

Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3. *J. S. Knight.* 30
The charming wild rose has here an elegant tribute of bright tones.

Minuet by *Boccherini.* A. 3. Arr. by *J. Löw.* 35
Quaint and pretty. Played by Thomas's Orchestra. For 4 hands, and also for 2 hands.

First Attempt Polka. Bb. 2. *Riley.* 30
Evidently not the first attempt of the composer, but is just the pretty thing that will tempt the player to practice his first polka faithfully.

Hidden Smiles. Mazurka Caprice. F. 6. By *Fred. Kenyon Jones.* 65
A piece for players of talent; with a great deal of what is light and tasteful, "hidden" in it, that will need a delicate touch and some care to find.

5th Avenue Bell Chimes March. A. 3. By *J. A. Helfrich.* 35
More properly a Quickstep, and the bell tones fit well to the rest of the cheerful music.

School Girl's March. D. 3. By *Maurizio G. Giannetti.* 30
Now this is just the thing for misses who are learning to play;—a nice march, and made expressly for them.

Telephone March. G. 3. *J. W. Turner.* 30
A fine march or quickstep, with a title for the times.

Secret Love. Gavotte. *Johann Resch.* 35
A strange name, which many do not understand; but good, bright music with a pleasing tinge of quaintness about it.

Grand Turkish March. Bb. 3. *Henry Pierre Keens.* 40
As performed by Gilmore's Band at the Summer Nights' Concerts. A very spirited March, which should make its way to popularity without the endorsement of the 'concerts," which, however, have given it a good "launch."

Four Compositions by *Francis Mueller*. Each, 30
No. 1. Farewell Schottische. F. 3.
Easy and pleasant practice, the only difficulty being to master a few short runs in octaves.

Old Nick's Galop. F. 3. *J. S. Knight.* 30
Rather a wicked name for a very innocent and pretty galop.

Instructive Pieces.

These pieces are by no means *only* for instructive purposes, as they may contain the best kind of music. But they fit into a course of study so nicely as to deserve a separate mention.

Six Easy Sonatas. By *G. Guriett.* Each, 35
An easy Sonata is a Sonatina. No. 1, which is in the key of C, may pass for a sample of the whole. Two pages of "Allegretto" are followed by a half page of "Andante" and another "Allegretto" by way of ending. Good and pleasant practice.

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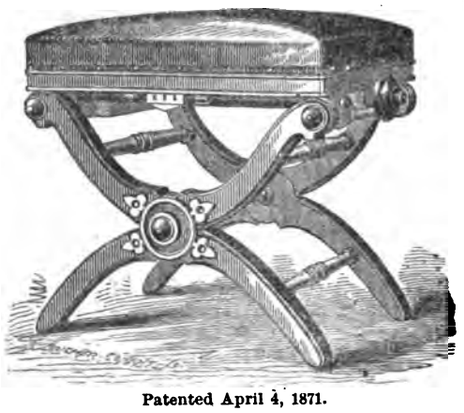

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Characteristics of Beethoven's Music.

[From the concluding portion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE's thorough and admirable article "Beethoven," in Part II. of his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1878).]

Beethoven's music has been divided by Herr von Lenz* into three styles, and the division has evidently some justice in it, or it would not have been so widely accepted as it is even by those who differ about its details. That the division is not chronological is evident from the fact that M. Lenz includes the 2nd Symphony (op. 36), written in 1802, in the first period, while he places the Sonatas op. 26 and 27, which were completed a year earlier, and the 3 Sonatas op. 31, which were written in company with the 2nd Symphony, in the second period. As far as the Sonatas are concerned he ends the first period with op. 22.

But we may go further than that. The first movement of the Solo Sonata in E flat (op. 7) and the Finale of the Quartet in F, op. 18, No. 1, contain examples of the episodes which form one of Beethoven's main characteristics, such as even the first movement of the Eroica can hardly surpass for independence and originality. The Scherzo of Symphony No. 1 and the Scherzo and Finale of Symphony No. 2 contain passages which would be found original and characteristic if met with in the compositions of many years later. Some will find it hard to place the Quartet in F minor, which Mendelssohn thought the most *Beethovenish* of all Beethoven's works, in anything but the third style; while the overture in C, op. 124, written in 1822, might be classed with the works of an earlier period. And yet on the whole the division is just, as an expression of the fact that Beethoven was always in progress; and that, to an extent greater than any other musician, his style matured and altered as he grew in life. He began, as it was natural and inevitable he should, with the best style of his day—the style of Mozart and Haydn; with melodies and passages that might be almost mistaken for theirs, with compositions apparently moulded in intention† on them. And yet even during this Mozartian epoch we meet with works or single movements which are not Mozart, which Mozart perhaps could not have written, and which very fully reveal the future Beethoven. Such are the first two movements of the Sonata in A (op. 2), the Sonatas in E flat (op. 7) and D (op. 10, No. 3) and B flat (op. 22), the Scherzos of the 1st and 2nd Symphonies already mentioned, and the Coda of the Finale to the 2nd Symphony. From this youthful period he passes by the 3 Sonatas op. 31—which we have seen him speaking of as a change in his style—by the Kreutzer Sonata (March, 1803), by the Pianoforte Concerto in C minor,‡ and by the Eroica (1804), to his mature period, a time of extraordinary greatness, full of individuality, character, and humor, but still more full of power and mastery and pregnant strong sense.

This splendid and truly astonishing period contains the opera of Leonora-Fidelio, with its 4 overtures: the Mass in C; six Symphonies, from the Eroica to the No. 8 inclusive; the overture to Coriolan; the Egmont music; the Pianoforte Concertos in G and E flat: the Violin Concerto; the Rassoumoffsky Quartets, and those in E flat and F minor: the 3 later P. F. Trios; the Liederkreis; and last not least, a dozen Sonatas for Piano solo, of which the chiefs are the D minor and the 'Appassionata,' though the others are closely akin and hardly inferior.

From this period of extraordinary force and mastery—though abounding also in beauty and sentiment—he passes by a second transition to his third and final style. This transition is perhaps more obvious than the former. The difference between the 9th Symphony and its predecessors—not only in dimensions and in the use of the chorus, but in elevation and sentiment, and in total impression produced—is unmistakable. The five Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 101 to 111, are perfectly distinct from any of the earlier ones, not only in individuality—for all Beethoven's works are distinct—but in a certain wistful yearning, a sort of sense of the invisible and vision of the infinite, mingled with their power. The last Quartets, op. 127 to op. 135, have the same characteristics as the Sonatas; but they are also longer, full of changes of time, less observant than before of the traditional forms of expression, less careful to make obvious the links of connection, and still more full of intense personality and of a wild unimprisoned spirit. All the sentiment and earnestness of Schumann, all the grace and individuality of Schubert, are there; with an intensity, breadth, and completeness, which those masters might perhaps have attained if they had bestowed the time and pains on their work which Beethoven did. In this period he passes from being the greatest musician to be a great teacher, and in a manner which no one ever did before and possibly no one will ever do again, conveys lessons which by their intense suggestiveness have almost the force of moral teaching. The cause of this is not far to seek. As we have seen in the preceding portion of this sketch the year 1814 was the culminating period of Beethoven's prosperity. He had produced his latest and then greatest works under such favorable circumstances as no musician had before enjoyed. He had been fêted and caressed by emperors and empresses, and others of the greatest of this world's great; he had for the first time in his life been able to put by money, and feel at all independent of daily labor. Immediately on this came an equally great and sudden reverse—and that not a material reverse so much as a blow to his spirit, and a series of misfortunes to mind and heart such as left all his former sufferings far behind. His brother's death; the charge of the nephew; the collision with the widow and with his other relatives and friends; the lawsuits; the attempts to form a home of his own, and the domestic worries and wretchedness consequent thereon; the last stages of his deafness; the appearance of chronic bad health; the actual want of money—all these things, which lasted for many years, formed a Valley of the Shadow of Death, such as few men have been called to traverse, and which must inevitably have exercised a great influence on a nature so sensitive and in some respects so morbid. That this fiery trial did not injure his power of production is evident from the list of the great works which form the third period—from op. 101 inclusive. That it altered the tone and color of his utterance is equally evident from the works themselves. 'He passes,' as Mr. Dannreuther has finely* said, 'beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet; where, in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers a message of religious love and resignation, identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release from the world.'

Beyond the individual and peculiar character which distinguishes his works and makes them Beethovenish, as Haydn's are Haydnish and Mozart's Mozartish, though in a greater degree because of the stronger character of the man—there are definite peculiarities in Beethoven's way of working which should be specified as far as possible. That he was no wild radical, altering for the mere pleasure of alteration, or in the mere search for originality, is evident from the length of time during which he abstained from publishing or even composing works of pretension, and from the likeness which his early works possess to those of his predecessors. He began naturally with the forms which were in use in his days, and his alteration of them grew very gradually with the necessities of his expression. The form of the sonata is 'the transparent veil through which Beethoven seems to have looked at all* music.' And the good points of that form he retained to the last—the 'triune† symmetry of exposition, illustration, and repetition,' which that admirable method allowed and enforced—but he permitted himself a much greater liberty than his predecessors had done in the relationship of the keys of the different movements and parts of movements, and in the proportion of the clauses and sections with which he built them up. In other words, he was less bound by the forms and musical rules, and more swayed by the thought which he had to express, and the directions which that thought took in his mind.

1. The range of keys within which the composers of sonatas and symphonies before Beethoven confined themselves was very narrow. Taking the first movement as an example of the practice, the first theme was of course given out in the tonic, and this, if major, was almost invariably answered in due course by a second theme in the 'dominant' or fifth above; for instance, if the sonata was in C the second subject would be in G, if in D it would be in A. If the movement were in minor, the answer was in the relative major—C minor would be answered by E flat, A minor by C natural, and so on. This is the case 19 times out of 20 in the sonatas and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. A similar restriction governed the key of the second movement. It was usually in the 'sub-dominant' or fifth below—in F if the key of the piece were C, in B flat if the key were F, and so on. If the piece were in a minor key the second movement was in the third below. A little more latitude was allowed here than in the former case; the subdominant now and then became the dominant, or, very rarely, the 'mediant' or third above; and the relative major was occasionally exchanged for the tonic major.

Beethoven, as already remarked, adopted very different relations in respect of the change of key from one movement to another. Out of 81 works in sonata form he makes the transition to the dominant only 3 times; to the subdominant 19 times; to the mediant or 3rd above 4 times; and to the submediant or 3rd below 30 times. From tonic major to tonic minor he changes 12, and from minor to major 8 times. His favorite change was evidently to the submediant or third below—that is to say, to a key less closely related to the tonic and more remote than the usual key. He makes it

* Beethoven et ses trois Styles. Petersbourg, 1852.

† Sonata, op. 10, No. 1; melody in working out of 1st movement of Septet; Adagio of op. 31, No. 1; Quintet op. 16.

‡ In the Finale of this work we almost surprise the change of style in the act of being made.

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

in his first work (Op. 1, No. 2). In his B flat trio (op. 97) he has it twice, and in his Variations on an original theme (op. 34), each of the first five variations is a third below the preceding.

In the relation of his first and second subjects he is more orthodox. Out of 26 of the Pianoforte Sonatas the usual change to the dominant occurs 18 times, to the mediant 3, and to the submediant 3.

2. Another of his innovations had respect to the connection of the different subjects or clauses. His predecessors were in the habit rather of separating their clauses than of connecting them; and this they did by conventional passages of entirely different character from the melodious themes themselves, stuffed in between the themes like so much hay or paper for mere packing. Any symphony of Mozart or Haydn will give examples of this, which Wagner* compares to the 'rattling of the dishes at a royal feast.' Mozart also has a way of drawing up and presenting arms before the appearance of the second subject, which tends to cut the movement up into very definite portions. Of these tiresome and provoking intermediate periods Beethoven got rid by the use of phrases which are either parts of the main theme or closely related to it; and he thus gives his movements a unity and consistency as if it were an organic growth, and not a piece of work cunningly put together by art or man's device. How he effects this, and the very tentative and gradual way in which he does it, may be seen in Symphonies 1 and 2 and the Eroica, in which last all trace of the old plan has almost entirely disappeared.

3. The first movement of the Eroica supplies instances of other innovations on the established forms. Not only in the 'exposition' (before the double bar) are other themes brought in besides the two main subjects, but in the 'illustration,' or, to use the more common term, the 'working out,' there is an unanticipated explosion which, to say the least, is entirely without precedent, followed by an entirely fresh episode as important as anything that has occurred before, and that again by a new feature (the staccato bass) which, while it accompanies and reinforces the main subject, adds materially to the interest of the music. Again, in the 'repetition' we have not only a great departure from regular rule in the keys which the music goes through, but we have a coda of no less than 140 bars long, proclaiming itself by its opening as an independent member of the movement, and though made almost entirely out of previous material, yet quite differently expressed from anything before, and full of fresh meaning. Now none of these alterations and additions to the usual forms were made by Beethoven for their own sake. They were made because he had something to say on his subject which the rules did not give him time and space to say, and which he could not leave unsaid. His work is a poem in which the thoughts and emotions are the first things, and the forms of expression second and subordinate. Still, even in his innovations, how careful he is to keep as near the rules as possible! His chief episodes occur in the working out, where a certain licence was always lawful; and codas were recognized, and had been, as in Mozart's 'Jupiter,' turned to noble account. The same characteristics are found in the ninth Symphony as in the third, only, the mood of mind being entirely different, the mode of expression is different too, but the principle of the perfect subordination of the expression to the thought, while adhering as closely to the 'form' as was consistent with perfect expression, is the same. One or two pieces of his second period may however be named, in which both thought and mode of expression are so entirely different from anything before them, that they stand quite by themselves. Such movements as the opening Adagio of the Sonata in C sharp minor, or the Con moto of the Pianoforte Concerto in G—in which Schumann used to see a picture of Orpheus taming brute-nature—have no prototypes; they are pure creations, founded on nothing previous, but absolutely new in style, idea, and form.

In the later quartets it must be admitted that he wandered further away from the old paths; the thought there seems everything and the form almost nothing. And this fact, as much as the obscurity and individuality of the thoughts themselves and their apparent want of connexion until they have become familiar, is perhaps the cause that these noble works are so difficult to understand. The forms, depend upon it, were founded in reason and nature. They grew through long periods to be what Haydn fixed them at; and as long as the thoughts of composers did not burst their limits they were perfect. Beethoven came, and he first enlarged and modified them, adhering however to their fundamental principle of recurrence and recapitulation, till in the end, withdrawn more and more into himself by his deafness, he wrote down what he felt, often without thinking of the exigences of those who were to hear him. This however only applies to the later Quartets. The ninth Symphony and the last Pianoforte Sonatas are as strictly in form, and as coherent and intelligible, as could be desired.

4. A striking instance of this loyalty is found in Beethoven's treatment of the 'Introduction.' This—a movement in slow time, preceding the first *Allegro*—forms part of the original design of the overture by Lully, and is found in nine out of ten of Handel's overtures. Haydn often has one in his symphonies, usually 8 to 12 bars long, occasionally as much as 20. Mozart has prefixed similar prefaces to some of his works, such as the Symphony in E flat, the Quintet for Piano and Wind instruments, and the famous Quartet in C, dedicated to Haydn. Beethoven, besides placing one before his Quintet for Piano and Wind (op. 16), which, as already remarked, is like a challenge to Mozart, has one to the Sonata Pathetique and to the first Symphony. In the last of these cases it is 12 bars long. In the 2nd Symphony it expands to 33 bars long, and increases largely in development. But even this is a mere preface when compared with the noble and impressive movements which usher in the *Allegros* of the 4th and 7th Symphonies —long and independent movements, the latter no less than 80 bars in length, full of important and independent ideas, and of the grandest effect.

In all the instances mentioned—the Succession of Keys, the Episodes, the Coda, the Introduction—Beethoven's modifications seem to have sprung from the fact of his regarding his music less as a piece of technical performance than his predecessors had perhaps done, and more as the expression of the ideas with which his mind was charged. The ideas were too wide and too various to be contained in the usual limits, and therefore the limits had to be enlarged. He regards first what he has to say —his thought—and how he shall convey and enforce and reiterate that thought, so as to express it to his hearer exactly as he thinks it, without being careful to find an old formula in which to couch it. Even consecutive fifths were no hindrance to him—they gave the exact sound in which he wished to convey his idea of the moment; and therefore he used them as naturally, as a speaker might employ at a particular juncture, with the best effect, an expression usually quite inadmissible. No doubt other musicians had used similar liberties; but not to the same extent, because no one before had been gifted with so independent and original a nature. But in Beethoven the fact was connected with the peculiar position he had taken in society, and with the new ideas which the general movement of freedom at the end of the eighteenth century, and the French Revolution in particular, had forced even into such strongholds as the Austrian courts. People who were the servants of archbishops and princes, and moved about with the rest of the establishment in the train of their master, who wore powder and pigtail and red-heeled shoes, and were forced to wait in ante rooms, and regulate their conduct strictly by etiquette, and habitually keep down their passions under decorous rules and forms, could not give their thoughts and emotions the free and natural vent which they would have had without the perpetual curb of such restraints and the habits they must have engendered. But Beethoven, like Mirabeau, had 'swallowed the formulas' of the day; he had thrown over etiquette, and, *roturier* as he was, lived on absolute equality with the best aristocracy of Vienna. What he felt he said, both in society and in his music, and the result is before us. The great difference is, as we have already remarked, that whereas in his ordinary intercourse he was extremely abrupt and careless of effect, in his music he was exactly the reverse; painstaking, laborious, and never satisfied till he had conveyed his ideas in unmistakeable language.

[To be Continued.]

* *Music of the Future*, translated by Dannreuther, 1873; p. 44.

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The Growth of Musical Ideas.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is generally supposed that the ideas contained in a musical composition present themselves suddenly, and combine to form a complete whole in the brain of the composer, and that this inspiration, as it is called, occupies but a very brief period of time for its formation. In fact, some persons go so far as to affirm that the musical composition suddenly presents itself in a complete form to the brain of the composer, and that almost as suddenly the composer dashes on to paper the photograph of the music with which he has so hastily become inspired. The truth is, that the composition in a complete form may be quick to impress the composer by its presence, and its ideas may want to crowd on to paper quicker than his hand can write them down, but, imperceptibly, the various ideas of the composition have existed in his brain for a very long time.

The incomplete, abstract ideas have taken a long time to merge themselves into a complete, concrete form. The scientific law of continuity must have been observed. The incubation of the composition was unknown, because unfelt, by the composer; nor, until a short time previous to its birth, was he aware of its existence in an abstract form, in his brain. As with the bee, the sweets which he had drawn from many flowers had imperceptibly formed themselves into a luscious honey. Without perceiving it, a measure from this composer and another from that composer had impressed itself upon his mind and hinted, very slightly, of greater beauties yet to have birth in his own brain. He dipped into the subtile harmonies of grand and sublime compositions, and anon he tastes of the pleasing sweetness of delicate and beautiful music. His æsthetic sense was pleased and invigorated, and his solider intellectual organization was gratified by comparing these compositions to his own standard of perfection.

Originality, being interpreted, means, not newness of ideas, but originality in the combination of ideas. A well-developed sense of the general fitness of beautiful things, or, in other words, the possession of the æsthetic instinct, would seem to be the first requisite of the composer of music, or of the creator of works in any branch of art. How far above the mere mechanical knowledge of the execution of a composer's work, reigns his native taste! Indeed, originality is embodied in pure taste, because, like the latter attribute, it consists of the new and fit selection of ideas. Then, it is in the mind's

garden that ideas grow, from seed which has been desultorily planted and forgotten, until it springs up through the soil, and at length blossoms into complete and luxurious flowers.

Culture disciplines the mind and thereby strengthens our faculties, but it does not give us new ideas, it simply cultivates the soil in which our new ideas are to grow. Culture comes from without; but our ideas, or faculty of combining ideas, being inherent in us and developed by cultivation, must come from within ourselves. The success of the culture, then, depends very much upon the native fertility of the soil. Then, too, minds vary in their receptivity of culture. Six months study will improve some musicians as much as two years will others. Here we see that the man who gets so much good out of six months study must have a very fertile brain, because, to again use the land metaphor, it takes a proportionately small amount of cultivation to make his soil bear fruit.

Although every composer of acknowledged merit has strong individuality, yet much of it must have been inspired by the study of the compositions of other composers; indeed, the hearing of great compositions has awakened the latent ideas in many a young composer's mind. The sublimity of Beethoven's works fanned into a blaze the spark of genius which was born with Richard Wagner. Up among the *gamins* in the gallery did the little Italian peasant boy, Verdi, become inspired to emulate in composition the melodious operatic strains, which awoke his own birth-right of music. If a man were born with the gift of music in his soul, and placed on a desert island far from the sounds or knowledge of music, it is doubtful if his gift would be in the least developed unless he were brought in contact with music and musical minds. It would be necessary for his gift to become awakened and then inspired by other musical minds before he could assert his own genius, or, in other words, before he would show any individuality in the combination of musical ideas.

Although it is a subject capable of deep and protracted study, musicians, especially composers of music, should have at least a moderate knowledge of mental philosophy. Locke in his work on "The Human Understanding" tells us that to work the mind properly, one must understand its working. Could there be a more palpable truth? He who is well versed in the construction and action of a steam engine will have no difficulty in running it to the best advantage. One should study not only his own mind, but the minds of other men. The mind is an instrument which one must learn how to use.

The development of themes, or *motifs*, in musical composition gives but a faint idea of the slow and subtile growth of ideas in the human mind. The lyric theme in music illustrates the æsthetic ideas of the mind, and the thematic motif or figure when worked up in a composition tells us of the solider logical and intellectual sense. The lyric form partakes of a charming indefinite character, whilst the thematic form bespeaks the orderly mechanical development of a musical idea. One balances the other. Without some assertion of the intellect in music, its luscious sweetness would cloy and become positively tiresome. We soon tire of the society of a beautiful woman, when we discover that she has little or no brains. The human stomach would soon rebel were it to be filled with grapes and peaches to the exclusion of solid meat food. The æsthetic sense is akin to both fruit in food and the lyric element in melody, whilst the intellectual organization is related to solid nourishment and to the thematic in melody.

Every inspiration has been thoroughly earned by hard work of the mind. First, the composer would feel a dim, far-off feeling of something which he would like to write upon paper; then this feeling passed away from his mind, and for the time being it was altogether forgotten. Next, it appeared to him in a more definite and condensed shape, and with a more potent and pleasing attraction in its sentiment than it showed at first. Gradually a sense of the completeness and attractiveness of his set of ideas was forced upon him, then the spark which had for a long time past been smouldering in the hidden recesses of his mind, burst into a glorious blaze. The moment of so-called inspiration had arrived; the composition was complete, and was written down bright and glowing from the furnace of the mind.

Can anyone on earth enjoy a greater blessing than that of a fertile and well-cultivated intellectual garden, in which there grow ideas both beautiful and sublime to feed the hungry minds of men?

Music Teachers.

AN ARMY OF RECRUITS FOR A CROWDED PROFESSION.

(From the Boston Sunday Herald.)

* * * * In the popular novel the unfortunate female character—member of a family whose fortunes have been ruined, and which is forced by cruel and relentless poverty to the alternative of useful labor or starvation—always remembers that she has had a remarkably fine musical education, the true value of which she never before appreciated, but which she now clearly sees must have been bestowed upon her that she might be qualified to support herself by music teaching. Consequently she loftily declines the disinterested offer of marriage, and marches off grandly into the domain of absolute independence and finds 100 pupils at once, who, apparently, came into the world for no other purpose than to assist in her destiny at this crisis. In actual life the occurrence is not, perhaps, quite so common, but the idea is general enough to justify its use by the novelist, and, in daily experience, finds frequent illustration. Thousands of youngsters—chiefly, it must be said, of the gentler sex—are to-day hammering at a piano, whose principal ideas, as connected with what they are pleased to call "practice," have no other application than that they are "fitting themselves to teach," should they ever desire to do so. (The term "gentler" is here used in its general, and not a musical sense, as the sex is in no way gentle when a piano is the subject of treatment.) "If worse comes to worst, I can teach music, you know," covers all that seems necessary in the preparatory education of a multitude of girls in this country, and perhaps in every civilized land.

Nor have we the slightest intention of recording here that the idea thus expressed is founded upon a mistaken view of life and its experiences, or that, in the true state of affairs, and the future working out of careers, these young people are likely to be disappointed. The truth of the matter seems to be that society, in its practices and employments, justifies just such expectations as these, and does really in daily life draw largely upon sources thus established for its supplies of knowledge and its educational processes as well. Every community in New England to-day has in it representatives of the class to which we have called attention, and the great body of musical educators in our midst at the present time is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made up. Emphatically it is true of a vast number of them that they are eminently calculated to teach young persons to "use words they don't know the meaning of," an acquisition of which the latter class are often disposed to be sufficiently proud. But it should be said that parents not themselves versed in musical knowledge must perforce be governed in their choice of a teacher by such considerations as they can understand, or, at least, they naturally will be so governed; and, since wise counsels cannot always be readily found, and always more or less of prejudice enters into the matter, the decision is in favor, too frequently, of the charlatan or the ignorant pretender to ability as a teacher. In music, too, it is easy to deceive by an appearance of brilliant results, and thus clap-trap often wins the field where sound sense and thorough principle are defrauded of a foothold.

MUSIC TEACHING AS A BUSINESS.

In reality, however, this writing is intended to consider briefly the business of music teaching, rather than its requirements or the qualifications of those who engage in it. The school-girl is met on the street with her little compact roll just that size which suggests music sheets, on her way to the conservatory or the teacher's house, for the periodical lesson. Every train of cars which comes in or goes out of the city by day, and perhaps it will be safe to say by night also, bears among its passengers a large number armed with the same suggestive roll. From house to house, making short stops, and always in a hurry, the music teacher makes his rounds, or in his rooms, hour after hour, receives an endless, revolving body of callers, each individual arriving at stated intervals, as the wheel goes round in what Mantilini would call "one demned horrid grind," and the monotonous thrumming on the tortured instrument never ceases. The idea occasionally obtrudes itself that the music-teacher must be making a great deal of money; that he or she is a hard-worked member of society, but that the compensation is above the average in cases of unremitting toil. It may be true. In times past it almost invariably was true, but not so certainly now.

For, as has been more than hinted, the present practice in such matters is for any one, has he or she only the merest smattering of knowledge, to engage in teaching if so disposed, and to receive such remuneration as the state of the market, the credulity of the employers, or the conscience of the teacher will allow. The "hard times" have developed an amazing number of these imparters of knowledge, and an employment which was only taken up at first as a recreation, or pursued in obedience to authority, or perchance purely as an amusement, has, by the vicissitudes of daily life, become a "profession," and the main dependence for the necessaries of existence has come to rest upon exertions in imparting its principles to others. Of course, under these circumstances, the fields are thoroughly gleaned, and those who cannot reap the thickest grain content themselves with what they may.

COMPARISONS.

As a rule thoroughly good teachers, or perhaps teachers of wide and acknowledged reputation, have no difficulty in obtaining all the employment they desire in their business, and at prices which only obtain where quality of instruction is the main point considered by those paying them. The usual "term" or "course" of lessons consists of twenty, and the top ruling rate here at present for such a course is $80, or $4 for each lesson for every individual. A lesson implies an hour's continuous teaching to every learner, that is, outside the conservatories. For organ, piano, or voice, these terms hold, and are not considered exorbitant when such teachers as many well known in this city are concerned. Usually, at this price, the teacher is visited, and without leaving his rooms—fitted up for the purpose—receives his pupils in turn, and applies himself constantly. There are many who excel in musical performance, who might, if they chose so to do, win and hold high place in stage presentations, who nevertheless prefer to win reward by teaching, and who are held in perhaps higher esteem as teachers than they would be as performers. Others both teach and perform. Organists, of sufficient quality to receive independent salaries, almost invariably couple teaching with their engagements, and many of them get many times as much for their lessons as for their practical efforts.

But let no one suppose that the accomplished performer must of necessity and as a matter of course be also a teacher of great merit. Without doubt hundreds of performers have thus made capital of their reputation, and won large returns; but these were not fairly earned, and often no good has resulted to pupils thus deluded. On the other hand, many excellent teachers have no skill, even no ability as public performers, and are never heard of in that capacity.

THE SCALE OF PRICES.

Having named the highest popular prices—there are exceptionally higher rates, to be sure—one may now descend through the scale almost without limit, if any price at all is included in the reckoning. Competition has made the field a hotly contested one by those who have no special reputation or who

have entered it to "take the chances." Men and women—the latter largely in excess—old and young, all classes of musicians, of few or many acquirements, work the ground together, since the object has finally become to win as much money from it as possible. And so it may be possible now to receive an amount of instruction for $5 such as would once have been thought "dog cheap" at $50, leaving out, of course, all considerations of quality. The truth is there are many teachers abroad who will give instruction at any price they can secure, their necessities are so great; and in some instances it may be that they are as valuable as many of greater pretensions, only one cannot be in a position to know this. In the great majority of cases such adventurers must be left alone, as the only safe course.

In the conservatories the prices are about $25 for the course of twenty lessons, which at first sight seems more advantageous terms; but instruction is usually given in classes of four, and individual lessons are of fifteen minutes duration each. There are other advantages in connection with conservatory education, as conducted in this city, for instance; but they do not come within the scope of this writing, which is only to illustrate the business quality of music teaching.

It may be taken for granted then that a music teacher's services may be obtained at almost any price which an employer may feel he can afford, nor is the quality of service entirely dependent upon the price paid. The only safe course is to employ those whom conscientious, educated musicians, of undoubted judgment and good knowledge, practically and otherwise, in the matter, will be willing to recommend. Any teacher of real ability can procure such recommendation, and without it should not be employed with any decided expectations of good results being realized. At the present time there are hundreds of teachers who are not making money, who really have no right to expect to make money at the business at all. The field is large, but it is fully occupied, and we could not conscientiously advise the oldest daughter in the family to whom have come reverses, to take up music-teaching with any strong anticipations of success.

Hungarian Music.

(Paris Correspondence Boston Journal.)

It is drawing near to 6 o'clock, and the crowds which came early in the day are dispersing, faint and weary, and are quarrelling for carriages with which to get cityward to dinner. At this time every day the Tsiganes begin a concert which lasts until nearly every one has gone, although it delays many a person who fancied that he was in haste. The little band of musicians, in its quaint garments, with its weird gestures, its odd instruments, and its extraordinary effects, would win the attention of the coarsest laborer; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that it arrests, as by enchantment, the thousands of cultured folk who enter the Exhibition's gates daily.

Near this corner is the Czarda or Hungarian inn, where the Tsiganes play in the morning, while waiters in jack boots and braided short jackets serve you Magyar dishes in Magyar sauce. An editor of the *Figaro*, who dined there the other day, insists that all the courses, even the dessert, were seasoned with red pepper, but the *Figaro* man is mayhap a son of Belial. We know that it is a pleasant place to dine, and, if you choose, we will leave the bourgeois alone on his bench and climb to the balcony, whither the echoes of the music will readily follow us. It is told that Munkaczy, the great Hungarian painter, who has been living in Paris for many years, and whose reputation is world-wide, came to breakfast with a party of friends in the Czarda a few days since. While he was in gayest mood, there suddenly stole out from the instruments of the gypsy band one of those ineffably tender, pathetic refrains, followed by wild and pleading cries of passion and despair, such as only the gypsies can produce, and such as are heard only in Hungary. Munkaczy has not been in his native land for years; but at the first sound of this air, which doubtless recalled to him his native village, the trees under which he played when a boy, the old farm-house in which he was born,—the tears came into his eyes; he threw down his knife and fork,—dashed away to the lower story of the Czarda, and remained there some time to conceal his emotion. When he returned no one rallied him, for every one knew the reason of his departure, and all were under the spell of the music.

It is an episodic dinner in which we are engaged, for we may truly say that tears are served with our soup that Bacchanalian music, the maddest of all mad Strauss waltzes chained in an inextricable manner to a gipsy bird, accompanies the fish; and that with the dish of Porkolt, bathed in fiery sauces, which closes the modest meal, we have an andante that baffles description. But it is at the desserts that the great sensation occurs. The lingerers are all at once electrified by the cry of

"Remenyi! Remenyi!"

Now Remenyi is positively the greatest violinist I have ever seen. He has Ole Bull's intense spirituality, and he has added to it something which does not belong to the North—the voluptuous rhythm and melody born of Southern moonlights and the perfumes of rich blossoms. I have seen Remenyi in parlors and adored his talent, but never have I seen him appear to such advantage as on this evening, when he stands before the Czarda in the open air, and, in response to hundreds of solicitations, begins to play on a violin handed up to him from the dusky musicians. Remenyi has the face of a priest; there is nothing secular in his aspect; he seems apart from the world; a certain austerity in his manner contradicts the sensuous poetry in his nature. He was born a musician; no culture could ever have improved or in any sense reformed his temperament. Poet and artist, expression is for him an absolute necessity. In his presence the crowd, which has been rather noisily applauding the Tsiganes, becomes tranquil and hushed. There is a sentiment of reverence in the stillness. While the waiter serves us dessert, and murmurs something which we must not listen to concerning the seductive charms of such wines as the Chateau Paluvgay, the Dioszegi Bakar, and old—old Tokay, Remenyi mounts a chair and begins. At first he plays only a simple melody over and over, until people, puzzled, look at each other and murmur. But that repetition is for the purpose of fixing the melody in our minds. Now, with lightning rapidity, he has darted into a series of infinite variations, through all of which we still hear the refrain returning with matchless precision. Then he pours forth a long current of appealing cries, of inarticulate moans of the spirit; of the thousand things which the soul thinks, but cannot utter for itself. And at last he finishes with a mad dance, in which it requires but little fancy to convince us that we hear the clatter of the tamborine, the wail of the guzla, the clink of spurs as cavaliers dance on the hard-baked floors of rustic cabins with pretty maidens. Loud is the applause. Remenyi bows and begins anew. The Tsiganes, who have accompanied him on the previous composition, now look puzzled, smile, and shake their heads. Remenyi is improvising. And what glorious improvisation it is! It is the very climax of passionate expression of the charm and beauty of existence, a wild nature reveling in the mere enjoyment of life. Even the gypsies are inspired by Remenyi's inspiration; one by one they join in the music, and so gradually form an undertone to the master's interpretation. He plays on and on, regardless of time, space, people, everything and anything in the world, until at last the inspired moments have passed, and he finishes the noble composition with a little madrigal, the measure of which causes the Gipsy faces to light up with the warmth of recognition of a familiar air. Then Remenyi steps down from his chair, returns the violin from which he has extracted such magic to its owner, and is off to another section of the gardens, to escape the observation of his admirers.

With Remenyi to aid them these Gipsies are simply astounding: without him they are in the highest sense remarkable. We learn that they are hereafter to play before the Viennese restaurant at eventide, and that they will beguile the morning moments of the frequenters of the Czarda. There are sixteen of these musicians, and when they parade the grounds, clad in their white coats embroidered with most extravagant braid, they eclipse all other sensations. Fashionable society quarrels for the first chance to hear them, and they have even played before the Rothschilds and the Princess of Sagans.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How it Struck A. W. T.

TRIESTE, *June* 9, 1878.

I had occasion to visit Vienna last month, and while there a friend took me to a performance of Wagner's "Walküre."

It is put upon the stage very magnificently, but still I think the scenic effects and "diablerie" in Weber's "Oberon" and "Der Freyschütz" finer. But what words can convey any adequate idea of the intolerable tediousness of those three hours of slow recitative—of long speeches and declamations to accompaniment—never relieved by even an arioso, or anything like a chorus until near the end! The ear becomes so weary of and dead to the mere orchestral effects, continued without a break or pause, except between the acts, and each act lasting about an hour—that even the "Walkürenritt," which is a very effective piece of programme music in a concert, falls dead—at least it did upon me and most of those with whom I have spoken.

Having never read the interminable discussions of these last Wagnerian productions, I did not even know the substance of the story of the "Walküre,' and interpreted the action of the first part thus:

Siegmund, escaping from enemies, takes refuge with Hunding, who grants him protection for the night, and retires, leaving his daughter (I supposed her to be) with his guest. They incontinently fall in love with each other, and the act closes with her throwing herself upon his breast, etc. This love business is conducted in such a manner, that, although I have had some case-hardening experience in theatrical scenes of the sort, I had here to blush for any modest women in the house.

In the pause my friend informed me, that this supposed daughter is Hunding's wife and Siegmund's own sister! To express the utter loathing and abhorrence, with which I sat out the rest of this infamous abomination, is beyond my feeble command of language. Beethoven said that he had an antipathy to such texts as "Don Juan" and the "Marriage of Figaro"—but what are they to this? And yet there are those, who pretend that Beethoven was but the John Baptist to the Musical Messiah, Wagner!

To my expressions of disgust, my friend said:

"But the old legend is so."

Ah, indeed!

The wild imagination of the Orient has given to literature those shocking creatures of fancy, the ghouls; those dishumanized men and women, who meet in graveyards at midnight and rob new made graves for their horrid feasts. None but a sort of moral and mental ghoul could drag from the charnel-house of mediæval letters such a subject, gloat over it for years, and exhaust the powers God has given him, to endue it with all the fascinations of scenery and music. Happily those powers are too limited to enable him to avoid the overpowering tediousness, which must forever prevent this apotheosis of ingratitude, carnal lust, adultery and incest, from becoming in any sense popular.

P. S.—Since my return I have found in an article by J. C. Lobe—one of the most interesting of German writers on musical matters of the last thirty-five years—the following:

"As in 'Lohengrin' the bridal-chamber, in 'Tristan and Isolde' the garden-scene, so in the 'Nibelungen,' there are scenes which schock the moral sense. For instance:

Siegmund * embraces Sieglinde—both *knowing* that they are brother and sister.

"Sieglinde in the very insanity of passion:

Art thou Siegmund
Whom I see here—
Sieglinde am I
Who longed for thee;
Thy own, own Sister
Thou wonnest at once with the sword.

Siegmund:

Bride and Sister
Art thou to brother—
And so the Wälsung race shall live!"

The stage direction is: "He clasps her with raging fire to his breast. The curtain falls rapidly."

[Pretty poor poetry is this—but my translation is as poetic to the full as the original.]

"No," says Lobe, "he who writes *such* scenes for our times cannot possibly be called the regenerator (or rather ennobler, if we had such a word—*Veredler*) of the Drama."

The article—republished in a volume entitled, "*Consonanzen and Dissonanzen*," Leipzig, 1869—concludes with a page or two of remarks equally caustic, truthful and well-merited, upon the absurd trash, that Wagner prints as *poetry*—God save the mark!

I see the Handel and Haydn Society—God bless it!—has been giving Verdi's Requiem. (I don't

* Who has just drawn a sort of magic sword from the trunk of a huge oak.

mean particularly, God bless it for *that*.) Years ago it gave Mozart's, and now it should give Cherubini's. Indeed, why not give the three in successive concerts? Verdi's the most Italian and operatic—Mozart's the most pathetic, touching, and beautiful, Cherubini's by all odds the grandest and most sublime. A. W. T.

Opera in London.

ROYAL ITALIAN. The *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, his swan's song, as far as dramatic music is concerned, upon which during a lengthened artistic career he was principally engaged, was represented for the first time this season yesterday evening, for the *début* of a singer hitherto unknown to London audiences. The lady who on the present occasion assumed the part of Selika, the loving, devoted, and self-sacrificing African Queen—first "created" in Paris by Mdme. Sass, and first in London, at Covent Garden, by Mdme. Pauline Lucca—is a Mdlle. Mantilla, to judge by her performance no novice on the lyric boards. She is gifted with a voice of considerable compass, apparently somewhat worn in the upper notes, but capable in each department of the register, and at easy command of its possessor. In addition to this Mdlle. Mantilla sings with force and invariable intelligence, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the character. The very late hour at which the opera came to an end precludes us from entering upon details, even in general terms, about the merits of her performance; but we may point to the great duet with Vasco di Gama, where the wily Portuguese explorer, forgetful of his love for Inez, swears devotion to his once slave, now, by force of circumstances, Queen, (worthy pendent to the famous duet between the lovers in the *Huguenots*), and to the final soliloquy, under the branches of the Macanilla, when, at the departure of Vasco in his ship, she yields to the fatal influence and expires, as worthy special notice. Both of these were touching, expressive, and artistically good, well meriting the applause and call before the curtain that followed. Signor Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is in every respect an admirable representative of Vasco di Gama; Signor Graziani is the earnest and emphatic Nelusko with whom we have for years been familiar; and a better Inez than Mdme. Smeroschi could scarcely be desired. The remaining parts were competently sustained, and the performance for the most part, including orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, was striking and effective. The famous unison prelude to the last act was superbly played, and, as of old, encored with enthusiasm. Mdlle. Mantilla's next appearance was to be as Amelia, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*.—*Times, June* 4.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The reproduction of *Robert le Diable*, through which, in 1831, Meyerbeer obtained his first brilliant success at the Paris Grand Opera (then styled "Académie Royale de Musique,") afforded Miss Minnie Hauk a new opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent. Alice, the devoted foster-sister, who reveals to Robert his mother's last wishes, standing to the last between him and perdition, acting, in fact, as the spirit of good against the spirit of evil, represented in the person of the tempter, Bertram, is a character well-suited to the natural gifts and artistic acquirements of Miss Hauk, who had already shown herself, in Violetta and Marguérite, possessed not only of the qualities essential to a singer, but also of those essential to an actress, the union of which entitles her—and this in no ordinary sense—to the denomination of "lyric comedian." That the music which Meyerbeer has put into the lips of his most ingenuous and charming heroine is sympathetic to the young American, besides being thoroughly suited to her vocal means, was speedily shown in her appealingly earnest delivery of the air, "Vanne disse, al figlio" ("'Va!' dit elle"—according to the original), in which Alice confides to her foster-brother his mother's dying bequest. The surprise and terror of the Norman maiden at first seeing Bertram was powerfully simulated, and the dramatic instinct of Miss Hauk at once revealed itself in the most natural manner. The great scene of the Cross afforded her still more favorable opportunities of demonstrating how closely and with what intelligence she had studied the part. The tuneful soliloquy, "Nel lasciar la Normandia" ("Quand je quittais la Normandie")—in spontaneous freshness of melody never surpassed by its composer—was sung with a charm of voice and genuine simplicity that left absolutely nothing to desire. The interview with Bertram, however, was the point which justified the highest opinions of Miss Hauk's ability to represent the character. Her rush to the Cross for protection at the menaces of Bertram, and her exclamation, "E meco il Ciel!" when Alice has clasped the sacred emblem, produced a deep and legitimate impression, and obtained the loudest applause of the evening. Her exertions in the last act, where, by tendering to Robert the document in his mother's handwriting, Alice strengthens his irresolution, until the fatal hour has tolled which saves him from the machinations of of Bertram, confirmed a success calculated to raise Miss Hauk another step in public favor. Her associates were Signor Fancelli, who played Robert last year, and whose voice enables him to master, with apparent ease, music (as amateurs need hardly be told) of more than common difficulty; Signor Dondi, who, if his voice possessed greater sonority in the lower tones, would be a still more efficient Bertram, a character of which, inexplicable as it is, he seems to comprehend the mysterious significance; Signor Rinaldini, Raimbaut—a part once played by Mario, when Tamberlik, in his prime, took that of Robert (halcyon days!); and Mdlle. Alwina Valleria, who gave the Princess Isabella's first air, "In vano il fatto" ("En vain j'espère") with remarkable facility, and whose "Roberto, oh! tu che adoro," if she made less stress upon her higher notes, would be well-nigh irreproachable. Meyerbeer's opera is put upon the stage in the most complete manner, the scene of the Resuscitation of the Nuns being quite as effective as before, Mdlle. Malwina Cavalazzi creating a lively impression as Elena, quondam-Abbess of the ruined convent of St. Rosalie, both by graceful pantomime and admirable dancing. The execution generally of Meyerbeer's opera, under the practised and energetic direction of Sir Michael Costa, was just what might have been expected from such a conductor and such an orchestra as he has the good fortune to preside over.

Mdme. Etelka Gerster, by her impersonation of the heroine in Gounod's *Faust*, has legitimately added one more to her successes at Her Majesty's Theatre. What is especially to be commended in Mr. Mapleson's Hungarian *prima donna*, who has already gained such marked approval, is the individuality imparted to each character she undertakes. Imitating no contemporary, Mdme. Gerster thinks for herself, which alone is an attraction to those who believe that an essential requirement for every artist aiming at a position apart from the ordinary rank is originality of conception. Regarded from this point of view, Mdme. Gerster's Marguerite deserves serious consideration. The music does not afford her so many occasions for the free display of certain exceptional endowments with which she has been justly credited—few such, indeed, as are vouchsafed to her in the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, and *Lucia*; but it enables her to exhibit other merits, to which attention has been more than once directed. The beauty of the higher notes in the register of her voice and her facile command of them form by no means Mdme. Gerster's exclusive claim to admiration. As was remarked a twelvemonth since, she can use the medium tones in such a manner as to compel her hearers to feel of what quality they are actually made, and to what excellent uses they may be put. That Mdme. Gerster gave the "Jewel Song" with fluency and brilliant effect may be taken for granted; but not less deserving of praise was her delivery of the two melodious *cantabile* passages in the subsequent love duet with Faust, to which she imparted an expression too genuine to be unfelt. Enough that her successive assumptions continually show progress—the evidence of assiduous study, without which no aspiring artist can ever reach the highest place. Mr. Mapleson's fine-voiced contralto, Mdlle. Tremelli (Siebel), Mdme. Lablache (Martha), Signor Campanini (Faust), Signors Del Puente and Rota (Valentine and Mephistopheles), completed the cast of the *dramatis personæ* at the first performance.

The other operas during the week were *Il Barbiere*, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Rosina—substituted for *Ruy Blas* in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle. Caroline Salla; the *Sonnambula*, with Mdme. Gerster and Signor Campanini; and the *Huguenots*, for the first appearance of that popular favorite Mdme. Trebelli, who as Urbano, the page, received the cordial and unanimous greeting to which her artistic merits fully entitle her, and was unanimously encored in her first air. Mdlle. Salla, happily recovered from her indisposition, was the Valentine of the evening, and justified all the praises awarded to her impersonation of that arduous character last year. Meanwhile Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, with Miss Hauk as the heroine, is anxiously expected.—*Ibid.*

DARMSTADT. The oratorio of *Barbarossa's Erwachen* (*The Awakening of Barbarossa*), by C. A. Mangold, was recently performed, with a satisfactory result, under the direction of the composer.

ERFURT. At the approaching Musical Festival of the General Musical Union of Germany, the programme will include among other things: *Te Deum* (Kiel); "De Profundis" (Raff); 13th Psalm and "Hungaria" (Liszt); Fragments from *Faust* (Lenau); Overture to *Narsies* (Erdsmannsdörfer); Pianoforte Concerto (Bronsart); and *Phaeton*, (Saint-Saëns).

The Spinet.*

The spinet, though now so decried, and declared by J. J. Rousseau to be both dull and sharp, is an instrument which for three centuries was the delight of the musical world. The piano, invented by Bartolommeo Cristoforo, of Padua, could not dethrone it till after a considerable time and important improvements. So many years of service deserve some slight consideration. We may, therefore, perhaps, be allowed to give a few exact details, of which people know little or nothing respecting the origin of the instrument, its invention, and its etymology; we shall, so to speak, be paying it the last marks of respect. No modern work mentions the name of the inventor; as for its etymology, all the dictionaries and class-books agree:—

"Ce nom lui a été donné à cause de ses petites pointes de plumes qui tirent le son des cordes, et qui ressemblent à des épines."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux.*†

"Parce que des pointes des plumes de corbeau en forme d'épines servent à pincer les cordes."—*Dictionnaire de Littré.*‡

A DUOBUS *disce omnes!* The author of this explanation, so generally received, and, we must admit, so seemingly correct, is Julius Cæsar Scaliger. In his *Poetices*, published at Lyons, in 1581, he says (lib. I., cap. LXIII.): "Additæ deinde plectris corvinarum pennarum cuspides; ex æreis filis expressiorem eliciunt harmoniam. Me puero, clavicymbalum et harpsichordium, nunc, ab illis mucronibus, spinetum nominant." That is: "The points of crow-quills were then added to the keys; they obtain from the wires more expressive harmony. That which, when I was a child, used to be denominated a clavicymbalum and a harpsichordium, is now called, on account of these little points, a spinet." This explanation, which subsequently became stereotyped, contains two errors: the spinet was known before Scaliger was born, and its name was derived not from the quill-points, or *mucrones*, but from the name of the inventor, Giovanni Spinetti, of Venice. Ad. Banchieri, a celebrated composer of the end of the 16th century furnishes a proof of this in his work entitled *Conclusioni nel suono dell organo, di D. Adriano Banchieri, Bolognese, olivetano et organista di S. Michele in Bosco; novellamente tradotte et dilucidate in scrittori musici et organisti celebri, etc. In Bologna, per gli heredi di Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII.*§ "Spinetto," says Banchieri in the above work, "riceve tal nome dall' inventore di tal forma longa quadrata, il quale fù un maestro Giovanni Spinetti, Venetiano, et uno di tali stromenti ho veduto lo alle mani di Francesco Stivori, organista della magnifica communita di Montagnana, dentrovi questa inscrizione: JOHANNES SPINETUS VENETUS FECIT, A. D. 1503."‖ Thus the illustrious author himself saw in the possession of Francesco Stivori, "organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana," an instrument with the inscription, *Johannes Spinetus Venetus fecit, A.D.* 1503. We can, therefore, no longer have any doubt as to the inventor of the Spinet, nor the etymology of its name. Touching the epoch of its invention, we think it was about the second half of the 15th century, and we are of opinion that the instrument mentioned above was one of the last made by the inventor. Here are our reasons. The spinet was known in France and the Netherlands at the commencement of the 16th century. To have travelled so far, a long time must have been required, for, even setting down the date of the invention at about 1460, we should still have reason for astonishment at the rapidity with which the instrument had made its way in the world. In proof of what we advance, we will give some quotations from the first volume of that inter-

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*. Translated in *London Musical World*.

† "This name was given it on account of the little quill-points which draw the sound from the strings and resemble thorns."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux.*

‡ "Becaus the ends of crow-quills in the form of thorns strike the strings."—*Dictionnaire de Littré.*

§ Conclusions on the sound of the organ by D. Adriano Banchieri, of Bologna, olivetan and organist at St. Michael's in Bosco; newly translated and elucidated from musical writers and celebrated organists, etc., Bologna, by the successors to Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII.—See, concerning this exceedingly rare book, the last number but one of G. Gaspari's erudite work, *De' musicisti Bolognesi, nella secondo metà del secolo XVI.*

‖ "The spinet receives its name from the inventor of the long square-form, who was a Master Giovanni Spinetti, a Venetian, and I myself saw one of them in the possession of Francesco Stivori, organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana, with this inscription inside it: JOANNES SPINETTO VENETUS FECIT, A.D. 1503."

esting work, *La Musique aux Pays-Bas*, by our erudite friend, E. Vander Straeten:—

"A ung organiste de la ville d'Anvers, la somme de vi. livres auquel madicte dame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "en a fait don en faveur de ce que le XV. jour d'octobre XV-XXII" (1522) "il a amené deux jeunes enffans, fils et fille, qu'ils ont jouhé sur une espinette et chanté à son dîner."

"A l'organiste de Monsieur de Fiennes, sept livres dont Madame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "lui a fait don en faveur de ce que le second jour de décembre XV-XXVI" (1526) "il est venu jouher d'un instrument dit espinette, devant elle à son dîner. (Comptes de l'Hôtel de Marguerite)." *

We may add that one of the first works published by Pierre Attaignant was dedicated to the *jeu d'espinettes*, that is, the spinet. Here is the title of this exceedingly rare collection:—

"*Quatorze Gaillardes, neuf Pavannes, sept Branles et deux Basses-Dances, le tout reduict de musique en la tablature du feu Dorgues, Espinettes, Manichordions et tels semblables instruments musicaux, imprimées à Paris par Pierre Attaignant. MDXXIX.*" (Munich Library).‡

In issuing this collection, the publisher must certainly have relied on the existence of a certain number of spinnettists. Finally, the Court had its spinet player. Thomas Champion, surnamed Mithon (it is thus that he signs the preface to his little *Psalter* of 1561) was the Royal *organiste et épinette* (organist and spinettist). It was he who, according to Mersenne (*Harmonie universelle*), "Cleared the path for what concerns the organ and the spinet, on which he extemporized all kinds of designs and fugues. His son, too, Jaques Champion, exhibited great science and a fine touch on the spinet."

But enough of arguments. Our object, we hope, is attained. Before terminating this short article, devoid of any flowers of rhetoric, which generally teach the reader nothing, we will mention some few other *feseurs d'épinettes*, or spinet-makers, of the 16th and 17th centuries. The Museum of the Paris Conservatory possesses an instrument of this kind, dating from 1523, and made by Francesco di Portalupis, of Verona; the instruments of Dominicus Pisamessis and of Antonio Patavini, belong to about the same epoch. In the collection of instruments left by Ferdinand di Medici, and confided to Cristofori, there were *spinette* by Domenico da Pesaro, Giuseppe Mondini, and Girolama Zenti; a Venetian collection, sold a few years ago, contained specimens by Donatus Dundeus (1623) and Celestini Joannes (1610). The task of utilizing the above facts we leave to others.

GEORGES BECKER.

* "To an organist of the town of Antwerp, the sum of 6 livres, which were given to him by my lady aforesaid" (Marguerite of Austria) "for that, on the 15th day of October XV-XXII" (1522) "he brought two children, son and daughter, who played on a spinet and sang during her dinner."

"To the organist of Monsieur de Fiennes, seven livres, which my lady" (Marguerite of Austria) "gave him, for that on the second day of December XV-XXVI." (1526) "he came and played on an instrument called a spinet, before her at her dinner.—(*Accounts of Marguerite's Household*)."

"The inventory of the Château de Pont-d'Ain, of 1531, mentions: *una espinetta cum suo etuy.*"†

† "A spinet with its case."

‡ "Fourteen Galliards, nine Pavans, seven Brawls, and two Country Dances, the whole reduced from music in the notation of the Organ, Spinet, Manichord, and similar instruments. Printed at Paris by Pierre Attaignant, MDXXIX."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1878.

Too Much Music.

TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

We went the other evening to the Museum to hear a light French Opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," sung and spoken in English. It is refreshing to go to something that is rather unpretending in the way of Art and find it pretty good. Such was our experience with this pretty little opera by Planquet (?). The music, to be sure, is of the lightest, some of it frivelous; but it is graceful, lively, buoyant, and not without variety, some scenes, as that of the old castle supposed to be haunted with ghosts, mingling mystery with humor in a clever way. The plot, too, is interesting, closely imitating the Richmond Fair scene of *Martha*, and suggesting, not imitating, the "Phantom Chorus" of the *Somnambula*. There are portions of the music nearly as fresh and natural as these. But both musically and dramatically it is altogether better than the Opera Bouffe of Offenbach, etc., being quite as witty, more entertaining, and altogether decent and unexceptionable from the moral or the æsthetic point of view. The only drawback was that the scene of the old miser in the castle, rigging up his ghosts and gloating over his hidden treasure, was dragged out at an intolerably slow rate. The acting and the singing were for the most part good. Mr. CASTLE still retains much of his old charm of voice and style, and the other tenor, Mr. TURNER, has a sweet voice and sings with good expression. Mr. PEAKES, too, made a marked impression by his acting of the miser, as well as by his delivery of one or two songs with his large, well-trained bass voice. The part of the mischievous waif, Mignonette, was made very bright and piquant, both in song and dialogue, by Miss MELVILLE; and pretty Mrs. SEGUIN still acts charmingly, and sings some things gracefully, though some of her tones, especially the lower ones, have grown hard and blatant. Her husband did well as the Sheriff.

Many a more pretentious opera has given us less pleasure than this little piece at the Museum. At all events—and this is what we meant to come at when we wrote down the title of this article—there is always one good thing about an opera, even if you find nothing else, and that is *the silence of the orchestra between the acts*. This alone would reconcile us to an indifferent opera instead of the hacknied silly plays.

We have long thought the music between the acts an infliction and a nuisance. It is a continual pounding on your brain of hacknied dance tunes, pot-pourris or what not, with drums and brass, forbidding talk with friends and neighbors, and forbidding rest when you need a little after your sympathies have been wrought upon throughout a long act of the drama. The music, as music, is seldom edifying or even entertaining. It certainly is not inspiring, it gives no lift to the weary mind and jaded senses; inwardly you only pray to be delivered from the noise. And also from the cloying sentimental sweetness of the everlasting cornet solo; it is like dogdays in the coldest winter night, or a molasses bath. Fatigued, bewildered, crazed and stunned by this unremitting too much of a good thing, this glut of music when you do not feel the appetite, music as it were crammed down your throat and beaten into your brain, how you long to have

> "Silence, like a poultice, come
> To heal the wounds of sound."

They manage these things better in the European theatres. At the Imperial Schauspielhaus, for instance, at Berlin, there is no orchestra present during the performance of a spoken drama; unless in such a case as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or Goethe's *Egmont*, where masters like Mendelssohn and Beethoven have composed musical interludes expressly for the play in illustration of its scenes and characters. It is the same at the Theatre Francais in Paris. But in our theatres the entr' acte music has nothing at all to do with the play, and is a senseless, stupid, wearisome distraction. The noisy practice brings the most classical temple of the drama down to the level of a common circus.

But this is not the worst of it. Nowadays we have to hear the orchestra all through the play. This modern way, particularly in harrowing sensational dramas, though not confined to them, of setting up a nervous tremolo pianissimo accompaniment in the strings at every entrance of a mysterious personage, or at the approach of any critical moment, or throughout a very sentimental scene or passage, is simply an abomination and a nuisance. It is a vulgar trick of effect, reducing every play to a cheap melodrama. It is not music, it is only a senseless irritation of the nerves, intolerable to any sensitive and refined listener, be he musical or not. Why do they do it? What good end is gained by it? Does it make the tragedy more tragical? the villain of the play more terrible? the meeting or the parting, however fateful, of the lovers, more heart-rending? No, it only makes you ready to exclaim like Othello: Silence, those dreadful violins! This pestilent accompaniment, this quaking undertone of nervous dread or mystery, this hysterical tittering tremolo of strings, just robs the scene of any semblance of reality. If the scene be one to thrill and make us shudder, we don't want the shuddering *done for us* in the orchestra! And while we fight that off and shrink from it, as from the hum of persecuting insects, our sympathies are withdrawn from the play itself. Why strive to turn the play into a *quasi* opera, a thing neither fish, flesh nor fowl? All these cheap arts of heightening the effect, only enfeeble it, and vulgarize the whole thing. We do not wish to be told when we must thrill, when we must tremble with expectation. These signals are officious and impertinent. If the play itself be not "the thing to catch the conscience of the king," will your cheap advertising dodge of "tremolo" be apt to do it?

2. So much for our Theatre music. But it is not worse than the College music;—we mean the music employed to enliven (?) our Academic Anniversaries—Commencement, the Alumni dinner, Phi Beta Kappa, and the like. "Too much music!" is a very common exclamation here too. Too much in quantity, because so cheap in quality, so ill-considered, out of place. Dear Mother Harvard, with her own Musical Professor, at least, might and should do better. Certainly the music to which the long lines of graduates time their steps in the winding procession into Sanders Theatre and into the magnificent Memorial dining-hall—the band entering the Hall before them and taking up its position in the high end gallery, where without a moment's pause the big drum and bass tubas keep on pounding and braying out the loud and stunning march till every man of the 900 is seated, dooming us all to noise which renders conversation or repose of spirit quite impossible, for full twenty minutes in there,—surely this could never be in accordance with the ideas or taste of the Professor. It must be because all other considerations of taste or fitness are sacrificed to the one thought of economy—the most noise for the least money. The musical selections, too, are often singularly unfortunate, incongruous, apropos of nothing said or done; a silly bit of Offenbach before or after a serious poem or oration; mostly music to which one is not expected to listen, and therefore silence would be so much better; then at any rate there would be some chance to talk with one another undisturbed. In a venerable University, one would think, a certain classic dignity and sanctity ought to pervade the music of its high festivals, while it may very properly be cheerful. It should all have some character of Art, some meaning and æsthetic fitness; something to lift and glorify, and not to disturb and weary and depress, and turn all into hum-drum. —We only allude to the evil and state the problem now. The solution we should think might be easy. Perhaps we shall return to the question as a special topic on another warm day (such days being so provocative of this sort of complaining). If music is to have a part at Commencement, it ought to be a part worth listening to as such.

3. We will not undertake to enumerate the various elements which compose the unremitting Babel and pandemonium of sounds—some of them sweet,

it may be, singly—which allow one no peace in a city in the hot months,—especially at night. The brass bands, the circuses and picnic parties, the loud barrel organs with wind (!) at highest pressure, the singers at windows and on door-steps, the indefatigable piano practicer or sentimental dying Edgardo of the cornet, the exasperating accordeon, which gets so near the outline of a tune; all working away for dear life, doing a painful business at the expense of your ears and your peace of mind, if not of your pocket;—these everybody knows and suffers from. The list may be multiplied indefinitely. We would not have them all suppressed because of the accidental annoyance which results from some or all of them combined. But it is worth while to inquire whether Music itself be not the greatest sufferer by it; whether this continual hearing without regarding (any more than we can help) has not a tendency in the long run to blunt the finer sensibilities to harmony, and render us habitually indifferent and callous to much which in the proper time and place, presented in its freshness like a rose, would yield an exquisite sensation and speak to heart and soul as well as sense. As it is, our life is strewn with a cumbersome confusion of the trampled roses and rejected bouquets of tone, all tossed together pell-mell.

We have borrowed the title and the motto of this rambling article from one by Ferdinand Hiller: "*Zu viel Musik*," from which we are tempted to translate here a few passages which seem to our purpose. This, for instance, about the orchestral *Pot-pourris* we hear so often in our theatres:

"A melody sounds out; you scarcely catch it, when it is interrupted to give place to the beginning of another; and so beginnings are strung upon beginnings, until at last it comes to an end. There is nothing to be compared to the abuse here practiced with the most charming inspirations of genius. That favorite plaything of our younger years, the Kaleidoscope, afforded a highly artistic enjoyment compared to these musical "dissolving views;" turn the instrument ever so fast, the eye always seized a whole; but here there passes in review before you a battalion of lame, limping, one-legged, club-footed melodies. That torture of the nerves, which plays an important part in the sung and spoken drama, in the romances and the newspapers of the present day, here sports itself with the most self-satisfied air; they call the effect suggestive and exciting. Or is it meant to be an exercise of memory for hearers somewhat versed in music? For verily the exclamation: "Where is that from?" and this? and that?" is about all that anybody has to say of it. The locks of memory (to use so bold a metaphor) are pulled, twitched, plucked out,—the patient sits in silence—and this is supposed to be a pleasure! It is vile defamation of the Art and of the hearer. The *Quodlibet*, which is sung, is by no means so bad in its nonsensicality; for in this the word plays the chief part, and the poor wit, which indeed can be quite amusing, belongs to the word. But pure music, instrumental music, is as ill-adapted to nonsense, as it is to philosophy.

"Our modern instrumentation, which can be earsplitting, as well as daintily refined, often asserts itself in the most fatal manner in these popular performances. Since rhythm is the great thing, according to the proverb: "What one has not in his head, he must have in his legs," we have it not only marked, but drummed and pounded into us. The in many respects very problematical perfecting of the brass instruments brings out deafening and burlesque phenomena. The most conspicuous, although we are all accustomed to him, is the sentimental trumpeter.

"The sentimental trumpeter is perhaps also to be found at popular gatherings, shooting matches, and in Parliaments both high and low,—but here we have not to do with these. Our concern is with the man who devotes himself, with the whole depth of his soul and the whole sweetness of his brass, to the *Cantilena*. How he has learned to tame his proud and warlike instrument! There stands he like a true beast-tamer, fondling with the lion as if it were a lap-dog. The trumpet languishes, laments, trembles under his lips. The most melting *ritardandos* of the Italian prima donna, her dying away and her recovery, nothing does he leave unattempted;—the *jodel* transformed into a German love song terrifies him not. All the accents of emotion and of passion he knows how to appropriate to himself. He quakes and whistles, he peals and shrills out ornaments (*Coloratur*), he makes trills of yearning,—as the bear dances."*

. . . . "Why is it that we so seldom hear beautiful dances played in public places? For a waltz of Strauss I would gladly give half a dozen Opera finales. And if there must be music-making everywhere, under every tree and hedge, on land and water, on mountains and in valleys, let them at least make it fresh and joyous, and leave the decoration music where it belongs, in the midst of the decorations.

"But above all give us music in homœopathic doses at ceremonial dinners—loyal, national banquets and the like. A little instrumental noise at the beginning and the end,—a couple of merry songs in the middle,—anything more is bad. We Germans have borne the reproach for centuries, that we ate too much, and drank much too much. But shall we not ruin the stomach, when conversation with our next neighbor becomes a Demosthenic exercise of the lungs? How many genial, witty thoughts on such occasions have been swallowed up by Verdi, or made a sacrifice to Meyerbeer! And how much *Katzenjammer* must Offenbach have on his conscience! Let us be a little less musical, and we shall become more musical."

Opera Coming. New York, it seems, has a fine prospect of Italian Opera for the next season and for years to come; Opera upon a more complete scale than ever before, and under the control of Mr. Mapleson, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Whether New York is to have the exclusive enjoyment of it, or whether the company will also visit Boston and other cities, we are not informed. But here is what the London *Figaro* (June 22) promulges of the plan:

England and America will be brought still closer in art union by the important arrangement which was come to on Saturday last. On that day Mr. J. H. Mapleson signed a contract by which he undertakes to give a series of Italian operatic performances of the highest class simultaneously in England and New York. Let it be at once thoroughly understood that Mr. Mapleson has no intention of giving up his valuable connection in England. For many years past he has administered Italian operatic affairs at a great London theatre, and at upwards of thirty theatres in the provinces. To resign a connection which it has been the work of years to form would be absurd, and the operatic enterprise in America will, I am authoritatively informed, in no way interfere with Mr. Mapleson's ordinary seasons in England.

* * *

Briefly, then, Mr. Mapleson has taken the lease of the New York Academy of Music for the winters, during a term of seven years. Thanks to the efforts and the business courtesy of Mr. Morton, the new chairman of directors, and a prominent New York banker, of Mr. Belmont, the New York banker, of Mr. Tiffany, the celebrated New York jeweler, and of Mr. Seward, son of Mr. Lincoln's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who came to Europe expressly to conduct the negotiations, Mr. Mapleson has the Academy of Music on the most liberal terms. The property seat-holders (dead heads), which, numbering 2500, formerly ate the enterprise up, have now been reduced to 200; the directors, finding no scenery has been painted for years, will restock the theatre; the house will be completely redecorated; two feet will be taken from the stage and added to the orchestra, which will thus accommodate a band as large as that of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra; while the lighting of the stage will be upon the plan so successfully adopted at Her Majesty's Theatre.

* * *

Mr. Mapleson proposes to give Italian opera in New York on a scale never before attempted there. His watchword will be "ensemble," and the orchestra and chorus (usually deplorable in an American opera-house) will be upon the high standard of excellence observed at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chorus, for instance, will consist of 70 picked voices, instead of the choir of 24 which New York amateurs have hitherto been accorded, and the entire arrangements will be upon a similarly liberal scale. After a brief opera tour in the British provinces, the first contingent of the troupe, consisting of 120 individuals (principal vocalists, chorus, and the leading members of the orchestra), will sail from Queenstown, opening at the New York Academy of Music the last week of October. The autumn season will consist of 30 nights and 12 *matinées*, terminating Dec. 15. The artists will, if necessary, be alternated between Europe and America, and a first-rate troupe, consisting of the leading members of Her Majesty's Opera, with other celebrated artists, will, from time to time, be recruited from Europe. The spring season will commence at New York on Feb. 3, and will last till March 26, the company arriving back for the London summer season, which will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, April 9. The directors of the Academy of Music are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts to place Italian opera in New York upon a European footing; and England may also plume itself on the fact that the most popular and able of its operatic *entrepreneurs* has been selected for the task. The American public are thirsting for Italian opera played as it ought to be played, and there is no man more able than Mr. Mapleson to give it them upon a scale unexampled in the history of opera in the United States.

Mme. Pappenheim in London. Here is what *Figaro* says of her début on the 15th ult., after speaking of the "forces arrayed against her which might have terrified a far older artist:"

Madame Pappenheim, however, soon showed herself no ordinary artist. Gifted with a large and powerful mezzo-soprano voice, a commanding physique, and a pronounced style, she soon made friends. It is, however, desirable that Madame Pappenheim, who has been accustomed to American audiences, should recollect that a style can be even too pronounced for London amateurs. A little less extravagance in her impersonation, a little less violence in her gestures and movements, would be a decided improvement. So, too, she must remember that Her Majesty's Theatre, though large, is almost perfect from an acoustic point of view, and that there is no necessity whatever to shout. Still less wise is it for Madame Pappenheim to force the upper and weakest part of her voice, a fact which the lady herself discovered when the famous prolonged upper C in the duet with *Marcel*, shrieked out with full force of lungs, incontinently broke in twain. Lastly, opera-goers who know and appreciate Meyerbeer's music, will resent any alteration of that music to suit the vocalist's sweet convenience, and will believe the cadence Madame Pappenheim substituted for a well-known descending chromatic scale in the duet with *Raoul* no improvement at all. However, these are mere faults of detail, legitimately pointed out and easily remediable. Instead of them the critic would prefer to dwell upon the fine voice of the new comer, upon her great intelligence and her large histrionic ability. Her acting throughout the scene of the benediction of the swords was, though somewhat highly colored, powerful in the extreme, and in the subsequent duet with *Raoul* she displayed a dramatic force which recalled the best days of Titiens. In Madame Pappenheim there is no doubt Mr. Mapleson has secured a prize, and her second *début* as the *Leonora* of "Fidelio" will be looked forward to with every degree of interest. In that character especially, Madame Pappenheim will do well to moderate her redundancy of gesture, and to stick as closely as possible to the text of Beethoven's music.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood will give pianoforte recitals before the American National Music Teachers' Association at Chantaubua Lake, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4, and from thence he will proceed to Lyons, N. Y., to open his normal musical institute for the summer term.

Jenny Lind having heard Miss Lillian B. Norton sing, had a private interview with her, and the result is that Miss Norton places herself under the tuition of Jenny Lind, who is to prepare her for the opera. So we read.

* A very musical friend once wrote to us from Newport: "To-day I have heard '*Casta Diva*' seven times; four times with the monkey, and three times without (*i.e.*, sung in houses); on the whole I prefer it with the monkey."—Ed.

Zerrahn in California.

It is an undoubted fact, and one that it is pleasant to record, that the great success of the recent May Festival in San Francisco was due very largely to the efforts of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who conducted the great chorus and orchestra, and taught them both at rehearsals as carefully, energetically and enthusiastically as he always does. It must have been an immense satisfaction to the Boston soloists who accompanied and assisted him, to see how thoroughly he was appreciated there, and it certainly was gratifying to all his friends here to learn of it. The kind, generous hospitality of Californians is known the world over, as is also the fact that in 'Frisco intrinsic worth is the measure of popularity. In returning from California Mr. Zerrahn has brought with him a number of most elegant and costly presents, rich and unique in design and of remarkable workmanship. His many admirers there, whose friendship seems to have been of spontaneous growth, were generous and hospitable to such an extent that finally the recipient could not be astonished at anything. The great orchestra evinced their thorough appreciation of Mr. Zerrahn by presenting him with a most elegant gold medal, to be worn on the coat. On the bar from which the medal hangs is the recipient's name, and directly underneath are the famous names "Rienzi, Wagner." On the front of the medal is a laurel wreath of gold, and in the centre is a large solitaire diamond of unusual brilliancy. On the reverse are the words, "Presented as a token of esteem by the orchestra of the San Francisco May Festival, 1878." With the medal came some verses in German, printed on satin, which are highly complimentary, and were written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Paulssen, editor of the *Democrat*. One of the most unique and at the same time one of the most costly presents, is a watch chain with a pendant, and sleeve buttons to match. The chain is made of little bars of gold quartz bound securely in gold and connected by links of gold. The pendant is also of solid gold with a locket, one-half of which can be opened, and the other half contains in six divisions specimens of the ores which have made California famous. The sleeve buttons are much like the pendant and have the same specimens of ores for ornaments. In both cases the little receptacles for the ores are covered by beautifully clear crystals. The bouquet of artists, about sixty ladies and gentlemen, presented him with these and also with a baton of unsurpassed beauty. It is of ebony, bound in solid gold. The ends are bound with gold bands and tipped with splendid specimens of polished gold quartz. The larger end opens, and is found to contain the same rich little specimens of ore that adorn the sleeve-buttons and watch-charm or pendant. At about the middle of the baton is a large band of gold, on which are the words, "Presented to Carl Zerrahn, conductor of the Musical Festival of San Francisco, 1878, by the Bouquet of Artists." The chorus showed their sentiments toward their conductor by presenting him with a large portfolio, containing colossal photographs of California scenery. The covers of the portfolio are made of two kinds of native wood, both made more beautiful by being highly polished. On one of the covers, in the centre, is a large silver plate on which are the words, "From admirers in the chorus, May Festival, 1878, San Francisco, Cal." This was presented to him by a lady, before the whole audience, after the performance of the first part of "Elijah." His store of beautiful natural specimens, artistically treated, was further augmented by a lyre made of sea mosses and shells of California. It is a very delicately constructed ornament, and reflects great credit on the artistic ability and taste of the lady who made and presented it, Mrs. Button. There can be no description of the presents that will do them justtce, and they certainly were well deserved by the popular conductor to whom they were presented.—*Advertiser, June* 21.

Music in Paris.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* describes the opening concert of the Salle des Fêtes in connection with the Paris Exposition. Of the building he says:—The ensemble of the structure is imposing. On the ground floor, arranged as a parquet—here called orchestra stalls,—there are 1500 seats. In the first row there are forty-two boxes, in the form of *baignoires*, with pilasters of black and gold supporting the balcony, which is divided into fifty opera boxes. The appearance of the pilasters is melancholy and funereal, and is not sufficiently relieved by the hangings of dark-crimson velvet. Above the balcony is a vast amphitheatre for 2000 persons. Around, pierced in the wall, like the windows above which they are placed, are nine spacious tribunes. On the right and left of the stage, which is double the size of that of the Grand Opera, are two large proscenium boxes, one intended for the president of the Republic, the other for the minister of agriculture and commerce. The ornamentation of the hall is showy, if you except the black and gold pilasters. On the ceiling is a rose, divided into twelve parts by alternate branches of palm and laurel, with an immense "R. F." in the centre. From the cupola extend gilded newels, each ending in a sphinx supported on a bracket, decorated with a shield bearing the names of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Félicien David. At the extreme end of the hall are two triumphal columns, surmounted by statues of Fame distributing crowns, with escutcheons entwined in laurel leaves and inscribed with "*Honneur aux Sciences! Gloire aux Arts!*" These are the work of the sculptor, Carrier Belleuse, as those on the other side of the proscenium boxes are due to the genius of Mr. Blanchard, who has taken for his subject "Law" and "Strength." The frieze, above the stage, painted by Charles Lameyre, represents France summoning to her throne all the nations of the earth. The *coup d'œil* of the orchestra and of the chorus was original; the male choristers occupied the organ tribune and the left of the proscenium; the soprani and contralti were on the right. Black coats were *de rigueur* for the tenors and basses, who would have been more at their ease in fancy dresses, and the ladies had black gowns with flame-colored ribbons as ornaments. All the instruments were new, the harps were brilliant with fresh gilding, and the bass viols shone with a fine red glare. The entry of the leader, Mr. Edward Colonne, was hailed with much applause. He raised his baton, and, without more ado, the concert began, with the first part of Félicien David's "Désert." After the "Desert" came a new cantata by Saint-Saëns. It was for solo, chorus and orchestra, and is an allegorical allusion to the work of civi ization, where, under the title of the "Nuptials of Prometheus," this mythological prototype of inventors is delivered from his legendary vulture—Tyranny and Superstition—by Humanity, whom he forthwith espouses. The score is scientific, but not particularly melodious, with, however, some striking passages. The overture begins with a sad, monotonous chant of violins, gradually working itself into a triumphal march, and winding up with a marriage hymn. The air of the tenor, Warot, "Aux Confins du Viel Univers," was artistically sung, and Mme. H. M., an amateur, who personified Humanity, received quite an ovation. Melchissidic was applauded as a Titan, and the final chorus, "C'est le jour de gloire de l'humanité," brought down the house. The great triumph of the day—perhaps the more applauded because it was the last piece—was the septuor of the "Troyens" and the Trojan march. But magnificent as is the dramatic inspiration, where the idea develops in increasing intensity as it passes through its successive phases, until it finishes in a sublime crash of harmony, its effects were lessened by the unfortunate echoes and by the want of sonority of the hall. The pedal, underscoring as it were the ensemble, could be scarcely distinguished, and the seven hundred voices were confused. The concert produced a tolerably favorable impression. Mr. Colonne's three hundred and fifty instrumentalists kept well together; their execution was perfect.

Milwaukee Musical Society. The *Sentinel*, of April 24, reports:

The 253d concert of the Society secured a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather in the early part of the day. The members, however, had good reason for turning out in full force on this occasion, as the programme was one of extraordinary attractions, the principal feature of interest being the first appearance here of Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, the Cincinnati vocalist, who sang the Recitative and aria: "Crudele? Ah, no, mio bene," from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, a Valse by Luigi Venzano, Rubinstein's "Thou art so like a flower" (the latter in response to an enthusiastic encore,) and the part of Leonora from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, all with orchestra accompaniment, the Rubinstein Lied excepted, which Prof. Mickler accompanied on the piano. Mrs. Dexter has a noble and majestic voice, mezzo soprano, very full and even, and she executes with wonderful ease and fluency the most difficult passages in the compositions named. Her style is broad, and resembles somewhat that of the lamented Mme. Parepa Rosa, whom she also resembles physically. Mrs. Dexter created great enthusiasm, being recalled after each appearance, and she was made the recipient of a handsome basket of flowers. She will always be a welcome visitor in a concert room.

The society's orchestra, however, shared the honors of the evening with the great vocalist. The Schumann Symphony in B flat, given here for the first time last night, is one of the best tone poems given to the musical world since the immortal nine of the great Beethoven. Schumann composed his first symphony, the one in B flat, during the year 1841, and the work was performed in the Leipsic Gewandhaus in December of that year, on the occasion of a concert given by Mme. Clara Schumann. The performance last evening was in every way worthy of the composition, Prof. Mickler having evidently devoted much time and labor in rehearsals. The choruses, consisting of the "Festal Song to the Artists" by Mendelssohn, and "Come Gentle Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*, the former for male and the latter for mixed chorus, were produced in good style, though the singers, in attempting to produce a large volume of sound, frequently marred the beauties of the compositions. The *Loreley* Finale formed a fitting close to the concert, which must justly rank as the best of the series during the past season, and the Society, under the direction of Prof. Mickler, has added new laurels to its achievements, and may confidently look forward to a new era of prosperity. Mrs. Dexter sang the German words in the Finale with great distinctness, and exhibited considerable dramatic fire.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Roving Life. F. 3. a to F. *Boyce.* 40
"I love to hear the night-wind sigh
As 't were some angel lullaby."
A bold and yet tender song of the rover.

Oh! Weep for Those. Bass or Alto Song. F minor. 4. f to D. *Eichberg.* 30
"The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave."
Byron's impressive words, with Eichberg's fine rendering in music.

Two Beautiful Duets for Soprano and Alto or Baritone. *Rubinstein*, ea. 35
1. The Angel. (Der Engel). D. 3. d to F.
2. Wanderer's Night Song. (Wanderer's Nachtlied). D. 3. c to F.
"The Glory of God, transcending all thought.
Vom Ruhme des Herrn, des Ew'gen erklang."
"Soon, ah! weary wand'rer,
Thou shalt find repose."
Two duets of fine quality.

Tell me that you love me still. F. 2. E to F. *Garceau.* 30
"I do not ask the world to give."
Smooth poetry to a good melody.

Bird and Maiden. (Zweigesang). B♭. 4. c to F. *Hecht.* 35
"The two-fold song sounds clear and strong
The moon-enchanted vale along."
German and English words, and rich in beautiful thoughts.

True Blue. E♭. 3. b to E. *Adams.* 30
"I by love am stranded;
I'm true blue to her."
Hearty love song by a good Yankee Tar.

How to do it. D. 2. E to F. *Read.* 30
Bright comic song.

Dew-drops kiss the blushing Rose. Kiss Song. G. 5. d to a. *Pratt.* 50
"Oh! kiss me, sweet!"
Very bright song, in which the music goes into kiss-terics from enthusiasm on the pleasing subject. Good concert song.

Only Love can tell. C. 3. c to E. *Tours.* 30
"That fear should ever shroud
Life's first and fairest dream."
Very melodious.

Cast me not away. Quartette. E♭. 4. b to g. *Penfield.* 40
Music is from a "String Quartette" by Vogt, and is doubtless improved by its association with the impressive scripture words.

Instrumental.

Chimes of Normandy. By Planquette. Rondo Valse. A♭. 3. *Richards.* 60
One of the "successes" of the Opera, nicely arranged.

No. 5. O, ye Tears! C. 2. *Smallwood.* 40
" 8. When Sparrows build. C. 2. " 40
Two of Smallwood's "Echoes from Home," a set containing little "Songs without words," of some length, and simply arranged.

Piano Compositions of *Carl Bohm.*
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"Und lassen dir erzahlen,
Von Sang, und Tanz, und Spiele."
"Ope the door, my love,
For I have much to tell."

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His Honor victorious, and o'er his foes reigns."
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"But, dreaming through the twilight,
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply, I may remember,
And, haply, may forget."

Duets and Quartets.

Lulu is floating with me. Barcarolle. Words by *Chizzler.* Music by *V. Cirillo.* F. 3. c to E..... 75
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"As thou settest, so must we,
And like thee shall rise at morning."
Good thoughts, set to music by a skilful hand.

Piano Pieces with Illustrated Titles.

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The illustration is of the Army and Navy Monument on Boston Common. A valuable one to keep for reference, and the March is one of those played by the bands on the memorable occasion of the dedication of the column. A copy of the march is among the documents placed in or under the corner stone for preservation. The music is powerful and sufficiently brilliant.

Pianoforte Pieces or Rondos.

Under this head are included most pieces that are not Marches or Dance Music of some kind; as Capriccios, Transcriptions, Descriptive Pieces, Reveries and Nocturnes, and perhaps "Songs without Words" and the more melodious of Etudes.

La Bacchanale des Gnomes. 2d Etude by *Edgar H. Sherwood.* Eb. 6..... 75
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Fairie's Evening Song. Capriccio for Piano. By *W. F. Sudds.* Bb. 4..... 50
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Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcribed by *A. E. Warren.* 30

Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcribed by *Alberto Himan.* 40
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Evening Bell. Descriptive Piece. Bb. 4. *Mendelssohn.* 40
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PREFACE.

Music is one of the noblest and best of God's gifts to man; it is, in fact, an essential part of man's nature. It not only contributes largely to his happiness and enjoyment, but it is also a great moral agent, and a powerful instrument for good or ill, according as we use it. As music enters so largely into the exercises of the sanctuary, we cannot be too careful in regard to the character of that selected for such purposes; for we must not think that all kinds of music become sacred, by being introduced into the sanctuary; because it may have been contaminated by bad associations. There is a tendency in many churches to sing music for its own sake, or for mere display. This, the writer believes, to be wrong, and should be resisted by all Christian people.

As a matter of course, every chorister or organist will judge from his own standpoint, and seek to educate those who come within his influence to that point, whether it be a correct one or not. Still, there are certain characteristics that belong to church music which should be acknowledged by all. It should be characterized by a chaste and natural simplicity. By this, I do not mean that it should be too easy, devoid of character, or unscientific, but free from all unnecessary embellishments and mere mechanical difficulties.

It should be simple, yet dignified and grand; for its themes are the most noble and sublime. It should be devotional in its character,—for music has a devotional element,—and be presented in such a way as to reach down into the depths of the human heart, and awaken its best and holiest emotions. When devotional poetry and devotional music are happily united, and properly presented to the mind, they become almost irresistable in their power. Undoubtedly, that music is best for any congregation which the largest number can understand, appreciate and enjoy. And choristers should not overlook these points in their selections.

The author deems no apology necessary for presenting the present work to the choirs of the Episcopal Churches, inasmuch as it is the first of its kind ever published. It was undertaken at the earnest solicitation of many Episcopal clergyman and singers in different parts of the country, and is intended to meet a positive want among Episcopal choirs; containing, as it does, all the Canticles of the Episcopal service, both in anthem and chant form; besides a variety of pieces for special days. The music is of medium difficulty only, yet the writer believes, devotional in its character and well adapted to the language.

It has been the life study and aim of the author, to elevate the standard and character of our church music. How well he has succeeded, is left for others to decide.

In the "Church Offering" an effort has been made to do for the Episcopal Choirs what has been done in the Author's previous collections of church music for the choirs of other religious denominations. Whether a success or failure, the effort has been an honest and conscientious one; and the time spent in the preparation of this work will not have been wholly lost, if it shall be the means of assisting any in their sincere attempts to "Praise the Lord."

Boston, March 4th, 1878. L. O. EMERSON.

320

INDEX

MORNING SERVICE, IN ANTHEM FORM.

Opening Sentences.

Enter not into judgement, O Lord. 8
From the rising of the sun..... 14
I acknowledge my transgressions.. 4
I will arise and go to my Father. No. 1..... 10
I will arise and go to my Father. No. 2..... 11
If we say we have no sin..... 17
Let the words of my mouth..... 6
Bend your hearts, etc..... 7
The Lord is in his Holy Temple.. 3
The Sacrifices of God..... 9

Venites.

O come, let us sing. No. 1..... 18
" " " " 2..... 25
" " " " 3..... 30
" " " " 4..... 34
" " " " 5..... 39
" " " " 6..... 43

Gloria Patris.

Gloria Patri. No. 1..... 47
" " " 2 & 3..... 48
" " " 4 & 5..... 49
" " " 6 & 7..... 50
" " " 8..... 51
" " " 9..... 52
" " " 10..... 53
Gloria in Excelsis. No. 1..... 54
" " " 2..... 56
" " " 3..... 59
Te Deum. No. 1..... 62
" " 2..... 69
" " 3..... 75
" " 4..... 83

Jubilates.

O be Joyful. No. 1..... 88
" " 2..... 93
" " 3..... 96
" " 4..... 101
" " 5..... 104

Benedictus.

Blessed be the Lord. No. 1..... 108
" " " " 2..... 111
" " " " 3..... 114
" " " " 4..... 117
" " " " 5..... 120
" " " " 6..... 123

EVENING SERVICE.

Gloria Patri. No. 1..... 128
" " " 2..... 129
" " " 3..... 130
" " " 4..... 131
Gloria in Excelsis. No. 1..... 132
" " " 2..... 136

Cantate Domino.

O sing unto the Lord. No. 1..... 142
" " " 2..... 146
" " " 3..... 150
" " " 4..... 155

Bonum Est.

It is a good thing. No. 1..... 160
" " 2..... 163
" " 3..... 167
" " 4..... 170
" " 5..... 174

Deus Misereatur.

God be merciful. No. 1..... 177
" " 2..... 181
" " 3..... 186
" " 4..... 190
" " 5..... 194
" " 6..... 198

Benedic Anima.

Praise the Lord. No. 1..... 202
" " 2..... 206
" " 3..... 210
" " 4..... 214
" " 5..... 217
" " 6..... 220
Glorias. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, & 11..... 224
Glorias. Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, & 23. 225
Responses. Nos. 1 & 2..... 226
" " 3..... 227
" " 4 & 5..... 228

Christmas Anthems.

A Child is born this Day..... 233
Arise and Shine..... 229
Glory be to God on high..... 234
Hark! the Herald Angels..... 244
Hark! the Angels sing..... 246
O holy night..... 241

Easter Anthems.

Anthem for Easter..... 255
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.. 249
Christ, the Lord, is risen..... 262
Christ is risen from the dead..... 266
Christ, our Passover..... 250
Now is Christ risen..... 258

Thanksgiving Anthems.

O Lord, how manifold..... 284
The eyes of all wait upon Thee. 280

Offertory Sentences.

Be merciful..... 275
Blessed is he that considereth the poor..... 274
He that hath pity on the poor.... 275
To do good..... 276

Miscellaneous.

Come unto me. (Sentence.).... 270
Good Friday..... 316
Grant, we beseech thee..... 273
Holy Ghost, inspire our praises: Whitsunday.)..... 272
Lift up your heads. (Authem.).. 268
Trsiagion and Sanctus. No. 1... 278
" " 2... 279
Litany Hymn..... 277

MORNING SERVICE, IN CHANT FORM.

Venite. No. 1..... 289
" " 2..... 290
" " 3, 4, 5 & 6..... 291
Christ, our Passover..... 292
Gloria Patri. No. 1..... 292
" " 2, 3, 4 & 5.. 293
Gloria in Excelsis. No. 1..... 294
" " 2..... 295
Te Deum. No. 1..... 296
" " 2..... 297
Benedicite. No. 1..... 298
" " 2..... 300
" " 3..... 301
Jubilate. Nos. 1 & 2..... 302
" " 3, 4, 5 & 6..... 303
Benedictus. Nos. 1 & 2..... 304
" " 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7.. 305

EVENING SERVICE.

Gloria in Excelsis. No. 1..... 306
" " 2..... 307
Cantate Domino. Nos. 1 & 2..... 308
" " 3, 4, 5 & 6. 309
Bonum Est. Nos. 1 & 2..... 310
" " 3, 4 & 5,.... 311
Deus Miseratur. Nos. 1 & 2..... 312
" " 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7 313
Benedic Anima. Nos. 1 & 2... 314
" " 3, 4, 5 & 6. 315
Good Friday..... 317
Burial Service..... 318

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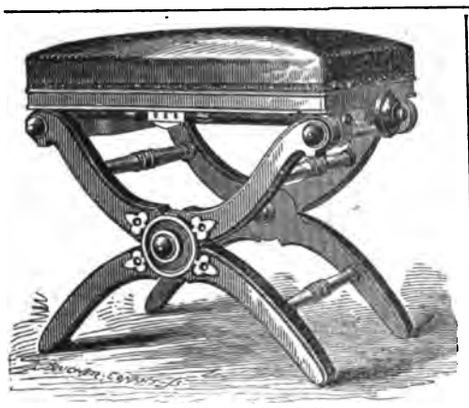

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 972. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 8.

A Thought on the Death of Bryant.*

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

As if, on one of our old granite hills,
In the deep silence of a summer noon,
Some giant oak, a monarch of the woods,
With sudden boom and crash fell prostrate—nay,
As if one of those hoary hills, itself,
Came toppling down in thunder to the plain,—
So thrilled our hearts, when the sad tidings came
That Bryant was struck down! Monarch of song,
He seemed coeval with our woods and hills;
Born to hold mystical companionship
With these, the common mother's mighty sons;
Sweet minstrel of the glorious brotherhood;
Interpreting to men the voice that stirs
In forest depths and floats o'er wooded heights;
Tender and reverent bard, whose even song,
In its pure, tranquil, and transparent flow,
Mirrors the soaring mountain's majesty,
Yet on its bosom fails not to reflect
An image of the little summer flower
That bends and quivers by the glassy tide.

Nestor of song! who, in a green old age,
Three generations imaged to our eyes;
Walking amongst us with the step of youth,
His eagle glance beaming with youthful fire;
His latest strains still keeping unimpaired
The vigor and the glory of his prime;
How, when he fell, our hearts sank with him too!
But, oh! they rose again with him to where
He sat, enthroned by the calm angel Death,
And where he still shall sit forevermore,
Poet and prophet of our promised land,
Poet of freedom, virtue, manliness,
Teacher to youth of wisdom's winning grace,
Teacher to age of heaven's eternal hope.

* Read from the pulpit at Newport, R.I., at the Bryant memorial service, Sunday.

"CHAUCER'S VERSE, though musical to the ears of those who flourished a few centuries ago, strikes our ears as unmusical, because we notice that it is almost always lame of a foot. We find only nine syllables in a verse when our modern ear tells us that there should be ten."—G. W. BULLING in *Dwight's Journal*.

Is this so? Here are some lines in which, if the reader will pronounce them as in Chaucer's time, he will find no want of that tenth syllable. I put an accent (é) over the syllable, which was then spoken, but is not now.

"With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press."
"All full of freshé flowrés, white and red."
"Full well she sangé the service divine
Entunéd in her nose full sweetély."
"At meaté she was well aytught withal,
She let no morsel from her lippés fall."
"Full sweetély heard he confessión
And pleasant was his absolution."

In German "sion" "tion," etc., still are two syllables; as Nati-ōn, Stati-ōn, and so in Chaucer's time it was in English.

"This liké monk let oldé thingés pace."
"Of nicé consciénce took he no keep."
"His streamés and his strandés him besides."

The following description is remarkable as showing the changes, which the pronunciation of our language has undergone. Read correctly (in the ancient manner), the rhythm is perfect:

"His limbés great, his brawnés hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his armés round and long;
And as the guisé was in his countrée
Full high upon a car of gold stood he
With fouré whité bullés in the trace.
Instead of coat armóur on his harnace,
With nailes yellow and bright as any gold,
He had a bearés-skin coal-black for old.
His longé hair was comb'd behind his back
As any raven's feath'r it shone for black;
A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,
Of fine rubiés* and of diámonds."

A. W. T.

* "Rubies" three syllables, like "di-a-monds."

Scenes from Goethe's "Faust," by Robert Schumann.

Translated for this Journal from the German of DR. EDUARD HANSLICK, 1860.

Schumann's "Faust" music has afforded us, in the study of the score, in the course of the rehearsals, and finally in the performance itself, hours of edifying enjoyment such as we have only owed of late years to the "Manfred" of the same composer. Both works count with those transfigured and transfiguring creations which can give the critic joy in his vocation, —in case they do not twist the pen out of his hand. We have here in mind, however, only the Third Part of the whole Schumann work, that is to say the conclusion of a succession of scenes, which one learns to know only with extremely mixed emotions. The history of the origin of the composition gives the best explanation of its internal contradictions. It was in the year 1844 when Schumann felt himself powerfully moved by the Second Part of Goethe's "Faust." From it he composed at first the final chorus: "*Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss*" ("All that doth pass away is but a symbol,")—in short the condensed result, the spiritual sum and essence of the whole mystery brought before us by the poet. Thereupon, without allowing his excited mood to cool off, Schumann proceeded to the working out of the whole mystery itself. Thus arose in Schumann's most vigorous epoch, in the time of the "Peri" and the first Symphony, this "Transfiguration of Faust," which now forms the Third Part of a "Faust" cycle. A considerable time afterwards, probably after the "Transfiguration" had already been given in some cities in the year 1849, Schumann felt himself prompted to draw also other scenes from Goethe's poem into the realm of his illustration. He composed first out of the Second Part: the "Sunrise" (Ariel), "The four gray Women," "Faust's loss of Sight," and "Faust's Death." These four numbers form the *second* division with Schumann, which, while rich in significant, nay genial passages, stands decidedly below the "Transfiguration" in originality and power. Incomparably weaker, indeed to a melancholy degree in such a neighborhood, is the (last composed) "first division," to-wit, the Overture and three pieces out of the First Part of Goethe's drama: "Scene in the Garden," "Gretchen before the image of the Madonna," and "Scene in the Cathedral." Thus we possess in Schumann's "Faust" a cycle of compositions widely separated in their periods of origin and of very unequal worth. He reproduces quite remarkably the relation between the two parts of Goethe's poem, only in the reverse order. Goethe placed by the side of the most splendid flowering of his youthful energy, "as a continuation," the cool reflexion of his staid old age; by the spring of the most original poesy he placed the pretentious, artificial deduction from allegories; in a word, after the "First" and only Part of Faust he placed—the "Second." With Schumann the case is reversed, so that the allegorical and mystical scenes of the Second Part are the spontaneous product of musical creative power, while those of the First Part form the late after-gleaning of a soul weary unto death.

It is not always the more perfect poem that attracts the more precious music. Where the musician finds a mission for himself, there the poet must have left something yet to be said, a something unexpressed, unfelt. Pictures like the garden scene in "Faust" are in themselves too perfect to admit of music. What composer in the world could make Gretchen's form more lovely, or the discourse of Faust more significant? Even Schumann went aground here. It is melancholy to contemplate, in his "first division," this restless modulation, this expressionless climbing of the voices up and down, which are meant to represent Faust and Gretchen to us. So much the more room, on the contrary, is there for the musical element in the second part of Goethe's poem, which stands poetically so much lower! One must be either an unqualified Goethe-worshipper, or a philosopher, or a musician, to be very enthusiastic over this Second Part.* Many scenes of the poem are scarcely conceivable without music;† the conclusion (Faust's Transfiguration) remains at least incomplete without it, a soul without visible beautiful body.

Let us briefly bring before us the connection. Faust, in the Second Part, has to develop himself through larger and more important relations with the world. A succession of great world phenomena, court and state, diplomacy and war, pass in review before our eyes. Here too Faust finds hollow, empty relations, which leave him unfilled. Full satisfaction, although swiftly fleeting, he enjoys for the first time on the classic field of ideal beauty, in the sight of Grecian Helen. With the vanishing of this ideal vision, Faust is given back again to the actual world. The time for enjoyment and for dreams is past for him; he seeks to create the useful, what bears fruit. With the help of spirits in his service he wrests an uninhabited land from the devastating elements and makes

* What will Bayard Taylor say to this?—ED.

† The Song of the Elves; the Masquerade procession; the strophes of the flower-girl; of the olive branch, etc., the announcement of Pulcinello, of the Boy Charioteer, of Pluto, etc.

it arable. He curses the compact with the evil one, and wishes himself back in a simple, human way of living; but for that it is too late, Faust's career is closed. "Care" robs him of eyesight; "Death" is drawing near. Mephisto is on the watch for Faust's soul, which belongs to him by the compact. In the fight for the soul of the hero the devils are driven off by the "flame power of the heavenly roses," which (according to the mediæval allegory) the Angels bring down from above, to purify Faust's soul. Faust is saved. The "immortal" part of him cannot be lost, for there is an eternal beauty and an eternally forgiving love (both personified in the "Mater gloriosa,") which as "the ever-womanly," draws the sinner upward. Around the Madonna group themselves the "Pater extaticus" and "Doctor Marianus," (in whom is embodied the ascetic agony of penitence and love so common in the Middle Ages), the Angels, the Blessed Spirits, and other heavenly figures of the Catholic theology.

The composer, who approaches the conclusion of this poem, will trouble himself but little about the weighty objections which may be raised against the whole proceeding.* He finds in this closing scene just the ready text for a lyrical Oratorio. Music, most supersensuous of the Arts, alone can render fixed and palpable these fluid, light-encompassed forms, and in a certain sense incorporate the scenically impossible proceeding. The tremulous twilight of the music makes a mystery dear and intelligible to us, which in the clear, sharp outline of the spoken word we find strange and repulsive. Even what disturbs the charm when spoken, like the Latinized crossing of the words imitated from the Church hymns, disappears under the purifying flood of the tone-waves. Richard Wagner in his last "Epistle to a French Friend" makes the incredible assertion, that there are for Poetry only two possible ways: it must either become perfectly abstract philosophy, or unite itself entirely with music. If we did not know that Wagner was thinking here of his own Opera texts, we might imagine images from the second part of "Faust" to be floating before him in this paradox. The abstractly reflective and the half musical parts therein would be, according to Wagner, the model examples of true poetry. As regards the "half musical," such as the transfiguration scene, it requires more than one would imagine to make it *wholly* musical. It would require an extraordinary and peculiar talent to give the poem that full and pure completion which it was waiting to receive from Music. As we believe, it required precisely Robert Schumann's genius. Only a composer, in whom the artistic elements were mingled just so, and not otherwise, could venture to solve the lofty riddle of this "Faust-transfiguration." Schumann has solved it in a most wonderful manner.

At the outset the first Chorus: "Forests are waving grand," establishes the ground color of the whole, this still, yet somewhat strange sense of blessedness, with a few masterstrokes. With deep, tranquil breath we drink in the unwonted, quickening, pure air. The characteristic, but rather monotonous tenor solo of the "Pater extaticus" was omitted in the performance. Somewhat livelier in melody and rhythm is the following Bass solo with the expressive close: "O God, soothe thou my thoughts bewildered!" From here onward the music grows ever richer, clearer and more inward. An extremely graceful song of "Blessed Boys" leads into the jubilant Chorus, "Saved," from which again a tender Soprano Solo ("These roses") is charmingly set off. The hymn of "Doctor Marianus" (with harp accompaniment)—more deep and tender than enthusiastic—prepares the exalted mood for the Chorus: "Thee, the intangible," admirably. Then follows the Song of Penitent Women. This deep and heart-felt melody, descending in even quarter notes, with which is blended Gretchen's wonderfully transfigured prayer, seems to us the pearl of the whole. In mystical tremors die away the "Mater gloriosa"'s words of benediction. Then sets in with imposing weight, amid the roaring peal of trombones, the concluding Chorus: "*Alles vergängliches*," etc. ("All that is transitory is but a symbol,") and wings itself upward in triumphant flight at the words: "The ever-womanly draws us on and upward."

To enter more deeply into the musical details is here impossible. We would only point to one peculiar excellence ennobling the whole work. That is the remarkable moderation and chasteness in the expression. If there was ever a poem made to mislead a composer into unnatural exaltation, it is this transfiguration scene. What modern composer would not have been tempted, by his own sense of insufficiency, to the most audacious experiments in harmony and instrumentation, to the most far-fetched over-refinement of melody? Imagine how Wagner or the Weimarites would have depicted "*das Unbegreifliche*" (the Incomprehensible)! Schumann, on the contrary, avoids all that is unbeautiful and measureless with such a tender feeling, that he resolves even the chopped and broken exclamations of the "Pater Extaticus" into the symmetry of a still, collected glow. In the Angel choruses there is no trace of outward pageantry or glitter. All is heart-felt, warm and simple. Far from Schumann lay the temptation to approach the poem on its brilliant outside. He let it grow warm in his heart, and then gave us, instead of a transcendental scene of triumph, a piece of his deepest and most individual feeling. If it be the best problem of the Oratorio to represent the divine as something humanly beautiful and soulful, then has Schumann here betrayed in what a beautiful, high sense he would have become an Oratorio composer.

* These objections are most strikingly exposed by VISCHER, who has passed the sharpest criticism upon the whole second part of "Faust."

Characteristics of Beethoven's Music.

[From the concluding portion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE's thorough and admirable article "Beethoven," in Part II. of his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1878).]

(Concluded from Page 258.)

5. The Scherzo stands perhaps in a different category from the three features already mentioned. It is less of a modification and more of a distinct new creation. The word is met with in Haydn and Mozart, but in a different sense to that in which Beethoven uses it, and apparently neither of those masters have it in a symphony. To both of them the third movement of a symphony was a minuet. All that a minuet could be made they made of it, but it was never given them to go beyond. The minuet remained a dance tune to the end of its days, and is so even in Beethoven's No. 8 Symphony. In fact Haydn actually lamented that he could not make more of it than he had. When discussing a rule of Albrechtsberger's by which fourths were prohibited in strict composition, he* said, 'Such trifling is absurd; I wish, instead, that some one would try to compose a really new minuet.' This Beethoven did. The third movement of his first Symphony is what Haydn wished to† see. Though labelled 'menuetto' it is quite unlike a minuet. It is in fact a scherzo, and in its little dimensions is the pattern and model of those gigantic movements which in the Eroica, the C minor, the No. 7, and especially the No. 9 of the Symphonies; in the B flat trio; in the Sonata, op. 106; and the first of the Rassoumoffsky Quartets, are so truly astonishing, and so characteristic of their great author.

6. An innovation of great importance in the Finale, for which no precedent can be found, was the introduction of the Chorus. In the Eroica Symphony Beethoven showed how a set of orchestral variations could be employed in a finale. In the Choral Fantasia again he showed with what effect a chorus could be employed in the same part of the work. But in the 9th Symphony he combined the two, by using the chorus in a succession of variations. Mendelssohn has followed his example in the 'Lobgesang,' the vocal portion of which is the last movement of a symphony; but he has not adopted the Variation-form.

7. One of the most striking characteristics of Beethoven's music is the individual variety of each piece and each movement. In the Symphonies every one of the 9 first movements is entirely distinct from the other 8, and the same of the andantes, scherzos, and finales. Each is based on a distinct idea, and each leaves a separate image and impression on the mind. And the same may be said of the majority of the smaller works, of the concertos and quartets and pianoforte trios—certainly of the sonatas, all but perhaps a very few. The themes and passages have no family likeness, and have not the air of having been taken out of a stock ready made, but are born for the occasion. He thus very rarely repeats himself. The theme of the slow movement of the Sonata in F minor and the second theme in the first movement of the Sonata in C (op. 2, Nos. 1 and 3) are adapted from his early pianoforte quartets. The minuet in the Septet is developed from that in the little Sonata in G (op. 49, No. 2). The Turkish March in the 'Ruins of Athens' had already appeared as a theme for Variations in D (op. 76). The theme of the Variations in the Choral Fantasia is a song of his own, 'Seufzer eines Ungeliebten' (No. 253), composed many years before. The melodies of two Contretänze (No. 17a) are employed in the Prometheus music, and one of them is also used in a set of Variations (op. 35) and in the Finale to the Eroica. In the Finale to the Choral Fantasia there are some slight anticipations of the Finale to the Choral Symphony; the Prometheus music contains an anticipation of the storm in the Pastoral Symphony, and the subject of the Allegretto to the 8th Symphony is found in a humorous Canon (No. 256–2)—such are all the repetitions that have been detected. How far he employed *Volks-lieder* and other tunes not invented by himself is not yet known. Certain melodies in the Eroica, Pastoral, and No. 7 Symphonies, are said to have been thus adopted, but at present it is mere assertion.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for noticing a prominent fact about his own melodies, viz., that they often consist wholly or mainly of consecutive notes. This is the case with some of the very finest themes he has written, witness the Scherzo and Finale to the Choral Symphony; and that to the Choral Fantasia; the slow movements of the B flat Trio and the Symphony in the same key; the Adagio to the Quartet op. 127, and many others.

8. In the former part of this sketch we have mentioned the extraordinary manner in which Beethoven wrote and re-wrote until he had arrived at the exact and most apt expression of his thought. The same extraordinary care not to be mistaken is found in the *nuances*, or marks of expression, with which his works are crowded, and which he was the first to introduce in such abundance. For in-

* Griesinger, p. 114.

† One would like to know if Haydn ever heard the First or any other of Beethoven's Symphonies, and what his real feelings were about them. He lived on till 1809, and might thus have heard the Eroica and even the C minor.

stance, to compare the 'Jupiter' Symphony—Mozart's last—with Beethoven's first, we shall find that the violin part of the first half of the opening *Allegro* has in the former (120 bars long) 14 marks of expression, in the latter (95 bars) 42 marks. The Andante to Mozart's Symphony in G minor has 38 marks to 131 bars, while that to Beethoven's No. 2 has 155 marks to 276 bars. In the later works this attention to *nuance* increases. The Allegro agitato of the Quartet in F minor, 125 bars long, contains 95 marks; the Cavatina in the Quartet in B flat, 66 bars long, contains 58 marks. It is part of the system of unwearied care and attention by which this great man, whose genius was only equalled by his assiduity, brought his works to their actual perfection, and to the certainty that they would produce what he himself calls *il suo proprio proposto effetto**—their own special and intended effect. How original and splendid the effect of such *nuances* can be may be seen in the *Vivace* of the No. 7 Symphony, where the sudden change from *ff* to *pp*, accompanying an equally sudden plunge in the melody and abrupt change in the harmony, produces a wild romantic effect which once to hear is never to forget.

In addition, Beethoven here and there gives indications such as the 'Bitte um innern und äussern Frieden' at the 'Dona' in the Mass in D, the 'beklemmt' in the Cavatina of the B flat Quartet, the 'Arioso dolente' of Sonata op. 110, which throw a very personal color over the piece. The word 'Cantabile' has a special meaning when he employs it.

9. Beethoven used Variations to a very great extent. For the Pianoforte, Solo and in conjunction with other solo instruments, he has left 29 sets, some on original themes, some on airs by other composers. But besides these several movements in his Sonatas, Quartets, and Trios are variations, so entitled by him. Every one will remember those in the Septet, in the 'Harp' Quartet, in the Kreutzer Sonata, in the Solo Sonata in A flat, and in the two late Sonatas in E and C minor (op. 109 and 111). Many other movements in the same branches of composition are variations, although not so named. The slow movements in the Sonata 'appassionata' and the op. 106 are splendid instances. In the Symphonies the slow movements of the C minor, the Pastoral and the Ninth, are magnificent examples, the last the most splendid of all—while the colossal Finales of the Eroica and the Ninth Symphony are also variations, though of a very different order from the rest and from each other. Of the lowest and most obvious type of variation, in which the tune remains in *statu quo* all through the piece, with mere changes of accompaniment above, below, and around it—the Herz-Thalberg type—the nearest approach to be found in Beethoven's works, is the 5th variation in op. 26. His favorite plan is to preserve the harmonic basis of the theme and to modify and embellish the melody. Of this type he makes use with astonishing ease and truly inexhaustible originality. It is to be found in some shape or other in nearly every work of his second and third periods. It is not his own invention, for fine instances of it exist in Mozart and Haydn, but no one practised it with such beauty and nobility as he did, unless it be Schubert, who at any rate approaches very near him in its use. Perhaps the finest instance of it is in the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony, in which the melody is varied first in common time and then in 12–8, with a grace, beauty, and strength which are quite unparalleled. There is, however, a* third kind of variation which is all Beethoven's own, in which everything undergoes a change—rhythm, melody, and harmony—and yet the individual theme remains clearly present. 'Perhaps one melodious step only of the subject is taken (op. 109; var. 1 and 5): perhaps the fundamental progressions of the harmony alone are retained; perhaps some thorough rhythmical alteration is made, with an entire change of key, as in the *Poco Andante*, Finale of Eroica; in the B flat variation *alla marcia*, of the Ninth Symphony; and in many of the 33 Variations. This is no mere change of dress and decoration, but an actual creation of something new out of the old germ—we see the chrysalis change into the butterfly, and we know it to be the same creature despite the change.' 'In no other form than that of the Variation,' continues Mr. Dannreuther, 'does Beethoven's creative power appear more wonderful, and its effect on the art more difficult to measure.'

10. Of Fugues Beethoven wrote but few, and those near the end of his career, but he always knew how to introduce a *fugato* or bit of contrapuntal work with the happiest effect. Witness a passage in the working out of the first movement of the Eroica Symphony, and another in the Finale of the same work; or in the middle portion of the Allegretto of No. 7; or the lovely counterpoint for the Bassoon in the opening of the Finale of No. 9. Of complete fugues the only instrumental ones are the finale to the 3rd of the Rassoumoffsky Quartets; the finales to the 'Cello Sonata op. 102, No. 2, and the Solo Sonatas op. 101, 106, and 110; and the enormous movement in B flat which originally formed the termination to the great String Quartet in the same key. Of the last-named fugue one has no opportunity of judging, as it is never played; but of the others, especially those in the Solo Sonatas, it may be safely said that nothing in the whole of Beethoven's music is associated with a more distinct dramatic intention, whether it be, as has been* suggested, a resolution to throw off an affection which was enthralling him, or some other great mental effort.

11. Beethoven did not originate 'programme music,' for Bach left a sonata describing the departure of his brother; and two symphonies are in existence by Knecht—a countryman of Beethoven's, and a few years his senior—entitled 'Tableau musical de la nature,' and 'La joie des Bergers interrompue par l'orage,' which are not only founded on the same idea with his Pastoral Symphony, but are† said to contain somewhat similar themes and passages. But, though he did not invent it, he raised it at once to a higher level than before, and his programme pieces have exercised a great effect on the art. 'When Beethoven had once opened the road,' said Mendelssohn, 'every one was bound to follow;' and it is probable that without his example we should not have had Mendelssohn's overtures to 'The Hebrides' or to the 'Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt.' His works in this line, omitting all which did not receive their titles from himself, are:—the 'Sonata pathétique;' 'La Malinconia,' an adagio in the String-quartet, No. 6; the 'Eroica' Symphony; the 'Pastoral' ditto; the Battle of Vittoria; the Sonata 'Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour;' the movements in the A minor quartet (op. 132) entitled 'Canzona di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla divinità da un guarito,' and 'Sentendo nuova forza;' the movement in the F major quartet (op. 135), entitled 'Der schwergefasste Entschluss—Muss es sein? Es muss sein;' and a Rondo à capriccio for Piano (op. 129), the MS. of which is entitled by the composer 'Die Wuth über den verlornen Groschen ausgetobt in einer Caprice.' Beyond these Beethoven made no acknowledged attempts to depict definite scenes or moods of mind in instrumental music. We have already (p. 179*a*) quoted Schindler's statement that Beethoven intended the Sonatas in op. 14 to be a dialogue between two lovers, and to represent the 'entreating and resisting principle;' and the Sonata in E minor (op. 90) is said to have had direct reference to the difficulties attending Moritz Lichnowsky's passion for the actress whom he ultimately married. The first movement was to have been called 'Kampf zwischen Kopf und Herz,' and the second, 'Conversation mit der Geliebten.' But none of these titles were directly sanctioned by Beethoven himself. In the programme of the concert of Dec. 22, 1808, at which the Pastoral Symphony was produced, he prefixed the following words to the description of the Symphony:—'Pastoral Symphonie: mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei'—'more expression of emotions than portraiture,' a canon which should surely be taken as the guide in interpreting all similar works of his.

We have now endeavored to give the main external characteristics of Beethoven's music; but the music itself, though it resides in them, is beyond and above them all. 'While listening,' says Mr. Dannreuther, 'to such works as the Overture to Leonora, the Sinfonia Eroica, or the Ninth Symphony, we feel that we are in the presence of something far wider and higher than the mere development of musical themes. The execution in detail of each movement and each succeeding work is modified more and more with the prevailing poetic sentiment. A religious passion and elevation are present in the utterances. The mental and moral horizon of the music grows upon us with each renewed hearing. The different movements—like the different particles of each movement—have as close a connection with one another as the acts of a tragedy, and a characteristic significance to be understood only in relation to the whole; each work is in the full sense of the word a revelation. Beethoven speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one has dreamt of before; yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar, in one's mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence. . . . The warmth and depth of his ethical sentiment is now felt all the world over, and it will ere long be universally recognized that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of great philosophers and poets have widened the sphere of men's intellectual activity.' *

* Preface to the Eroica.

* Mr. Dannreuther in *Macmillan*.

* Mr. Davison's Analysis of the Sonata, op. 106.

† Fétis, *Biographie*, s. v. Knecht.

Music Without a Master.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

We have never been able to understand whether the works published for teaching languages "without a master" are founded upon the idea that with such help no person would require a master; or that, presuming a pupil had previously made up his mind not to employ an experienced guide, these books are to act as correct finger-posts to point out the road he is to travel. Supposing that they are simply to serve as poor substitutes for the legitimate method of acquiring a language, they will doubtless be found useful in their way; but if they are meant to establish the fact that by self-tuition a sound knowledge of the subject can be gained, we must unreservedly dissent from such a conclusion. "French without a master" sounds extremely well; but one of the first requisites of a language is a perfect pronunciation, and the intonation of the French is not to be acquired by the eye, but by the ear. When we see, for example, that *bouillon* is to be pronounced *boolon*, according to the English alphabet, we do not get very near to the truth, although it is said that the *oo* sounds as in the word *wood*, and that the *n* is "nasal;" neither can the correct pronunciation of *surveillance* be caught by attempting to follow the English letters in *survelans*, even when we are directed to recollect that the *u* is "short," the *l* "sounds as *gl* in *seraglio*," and that the "nasal" sound of *n* is to be carefully observed; and yet these are fair specimens of the method by which French is taught "without a master."

If then the difficulties in the way of becoming a good linguist are really insurmountable, save by the aid of an able instructor, what shall be said of the possibility of acquiring Music "without a master?" Surely if this is, as we believe, one of the most eloquent of languages, no symbols can convey anything but the baldest idea of the beauty of a tone-poem. True it is that those who study French by the help of books alone may learn sufficient to enable them to read the literature of the country; but let them attempt to speak, and the pronunciation at once betrays the manner in which they have studied. In Music, too, it is possible that a diligent and earnest student may, with great care, skim through compositions with much amusement, and even profit, to himself; yet the moment he tries to expound the meaning of a work to artistic ears, the want of what may be termed the "intonation" of the language is at once painfully apparent. To those who feel the importance of seeking an efficient tutor for Music, whether vocal or instrumental, it is of course unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject; but we see a growing tendency in the present day to issue compositions for the pianoforte in which, without positively asserting the fact, it seems assumed that every information necessary for a student is to be found. In past times pieces only contained the notes, with the requisite marks for the varieties of tone and time; but now we have full and explicit fingering throughout, directions for the minutest shades of expression, Italian words (many of which are positively untranslatable) to guide our minds into the right channel for the interpretation of the most important passages, and we have even an edition of classical works where every movement is elaborately analyzed, the margin being positively covered with letter-press so thickly as completely to dazzle the eye of the young performer for whom such information is evidently designed. Songs, too, are published with all the places for taking breath marked; and it is probable, if this system should continue to

* I have been much indebted in this part of my work to an admirable paper by Mr. Dannreuther in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1876. I have quoted from it more than once, and if I have not done so still more it is because the style of his remarks is not suited to the bald rigidity of a Dictionary article.

develop, that directions for the proper management of the voice and the pronunciation of the syllables may be added. Now it is obvious that when a work is thus placed before the public, the editor gives a lesson to every purchaser of a copy; and if this could possibly be an efficient one, there could be no artistic reason, at least, for saying a word against it; but as we have already indicated, no printed rules, however carefully they may have been considered, can form either a player or a singer—the influence of an experienced teacher alone can mould the pupil's mind; and as Music should come from the mind, and merely be uttered through the voice or fingers, even the best "paper musician" must necessarily be a mere ingenious automaton.

But, in addition to the pieces we have mentioned, expressly designed, as we suppose, for self tuition, we have books entitled "Music without a master," and in these publications laws are laid down for the student which are no doubt founded upon sound principles, but are utterly useless unless explained and illustrated by a teacher. "Do not put your thumb upon a black key," for instance, and "Never place one finger over another," are very good maxims; but a pianist would be somewhat puzzled were he to attempt to play classical works with a blind observance of such directions. The truth is that the exceptions prove the rule; and although these exceptions, when met with in printed fingering, rather perplex an untaught player, when recommended under the guidance of an intelligent master, they become interesting examples for reflection as illustrating the great principle of "fingering as you phrase." The mental analysis of a pianoforte composition is a process which, aided by the teacher, grows so much into a habit with a student, that notes in music, like words in a book, become merely regarded as a means of eloquently expressing phases of thought; and the fingers are therefore instinct with the minutest shades of feeling. To give forth the correct notes of a theme, or coldly to execute passages without a flaw will satisfy none whose musical powers have been developed by constant communion with an artistic and experienced mind; and few will be found who can endure mechanical playing if they have for years been taught to believe that those who have, by hard labor only, vanquished executive difficulties have acquired the means, but not the end, of art. A Sonata of Beethoven's, for example, is a poem, only to those who are themselves musical poets; but the notes are the same to all; music is certainly an universal language and requires no translation for executants not born in the country of the author; the indications for every variation of time, for phrasing, and even for fingering, appear legibly upon the paper, but it is the magic of the teacher which, almost imperceptibly, urges the young player to mould this succession of sounds into an harmonious whole. No composer can do more than faintly shadow forth his meaning by the aid of the engraver; no editor can induce eloquence in the performer by the most careful directions for phrasing; the influence of the master must be personal, and teacher and pupil must be united by that bond of sympathy which even absence should not weaken.

If we were to accept the fact of multitudes of books professing to teach the vocal art existing around us as a proof, we might imagine that "Singing without a master" is an exceedingly easy matter. To say nothing of the many anatomical treatises with colored illustrations—by no means agreeable to look at—which tell us how the voice should be produced according to Nature's laws, we have pleasant and well-written works which treat so ably of the method of singing vowels and consonants, of the manner in which words should and should not be pronounced, of the appearance of the face when singing, and even of the true attitude to be assumed before an audience, that little more seems necessary for qualifying a student to become an accomplished vocalist. Most of us have heard of the singer who, having been kept solely to a set series of vocal exercises for about seven years, was then told that he had nothing more to learn. The story is a good one, and gains respect by age; but who, knowing anything of the matter, will believe it? "Either," they will say, "he was *not* the great singer that he is reported to have been, or he gained his high artistic qualities by other means than singing over a number of dry technical studies for seven years." It is true that he worked under the guidance of a master; but we hear nothing of the influence exercised by this master when school-hours were over. No organized daily *routine*, however well it may have been laid out upon paper, will ever form a vocalist worthy of the name; for not only must the utmost care be exercised to form the musical intelligence as well as the voice, but it is as impossible for a teacher to pursue precisely the same system with two pupils as for a doctor to practise the same course of treatment with two patients. The constitution must be studied in both instances, and this can only be done by one who has experience as well as knowledge, and whose whole heart is in the work to which he devotes himself.

We recollect once being told by a lady that, although her daughter had taken lessons on the pianoforte for many years, she always played frightfully out of tune. How this feat was accomplished we know not; but now that the female members of a family so often forsake our household instrument for the Violin, we trust that mothers with such sensitive ears will take care that a proper instructor is provided in the rudimentary stages of their daughters' progress. Self-tuition, as we have endeavored to prove, is bad enough wherever solid advancement is desired, but the "Violin without a master" is something too horrible to dwell upon. To be compelled to listen to the constant practice of the scales is wearisome indeed; but who can bear the excruciating torture of hearing each note gradually squeezed into tune—or rather what the player thinks is in tune—as a portion of a "pupil's daily exercise"? Truly the violin, although in every respect a perfect instrument, capable of conveying the most eloquent and impassioned poetry to a cultivated audience, is one which thoroughly tests the musical faculty. On the pianoforte anybody, with a little practice, can at least sound a succession of notes which shall be satisfactory to the ear, provided the tuner has properly performed his duty; yet place a violin and bow in the hands of a tyro and he can produce but a discordant noise. Much therefore as we may desire that this instrument should be more popular in the domestic circle than it has hitherto been, by introducing it into ladies' schools, and by encouraging our daughters as well as our sons at home to develop its numerous beauties, we cannot insist too strongly upon the necessity of practising from the first under the supervision of an able teacher; for "instruction books" must speak alike to all, and never can probe those individual feelings which can be detected, and perhaps remedied, by an experienced and conscientious master.

Although, following out our theory to the utmost, we thoroughly disagree with attempting to acquire "Harmony without a master," we especially warn the pupil against studying "Harmony with too many masters;" for although it is undoubtedly true that in a multitude of counsellors there must be wisdom, it is not always that even the most learned doctors arrive at the same conclusion. A definite method of classifying chords which has formed the foundation for the structure of some of the finest artistic works may be proved faulty as thought on the subject advances, and mature minds may safely analyze the numerous systems around them; but young students should firmly adhere to the one in which they have been taught to put faith, for there can be no question that all musicians arrive at the same end, although by different means; and a beautiful chord in the work of a great composer is no less beautiful because another composer would note it differently. So much is done by establishing a feeling of confidence between master and pupil that we cannot too earnestly advocate the desirability of mutual trust; and whenever therefore one who has been taught that a certain combination of sounds has a certain root, suddenly discovers that there are theorists who say that it has another root, let him not disbelieve in his tutor, for assuredly he will find that there are theorists of equal position who deny the truth of either. And if the help of a teacher is so positively essential in learning the principles of what may be termed "musical grammar," how much more is it so in attempting to compose! The master who would inculcate a feeling for symmetry of construction, and show the laws by which the grand works which have placed music amongst the noblest of the arts have been regulated, must do something more than merely map out upon paper the cold forms of the several movements of a classical composition. Books may help, but not take the place of, oral instruction; for in examining the models which have been bequeathed to us, we should endeavor not only to study the plan, but to comprehend the inner meaning of an author; and a good master can reveal to us in a short time what the most earnest student might not discover in years of study.

Opposed then as we are to the system of teaching even dry matters of fact in a matter-of-fact style, and with a fixed conviction that "imitation" is of all things to be avoided, it may perhaps be asked what we consider the real office of a master. To this we reply that he is ever to remember how grave is the responsibility of the task with which he is entrusted; for the talent of his pupil is the capital which he undertakes to employ to the greatest advantage. He must administer his teaching, therefore, not only with skill, but with judgment. His mission is to build up the musical mind of his pupil from the foundation, and to instil in early life such sound principles of art, that the older he grows the more solid his taste will become. Above all things, he is to make his influence felt when no longer at his pupil's side, for it should be understood that the object of studying with a master is to be able in the future to do without him. Assuming that these truths are admitted as the basis of legitimate teaching, it will be at once seen that no directions upon paper, as we have already said, can produce anything beyond mechanical correctness, and that self-tuition in music is no more to be advocated than self-tuition in language. The due interpretation of a composition requires something more than mere accuracy, and that something can only be gained by communion with artists. Whenever therefore the result of "Music without a master" is exhibited in any form, let us hope that the audience may be "without a master" to listen to it.—*London Musical Times.*

Berlin.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

The season at the Royal Operahouse, brought to a premature close by the last attempt on the Emperor's life, ended with a performance of *Fidelio*. From the 24th August, 1877, to the 14th June, 1878, there were 223 purely operatic performances, in addition to the performances of dramas, such as *Preciosa*, *Der Verschwender*, etc., with original music of their own. The 223 performances comprised fifty-five works by thirty different composers. The novelties were *Der Landfriede*, three acts, Brüll; and *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, four acts, Wüerst. Annexed is a list of the operas given and of the number of times each was performed: Thirteen times, *Lohengrin*; ten times, *Tannhäuser*, *Der Landfriede*; eight times, *Il Trovatore*; seven times, *Fidelio*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*; six times, *Die Maccabäer*, *Rigoletto*, *Titus*, *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Freischütz*, *Les Huguenots*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Maçon*; five times, *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, *Le Prophète*, *Faust*, *Die Zauberflöte*; four times, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Africaine*, *Oberon*, *Martha*, *Stradella*; three times, *A-ing-fo-hi*, *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Aïda*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Fernand Cortez*, *Così fan Tutte*, *Constanz und Belmonte*, *La Sonnambula*, *Robert-le-Diable*, *La Juive*; twice, *Cesario*, *Genoveva*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Lucia*, *La Traviata*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Joseph*; once, *Die Folkunger*, *Euryanthe*, *Rienzi*, *Norma*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, *Hamlet*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Bon Soir*, *Sig. Pantalon*. The following list shows how many performances and how many works each composer contributed: 1, R. Wagner, 38 performances, 5 works; 2, Mozart, 29, 6; 3, Verdi, 19, 4; 4, Meyerbeer, 14, 4; 5, Brüll, 17, 2; 6, Auber, 13, 3; 7, Weber, 11, 3; 8, Flotow, 8, 2; 9, Wüerst, 8, 2; 10, Beethoven, 7, 1; 11, Adam, 7, 1; 12, Rubinstein, 6, 1; 13, Donizetti, 6, 2; 14, Gounod, 5, 1; 15, Nicolai, 5, 1; 16, Bellini, 4, 2; 17, Gluck, 3, 1; 18, Rossini, 3, 2; 19, Spontini, 3, 1; 20, Halévy, 3, 1; 21, Schumann, 2, 1; 22, Taubert, 2, 1; 23, Méhul, 2, 1; 24, Boïeldieu, 2, 1; 25, Cherubini, 2, 1; 26, Marschner, 2, 1; 27, Kretschmer, 1, 1; 28, Thomas, 1, 1; 29, Kreutzer, 1, 1; 30, Grisar, 1, 1. Herr Beck, who has seceded from the Royal Opera-house, has been singing as a "guest," *i.e.*, fulfilling a short engagement, at Kroll's, where Mdlle. Marion, who some time since produced a favorable impression at the Royal establishment which Herr Beck has just quitted, has proved a great attraction.—A concert was given at the Singacademie, by Mdmes. Jachmann-Wagner and Mallinger, for the benefit of the coachman Richter, who fared so badly in Nobiling's attempt on the Emperor's life. Despite the high prices of admission, the hall was tolerably filled. The two ladies were warmly greeted on their appearance. Mdlles. Lilli Lehmann, Marie Lehmann, Minna Lammert, and Herr Ernst contributed from *Die Götterdämmerung* the scene where Siegfried visits the Daughters of the Rhine, while Mdmes. Mallinger, Jachmann-Wagner, Herren W. Müller, Bolle, and Oberhauser combined their powers with such good effect in the quintet from the *Meistersinger* that it had to be repeated. The instrumentalists were Herren Mannstadt and Rehfeld. Herr Eckert officiated as conductor.—The Directorship of Stern's Vocal Association, lately conferred on Herr Max Bruch, was first offered to Herr Robert Radecke, Royal *Capellmeister*, who was unable to obtain the Royal sanction.

The Abbate Franz Liszt on the Music of the Tziganes.

If we would analyse the music of the Tsiganes*—if we would decompose, dissect, and dismember it—so as to form a judgment on its contexture and compare it with our own, the first thing we must do would be to show clearly what in the first place distinguishes it from the latter; and we should have, consequently, to mention its system of modulation, based on a negation, as it were, of any system at all. The Tziganes know no more about dogmas, laws, rules, and discipline in music than in anything else. Everything for them is good and permissible, provided it pleases them. They recoil from no act of daring in music, if it only agrees with their daring instincts and if they only see in it a faithful picture of their nature; Art being, as far as they are concerned, neither a science to be acquired, nor a trade to be carried on, nor a calling of skill to be exhibited with certain forms and expedients, nor a magic charm, of which we may obtain the formula, as we might a receipt—Art being, as far as they are concerned, a sublime language, a mystic song—clear, however, to the initiated—they employ it according to the exigencies of what they have to say, and do not allow themselves to be swayed in their mode of speech by any extraneous influence. They invented their own music, and they invented it for their own use, to speak in it and sing in it to each other, and to hold with one another the most confidential and most touching monologues. How is it to be supposed they would infuse in it principle and propriety when they allow such things nowhere else? They have a primitive gamut and a primitive language, and never displayed religious and sincere respect for the preservation of aught else. They do not subject musical material to any precept, particularly as regards the mutual relations of tones. That which, beyond aught else, gains over the listener to their music is the freedom and richness of its rhythms, their multiplicity and their suppleness, to be found in the same degree nowhere else. These rhythms are varied to infinity; they are interwoven and intertwined; they are heaped one on the other; they assume a host of different gradations and expressions, from the most savage violence to the most lulling *dolcezza* and the gentlest *smorzando*; from martial spirit to the most skipping dance-measure; from the pace of a triumphal march to that of a funeral procession; from the round dance of the Willis in the meadow and beneath the light of the moon, to the Bacchic songs prolonged until the dawn. The manner in which these rhythms follow each other—the manner in which they are connected and interlaced—is marvellously well adapted to awaken in our mind poetic images. They are all characteristic, all full of fire, suppleness, dash, undulation, spirit, and fantastic freaks; sometimes mordicant, like an amorous challenge, and sometimes sighed out like a plaintive and confidential confession; as impetuous as the gallop of a thoroughbred, or as careless and joyous as the frisking of a little bird in the sunshine; babbling and rapid like the prattle of a group of girls, or spurred and panting like the assault of cavalry taking a redoubt. These rhythms are as flexible as the branches of a weeping-willow, which bend beneath the evening breeze; their rule is to have no rule; they are generally characterized by a frank air and frank coloring. We do not find in them the trepidation, the reflection, full of hesitation and trouble, peculiar to the rhythms of the waltz or of the mazurka. But, on the other hand, their diversity is infinite, and sometimes reminds us of the varied leaps and inflexions of Asclepiadics, with their unequal mode of progression.

It is impossible to dwell too strongly on the rare beauties resulting from this richness of rhythm and the importance we must assign it in judging Bohemian music. We know no other music from which European art might learn so much about fertility of rhythmical invention and its appropriate employment. The reader will, by the way, have no difficulty in understanding this diversity, if he considers that the Bohemian reproduces the intensity of passion with which he delivers himself up to very opposite, and frequently contradictory impressions, within a very restricted period, owing to his mode of life, which brings him in continual contact with the ever-changing aspects of nature, while other nations are impelled to reproduce in art only the one passion, the one sentiment, and the one phase of the soul, which predominates among them.

He whom all agree in regarding as the last of the Tsigane types, the best known, the most liked, and the most popular hero of Bohemian virtuosity, was Bihary, who was born in the countship of Raab, and died in 1827, aged fifty-eight. We can still recollect seeing and hearing him. The masculine beauty of his person presented all the distinctive traces of his race. We cannot describe the imperious fascination he exercised, when, with an air of carelessness, at once absent and melancholy, and contrasting with the apparent kindness and joviality of his disposition, and the vivacity of the glance with which he sounded the soul of his auditor, he took his violin and played for hours together, forgetting that time flowed on with the cascades of sounds, dashing down with choleric crash, or gliding like some gentle murmur over the velvet sward. We were not such a child, when, in 1822, we heard this great man among Bohemian virtuosos, as not to be so struck by him as to preserve a faithful remembrance of his inspired strains, which percolated into our soul, like some exciting and generous vital juice. On subsequently calling to mind his performances, we ended by believing that the emotions we then experienced must have resembled the effects produced by one of the mysterious elixirs which the daring alchemists of the Middle Ages concocted in their secret laboratories. The notes, like the drops of a spirituous essence, were transfused from the magic violin into our spell-bound ear. Had our memory been a ductile glaze, and each note a diamond point, the notes would not have been impressed more firmly on it. If, by a magnetic overthrow of things, all our senses had been concentrated in our ear, we should not have seized more thoroughly the balsamic perfumes which appeared diffused throughout the music, or the sweat of blood which at other times seemed to be distilled through the player's bow.

Bihary carried to its climax the renown of Bohemian art. The Hungarian aristocracy had long patronized and exalted the latter, but at the period to which we refer it became, as it were, an integral part of the national system. It was in some degree an indispensable element in the obligatory ceremonial of the Diet of Presburg; it figured, in the character of national art, at the Coronation ball; and, in a word, was considered as one of the crown jewels, and as a source of patriotic pride. Between 1820 and 1830, Bihary conferred on it such lustre, that Vienna itself grew enthusiastic about it. The Court, on several occasions, sent for the band whom Bihary conducted; they played at several Imperial parties, and at several given by foreign ambassadors, including that at the English Embassy. Their concerts at various theatres were exceedingly popular and always well attended. It is even related that the Emperor, carried away on the wave of admiration, was inclined to confer exceptional favors on Bihary, who had particularly attracted the attention of the highest members of the Imperial family. When, however, his Majesty asked the musician what boon he should like from his sovereign, who was ready to ennoble him, Bihary disconcerted all the Imperial good intentions by asking for patents of nobility *for all his band*. Generous largesse for his own people; a pariah's rugged pride imposing conditions on his renunciation of poverty; or an ingenious subterfuge to escape a boon which grated on his independence—it was a fine trait!

F. LISZT.

* *Teutonicè:* Zigeuner; *Italicè:* Zingari; and *Anglicè:* Gipsies.

The Berlin Concert.

A PREFACE FROM PUNCH.

The night was dark; only a far-off gleam on the horizon gave faint and doubtful promise of a better day. The low rumbling of recent thunder rolled in the distance. Flashes of lightning ever and anon told of an atmosphere still charged with electricity, even if this had not been proclaimed by the sulphurous and stifling air.

But what is this discord that bursts upon the darkness?

Squeakings and shriekings, groanings and gaspings, grumblings in veiled *basso profondo* alternating with squeals in agonizing *alto*, confusion worse confounded of sharps and flats, dominants and subdominants, crotchets and quavers, diplomatic semitones and undiplomatic protests—mingled squawkings as of strings pulled many ways, blarings as of brass, wailings as of wind—

Never did more horrible *charivari* make night more hideous.

"Confound the cats!" murmured Punch, as he turned uneasily on his hot and rumpled pillow.

"Not cats, master," growled Toby, from his post of guard at the bedside; "only the Berlin Orchestra tuning for the European Concert."

It was hard to believe that the long-promised concert was coming off at last. But Punch can trust his watchdog.

The master was wide-awake at once, up and dressed, and deep in the list of the principal performers which Toby had handed to him.

Beaconsfield and Bismarck, to alternate the duties of conductor and first fiddle; Salisbury for Beaconsfield's second fiddle; Schouvaloff, big drum and leader of the Russian Horn Band; Andrassy, ophicleide; Waddington, flute and French cor de chasse; Corti, viol da gamba; Mehemet, cymbals, tambourine and Turkish crescent; Roumanian Guzla, Greek lyre, Jew's-harp and other minor instruments incidental to the concerts, by Messrs. Bratiano, Delyannis, the leaders of the Israelitish Alliance, and others.

"Quite a star orchestra," murmured the master. "What a pity they didn't get it together two years ago! Why should Europe have had to wade her way to her concert through a sea of blood, across a waste of war strewed with hideous wreck of massacre, athwart misery untold—famine and death, and outrage worse than death? And what a discord by way of introduction! But the more trouble in tuning, the more chance, let us hope, of harmony to come."

So saying, but with a sigh of misgiving, Punch made his way to the concert room through a double row of special correspondents who bowed respectfully as he passed.

Beaconsfield, baton in hand, was at his side in a twinkling—leaving his seat, for a moment, to Salisbury, his second fiddle, who seemed ill at ease under the new responsibility. Was he thinking of the Conference of Constantinople, and what it came to?

"What can I do for *you*, my dear and illustrious confrere?' exclaimed Beaconsfield, blandly, as he made a movement to take Punch's hand.

"Let me see your programme," said Punch, politely waiving the proffered courtesy.

"Of course I have settled it all beforehand with Schouvaloff and Bismarck—but only provisionally," hastily observed Beaconsfield.

"Somebody must settle," rejoined the master, "or we should have the music in a nice muddle. But you ought to have taken *me* into council."

Beaconsfield, for once, blushed, as he handed Punch a paper.

"You will see it is by no means as Schouvaloff would have had it," he continued, complacently. "St. Petersburg taste is barbaric. They understand nothing but brass and wind; and their best players are always making false notes. We have modified the Panslav movement very considerably; cut short the Russian March, and altogether suppressed Ignatieff's Overture to the Siege of Constantinople; besides curtailing their Bulgarian symphony, of which there was ridiculously too much. It is true we have given them the 'Blaue Donau' Waltz, with the Sofia, Shumla and Varna variations, the Bessarabian *scherzo*, and the Batoum *barcarole*, but *en revanche* we have restored the Balkan passages for the Turkish band."

"But how about the integrity and independence of the Ottoman?"

Beaconsfield shrugged his shoulders. "A mere *façon de parler*. We know what that sort of thing means," he added with a smile. "All very well for a Jingo air at the music halls, but in a European concert!"—and he winked, and all but whistled as he put his finger to his nose, with an air of infinite significance. "But there was no alternative. Andrassy has been very troublesome. We all know he has a difficult part to play, but he will play it in his own time and way, no matter at what risk of the general harmony. It is arranged that the Viennese *troupe* are to lead the Bosnian and Herzegovinan concerto. If they don't find themselves in a mess before they have done—but that is their affair. As for England"—

"You will allow *me* a voice," interposed Punch, firmly, "when it comes to the English part of the programme. Though I am not precisely a Wagnerian, in the European concert England must go in for the 'music of the future,' with peace and progress, justice and national right for her key notes. Ah, if we could only cut down the military bands, German and French, Austrian and Russian, alike! Amidst the overpowering din of big drums and trumpets, trombones, fifes and bugles, the European concert may yet end in a worse *charivari* than this with which it opens."

"At all events, I hope you'll like my setting of Humpty Dumpty?" anxiously whispered Beaconsfield, "whatever the Turks may have to say to it."

"The less of that air the better," said Punch; "at least, without an English conductor for the Turkish instruments, and one whom England can trust. At any rate, you had better let me give you a lead. *Here* is my music book."

So saying, Punch placed on the stand his

SEVENTY-FOURTH VOLUME,

and with Beaconsfield still nominally in possession of the baton, but well under Punch's eye, proceeded to Educate the Educator.

Foreign Notes.

We have to record the death of Franz von Holstein, the successful composer of several operas, an artist universally esteemed in Germany. He died at the age of fifty-two.

The death is also announced at Berlin of Franz Espagne, during twenty years chief librarian of the musical section of the Royal Library, which is indebted to his knowledge and zeal for numerous most valuable

additions. He has also lent valuable aid to the standard editions of the works of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, published at Leipsig. He was only fifty years of age.

We subjoin the programmes of Concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—First Concert Officiel of the Exhibition (June 6): Part I. of "Le Désert" (Félicien David); Cantata, Les Noces de Prométhée" (Saint-Saëns); Danse Bohémienne from "La Jolie Fille de Perth" (Bizet); Fragments from "Sapho" (Louis Lacombe); Overture and Chorus from "La Déesse et le Berger" (J. Duprato); Septet and March from "Les Troyens à Carthage" (Berlioz); vocal soli. First Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 7): Quintet No. 12 (Onslow); Thème with variations (Massenet); Concerto for Viola (Garcin); Allegretto and Andantino for stringed instruments (Lalo); Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Reber). Second Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 14): Quartet in E flat (Cherubini); Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Widor); Quartet No. 5, for stringed instruments (A. Morel). Second Concert Officiel (June 18): Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo); Fragments from "L'Arlesienne" (Bizet); Symphony in C (Gouvy); Idylle et Danse des Satyres (Destribaud); Fragments from "Eucharis" (Deldevez); Overture to "Zampa" (Hérold). First Concert of the Orchestra of La Scala (June 19): Symphony in C (Foroni); "Contemplation" and Scherzo (Catalini); Overture to "Guarany" (Gomes); Gavotte for stringed instruments (Bazzini); Overture to "Promessi Sposi" (Ponchielli); Overture, "Coriolan" (Beethoven); Funeral March from "Amleto" (Faccio); Overture to "Vespri Siciliani" (Verdi); Overture to "Carnaval Romain" (Berlioz); Overture to "Siége de Corinth" (Rossini). Third Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 21): Quartet for strings, Op. 56 (Gouvy); Suite for flute and pianoforte (Madame de Grandval); Trio, Op. 17 (A. de Castillon).

Leipzig.—Concert of the Riedel'scher Verein (June 2): Praeludium in B minor (Bach); "Stabat Mater" (Palestrina); Air for violin (Goldmark); 137th Psalm (Liszt); 117th Psalm (R. Franz); &c. Conservatorium (June 6): Quartet in F (Schnmann); Sonata in G for violin (Beethoven); Sonata for pianoforte (Schumann); vocal soli.

Berlin.—Concert of the Sternsche Gesangverein (Thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of the Emperor, (May 26): March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens" (Beethoven); Duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" (Handel); Dettingen Te Deum (Handel).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1878.

Dr. Edward Hanslick.

Our readers doubtless will be pleased to know something of the career of the very able and very independent musical critic and feuilletonist of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, from whom we translate to-day an interesting article about Schumann's music to Goethe's *Faust*, in addition to many articles before on various subjects, particularly Wagner's "Niebelungen Trilogy," of which he has shown himself one of the most trenchant and unanswerable critics. The New York *Musik-Zeitung* gives the brief biographical notice with a portrait (much resembling our good friend Kreissmann), but with nothing to show whether the article is original, or copied from some German paper, without mentioning the source, which seems to be the usual practice of the *Zeitung*. From this we translate.

The gifted and distinguished critic, Dr. Edward Hanslick, was born at Prague on the 11th September, 1825. As the son of a learned man, the bibliographer Josef Hanslick, he received a careful, comprehensive education, and devoted himself, after the completion of his gymnasial and philosophical studies, to Jurisprudence.

Taking his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1849, he entered at once into the State service and finally, after a series of years, he was appointed Ministerial-Concipist in the old Austrian State Ministry,—a position which he only recently exchanged for a Professorship at the University. But alongside of these professional studies Hanslick, even while a boy, manifested great love and zeal for Music; and afterwards he studied in Prague the general theory, as well as the higher pianoforte-playing with C. Tomaschek, who was highly valued as a music teacher. On his removal to Vienna (1846–7) it was decided that music, and particularly musical criticism, should be his peculiar calling and true task of life. Musical criticism at that time in Vienna was in a rather neglected condition. To be sure, there was in Vienna a sheet devoted as a specialty to music, the *Musik-Zeitung* founded by Dr. A. Schmidt in 1841, which some years later brought out several very talented and valuable contributions from the pen of Dr. Becher. But when this mainstay of the *Musik-Zeitung* turned away from Art criticism to devote himself entirely to politics, and in these efforts came at last to a tragical end (on the 23d November, 1848, he was condemned and shot for participation in the Viennese October revolution), it was virtually all over with the *Wiener Musik-zeitung*. Its tone was always decent and well-disposed, even to colorless good-nature; moreover, in the more modern phases of culture, and controversy even, if it came to that, it could not be relied upon to take a firm party stand.

In the midst of this period of shallowness with regard to all deeper views of Music, the young Hanslick stepped forth as a true reformer.

As formerly (1834) Robert Schumann in Leipsig by his fantastically exciting essays appeared as the apostle of a new, poetic era in music, declaring war for life and death against mechanical routine in musical art, as well as against the illegitimate dominion of the virtuosos, so, from ten to twenty years later, Hanslick's criticism wrought with its incisive sharpness, its inexorable logic.

Dr. Hanslick published his first articles in L. A. Frankl's *Sonntagsblättern*, while at the same time he was active for the Austrian *Literaturblätter* and for Dr. Schmidt's *Musik-Zeitung*. At the end of 1848 he finally acquired an extremely influential and fixed position as musical reporter in the *Wiener Zeitung*, which he exchanged in 1855 for that in the *Presse*, and again in 1864 for a corresponding place in the newly founded journal, the *Neue Freie Presse*.

By his feuilletons in the above named journals, fascinating even to the unmusical by their blooming diction, Hanslick for many a long year exercised an almost unlimited control over musical criticism, and over the art views of the public; and that he used his almost omnipotent position mainly for the furtherance of a systematic culture of truly earnest music, such as the Oratorio, the Symphony and Chamber Music, as well as in the advocacy of masters not generally recognized (like Schumann, Brahms, etc.), must be counted to his credit in the history of Art as an enduring service.

In the year 1854 Hanslick came out with the sensational and epoch-making pamphlet "On the Beautiful in Music;" a real controversial piece of writing, which like a flash of lightning pierced the mists which had gathered around the scientific treatment of musical æsthetics, without however fully scattering them. One may agree with this monograph or not, as a hearty, intellectually grounded, powerful word for the time, the writing has everywhere exerted an exciting and a fruitful influence, and even now the interest in it is undiminished, as the recent appearance of the fourth edition proves.

This little book was followed by the more comprehensive works: "History of Concert matters in Vienna" (based on careful study of sources); then, as if in illustration of the last, sketches "From the Concert Hall" collected in a stately volume (1869); again, in 1875, a series of his feuilletons which appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Rodenberg'schen Salon*, and other journals,—essentially completed—and collected into an interesting book, "The Modern Opera."

In 1856 Hanslick qualified himself for the position of private instructor in the "Æsthetics and History of Music" at the Vienna University; in 1861 he was there appointed as extraordinary, and in 1870 as ordinary professor in those departments; and so for the first time, through Hanslick, has the higher scientific treatment of music become a live fact in a German University.

In the years 1859–63 Hanslick gave each year a course of public lectures for gentlemen and ladies on the History of Music. In these, as well as in his University Courses, Hanslick was the first to carry through consistently the method of illustrating the lectures by the performance of practical examples (at the piano or through singers); a remarkable step of progress compared to the dry theoretic teaching formerly in vogue.

In the winter of 1860 Hanslick was made artistic adviser at the Court-Opera theatre; but this position he soon resigned on account of differences with the Director, Salvi, "not feeling himself able to work with him for the interests of true Art."

In 1867 he was called to serve as Juror for the Musical department of the World's Exposition at Paris, and in 1873 at Vienna. His activity in the circle of the Jury in 1873 was distinguished by the Emperor through the Order of the "Iron Crown," after he had already—in 1868—received the knightly cross of the Franz Josef's order. He also acts as Juror at this year's Paris Exposition.

In 1876 he was appointed member of the Government Council. In the same year he married the amiable young singer Sofie Wohlmuth (prize-crowned pupil of the Vienna Conservatory). His earlier marriage (1871) had lasted only a few months owing to an incurable disease of the lungs on the part of the wife.

Hanslick's pronounced party attitude as an eminently conservative critic, and especially as a most decided opponent of the "New German School" and of Richard Wagner's "Music-Drama," has been gradually developing itself of late years, and growing to an ever sharper point. He had begun his critical career with enthusiastic pleas for Berlioz and even for Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" but after "Lohengrin," in 1868, he renounced the musical dramatist forever.

At bottom it is the ever undecided conflict between the Beautiful and the True, the form and the expression in Art, that manifests itself in the downright antagonism of Hanslick and Wagner. Hanslick's spirited onslaughts upon the "Music of the Future,"—unlike those of many of his critical colleagues, always clothed in the most decent form, —confessing freely that this new music has become a power of the present day,—have unquestionably contributed very much to the elucidation of the question, inasmuch as they have richly furnished the disciples with opportunities for sharp defence of what has been so sharply attacked; and an artistic principle surely cannot be tested by the blind homage paid to it, but only through the fiery trial of opinions for and against.

Bach's Chorals for Worship and for Practice.

It is still a marvel with us why there should be so much commonplace, mechanical, feebly sentimental, secular and non-religious psalmody sung in our churches; so many catching popular love tunes set to revival words; and why no one has felt moved to give us, in convenient form, a good supply of the incomparable old German Chorals (*Choral-Gesänge*), really inspired tunes even as sung in unison, and wonderfully impressive and soul-searching as harmonized in four vital and melodious parts, by old

Sebastian Bach. Some twenty years ago, we think, a dozen of these (to which we had put English words) were published by Ditson & Co. But these were engraved, and therefore too costly for popular sale like the psalm books. They made some way, however, into the hearts of a few, and may be still in some demand. Probably a Choral, even a Bach Choral, is now and then heard in some church choir; certainly we hear one now and then in the concerts of our vocal clubs of amateurs. And, within a few years, we have had in this city several performances of Bach's Passion and his Christmas music, when thousands heard and owned the unspeakably grand and deep and beautiful effects of the Chorals, which abound in those works, sung by five hundred voices. That experience alone would seem to be enough to bear fruit in church and choir and every circle where nearness to God is sought in music truly sacred.

Could these be studied in our more advanced choirs, our choral societies, our musical classes and "Conventions," their influence in developing a love and taste for what is true, and pure, and high, and really devotional in sacred music, would be incalculable. It is not possible that any one can once become familiar with Bach's Chorals and not love them—not feel that the highest ends of music are wonderfully realized in their most soul-ful and unworldly harmony. Bach never wrote for money or for cheap effect; he was a religious artist; his artistic efforts were his aspiration to the beautiful and good and true—to the Most High. All that he did was genuine. Hence his works never grow old. To those who study them now, a century and a quarter since his death, they are the newest of the new. "In all his works he stands out great and bold and new."

Bach did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship; nor did he even allow them to be printed. He wrote them *occasionally*, partly as examples for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the *Thomas-Schule*, over which he presided in Leipzig, to be used in their various private occasions, New Year's festivals, etc., and partly as interludes in his larger pieces, his Motets, Cantatas, Passions, etc. For these purposes he took the old German choral tunes, which the people loved during the religious excitement of the Reformation, and harmonized them for four voices, in his own incomparable way; taking for words a verse or two of some of those quaint and homely, but really religious hymns, of which the Germany of that period was so prolific. These old tunes have always been named from the first lines of the hymns with which they were originally associated. But Bach has in most instances used other hymns. The first collection of them was published at Berlin and Leipzig by his son, Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, in 1765–69, in two parts, containing one hundred Chorals each. Afterwards (in 1784–89) Kirnberger published a larger collection in four parts. The later and now commonly received collections are that made by Becker in 1831, which contains 371 Chorals, *without words*, and that by Erk, completed in 1850, containing 319 Chorals, with the words used by Bach, and with scientious restoration of the harmony, wherever it had been altered, to the original form as Bach wrote it.

Congregational singing in unison is the practice all over Germany, and hence the Bach Chorals are not used there in all the churches. We, on the contrary, have our small trained choirs, who sing in parts. Why, then, should we not, instead of common-place and trashy psalmody, make some use of these purest, noblest models of four-part religious music in existence? The reasons why we have not done it are obvious. In the first place, as works of Art, they imply a more refined and cultivated taste than has prevailed or ever can prevail in our churches, so long as we have only the cheap and easy psalmody of everybody's manufacture for the musical religious sense to feed upon. And then it might spoil the enormous trade in psalmody, to allow the love for the true thing to be nurtured; for just so surely as any company of singers, who have music in their *souls*, shall get familiar with these chorals, will they find the *common* psalmody (we do not mean the best—the few grand old tunes which never lose their charm) become "flat, stale, and unprofitable." In the next place the rhythm and metre of these old German hymns is so peculiar in most cases, abounding in double endings, or what is called female rhymes, that the tunes cannot be used much in connection with our hymn books. The Bach Chorals cannot supplant the psalm-tunes in our common forms of worship until the forms themselves are changed. But not the less is it desirable to have them made accessible. They may be put to many excellent uses, of which we name the following:

1. They may be sung as voluntary pieces for opening or closing of service, etc., by choirs; and they suit equally well the largest or the smallest (simple quartet) choir; provided they be executed with the utmost precision and true feeling by good, well-trained voices.

2. They may be used with admirable effect in alternation with congregational singing; a verse of the latter, with organ accompaniment, in strong, homely unison, followed by a verse of the former, by trained voices, without accompaniment, the same hymn responding as it were from a more spiritual height, glorified in the fine harmonies and modulations of Bach; for as he has treated them, you have the religious essence of the music expressed, and purified from all that is low and common.—Precisely in this way have we actually heard Chorals sung in the Cathedral at Berlin; and it was more impressive than any church music that we ever did hear.

3. For great Choral or Oratorio Societies, to be sung in their more miscellaneous sacred concerts, or at the beginning and ending of a performance. For some years nothing had made a finer impression in such concerts here, than two of these same Chorals, similarly treated by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul." Since then we have had the far grander, deeper, sweeter experience of hearing those which Bach has wrought into his Passion Music. When perfectly sung by a great mass of voices, the effect is sublime.

4. In little private musical clubs and circles they will afford the very best sort of practice.

5. For organists and pianists, to be used simply as instrumental pieces, their purity and marvellous beauty and significance of harmony must commend them. There is more religious satisfaction in just playing them on the piano, than in listening to most of the music to be heard in any of our churches. The way in which each of the four parts, and each note in each, so perfectly serves the end of the great whole, is in itself a type of pure devotion.

6. But their most important service will be to musical schools and classes. As models in the art of four-part composition, within the short form of a choral or psalm tune—an art at which so many try their hand in our day—they will be invaluable. The harmonizing of chorals, with Bach for a model, is made the foundation of all exercises in composition by Marx and the other masters in the German schools—also by Prof. Paine at Harvard. Many of these Chorals Bach has harmonized in several different ways; and the comparison of these, noting the different complexion which the harmony assumes in rendering the same Choral truly expressive of the various feelings in the words, is a most suggestive and most satisfactory kind of study.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, taking time by the forelock, have made up their programme for the coming season. They will give five Oratorio performances, beginning on Nov. 22, when, in compliance with a very general request, Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* will be repeated. Dec. 22, (Sunday evening before Christmas) *The Messiah*. Feb. 2, a selection from *L'Enfance du Christ*, by Berlioz, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. On Good Friday (April 11) they propose to give Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* music, for the first time entire, Part I. in the afternoon, and Part II. in the evening. On Easter Sunday, Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.

MR. FREDERIC F. FORD, a well-known Boston musician, died on Tuesday evening last, aged forty-three years. Mr. Ford was a native of Chesterfield, N. H., from whence he came to this city at an early age to devote himself to music. He subsequently went abroad, and studied the violin under the celebrated Ferdinand David, in the conservatory at Leipzig. He has played for many years among the first violins of the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, and his loss will be felt. His death was caused by disease of the brain. He leaves a widow and two children.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. On Monday evening, June 24, the pupils of the School of Music, under Dr. F. L. Ritter, performed the following programme:

Variations on a Theme by Beethoven, Op. 35, ... Saint-Saëns
Misses Moore and Griffith.
Duet—Se dalle Stelle..... Gordigiani
Misses M. Cooley and M. Hopson.
Soirée de Vienne..... Lisst
Miss Rustin.
Slumber Song..... Kücken
Miss Cecil.
Festspiel und Brautlied, from "Lohengrin," ..... Wagner-Liszt
Miss Merrick.
At Last..... Cowen
Miss Bond.
Rondo, E flat, Op. 16..... Chopin
Miss Dow.
Voi che sapete..... Mozart
Miss Cecil.
Spinning Song, from the "Flying Dutchman," ..... Wagner-Liszt
Miss Fridenberg.
Fleurs des Alpes..... Wekerlin
Miss Cooley.
Concerto, G minor..... Mendelssohn
Miss Shaw.
Second Piano..... Miss Dow.
Trio—Le faccio un inchino, from "Il Matrimonio Segreto," ..... Cimarosa
Misses Cooley, Hartman, Hillard.

Appended to the printed programme, as above, is a list of compositions performed at the concerts given before the young ladies of Vassar, during the season of 1877-'78,—a list worthy to be copied. There is sure to be plenty of good music where Prof. Ritter and his accomplished wife have opportunity of influence. Here is the list:—

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, (*Thomas Orchestra.*)

Symphony in G, (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel Ed.) ..... Haydn
Deutsche Tanze, (arr. by Johann Herbeck,)..... Schubert
Overture. Fingal's Cave..... Mendelssohn
Minuetto, (for string orchestra,)..... Boccherini
Interlude and Invocation of the Witch of the Alps, from Manfred..... Schumann
Overture and Finale of the Ballet Music, Prometheus..... Beethoven

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Quartet, B flat major, Op. 18..... Beethoven
Quartet, A minor, op. 41..... Schumann
Andante religioso, (for violoncello and organ), ... F. L. Ritter
Concerto for violin, E minor, op. 64, (first movement..... Mendelssohn
Nocturne (for violoncello,)..... Lachner
Mazurka (" ")..... Popper

ORGAN MUSIC.

Sonata in C minor, op. 65, No. 2..... Mendelssohn

VOCAL MUSIC.

CHORUSES.

Morning Hymn from La Vestale, (orchestral accompaniment)..... Spontini
Hostias et preces tibi, from the Requiem..... Hasse
O salutaris hostia..... S. Mayer
Agimus tibi, (a capella)..... Orlandus Lassus
Crucifixus, (a capella)..... Palestrina

TRIOS AND DUETS.

"Le faccio un inchino," (from Il Matrimonio Segreto,)..... Cimarosa
Miserere..... Feo
Ricordati mio ben..... Handel
Taci..... Ricci
Se dalle Stelle..... Gordigiani

SOLOS.

"Troppo sofferse," from Radamisto..... Handel
Lascia ch'io pianga..... Handel
With Verdure Clad..... Haydn
Voi che sapete..... Mozart
To be sung on the waters..... Schubert
Te Sola..... Guercia
La Stella..... Mercadante
Fleurs des Alpes..... Wekerlin
Quand de la nuit..... Halévy
The Cloudy Evening..... F. L. Ritter
By the Sad Sea Waves..... Benedict
The Bridal Star..... Tours
At Last..... Cowen

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Concerto in C, op. 15, (2d and 3d movements,) ..... Beethoven

Concerto in G minor, op. 25.....Mendelssohn
Concerto in D minor, op. 40.....Mendelssohn
Serenade and Allegro giojoso, in D, op. 43, Mendelssohn
Duo, A minor, op. 15.....Rheinberger
Rondo, op. 72.....Chopin
Tarantella, op. 82.....Raff
Variations on a Theme by Beethoven, op. 35, Saint-Saëns

PIANO SOLOS.

Sonata, A major.....Scarlatti
Gavotte.....Gluck
Gigue, op. 13.....Hassler
Adagio, B minor.....Mozart
Sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27.....Beethoven
" C major, op. 2.....Beethoven
" D minor, op. 31.....Beethoven
" D minor, op. 49.....Weber
Rondo from Concerto, op. 32.....Weber
Fantaisie and Menuetto, op. 78.....Schubert
Polonaise, op. 71.....Chopin
" E flat, op. 22.....
" C sharp minor, op. 26.....
Rondo, E flat, op. 16.....
Scherzo, B flat minor.....
Ballade, A flat, op. 47.....
Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2.....
Poéme d'amour, op. 3.....Henselt
Die Forelle.....Schubert-Heller
Spinning Song, from Flying Dutchman...Wagner-Liszt
La Charité.....Rossini-Liszt
Transcription, (" O du mein holder Abendstern,") Wagner-Liszt
Transcription, (" Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,").....Franz-Liszt
Soirées de Vienne, No. 6.....Liszt
Polonaise, E flat.....Liszt
Les Deux Alouettes.....Leschetizky
Souvenir d'Ischl Valse.....Leschetizky
Festspiel und Brautlied, from Lohengrin..Wagner-Liszt

AURORA, N. Y.—The following is the programme of a Soirée Musicale given at Wells College, on the 17th of June, Mr. Max Piutti, director.

1. Variations on a theme of Beethoven. Saint-Saëns
   Piano Primo—Miss Sherwood.
   Piano Secondo—Miss Miller.
2. Valse, op. 18.....Chopin
   Miss Baker.
3. Ballade, op. 20.....Reinecke
   Miss C. Welles.
4. Aria—" Silently Blending," (from Figaro's Wedding,).....Mozart
   Miss Marvine.
5. *a.* Spring Song, op. 15.....Henselt
   b. Scherzo.....Jadassohn
   Miss Sherwood.
6. Rondo in A major, op. 56.....Hummel
   Piano Primo—Miss Loveland.

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1. " Sleep, noble Child,".....Cherubini
   Trio—Misses Huntington, Marvine and Esty.
2. Fantasia in D minor.....Mozart
   Miss Miller.
3. Romance from Concerto in E minor.....Chopin
   Piano Primo—Miss I. Alexander.
4. La Cascade.....Pauer
   Miss Benedict.
5. Flower Song from " Faust,".....Gounod
   Miss Esty.
6. Concerto in C minor (Part First).....Beethoven
   Piano Primo—Miss Morrell.
7. March from " Tannhäuser.".....Wagner
   Piano Primo—Misses Welles and Alexander.
   Piano Secondo—Misses Loveland and Baker.

Musical Commencement Exercises at a Catholic Academy.

NOTRE DAME, IND., JULY 10.—The 23rd Annual Commencement exercises at St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, were held on the 25th and 26th of June. The musical part was sustained by some of the pupils from the " Conservatory of Music," an Institution connected with the Academy. On the 25th, between the Reading of Essays by the graduating class of the Academy, the following numbers were played:

1. " Mignon," an arrangement based upon the Polacca movement of " Titania's Song," gave free scope to the flexible wrist of Miss Kirchner, in pages of light octaves, alternating with heavy fore-arm work. The " Egg-Dance," worked up in staccato sixths, mostly chromatic, ending by a brilliant finale, was a good test of her executive powers.

2. Schumann's beautiful chorus: "Deck we the Pathway," was sung by the vocal class. Short, full of life, and pleasingly rendered.

3. Weber's *Rondo Brillante*, in E flat, one of those sparkling emanations of his genius, was played by Miss Geiser, who drew forth the dashing melody of child-like glee, and freshness. Under her fingers it seemed to grow leaf by leaf, blossom by blossom, until, according to its form of composition, it coiled into a beautiful garland.

4. " Third Ballade." One of Chopin's songs without words. Miss Silverthorn showed her appreciative skill in handling the subject, which was borne over and under a tracery of marvellous work; sometimes the skeleton of the theme appears; then glides insidiously among ravishing strains of bird-like melody. Amidst those trills of joy is heard faintly the "Cuckoo," which proves the subject to be of Spring. A light, laughing run, and the scene vanishes. Miss Silverthorn then accompanied Miss Kirchner in Eckert's well known, but very pleasing Swiss song.

5. Beethoven's " Adelaide " was remarked for purity of intonation, and intelligent delivery. Miss Cavenor possesses a rich voice and was sustained by the sympathetic accompaniment of Miss Foote, a past graduate of the Conservatory, in a manner which enhanced the careful interpretation of the great song.

6. Miss Thecla Pleins rendered Robert Schumann's " Faschings-schwank aus Wien," in a way that spoke well for her industry, entering fully into the bustling Carnival motives portrayed by the author, in his not uncommon throwing aside of form. She made his mosaic movements, however, very attractive. The " Marseillaise" peeps out humorously, but slyly; for in Vienna the " Marseillaise " was a prohibited subject. The grand Finale, taking more the Sonata style, gave ample field for technical skill and was given with fire and true discrimination.

7. Miss Wilson's rendering of Liszt's " La Campanella " was quite a contrast and a surprise to those accustomed to hear only his " coups de force." The light, crisp sound of merry little bells rang from the highest register of the Piano with a springing delicacy of touch, —sparkling, joyous, and all the skips true,—one full peal showed that Miss Wilson had strength when needed.

8. Haydn's Chorus " The Marvellous Work " from the *Creation*, closed the day appropriately.

On the 26th, the day of distribution of gold medals to Graduates, prize medals in separate branches, and crowns of honor, the opening was the " Schiller Fest March," by Meyerbeer (Woiff): Pianos—Misses Wilson, M. Spier, T. Pleins, E. O'Neill, A. Harris, A. Geiser, C. Silverthorn, E. Kirchner; Harps—Miss Cavenor and Miss Galen.

It was truly a festive march, and played as a unit. Stirring and grand in character it made a graceful greeting to the immense audience, and a fine introduction to the Chorus from Mendelssohn's " Elijah." " Thanks be to God " burst forth in full harmony, the voices falling in one after the other, to the culminating point of the words: " Their fury is mighty." The accompaniment by Miss Silverthorn expressed the text, and was much admired.

Garcia's " Canoni a trè Voci," was a happy blending of the sweet, well-trained voices of Misses Cavenor and E. Kirchner, joined by A. Kirchner as alto.

Miss O'Connor warbled Meyerbeer's Aria from *Dinorah*: "Ombra leggiera," with an ease of manner which showed that while strict part singing had not spoiled (as some imagine) the finer qualities of voice culture, chromatics, trills, and a florid cadenza crowned her flexible execution. She was followed by Miss Foote, who also exhibited the same high culture in one of Gounod's Airs from " Romeo."

Liszt's " Illustrations du Prophéte " (Meyerbeer) was the feature of the day, played on two pianos by Miss B. Wilson, Trenton, N. J., Miss Thecla Pleins, Dubuque, Iowa. This piece was trying to both. Full staccato chords, long-sweeping cadenzas, some of the most pearly, delicate touch, others rushing forcibly over the keys with lightning speed, went between them as one. The Hymn movement, a full, deep, religious strain, was like a rich old Choral. Their greatest power was reserved for the grand arrangement of the " Marche du Sacre." Through its massive harmonies, the trumpet's ringing martial tones came with such electric force, that made a thrill of delight pass through the entire audience. As the two performers modestly retired, they took with them the golden opinion of the artists and amateurs present, whose judgment had already awarded the gold medals awaiting them.

After this, Miss O'Connor drew from the harp the mellow, rich notes, which strings claim as their own, and was soon joined by Miss Cavenor, who brought tears by the truthful gush of feeling in her singing of " Tara's Halls," old but ever beautiful, ever new, like all life's pictures.

Two more fine Choruses: "God is Great" from Haydn's *Creation*, which surpassed the others (if possible), precise in its grandeur, perfect in time and phrasing, and the joyous " Coronation," sung by the happy recipients of crowns and honors. All retired in order to Weber's melodious Overture to " Sylvana," which was charmingly executed by Misses E. Keenan, C. Silverthorn, A. Gordon, L. Buck, A. Geiser, L. Neu, F. Kingfield, M. Usselmann on Pianos; Harps—Miss Galen and Miss D. Cavenor.

†.

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Falling Snow. Song and Cho. Ab. 3. E to F. *Chase.* 30
" I am dreaming of my childhood."
Very good song of memory and of the seasons.

On Song's bright Pinions. Ab. 4. E to F. *Mendelssohn.* 50
" Roses each other are telling,—"
" Heimlich erzählen die Rosen."
Sung by Marie Roze, who adds new grace to the fine composition.

Moonlight Parade. G. 3. d to F. *Connolly.* 35
" I sing of arms, and tell of stories brave."
A brave turn out, and a bright song to tell of it.

Turn off the Gas at the Meter. G. 2. d to D. *Stamford.* 30
Comic. Peter happened to meet her at the meter, and fell in love quick metre. Sung in long and short metre.

Priory Chimes. Ab. 3. E to F. *Haynes.* 35
" Then let your chimes, ye dear old bells,
Still mingle with the mountain air."
Very pretty " chime " song.

In Doubt. G. 3. E to g. *Keens.* 30
" Say, in accents sweet and low,
What my longing heart would know."
Rich music to sweet words.

The Dog and the Shadow. G. 3. d to F. *Tours.* 40
" A doggie was wagging his tail."
Music to represent the " wagging " &c., and the song, with its well known story, is more interesting than many of more pretence.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains. Eb. 3. E to g. *Adams.* 40
" Adé, adé, adé
Such songs will pass away."
A ballad of the best kind, with a very pleasing melody.

Wearing of the Blue. Grand Temperance Chorus. Eb. 2. b to E. *Phelps.* 30
" These soldiers are true,—Hurrah!
Let us stand by the men who are wearing the blue."
This is a rousing chorus, that has made it's mark at the Murphy meetings.

O waves, give back my Love to me. Eb. 4. d to E. *Sudds.* 30
" And bright the moon above her shone,
And glinted on her flaxen hair."
An affecting poem by an unknown author, and varied and impressive music.

From " Chimes of Normandy."
Duet. A Charming little Maiden. G. 3. d to g. 50
Waltz. One Day I caught a Fish. Ab. 3. d to a. 35
Duettino. How can I thoughts express. F. 4. E to a. 35
Song. I'm in a pretty Pickle. E. 3. F to g. 35
Ballad. When I am by his Side. C. 3. b to E. 40
The above are prominent songs and duets from the new favorite opera, which is nearly one succession of agreeable airs from beginning to end.

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Easy and pretty transcription.
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The sweet sound of the distant chimes may be heard throughout. A most agreeable reverie.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: " C. 5. c to E," means " Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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Great Apollo, strike the Lyre	*Webbe.*	6
Gallant and gayly	*Horsley.*	6
Gypsy life	*Schumann.*	12
Good night, beloved	*Pinsuti.*	6
Gently fall the Dews, &c. (female voices)	*Verdi.*	10
Greeting from Ireland to America	*Stewart.*	10
God of Israel	*Rossini.*	8
Hail Columbia		6
Hail! smiling morn	*Spofforth.*	6
Hail! merry, merry, Christmas	*Young.*	6
Happy and light	*'Bohemian Girl."*	6
Hark! Apollo strikes the Lyre	*Bishop.*	8
Hark! each Spartan Hound	"	6
Hark! the Lark	*Cooke.*	6
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Now the day is over		8
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Oh, my love's like the red rose	*Garrett.*	6
Old May Morning	*Novello.*	6
On the Sea	*Mendelssohn.*	8
Once upon my cheek	*Callcott.*	6
One gentle heart	*"Matilda."*	6
On this day of joy	*"Sicilian Vespers."*	8
Our Victorious Banner / God save our Union	*Benedict / Gilmore.*	10
O Paradise		8
O Praise the Mighty God		10
O for the Wings of a Dove!	*Mendelssohn.*	10
Pilgrim Chorus	*"Lombardi."*	10
Presage of Spring Primrose	*Mendelssohn.*	6
Psalm 150th (Praise ye the Lord	*Randegger.*	15
Raid (The)	*Bishop.*	6
Red Cross Knight	*Callcott.*	10
Remembrance	*Mendelssohn.*	6
Rest, Spirit, rest	*Rooke.*	6
See the Chariot at hand	*Horsley.*	6
Shady Groves for love	*Van Bree.*	8
Soldiers' Chorus	*"Faust."*	10
Song of the Lark	*Mendelssohn.*	6
Spring Greeting	*Gade.*	15
Spirit Immortal	*"Attila."*	6
Star of descending night	*Emerson.*	8
Sweet and low	*Barnby.*	6
Swiss People's Song	*Kucken.*	6
Sleep while the soft evening breezes	*Bishop.*	6
Sing we and chant it	*Morley.*	6
Silent night	*Barnby.*	6
Star Spangled Banner		6
The Belfry Tower	*Hatton.*	15
The chosen one	*Kücken.*	6
The Owl	*Silas.*	8
The Primrose	*Leslie.*	6
To thee, O Country!	*Eichberg.*	12
" " (female voices)	"	12
Tramp Chorus	*Bishop.*	10
Tyrolese Song of freedom	*Lippitt.*	6
Thy praises, Autumn	*Macfarren.*	10
The Sea hath its pearls	*Pinsuti.*	10
Victoria, Victoria	*"Fra Diavolo."*	6
Where the Bee sucks	*Arne and Jackson.*	8
With Hawk and Hound	*Bishop.*	6
What Phrase, sad and soft	"	6
When Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting	*Pearsall.*	12
When wearied Wretches	*Bishop.*	6
When Evening's Twilight	*Hatton.*	6
Whittier's Centennial Hymn	*Paine.*	10
Welcome to all Nations	*Keller.*	10
Youthful pleasure	*Bishop.*	6
You stole my love	*Macfarren.*	6

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3 Crowned with the tempest. Sol. & Ch. *Ernani*

4 Hail to thee, Liberty. Chorus .. *Semiramide*

5 Like a fairy creature. Solo & Chorus. *Il Turco in Italia*

6 Softly treading, silence keep. Chorus. *Il Crociato in Egitto*
Threatening death to traitor. Chorus. *Siege of Rochelle*

7 The Fox jumped over. Quint. *Guy Mannering*

8 These moments entrancing. Chorus. *L' Elisir d' Amore*
The night is advancing. Ch. *Il Turco in Italia*

9 How bright and fair. Cho.... *William Tell*
In light tripping measure. Ch. *Guy Mannering*
The Chough and Crow..... *Guy Mannering*

10 O, hail us, ye free. Chorus..... *Ernani*

11 When the morning sweetly. Chorus. *L' Italiana in Algieri*

12 When life in its beauty. Solo and Cho. *La Donna del Lago*

13 Gently fall the dews of eve... *Il Guiramento*

14 Phantom Chorus..... *La Sonnambula*

15 All by the shady greenwood tree *Maid of Judah*
Light o'er sparkling ocean. *Bianco e Fernando*

16 Hark again the thrilling horn.. .. *Cinderella*

17 Come with the Gipsy bride.. *Bohemian Girl*

18 When the summer rain.. *L' Elisir d' Amore*
Could I hush a father's sigh. *Bohemian Girl*

19 Land of the trumpet and the spear. *Anna Bolena*

20 Pour out your sparkling treasure. *Robert le Diable*

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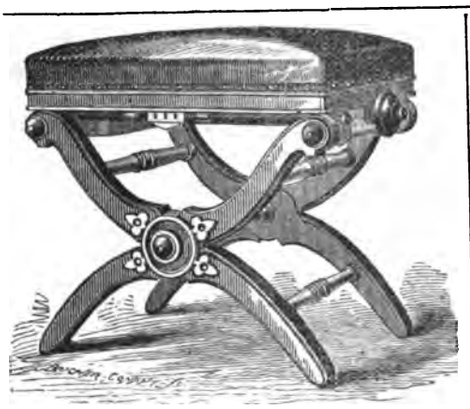

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WHOLE No. 973. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 9.

Dr. Hanslick on the Music of the Paris Exposition.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.)

Paris, June 24, 1878.

The official World's Exposition Concerts stride along with seven-league boots—I will not say, however, in the public favor. The first Orchestral Concert in the great festival hall of the Trocadéro possessed a strong magnet in the novelty of the hall itself. But the second, already, (which offered an Overture by Lalò, operatic and ballet fragments by Deldevez and Bizet, a Symphony by Gouvy and finally the *Zampa* Overture) gathered only half as many hearers. Moreover the first two productions of French Chamber music in the little hall ("Salle des Conferences") only enticed a moderate handful of the friends of music, who on entering exchanged queer questioning looks with one another. For in this moderately large quadrangular hall, four naked, red stained walls stare upon us;—no columns, no pictures, no arabesques, not the smallest strip of gold, and, since the light falls in from above, not a window. This barrenness produced at once in the public a peculiarly dismal, prison-like mood; I verily believe that, if any one had had the good idea to hang up his hat and umbrella on one of these shame-faced red walls, this breaking of the flat surface would have been hailed with grateful emotion. We were afterwards informed that it is the intention to adorn the hall with valuable pictures; in spite of that, we cannot obliterate the first melancholy impression. A like fault injured the programme, and was more sensibly felt with each succeeding Concert: namely, the exclusively French matter of which it was composed. In the grand Orchestra Concerts they seek to supply the dearth of original French Symphonies through numerous Operatic fragments, which in a concert hall of course lose half of their effect—and frequently that half is all they have got to lose. In the small hall they go one step further and play occasionally arranged Orchestral Compositions as "French Chamber Music." Thus, for example, an Andantino from Lalò's Opera "Fiesco," arranged for eight instruments, a Viola Concerto by Garcin, etc. The first Chamber performance opened with a Quintet by Onslow, the second with a Quartet by Cherubini. With these two composers,—the half-Englishman and the acclimated Italian, the Frenchmen had played out their finest, nay their sole celebrities in Quartet music. All the rest emanated from masters who are yet alive, and who bid fair to live much longer than their works. Right clever, graceful moments gleam from these compositions by Lalò, Deldevez, Garcin, Gouvy, Massenet, Widor, Morel; hardly one of them lacks skill; but all that is not music from the spring; it is derived, conducted here through pipes, and filtred. It leaves us thirsty, and we care not to drink any more.

Such new French instrumental music can only be enjoyed in little doses, between other solid dishes, but not in masses and exclusively. A favorite movement out of a favorite Quartet of Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert must have risen like a fiery sun over these pale, flickering little candles and called forth a shout of joy. This in the end is what every musical person feels; and since each one confesses the grievance to another, it follows that the official French concerts cannot in the long run find increase of audience. The French shine in Opera, not in instrumental music; therefore they commit a wrong against themselves, when they represent Auber, Hérold, Halévy, Gounod through symphonic fragments.

The only way of half escaping this monotony, at least of turning it into an instructive form, the French Commission have quite unnecessarily cut themselves off from by fixing the point of departure for their Concerts so late as the year 1830. Compositions of Lully, Rameau and Rousseau, followed up by the noted composers of the Revolution and the Empire, chronologically arranged, would have ensured high interest and have done no dishonor to French genius. Is the historical feeling here entirely lost then? Banished from the concert hall, could it not at least find an asylum in the theatre? They have been at work for the past three years on the preparations for the world exhibition. This space of time might have well sufficed for the study and rehearsal of some of the best French Operas of older epochs, and for retaining the services of the three opera theatres which enjoy the subsidy of the government. That would have been worthy of a World Exposition, and have redounded to the glory of French music more than this long procession of official concerts. Formerly it required no World Exhibition and no Commission, to remind the lyric theatres of the older repertoire; the Sunday was devoted to it as a rule; and only three years ago I could report from here in the *Neue Freie Presse* on the performance of Operas by Grétry and by Isouard. Now neither the "Opéra Comique" nor the "Théâtre Lyrique" thinks of such things. The Grand Opera has completely forgotten all about them; it knows neither *Alceste* nor *Armida*, neither *Fernando Cortes* nor *La Vestale;* indeed its memory is so short, that it no longer recollects Auber. When a great Commemoration Festival was held for Auber on the 29th January, 1877, after the unveiling of his monument in the Père-Lachaise, they were unprepared for *La Muette de Portici;* the Grand Opera gave only a fragment, followed by a *pasticcio* from different operas (some of them not by Auber). They had time enough for preparation, for Auber, we all know, died on the 13th May, 1871, that is to say six years and a half earlier. It is simply a shame; the Grand Opera of Paris to-day has neither *Masaniello* nor any other work of Auber on its repertoire.

Besides the French music, it is well known that the compositions of foreign nations are to be represented in a long series of concerts, in the Trocadéro hall, by specially invited orchestras, Italian, Russian, Spanish, English. A seemingly magnificent idea, in reality an impracticable one. The Hollanders have begun with concert playing; nine-tenths of the great Trocadéro hall were empty. And yet the orchestra of Amsterdam stands in the best repute, and found even here no voices but of recognition. Only there were not enough people, who could feel an irresistible longing for a dozen orchestral works by unknown Dutch composers. It is plain that the thousands, who come here to see Paris and the Exposition, by no means propose to confine themselves four or five times a week in a concert hall. Music belongs unquestionably to every world exhibition, but we see it in a different light. Where do the visitors of the Champs de Mars most eagerly throng? About the Hungarian "Czarda," when the gypsies play; or to the Morocco coffee house, as soon as the droll plaint of the little Oriental orchestra is heard. If there were a hospitable Tyrolese house at the Exhibition, from whose floor the voices of the excellent Rainer singers might resound, there would be no end of crowding thither. Nay, the commonest Viennese dance orchestra with waltzes of Strauss and Lanner would wonderfully enliven the whole Exhibition; the wide, beautiful garden grounds are actually languishing for music. That sort of performances, lively and unpretentious, free and in the free open air, are the true exhibition music, for the want of which we suffer here. This want of musical life is what the stiff concerts in the gigantic Trocadéro hall cannot supply.

After the Hollanders came the Italians, represented by the La Scala orchestra from Milan. They have better understood the (here indispensable) art of *reclame*, and have secured more numerous attendance. The Italian colony in Paris is very strong, and so was the applause. But what did they bring us? Symphonies, marches and overtures by Foroni, Catalani, Gomez, Bozzini, Ponchielli, Faccio, Verdi and Rossini. Is not that the world wrong end foremost? From the Italians we want singers and operas, but not orchestra players and Symphonies. They are a more musical nation than the French, but even less symphonistic in their talent. Their glory is song and vocal composition. And now one after another are to follow North Americans, Spaniards, Swedes and Danes with the newest instrumental compositions of their tone-poets. Very fine—but where are Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann? Will they actually pay out one hundred and two concerts (by official programme) with mere musical silver and copper coin and hide the

gold away from us? Yes, they tell us, these are German composers, and let Germany and Austria provide for them. With your leave, good sirs, these are not German composers in your official sense; they are composers of the World, and, if Music is a universal language, it has become so through these masters of the language. France, as host and master of the house, should have had the pearls of classical music presented through her best orchestra. That Germany would not attend the Exhibition, the French knew from the outset; and if they had counted on the Philharmonic orchestra of Vienna, they would have reckoned without the host. The Viennese "Philharmonics" are an orchestra of the first rank, as certainly as Faure is a singer of the first rank. But if we wish to hear M. Faure in Vienna, we have to pay him, and—M. Faure is a rich man.

We read in French papers: "The reason why no Belgian orchestra takes part in the World Exhibition is purely a financial one." Now if this "money question" deters the musicians of neighboring Brussels from the journey to Paris, how much more stringently it must operate against the musicians of Vienna! Any sensitiveness on the part of the French cannot in this case be earnestly meant, nor is there any such. We on our side might ask: "Would the Paris Conservatoire orchestra have come to the World Exhibition in 1873, in case the Viennese had wished it? Certainly not; for, strange to say, this famous Parisian orchestra has actually refused its co-operation in the Trocadéro Concerts. In fact the best orchestra of France is wanting in these "official" concerts,—that orchestra which, precisely through its model performances of classical instrumental music, above all the Beethoven Symphonies, enjoys a world-wide reputation. Nor has the visitor of the Exhibition any chance to hear Pasdeloup's excellent "Concerts Populaires." For the holding back of the Paris Conservatoire an artistic excuse is given: The Trocadéro hall is too large for this orchestra of only 90 persons, whose strength lies not in massive effects, but in the finest execution of details.

In official writings of the present government the World's Exhibition of 1867 is found fault with for paying too little regard to music. And yet in the year 1867 one prize-singing and prize-playing followed another, and the competition of so many foreign military bands, vocal clubs, fanfares and brass music had something peculiarly fresh, lively and exciting. Indeed they went perhaps too far in their zeal for music, as the poor success of the prizes offered for the best "Hymn" and the best "Cantata," as well as the falling through of the projected "historical concerts" proves. The phantom of magnificence and completeness stretched to still more gigantic proportions this time,—it must have grown quite out of reach. The music of the whole world was to be exhibited in the compositions, in the orchestras, quartet societies and singing clubs of all nations, and even in the national music of all peoples! The participation of foreign national music ("*musique pittoresque*") actually turned out to be very feeble, scarcely reaching half a dozen varieties. The Russian gypsies make a *furore*, but they sing in the garden of the Tuileries, in the open air, not in the Trocadéro hall. And so with regard to a complete representation of the orchestra music of all nations; it is not possible, and besides not necessary in a World Exhibition. The holding it possible and declaring it necessary was from the first an error in principle of the French Commission, whatever ideal views may have floated before its mind. Not every flower of foreign intellectual and spiritual life can be transported at will to Paris. The finished facts of Art and of Art-business can be and are here exhibited: the musical instruments and the compositions of all cultured peoples in the most various editions. The living musical activity itself—the doing, and not merely the thing done—is much too firmly rooted in its native soil. There it is most finely practised and there best appreciated. Every musical traveller will enjoy hearing in Holland the orchestra of Amsterdam, in Italy that of Milan. Here in Paris, in the noise and confusion of the World Exhibition, we lack the appetite and leisure for continual concert-going. Two or three grand musical festivals, not more, with programme wholly international, and with sole regard to the value of the compositions, would have sufficed, and have made a deeper impression than this "Well-tempered Clavichord" of 24 musical nations. If the success of the Paris Exhibition Concerts thus far looks more like the disappointment than the fulfilment of a hope, the reason seems to me to lie less in accidental miscarriages (such as the frequent begging off of orchestras already announced), than in the original exaggeration of the idea itself. It is not well, in mainly industrial exhibitions, to push the idea of universality too far on the side of intellectual production. On the same principle one must wish to have the best German Court theatres perform here Goethe and Schiller, or Italian actors their Goldoni, Spanish actors Calderon, etc. We must not count on human susceptibility for too much at once; still less will it do to believe that the collective tone-life of all peoples can be brought out in World Exhibition form.

Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

GEORGES BIZET'S "CARMEN."

(From the Pall Mall Gazette, June 24.)

Spain is a country inhabited by gipsies, smugglers, bull-fighters, and muleteers, on whom a semblance of order is imposed by soldiers only a little less undisciplined than the rest of this gaudily attired, recklessly behaved population. The military have a disastrous habit of falling in love with the bright-eyed daughters of the gipsy tribes, some of whom, like Carmencita or Carmen, the prettiest girl in Seville, make a pretence of earning a livelihood by working in the great cigar manufactory of the place. The cigar manufactory of Seville is an establishment, which no one who has read Prosper Merimée's description of it in the charming tale on which the opera of *Carmen* is founded, can forget. But description and reflection count for very little in drama, especially drama prepared for musical setting; and of Merimée's literary art there is no trace in the ingenious and highly colored, highly characteristic libretto for which the Spanish tale of *Carmen*—worthy pendant to the Corsican tale of *Colomba*, from the same pen—has served as ground-work. Carmen makes a much freer use of the dagger than does the innocent Colomba of the stiletto. Corsican young ladies of good birth and breeding reserve the stiletto for great occasions, and meanwhile wear it in their stays in lieu of what used to be called a "busk.' But the gipsy and gipsified girls of the cigar manufactory at Seville are ready with the dagger at any instant's notice and on the smallest provocation. Thus the playful Carmen, having had a quarrel with one of her young friends, has appealed to what Merimée assures us is the *ultima ratio* of the Sevillian cigar-girl, and has stabbed her antagonist. But the blow, however well aimed, was merely the expression of a little momentary pique; and Carmen, when immediately afterwards she appears on the stage, shows herself petulant and wilful but not malicious. Already she has had an opportunity of explaining her views on the subject of love, which, according to her philosophy, is an agreeable and delightful servant, but a most tyrannical master, and as such not to be tolerated. The question of reciprocity does not trouble her. If she loves, that is sufficient; and so much the worse for the loved one if he does not equally love her. The German poet who declares that, though a man may once in his life love without having his passion returned, yet that he who does so a second time is a fool at whom "sun and moon and stars" must laugh, and who must himself laugh even if his love kills him, would have met with but little sympathy from Carmen. She can be affectionate, devoted, and, for a time, constant; but if she ceases to love she will not affect a sentiment she no longer feels; and she sets her face absolutely against the importunities of unrequited affection, which for her has no meaning. She can understand a man's killing her for not accepting his love; but she will not allow herself to be wearied and worried on the subject of a mysterious passion which comes and goes and can neither be forced nor controlled. Her theory, or rather her temperament (for it is to her temperament that the theory imagined for her by the ingenious librettists is due) seems to place her at an advantage in her dealing with men. But though the love she feels is of the kind which Stendahl in his celebrated treatise calls "amour-goût," yet the love she inspires is that terrible "amour-passion" which may cause heroic actions and also great crimes. As for her external characteristics, they are completely in harmony with her mental and moral disposition. One can guess her probable actions from her appearance and demeanor as painted by Merimée, or—what comes to the same thing—as exhibited on the stage by Miss Minnie Hauk, whose Carmen is a perfect realization of Merimée's conception. If, for a moment, some one should suggest that the conduct of the captivating young gipsy does not bear the stamp of the purest morality, the idea, without being objected to, need not have more attention paid to it than it deserves. She is a beautiful, graceful, sympathetic sort of savage, with much that is lovable in her, or she would not inspire so much love.

In the first scene Carmen, after singing a very quaint Spanish song, which, being called "La Habanera," may possibly be of Havannese origin, retires with her lively, unbusiness-like companions to the cigar factory, stabs one of them, as already mentioned, and is forthwith taken charge of by some dragoons who are doing the duty of police. The captain orders his men to fasten her hands together. In the prettiest manner possible she makes José, the dragoon in question, admit that he loves her, sings him a very engaging air in the Spanish style, and then appeals to him to set her free. Without much hesitation he consents. But when the guard appears in order to take her off to prison, she reassumes the handcuffs, and slipping them off as if by accident, disappears as the curtain falls on a very lively first act.

The second act, however, is still livelier. Here the scene is laid in a tavern, where gipsies are singing, dancing, and playing the guitar, while officers are listening, applauding, and making love to them. Carmen will have nothing to say to anyone. She is thinking of José, who, for allowing her to escape, has had to undergo two months' imprisonment. Suddenly José appears. Carmen sings to him, when in the midst of her song the recall is heard. The unfortunate dragoon, not yet altogether demoralized, thinks of going back to barracks; but when Carmen tells him tauntingly to do so, and hints that he had better leave her altogether, he resolves to stay. For the attentions of José's officers she cares nothing; and she equally rejects the advances made to her by a famous bull-fighter, Escamillo by name, who tries to please her by singing in a loud voice a tune which, in a disfigured shape, he has borrowed from the beautiful melody of the *finale* of the third act of *Ernani*. Carmen loves no one but José, and if José does not love her in return so much the worse for him. But José is deeply enamored of her and agrees to go with her to

the mountains, and there lead the life of a smuggler. The part of José is played by Signor Campanini, that of Escamillo, the bullfighter, by Signor del Puente. Both these characters are well sustained. So, also, is that of a virtuous peasant girl, impersonated by Mdlle. Valleria. The peasant girl, Michaela by name, is a sort of Alice, who comes to José with news of his mother, and urges him in somewhat conventional strains to quit the gipsies and return to his home, when all will be forgotten. José does not quite see the force of these arguments, until at last, his mother being at the point of death, he goes back to his family. Carmen meanwhile has become tired of a man who is neither good nor bad, and on his departure takes up with the bold bull-fighter. This occurs at the end of the third act. At the beginning of the fourth José reappears, and is now ready to follow Carmen to the uttermost end of the earth. But Carmen no longer loves him, and she tells him so. A bull-fight, moreover, is taking place; and when the air of the bull-fighter (vulgarized from Verdi) is shouted forth from the arena, José sees that this song of triumph fills Carmen's heart with joy. Thereupon he stabs her, calling her his "adored Carmen;" and when the victorious Escamillo appears to receive her congratulations and embraces she is dead.

Carmen is a stirring opera, full of movement and variety, for which a long life and a merry one may safely be predicted. The score would perhaps have been none the worse for a little more music of the *cantabile* kind. But the wayward, impetuous heroine is not the sort of young lady whom one can fancy singing *scenas* in set form, with introductory recitative, *andante*, and *cabaletta;* and the work as it stands is doubtless what the composer, as well as the authors, intended it to be. By its style it belongs neither to musical comedy nor to opéra bouffe. But it reminds one more of *La Périchole* than of the *Marriage of Figaro;* and a clever actress with a nice voice and some power of singing with expression, while quite unable to undertake the part of Susanna or of the Countess, might possibly achieve a success as Carmen. This implies no disparagement of Miss Minnie Hauk, who is a finished vocalist, capable of doing justice to the music of the greatest composers. But Carmen is a character which makes more urgent demands on the acting than on the singing powers of its representative; and, if Miss Hauk sang less admirably than she in fact does, her impersonation of the warm-hearted, passionate, capricious, fascinating, and most original gipsy girl would reconcile her audience to any such deficiency, or rather would render them unable to perceive it. Her Carmen is nothing less than a perfect embodiment of a very bright artistic creation. She enters into the spirit of the character, lives it, and is never anything but Carmen from Carmen's first entry until her tragic end. Her look, gestures, walk, general air, and demeanor all belong to one another and to the part. Signor Campanini showed much dramatic power as the infatuated soldier, especially in the very effective final scene; and Signor del Puente was sufficiently animated as a toreador. But Carmen is the life and soul of the opera; and it is to Miss Minnie Hauk's impersonation of a character which suits her as though she had been created for the express purpose of playing it that the success of this very Spanish, very Bohemian work will mainly be due.

Mme. Pappenheim in "Fidelio."

(From the Times, July 1.)

Since the regretted death of Therese Tietjens a new Leonora—Beethoven's Leonora—was hardly expected, at least, for some time to come. *Fidelio* (or, as the great musician would persist in calling it, *Leonore*), nevertheless, was given on Saturday night, with a representative of the chief personage worthy in all respects to undertake the task. Mdme. Pappenheim has made a wide step forward by her performance on this occasion. Fidelio demands still higher qualities for effective portrayal than Valentine, and the new-comer gave unquestionable proofs that she possessed them. Her general conception of the character is the true one, according, in fact (like that of Tietjens), with the traditions we have derived from its earliest exponent in this country, Mdme. Schroeder Devrient, who, though born at Hamburgh little more than a month in advance of the production of *Fidelio* (Vienna, November 20, 1805), may also have been influenced by those attaching to Mdlle. Milder, Beethoven's original Leonore, whom she must have seen when the opera was reproduced with sundry omissions, additions, and modifications, not only in the score, but in the libretto. This was in 1814, at the Kärnthner-Thor, and in five successive years *Fidelio* was frequently played at the Wiener Hoftheater — Schroeder first appearing as Leonore in 1822. She is always cited as the model Fidelio, and though, passing over many others, we have had such Leonoras on the English stage as Malibran (1836), and on the Italian stage as Sophie Cruvelli (1851), there is every chance of her continuing to be thus regarded. Further statistics with reference to a theme so familiar, and so often dwelt upon at length, would be superfluous. Enough that Mdme. Pappenheim adopts the strict German reading, and therein is true to herself, her country, and her country's Beethoven. In the first scene, when the faithful and courageous wife, clad in boy's attire, comes on the stage, she was hardly mistress of her means, and the audience were surprised to see her persistently holding a handkerchief to her face. The cause of this was subsequently explained. Just before the anticipated entry of Fidelio, Mdme Pappenheim was suddenly seized with that disagreeable inconvenience, a bleeding at the nose. But this, happily, in a very brief time, passed off. The quartet, "in canon," "Il cor e la mia fè" (we purposely cite the Italian text), for Marcellina, Leonora, Rocco, and Jacquino, suffered inevitably more or less from the *contretemps*, and was not, as usually happens, encored; but, later on, Mdme. Pappenheim had regained her composure, which was fully declared in the fine trio with Rocco and Marcellina, "Coraggio! orsù." The test point of the first act, the grand soliloquy, beginning with the recitative, "A qual furor ti condurrà l'orribile sete di vendetta," after Leonora has overheard the conversation between Pizarro and Rocco, found her quite herself, and we have rarely heard it declaimed and sung with more intelligence. The beautiful *adagio* (address to "Hope,") "O tu, la cui dolce possanza," while taken, as we thought—"*adagio*" though it be—a little too slowly, was a noticeable example of emotional expression, subdued and impassioned by turns. The concluding *allegro*, "Celeste ardor m'accende," although the spirit was not wanting, appeared somewhat deficient in power; but this may be accounted for by the circumstance already mentioned.

Passing over the duet in which Leonora obtains Rocco's consent to help in preparing the grave for Florestan (a duet not easy to pass over, by the way), we come to the second act, where Mdme. Pappenheim most conspicuously displayed her ability as an actress of the real stamp and, as we have hinted, a true Fidelio. Each of the well-known points in the wonderful scene of the dungeon, when the despairing Leonora first recognizes the voice of her doomed husband, whose grave she is assisting the seemingly-inflexible but kind-hearted goaler to dig, was brought out with eloquent meaning. It is unnecessary to enumerate them one after another, "Fidelio" having long been a household word in this as in other countries, where the story of "*Die eheliche Liebe*," the purest and noblest exemplification of devoted conjugal love belonging to the lyric drama, is familiar. The duet in A minor, "All' opra orsù" (where trombones are introduced with such mysterious effect), and the lovely trio in the major key, (occasionally so like Mozart), "Fia grata al Ciel," in which Florestan expresses his gratitude to the unknown Leonora, who, in spite of Rocco, has given him wine and bread, were beyond reproach. But the culminating point was, as a matter of course, the magnificent quartet, when Fidelio, interposing between her husband and his relentless enemy, directs a pistol at the breast of the would-be-assassin just as he is about to accomplish his purpose. All this was forcibly delineated, and the applause was no less hearty than general. The duet, in which husband and wife give expression to rapture at their unexpected reunion, slightly overtaxed the powers of our Leonora; and no wonder, bearing in mind how strenuously she had exerted herself. She, nevertheless, got through it bravely, and like one fully alive to its dramatic purport. To conclude, Mdme. Pappenheim's Fidelio, a success most legitimately obtained, merits every acknowledgment as such.

Among her associates may be especially singled out Mdlle. Bauermeister and Signor Galassi. Mdlle. Bauermeister is an excellent Marcellina, singing her one air, "Se il ver mi dice il cor" as correctly and with as much point as could be wished, and proving of material value in the concerted music, which she has evidently well studied. The Pizarro of Signor Galassi also merits high praise. We have rarely, indeed, seen a more competent representative of that somewhat ungrateful character, furnished with music not by any means easy to execute, and a villain of the deepest dye, winning no sympathy. The great air, "Ah! vendicar potrò" (to which Weber owes something), with its formidable orchestral accompaniment, was easily mastered by this gentleman, and declaimed with the fierce energy that is its characteristic. Signor Rinaldini was a good Jacquino, Signor Bettini, who appears to be acquainted with almost every known opera, played Florestan, Signor Behrens was Rocco, and Signor Franceschi the Minister. The performance generally was one of more than ordinary merit. The orchestra, under Sir Michael Costa, was admirable throughout. Two overtures were given—that called, by universal consent, *Fidelio* (in E major), and the one generally recognized as "No. 3," the longest and grandest of those in C major. The first-named preceded the opera; the other was introduced between the acts—which we cannot but look upon as a mistake, insomuch as its overwhelming brilliancy is enough to indispose the mind of hearers for the grave music to follow, in the dungeon scene of Florestan. It might as well be placed at the end, in lieu of the choral *finale*, which is quite as exhilarating. Moreover, this overture in C is an epitome of the opera, just as much as the overture to *Der Freischütz* is an epitome of the dramatic masterpiece of Weber. True, the overture between the acts was so superbly executed that a repetition was insisted upon; and this being accorded (without curtailment), inconveniently prolonged the duration of the performance. Nor can we see why any opera is entitled to have two overtures. The great *Leonora* should be placed at the beginning; and such was Beethoven's intention. The chorus performed their task with spirit, though here and there the singers were a little uncertain as to pitch in the thanksgiving of the temporarily liberated prisoners, where, by the way, the tenor solo would be more impressive if assigned, as Beethoven assigned it, to a single voice. In the great choral *finale* of the closing scene there was little or nothing to criticize.

Georges Bizet.

(From the "Times," June 24.)

Born in Paris 25th October, 1838, the career of Bizet was comparatively a brief one. He died at Bougival on the 3d of June, 1875, exactly three years after his most carefully-considered opera had been given to the Parisian public. In an early period of his artistic career, though at the Conservatoire he had studied composition under Halévy (one of whose daughters he married), and harmony with no less stolid a conservative than Zimmermann, obtaining the second "*grand prix de Rome*" in 1856, and the first a year later, Alexandre César Léopold Bizet ("Georges" being only a *nom de plume*) became impregnated with certain of the doctrines of Richard Wagner, and their exemplification in music, to such an extent that he declared war against everything appertaining to the established form of lyric drama, and especially that form recognized, time out of mind, as "opéra comique"—contemptuously styling the works of Boieldieu (composer of *La Dame Blanche*), and Auber (composer of *La Muette de Portici*), "de la *musiquette*." In his first two important operas, brought out, under the direction of M. Carvalho, at the Théâtre Lyrique—*Les Pêcheurs de perles* (September, 1863), and *La Jolie Fille de Perth* (December, 1867)—this leaning was strongly perceptible, in a serious degree militating against their success—though in the latter, the subject of which was taken by the indefatigable M. Saint-Georges and one of his several coadjutors from the well-known romance of Sir Walter Scott, even critics adverse to the theories and practice of the composer found many things unreservedly to eulogize in the second act and elsewhere. It is curious that a musician destined to be the most implacable adversary of everything belonging to the *genre* "opéra comique," high or low, should in 1857 have come forward one of the successful competitors for the honor of appearing as composer of a *lever de rideau* at the Bouffes-Parisiens, then directed by the since popular Offenbach, who had suggested the contest. The piece was entitled *Le Docteur Miracle*. There were no fewer than 78 aspirants, six being first picked out from the rest, and the jury ultimately deciding in favor of Charles Lecocq and Georges Bizet. Both settings were heard at the Bouffes—Lecocq's first, Bizet's on the night succeeding; but neither appears to have created a lively impression.

After the quasi-failure of *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, Bizet tried to console himself by writing a symphony, "Les Souvenirs de Rome" in the orthodox manner; but he never contrived to finish it, although two movements were played at the Concerts Populaires, and favorably received. His one act piece, *Djamileh*, written for the Opera-Comique (1872) in a style which frequenters of that theatre failed to appreciate, was no success. The music composed for Alphonse Daudet's drama, *L'Arlésienne*, with which we in England have made acquaintance in the guise of an orchestral *suite*, obtained and merited general approval. Meanwhile, although his first ambitious essays were at the Opera-Lyrique, Bizet, whose Wagnerian tendencies were beginning to wax less uncompromising, had always entertained an inward desire to win distinction at the Theâtre Feydeau (without, naturally, condescending to manufacture "de la *musiquette*,") and, having received a commission from the director of that establishment, he thus communicates the glad news to his intimate friend and adviser, M. Edmond Galabert*:—"On vient de me commander trois actes á L'Opera-Comique. Meilhac et Halevy font ma pièce. Ce sera gai, *mais d'une gaieté que permet le style, etc.*" M. Galabert makes this reflection:—"Ces trois actes de Meilhac et Halevy serait-ce *Carmen?*" Who can doubt it?—notwithstanding that the three acts were—unnecessarily, in our opinion, the incidents of the drama borne in mind—spread out into four? At any rate, *Carmen* was brought out at the Opera-Comique on the 3rd of March, 1875, with Madame Galli-Marie as Carmen and Mdlle. Chapuy—who will be favorably remembered at Her Majesty's Opera, when Mr. Mapleson was in Drury Lane—as Michaela. The success at the outset was contested by some, though unconditionally claimed by others—the majority. Subsequent performances removed all doubt, and the triumph of those inclined to rank Bizet among the young composers upon whose progressing career the lyrico-dramatic school of France materially depended, was matter of fact. Before long, indeed, we find more than one critic of acknowledged impartiality, as well as of ripe judgment, predicting that the opera would be classed among the best ever contributed to the modern repertory of the Theâtre Favart, and auguring for its composer a bright future—for which, nevertheless, he was unhappily not destined.

* Georges Bizet.—"*Souvenirs et Correspondance.*"

Ferdinand Hiller at Stuttgart.

On the 18th June, in the Cathedral, which was densely crowded, the Association for Classical Sacred Music gave, as previously announced, and under the personal direction of the composer, a most successful performance of Ferdinand Hiller's *Rebecca*, a Biblical idyll, and "Israel's Siegesgesang" ("Israel's Song of Triumph,") with words from Holy Writ. The first-named work, *Rebecca*, was composed in the summer of 1877, and dedicated to the art-loving Queen Olga, of Würtemberg, herself a clever artist, who was present at the performance. The text, selected by the composer from Genesis, contains the account of Abraham's sending to Laban for Rebecca, the interview by the well, the happy conclusion of the negotiation with Rebecca's father, and the joyous departure home. The work, thoroughly Biblical in tone, is not treated in the strictly sacred style, though it preserves throughout a character of mild earnestness and noble dignity, expressing most strikingly in its melodically and harmonically freer movement the feelings of the shepherds, happy and blissful in their God. With simple melodies, as for instance on the words: "Neige deinen Krug," etc., ("Let down thy pitcher," etc.,) or "Trink, o Herr, und labe dich" ("Drink, my Lord,") and especially in the grand dialogue between Elieser and Rebecca, the vigorous choruses alternate with imposing expression. The instrumentation is original, as, for instance, when, employing the wood wind instruments during the continuous *pizzicato* of the strings, it introduces the unison chorus: "Ruht und schlaft," etc., ("Rest and sleep," etc.), and causes the audience to feel a sweet sensation of peacefulness. Mdlle. von Dötscher, of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, with her pure, mild, gentle voice, which, however, filled the Cathedral, imparted intense feeling to the part of Rebecca, while Herr Schütky was equally successful with that of Elieser. But it was more particularly by their rendering of the final piece set down for them: "Im Frieden kehret heim," that the chorus impressed on the work the lasting stamp of a charming and noble idyll. The Royal Chapel lent their co-operation. The second composition, "Israel's Song of Triumph," was written in the spring of 1871, and dedicated to the German Emperor. It is distinguished by a fine expression of spirited grandeur. We are indebted to the Association and their conductor, Professor Faisst, for a most delightful evening.—*Schwäbischer Merour.*

Bach's Concerto for Four Hands. The London *Musical World* tells us:

Peculiar interest was attached to the concert given by Mrs. G. M. Green at the Langham Hall on June 20. The programme was ostensibly similar to the ordinary list of property ballads and modern pianoforte pieces affected by the givers of "benefit concerts," but it contained one object of interest, even for the most worn concert-goer—a concerto for four pianofortes, by Sebastian Bach, hitherto neglected in England. Why this exceptional work has not been heard—and frequently—before is a mystery. Written "after" a concerto for four violins by Vivaldi, it is hard to believe that the Master adhered to his scheme and followed his assumed pattern, so essentially are the passages pianoforte passages, so extraordinarily adapted to the resources of the instrument are the bright, tuneful themes. Not, perhaps, so majestic as the Concertos for three *cembali*, this—consisting of three short movements in A minor, *moderato*, *largo*, and *allegro*—shows in a greater degree the vast imagination of the Father of composers. His chance, or prophetic pre-knowledge of modern pianoforte effects is more startling here than in any of his many works for that instrument, so much abused, so little understood. Close study of the weird but beautiful effects of "combination-tone," produced by the division of the chords among the instruments, would disclose a wide field at present unknown to pianists. Hitherto, a few carelessly constructed duets, trios, and quartets form the amateur's repertory of concerted pianoforte music—unsatisfactory at the best, for even Rubinstein and Brahms became slovenly when treating the instrument "en gros." In this great but simple work no note is superfluous, nothing is meaningless. The listener, however *blasé*, hears something he has not heard before. He may, perhaps, know all the duets, trios, etc., but these effects, this manner of treating the instrument, is new. He feels he did not know the pianoforte thoroughly before, and vague dreams of its possibilities trouble his mind. Dreams that will most probably remain dreams, as there lives no Bach in this age to interrogate the modern pianoforte, and tell us not only what more can be done with it, but what, indeed, it really is.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Green for having unearthed this art-jewel, nor should it be forgotten that she was the first to introduce it to the public.

Flamingo.

—To this Mr. George Grove replies a week later as follows:

I am glad to see that old Bach's Vivaldi concerto for four pianos has been played again, though how it escaped the wrath of the Apollo of the —— —— for being an adaptation, is a difficult question. I feel a deep interest in the work, for I had a MS. copy of it made at Berlin in 1852, from which it was performed, under the *bâton* of my dear friend Manns, at a benefit concert for Mr. Scheurmann somewhere in the fifties, and at the Central Palace in 1866, at the German Charity Concert after Sadowa. Benedict, Miss Zimmermann, Miss Kinkel, and Mr. Ganz played it on the latter occasion, I believe. On the former one, Pauer and Silas are the only two of the four that I can remember. Has it at last been published? Yours sempiternally,

[G.]

Signor Mario at Rome.

The London *World* in a recent issue says:

If you drop in at Morteo's any evening on your way from the opera you are pretty sure to see a group of the Italian *jeunesse* round one of the small tables, generally a corner one. They are carrying on an animated conversation. Though you are out of ear-shot, you can easily divine that many good things are being said. There is the distinct sparkle of life and high spirits about them all; but there is one who in appearance forms a striking contrast to the others. If you were to judge from his bright, clear eye and fresh complexion, you would think him the youngest of the group; but his well-kept moustache and hair are as white as frosted silver. He came in half an hour ago to eat his supper, and he has collected a little group around him, some seated, some standing. Others, as they finish their meal, go across the room to salute him, and join the conversation for a few minutes. Many of the new comers linger there until they are served. You are curious to know who this hero of Morteo's can be. You have seen him often years ago, but you can scarcely be expected to recognize his snowy locks and beard. He is Mario, Marchese di Candia in the Kingdom of Italy, and prince of tenors in the realms of Clio and Euterpe.

It is not wonderful if the stranger jumps to the conclusion that the light-hearted, well-dressed Mario must be well off. The truth is that Mario disdains to betray the appearance of poverty, just as, when a refugee in Paris, forty years ago, the pride which caused him to refuse the offered assistance he saw no probability of being able to repay made him turn his talents to account before the foot-lights. He left his country for political reasons—self-banished if you will, but banished all the same. He entered the Military Academy of Turin when eleven years old; distinguished himself there and from 1829 to 1836 was on the staff, first of his father, the Marchese Stefano, General de Candia, who was Governor of Nice, and then of General de Maistre, who wrote "Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre." At this time Mario and a number of his brother officers were ardent members of the Young Italy party. One day he received a sudden intimation that he must start on the moment with despatches for Sardinia. The Bianca was to sail that night and he was to go in her. But the circumstances aroused his suspicions. On going home to his rooms, instead of preparing to start on his mission, he sent immediately for one of his closest friends, confided some notes to him, put on a disguise and disappeared into an obscure lodging, where he remained in hiding until he was able to escape to Marseilles. If he was to be denounced as a deserter, he had the consciousness of saving his honor from imputations which he might never be able to remove.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

He had no intention of abandoning a military career. He hoped to get a commission in the French army in Algiers, with the Carlists in Spain, or in the Greek service. In London the Duke of Wellington was very kind to him, but no opening was to be found. Live as economically as he could, the money he had with him was rapidly becoming exhausted. At last he determined to try his fortunes in America, where many other of his countrymen were teaching Italian under assumed names. He took his berth; was packing for his journey, when he met with an accident which caused him to lose his passage and forfeit the £40 he had paid for it. In despair he returned to Paris. Friends there interested themselves with the Sardinian Government on his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that he should be restored to his former rank, on condition of his seclusion in a French fortress for six months, and afterwards serving six months as a private in his own regiment. The ordeal of serving in the ranks where he had once commanded was too much for him.

In the meantime, Meyerbeer, who had heard him sing, offered to prepare him for the stage and secure him an engagement at the Grand Opera. This was the lesser evil of the two; he could not starve, he would not borrow, and he accepted it. Meyerbeer prolonged his stay in Paris eight months to drill him in his role of *Robert le Diable*, and Fanny Ellsler taught him to walk the boards. "I shall never forget her goodness," says Mario; "dancers generally have brains only in their feet, but she was a woman of great intelligence. She began by caricaturing the way I walked, and taught me more than any one else. On the 4th of December, 1838, I made my first appearance. I had no fear about my voice, but I felt as if I were about to ascend the scaffold. I then fully understood what must be the feeling of a political prisoner going to execution, and the struggle he has to make to bear himself like a man of courage and a gentleman. When I got before the footlights I felt as if I were under the influence of a fearful nightmare. I saw nothing but a multitude of eyes — eyes everywhere. I was successful; but then you know the house was filled with my friends. They were there to give me a hand to rise, and I owed my success to them. And then again I was splendidly supported: Levasseur sang the part of Bertrand, which Meyerbeer had written for him; Dorus Gras, that of Alice, and Mlle. Neaux that of the Princess. Fanny Ellsler was the Abbess."

In the spring of 1839 he came out in London in

the part of *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia," the other characters being sustained by Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, "and if I remember rightly," says Mario, "Marietta Brambilla." It was a great success, certainly; but then, you know it was the first time 'Lucrezia' was sung at Her Majesty's; then there was the romance about my past. I had known many of the best families in London when I was there a year before, and society had more to do in sustaining my first appearance in London than any merits of my own. You must remember that Rubini was still deservedly held in great esteem. No, I never sang in Italy or in Germany. I had promised my brother, who became General de Candia, that I would never appear on the Italian stage."

MARIO AT HOME.

Mario lives in the Corso, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. If you call upon him between the months of May and November, he will receive you in a spacious suite of rooms, a series of *salons*, elegantly, if not luxuriously furnished. The walls are covered with paintings, chiefly portraits of his family — his father, his mother, his children, Grisi. There are busts in marble and in bronze of Grisi and of his children. He took the house years ago, when rents had risen to fabulous prices and cunning landlords would only let on long leases. He must keep it on or relet it for half he pays. When he was obliged to admit the stranger within his walls he took all his lares down into three little rooms — once the servants' rooms — on the *entresol*, and a fourth on the ground floor. Into these you must penetrate — if you can — to find out what manner of man Mario is. You might have been acquainted with him for twenty years, living in a handsome apartment, with plenty of money in his pocket, and still have failed to discover the full extent of his attainments, his intellectual needs and strivings, and how little more than a part of the mechanical formation of the man was the voice which made him famous. If you went by chance into the rooms he now occupies not knowing who lived in them, you would be puzzled to make out whether the inhabitant was a student, a sculptor, a painter, a musician, a cabinet-maker, a wood-carver or an archæologist, or whether indeed you had not been translated into Don Quixote's sanctum. Take the middle room: it is about twelve feet square. A table and a chair placed side ways by it stand in the centre — an old battered arm-chair, with high back, the only available seat in the room. There are books everywhere. Those that lie open on the table treat of the forgotten languages, Etruscan especially. For the rest, one notices a box with well-used color tubes and brushes, some pallets, a number of bottles of varnishes and pigments, gimlets, screw-drivers, modeling tools, notes of invitation, visitors' cards and cigar-boxes. Around the apartment, heaped up on the floor, against the walls, on some plain deal shelves, upon a chest of drawers, filled all of them with autographs, are hundreds of dusty volumes, portfolios of prints and drawings and pieces of old armor. On the walls are hanging plaster casts of hands and feet from the life sketches in oil and water colors, tobacco-pipes and all kinds of arms — not stage properties; those and his costumes he parted with long ago. In one corner there is a modeling-stool, with a little bust in progress upon it, and behind it stand some lances and long bows. The little bed in a corner is overlaid with portfolios, and sometimes he has to toss the mattress over to find the prints which he wants lying beneath it. The room on the ground floor, to which you descend by a little dark staircase barely three feet wide, is the workshop where Mario does his cabinet making and carving—where he converts some old wooden fluted columns into a mantelpiece reaching up to the ceiling for one of the rooms in the *piano nobile* above, produces a handsome piece of furniture out of some early renaissance carved and gilt consoles, or makes anything else he wants, from plain book-shelves, to that pretty carved letter-box on the inside of the workshop door, which opens on the side of the entrance hall from the street.

All his music — the works of more than a hundred masters, and many English numbered among them — lies piled on the floor of the third little room above his joiner's shop, and fills the greater part of it. "I have never had time," said Mario, "to arrange it since I came down here; but now I am going to send it to my native town of Cagliari. They have founded a musical club there and paid me the compliment of calling it 'The Mario,' so, instead of putting all this music in order, I shall get rid of a nuisance and have the credit at the same time." The only part of his strangely crowded quarters where any order exists is that devoted to his collection of works on music. He has long had an idea of preparing a history of music; but an idea it remains, though he commenced to collect materials for the purpose years ago. He ransacked the library of the British Museum, copying many curious examples of antique scores and ancient glees. He collected old MS. music in all the countries he visited. In an old Mass book he picked up at Toledo he found the original [?] setting of the "Last Rose of Summer."

As you see Mario sitting at the opposite side at Moreo's, you would never think he had known a moment's trouble. If you can obtain the *entrée* in Roman society, you will constantly meet him in that in which he was born, ever welcome, ever surrounded by the younger men.

LABLACHE.—Mr. Chorley, in his "Musical Biography," says: "Musical history contains no account of a bass singer so gifted by nature, so accomplished by art, and so popular without measure or drawback as Louis Lablache.

"His shoe was as big as a child's bath tub, and one could have clad a child in one of his gloves; yet he was so perfectly artistic in dress and bearing that the spectator was never shocked by his abnormal size. There are many laughable anecdotes told of his immensity. Here is one: One winter's day, while in Paris, a violent shower of rain obliged the basso to seek refuge in the entrance of a passage, and soon afterwards a young *gamin* bethought himself of the same shelter. To enter a passage, however, barricaded by a Lablache was no easy matter, especially when the gigantic basso had his elbows extended under an ample cloak, and swayed from one side of the passage to the other. The boy, tired of dodging the living gate, took hold of a corner of the giant's cloak, and pulling it lustily, cried, 'Cordon, s'il vous plait!' the expression used at Paris when the porter is requested to open the door. Lablache entered into the humor of the position, and, as he let the boy pass, imitated the motion of a door turning on its hinges."

Doctors of Music.

There are men who read and know the contents of multitudes of books, but who cannot write any books worth reading, except dictionaries. There are others who, with very little book learning, write books which benefit and give pleasure to thousands. The first are men of learning, the others men of genius; but the learning and the genius are seldom to be found in one individual. Musical learning is extremely valuable; Doctors of Music should be consulted by people musically ill, and in need of advice, just as Medical Doctors are consulted by those who are suffering from any bodily ailment. They should also be trusted with implicit confidence, in cases in which they all agree. Of course, if there can only be three opinions upon any matter in question, and three different doctors hold these three different opinions, they are utterly useless upon that matter—the patient may as well be his own doctor either of music or medicine, as the case may require.

It is marvellous what strange notions people have concerning a Doctor of Music. They seem to think that he is some one who can compose and perform music better than any one else who is not a Doctor of Music; whereas, in some cases, the great learning of the doctor supplies the reason why his compositions are worthless as works of art, however valuable they may be as specimens of scientific musicianship. Music as an art is one thing, music as a science is another; a Doctor of Music is a doctor of the science of music, who, like everybody else, may, or may not, be an artist; and, equally like everybody else, probably is not an artist.

In order to obtain the degree of LL.D. from an English University, the person seeking it must prove himself to be a highly learned man, who, though from lack of ideas of his own, he may not be able to write a book worth reading, is fully competent to correct grammatical and other mistakes in the books of those who have ideas of their own, which they, from lack of learning, are unable to impart to others. The Doctor of Music has to produce similar proof—a man must possess his full share of brains, and make good use of them too, in order to obtain this degree from an English University; but, having obtained it, he is entitled to teach musical students with the same authority as that with which a physician teaches medical students. It is likewise his business to cure musical disorders. "But," perhaps you will say, "Musical Doctors differ in opinion—differ in "theory." True; and physicians also differ—there are Allopathic, Homœopathic, and Hydropathic Physicians. Likewise Allopathic Doctors of Music, who treat you freely; Homœopathic, who keep you to strict musical diet; and Hydropathic, who throw cold water over you whenever they get a chance—these latter should be consulted by those only who have strong musical constitutions, other wise there is some risk of permanent chill.

If the learning of our musical doctors were utilized as it ought to be, the waste of much good metal, good paper, and good ink, might be avoided; to say nothing of the waste of skilled labor, by the employment of workmen upon useless work. At the office of each journal in which music is reviewed, every week is delivered a quantity of songs, pianoforte pieces, and hymn-tunes, the greater part of which is not only not worth reviewing, but it is an act of charity to the composers to pass in silence. Some are the productions of people who evidently have something to say, but do not know how to say it; these cause a smile upon perusal similar to that which we try to suppress when we hear a foreigner talking in broken English, but they are always worth notice, and the best advice that could be given ty the composers would be that they should consult some Homœopathic Doctor of Music before rushing into print again. Others might have been written by Mrs. Partington, a lady noted for her constant use of grand words of which she knows not the meaning; these composers should be committed to the tender mercies of the Hydropathic musical practitioner, with a view to the improvement of their general system by means of frequent shocks produced by a judicious but frequent application of cold water. Others are the work of men with "music in their soul"—men who are "moved by concourse of sweet "sound" —men who write from the heart, not from the head. They sometimes make bad consecutive fifths, and use false relations; but they generally resolve their discords intuitively. These require the services of an Allopathic doctor; they should be taught that the head must assist, though it should not control, the heart. To put a man of this class under a course of Musical Hydropathy would be sheer cruelty; he would be far too severely shocked, if his doctor were to say—"Here are two fifths, *ergo* this entire composition is utter rubbish." Then there are others in which the composers have less than nothing to say, but say it very elegantly and grammatically. These are bad cases, confirmed, chronic—cure is hopeless —"physicians are in vain"; the best advice for these is—if they have good intellect, and do not mind work—to become Doctors of Music; otherwise they would do better by taking to chimney-sweeping, or some other suitable occupation.

In conclusion, if nineteen out of twenty new pieces of music were submitted in manuscript to learned musicians, they would never be printed; and the composers, in after years, would be glad that they paid their money to the Doctor of Music, instead of wasting it in spoiling metal and paper. Considering the progress which music is now making, in all probability we shall ere long find Musical Doctors at home for consultation from 10 until 2; and it will be a benefit not only to the doctors themselves, but to others—if they obtain numerous patients, each bringing his Malady in his pocket. The following words of wisdom, by Mr. Ella, should form a part of every prescription; they apply to composers and players alike:—"Intellect, however exalted, without strong feelings, can never achieve the high purposes of art; and the musician who betrays no emotion in playing the inspired and inspiring *chefs d'œuvre* of the classics, is not to be envied. The player, absorbed in the earnest 'labor of love,' alike indifferent to appearance or manner, at once enchains the heart, and captivates the willing auditor. It is the same in an actor, 'whose rare talent, after all,' says Erskine, 'has its seat in the superior sensibilities of the mind, which identify him for the moment with the characters he represents.' Without this nature, even with *irritable* sensibility, an orator, in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, could never be eloquent. The musician alike animated by the excitement of his theme, by some sudden stroke of impulse makes captive his hearer, and triumphs over his feelings. This is the power of genius in musical expression."—*London Musical Standard.*

ALBANI'S WEDDING.—"Cherubino," of the London *Figaro*, tells us: The wedding of Mdlle. Emma Albani with Mr. Ernest Gye is fixed to take place at half-past eleven o'clock on Tuesday, August 6, at the Roman Catholic chapel in Warwick-street, Regent-street. The

space in the chapel is very limited, and it will, I believe, be reserved for the invited guests, the more intimate friends and influential admirers of the great prima donna. It is even possible that Mdlle. Albani would have preferred a more quiet wedding, or, at any rate, that the knowledge of the forthcoming event should have been confined to her personal friends. But popularity, while it has its privileges, has also its penalties, and the large body of opera-goers and lovers of art will not be deprived of the pleasure of wishing godspeed to the greatest of living British born operatic artists. Englishmen are naturally proud of the fact that Emma Lajeunesse, although, as her name implies, of French origin, was born and brought up in Canada, as a subject of the Queen. Nor has she for the high position she has gained any one to thank but herself. Without any great influence, and almost without friends, she made her *début* at Albany, and almost equally unknown she first appeared here. The advance she has made in her profession has been due neither to the possession of a phenomenal voice nor to the adoption of the many artifices by which candidates for operatic favors have, from the origin of opera, managed to attain a fleeting notoriety. A brief but brilliant career has been the result of study and perseverance, and she has gained the high position she now occupies by sheer force of artistic merit. Nor is this all. Beloved for her unvarying courtesy and characteristic urbanity by all with whom she has been brought in contact, Emma Albani has, like her great predecessors, Teresa Titiens and Euphrosyne Parepa, gained the deep respect and esteem of all classes of society for her possession of the many private virtues which ennoble the character of English women. By her marriage with Mr. Ernest Gye, a typical Englishman, Mdlle. Albani will consolidate her connection with this country, and all opera-goers and lovers of music will join in wishing with all heartiness a long and happy married life to a lady who is honored as she is loved."

We have the same authority for the following statements about the eagerly expected Opera (Mapleson's) in New York:

In addition to Signor Foli, Signor Campanini, Miss Minnie Hauck, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and Signor del Puente have already signed engagements to accompany Mr. Mapleson to the United States. So that "Carmen" will be performed at the New York Academy of Music with the original London cast.

The New York critics, while they have excited the expectations of the American public to the utmost by the report of the Mapleson season at the Academy of Music, are beginning to complain that the entire scheme is not yet published. I have already stated all that is at present decided. Signor Arditi, the nucleus of a band, the complete chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, with the best artists of that establishment, will form an artistic phalanx hitherto unknown in the United States. The complete list of the probable troupe is ready; but Mr. Mapleson, with a very proper appreciation of the character of the American people, his dislike of humbug and pretence, is unwilling to publish the names until the artists have actually signed. Mr. Mapleson desires to have no secrets, and as each artist signs the name will be announced; but the director, with a wisdom the American people will appreciate, declines to make any promise until he is certain to be able to carry them out.

Rossini is, it appears, no longer good enough for the Italians, and the lovers of the more modern schools of Marchetti and Ponchielli have resolved to touch up his masterpieces. A certain Signor Graffigna, then, has just rewritten "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." He has, it is announced, used the same libretto, the same divisions of numbers, and, as far as possible, the same melodies but he has eliminated the florid ornamentation, has scored the recitatives, and — *mirabile dictu!* — has "rewritten the orchestration." The new work is to be produced at Venice in the course of the autumn. There is, happily no chance of its performance here, for, with all our faults, and despite the fact that *Il Trovatore* considers us an unmusical nation, we prefer Rossini unadulterated to Rossini improved by Graffigna. — *Figaro.*

"Hamlet" at Covent Garden. — That curious *mélange* of Carré and Barbier, with a dash of Achille de Lauzières, set to music by M. Ambroise Thomas, and entitled "Hamlet," was revived for the first and only time this season at Covent Garden on Tuesday. "Hamlet," in its operatic form, can, it is feared, never be accepted by English people as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare. It hardly agrees with our insular ideas that *Hamlet* should warble "To be or not to be," seated on a sofa, that the melancholy Dane should sing a drinking song to the players, or that *Ophelia* should sing the "Willow" song in the midst of a bevy of short-skirted dancers. Time was when at Covent Garden the chief attraction of M. Thomas' opera was the fine creation of *Hamlet* by M. Faure. Now, however, Signor Cotogni plays the *rôle*, and the opera attracts once in the season solely for the sake of the *Ophelia* of Mdlle. Albani. And, indeed, the talents of the artist might well render interesting even a duller work than "Hamlet." The part is one which suits her admirably, and of it the prima donna has been able to create a character which is at once forcible, poetic, and refined. To speak again in detail of an impersonation which is, happily, so well known, would, however, be a work of supererogation. Mdlle. Albani again made her special "points" in the great scene with *Hamlet* in the gardens of the palace, and in the last scene of all, where the hapless maiden is borne down the stream. Indeed, Mdlle. Albani has rarely sung the "Willow" song so beautifully, nor has she made a deeper impression in a situation which, in the hands of anyone but an artist of the highest class, would be fraught with danger.—*Ibid, July 20.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1878.

Twenty-five Years Ago.—A Memorable Chamber Concert.

In looking over the first year's file of our Journal, we came upon our report (March 5, 1853) of a rare musical feast which some of our readers will be pleased to have recalled to mind. At all events it seems to us so much more interesting than anything we feel just now prepared to write, that,—being also in the vacation mood, inclined to take the current editorial duties easily, while we are, as it were, putting the old ship through certain needful repairs and improvements for another season's cruise,—that we have resolved to reproduce the record here. It was a concert given by our esteemed townsman, Otto Dresel,—at the close of his first series, during the first year of his residence in Boston. That first series of soirées was held in a little out-of-the-way upper hall in Tremont Street, opposite the Tremont House; but the most appreciative and select sort of listeners regularly found their way there. Most of the compositions on the programme were entirely new to our little musical world at that time; and they are but a small fraction of the repertoire of the very choicest classical masterworks which this true artist was the first to introduce into our concert rooms.

. . . Our musical host trebled his hospitality and gave us his friends Jaell and Scharfenberg besides himself. The meeting in this way of three such admirable pianists, three such artists, dedicating their skill to the interpretation of the best of music, to choice and unfamiliar works of Bach and Beethoven and Hummel, was an occasion that could not fail to fill the little "upper chamber," as some have humorously called it, with the best kind of audience.

1. Each item of the programme was an *event.* And not by any means a common or an inconsiderable event was the prefacing of the other selections with an original Trio (for piano, violin and 'cello), which had fire and strength, beauty and originality enough to hold the audience in charmed attention throughout four long movements, even after such trios as we have been used exclusively to hear. We think most of the company were taken by surprise; nothing in times past has prepared us to expect much from the announcement by a concert-giver of an original composition. And if Mr. Dresel yields the palm of facile and effective execution (which by the way he never claimed) to Jaell and others, he has here more than made good his title to the character of artist and musician in the most worthy sense, by the production of a work in a form in which mediocrity could have no disguise, and in which success is as surely genuine as it is in this day very rare;—a work which had the honor of Mendelssohn's own correcting hand, and of which we had heard Mr. D's brother artists here say: "There has been no such Trio written in these last six years." Doubtless there were some staunch worshippers of Haydn and Mozart (who take in Beethoven also, just by way of *coda*), who could not find great pleasure in a thing so "modern." But no one could deny that it contained *ideas*,—themes interesting, characteristic, happily contrasted, opening novel surprises as often as theme or countertheme or episode occurred in each of the several movements; nor that these various *motives* were strongly and logically worked through and knit into the unity of a fair whole; nor that there was everywhere a faultless beauty of musical form, everything coming round and out again just right without relapsing into common-place endings. The first movement (*Allegro Appassionato*) and the last (*Allegro con fuoco*), exhibited the most fire and sustained vigor, kindred to each other as the first and last movements should be, and yet with as much inspiration in the last as in the first. The Adagio was full of beauty and deep sentiment, in its sombre modulations sometimes quite Beethovenish. The Scherzo was perhaps more common and fantasia-like in its light and swift *arpeggios;* but exquisitely graceful, refined and sunshiny in its delicate playfulness, if not amounting to humor; while the trio thereof was decidedly interesting. The whole involved much difficult execution, and the composer gave not only a distinct but eloquent rendering of his own thoughts. Messrs. Schultze and Bergmann did sympathetic justice to the string parts.

2. From the newest to the oldest;—yet to the audience literally new, while in quality it has the perennial newness and freshness of genius. The (D minor) Concerto of Sebastian Bach, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniment, — this was really the great feature of the evening. This work has been much played in Germany of late years; and it is the piece in which Mendelssohn once, in London, distinguished himself to such advantage over Moscheles and Thalberg, by the remarkable cadence which he extemporized, after each had, by previous understanding, essayed the like at points indicated in the preceding movements; that remarkable triumph has become a tradition in London. *Our* three pianists attempted no such flights, but adhered to the written text. This Concerto was only for the first time published in 1845, and owes its origin, it is said, to the fact that the father wished to exercise his two oldest sons, W. Friedemann and C. Ph. Emanuel, in all sorts of delivery. Friedemann left the paternal house and went to Dresden in 1733, at the age of twenty-three; Emanuel went to Berlin in 1738, at the age of twenty-four. Hence it is presumed that this Concerto was composed before 1733, and in the most brilliant period of the grand old master's creative activity. The editor of the score directs by way of preface that: "The string accompaniments should be kept subdued and delicate; the three pianos must be of equal strength and excellence, but all the better for a little variety in coloring of tone. The three players must wholly lay aside the more *modern* style of playing, never raise the dampers, but carry their parts through with sobriety, delicacy and in strict time. Neither one must wish to be prominent above his fellows, since they all three have equal right, and there are only a few passages more for the first piano. The hammering and lifeless mode of playing, now-a-days sometimes esteemed *Bachish*, must be utterly avoided; for the old pianists (harpsichordists) *sang* upon their instruments, and delivered the music with warmth, nay with inspiration, and yet *con discrezione*,—or with modesty, as they used to call it."

We think we may say that these conditions were on Wednesday evening pretty nearly fulfilled. Jaell took the first piano, his by right of almost unlimited facility of execution; and his was most

distinctly heard, as a matter of course, being the highest part and having more of the expansion and ornamental part of the melody; yet that the second and third, SCHARFENBERG and DRESEL, were not wanting, was evident from the perfect unity with which all moved together, and from the general breadth and fulness of tone, especially where the vigorous and noble themes so often ran in unison. The pianos were three of Chickering's newest (not exactly equal, the first being of seven, the others of six octaves, — but either of them a "Grand" compared with anything that old Bach's boys had to play on;) all of beautiful and refined tone, and great evenness throughout, surpassing even those esteemed his best before his manufactory was destroyed by fire; indeed these new instruments seem to have come out tried and purified, as it were, from "the refiner's fire." The accompaniments, by Messrs. Schultze, and Meisel, (violin,) Meyer (viola) and Bergmann and Balcke ('cello and contra-basso on one part,) where delicately and neatly given, though it was difficult to subdue the piercing violin tones fully to the standard of the pianos. Of the music itself what shall we say? Let no one henceforth talk of Bach as dry and learned; for here every movement was full of charm and humanity, of poetry and wisdom; — in a word of genius, the most sound and wholesome and harmonious. With no pretention; none of the modern straining for effect, no curious episodes or strange modulations, how the mingling strains of melody flowed on like a full, clear, limpid river, as if from an exhaustless source, yet with no waste, and to an unwavering gaol! The neatness, the transparency, the easy continuous on-flow of the music, so large and strong in the first movement, were perfectly refreshing to the sense and satisfying to the soul; here was "no nonsense," and no stupid gravity in the avoidance thereof. It realized the most loving traditions of Bach. The second movement, in the six-eight Siciliano rhythm, opens with the daintiest, and most delicately piquant style of melody that could be imagined,— sweet and full of sensibility and poetry, however, —and soon proves its right to be dainty, by melting and running away in a right hearty, frank and affectionately cheerful stream of melody, until the pause, filled by the airy little cadence from Jaell's flying fingers, and the good old fashioned, orthodox Adagio half-close leading at once into the Allegro Fugue; of course Bach could not get through without that; and how beautiful the theme of that fugue! how gracefully passed about, till its outline, everywhere reflected in the mingling currents of the instruments, had that unity in variety that you see in the wavy surface of the full mountain brook descending to the plain and spreading swiftly yet composedly along over the motley, fairy pebbles and mosses. Every now and then there seemed to be little momentary breaks, where one part after another would nimbly shoot across in a spray of soft and rapid little demi-semiquavers, — and so merrily and swimmingly on to the end, which seems the outlet into wider and still waters.

3. Beethoven's Sonata-duo, in F, one of his most fascinating, clear, and perfect compositions, with its lovely Allegro, its profound Adagio, its absolutely witty little Scherzo, and Rondo worthy to conclude the whole, was finely played by DRESEL and SCHULTZE,—indeed, the violin of the latter seemed particularly expressive. This was, not without reason, in the opinion of many, the gem of the evening, and ended the first part.

4. Part II. opened with some piano solos, played by Mr. DRESEL, with his characteristic nicety of expression. These were an *Etude*, in A flat, by Chopin, the *Marcia Funebre* from the Sonata by the same, unspeakably solemn in the main movement, and tenderly pathetic in the trio; and an animated, fairy kind of Waltz, by Stephen Heller, one of the most poetic of the new pianists.

5. Finally the Septet, by Hummel, the most delightful, fresh and genial composition that we remember to have heard by that master. This gave full scope to the clean, firm, even and unflagging execution of that conscientious classical pianist, Mr. SCHARFENBERG. As a mere pianoforte performance, it was the grand achievement of the evening; the modest, manly, quiet certainty with which the difficult and long continuous passages were carried through, with the precision of clockwork, and yet with truest appreciation of all that sought expression in the music, mingled respect with pleasure in the audience. The accompaniments (for flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double-bass,) played by members of the "Germania Society," blended in with a most grateful warmth of coloring; some of those effects from Herr Küstenmacher's horn, (especially in that passage of the trio to the Scherzo, where its mellow monotone, sounding on, as if rescuing the last chord from dying into silence, leads back the theme and sets all the instruments at work with it again,) were quite enchanting. The Septet was a luxurious feast of tones.

So was indeed the entire concert. And looking back upon it, one of the most interesting features was the marked, yet harmonious contrast of the three pianists. DRESEL, nervous, fastidious, self-exacting, critical, anxiously loyal to an artistic ideal, caring mainly for the music and the master's thought, and despising all parade of mere performance, somewhat moody withal, and with a touch of genius in him; — JAELL, happy as the day is long, plump-full of music to his finger ends, revelling in unbounded faculty of execution, able and happy to interpret (and always with true and characteristic, as well as polished, elegant expression) the works of all sorts of masters, — a sort of young Rossini, or Alboni of the piano; — and SCHARFENBERG, the quietest, and most balanced of the three, with less of genius than the first, less of child-like exuberance of strength and nervous energy than the second, yet more of the sound and practical *morale* of a substantial artist, perhaps, than either. He is the natural middle of the group; and all are large and genuine enough to meet like brothers on the common ground of Art. The contrast in their styles of playing is in correspondence with the characters and faces of the men. Jaell has a touch unrivalled for limpid purity and roundness of tone, never shows a painful sign of exertion, and marches smilingly through all the difficult music that anybody ever wrote, as through a perpetual banquet hall. Dresel is as unlike this as possible; his nervous manner, as if in close mortal conflict with difficulties, his crisp, *staccato*, critically nice touch, his sacrifice of literalities and common readings to carefully refined, characteristic conceptions of an author or a *tempo*, his tendency to be himself the poet in his readings of the great tone-poets, — all this charms the like-minded and wins upon the thoughtful, but is apt to prepossess unfavorably those who look most to externals, or who regard a pianist more with reference to his instrument and the right humoring thereof, or his public, and the right humoring thereof also, than they do with main reference to musical expression. He does not pretend to the character of a great executant and many times would rather see Jaell ride some *cheval-de-bataille* of a favorite master, than to mount the hard-mouthed Pegasus himself. Scharfenberg, like a sound, loyal artist, renders all his music with unblemished accuracy, and manly absence of all nonsense and all weakness. We may think it a privilege to have heard them all. Would that this fortunate conjunction of good stars might longer last!

Chaucer's Verse Again.

MR. EDITOR: — In your last issue a correspondent, "A. W. T.," makes some remarks with reference to the opinion which I expressed about the musical character of Chaucer's verse, in the course of a recent article of mine in the *Journal*, entitled, "Poets and Composers." A. W. T. has altogether mistaken my meaning; this is of course due to my not having expressed myself in a sufficiently clear manner, rather than to any bluntness of perception on his part. I meant to say that, from a musical standpoint, Chaucer's verse is unmusical to our modern ears. The now obsolete accentuation strikes our ears as rude and forced; therefore, musically, but not literally, Chaucer's verse compared to our modern English verse, lacks half a foot, and in some verses a whole foot. Moreover, the French and German pronunciations to be found in the verse of the acknowledged "father of English poetry" grate with additional harshness upon our modern ears.

Read what Johnson wrote about Dryden: — "The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers." Now read what Dryden wrote about Chaucer's verse: — "The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends — it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him and some time after him, thought it musical, and it continues so ever in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporary; there is a rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine. But this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation,) must convince the reader that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first."

With this fuller illustration, I reiterate the remarks which I have already expressed upon this subject.

GEORGE T. BULLING.

THE third part of GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, (of which we have already given an admirable specimen) is almost ready for distribution, and we are glad to learn from the publishers (Macmillan & Co., New York,) that the work is meeting with the success its excellence so abundantly deserves.

THE MISFORTUNES OF GILMORE'S BAND.—Dr. Hanslick's letter, translated on our first page, gives far from a flattering report of the Music at the Paris Exposition taken altogether. America was oddly represented by the irrepressible Jubilee Gilmore and his Band, and already have they come to grief. We read in the New York *Tribune*:

The European excursion of Gilmore's band has ended: the band has broken up, a part of the members being in England, and a part remaining in Paris, awaiting remittances from home to enable them to return. A gentleman of this city, who was greatly interested in Gilmore's success, and who accompanied him to the steamer when he sailed from this city, said yesterday that Gilmore had failed in Europe because he had acted contrary to the advice of his best friends. They had urged him not to attempt to spend the season in Paris, but to give a grand concert on the Fourth of July, and then start for home immediately. Events had shown the wisdom of this advice. He had been successful in England, fairly so in Ireland, and the first concert at Paris had paid well. Everything else had been a failure. Gilmore had taken little or no money with him, and it was supposed few of the men had taken much; and, as they had failed to pay expenses, it was likely that most of them would have to depend on remittances in order to return. They had even lost a part of the money they made in England, for Mr. Grare, their agent, had run off with 3000 francs. Inquiries were made in musical circles as to the causes of Gilmore's failure; whether it was to be attributed to bad management or to circumstances which could not have been foreseen nor avoided. The general impression was that the only bad management of which Mr. Gilmore could be accused justly, was in attempting to compete for any length of time with the French and other continental military bands, the best of which were giving free open-air concerts every night in Paris during the summer. Among these the orchestra from the Theatre of La Scala at Milan, and the orchestra from Turin under Carl Pedrotte were mentioned. It was the height of folly, it was said, for Gilmore to place any dependence on the Americans visiting the Paris Exhibition this summer, for Americans didn't go abroad to hear music which they could hear at home. It was through the efforts of Americans that the picnic in the Bois de Boulogne had been gotten up, and there their interest in Gilmore seemed to have ceased.

Another gentleman, "well-known in musical circles," informs the *Sun*:

"When the band first appeared in Paris the people laughed at it on account of its extraordinary uniform. The men wore red and blue coats and trousers, but they had no sidearms and no shakos, and the Parisians could not understand a military band without these. They laughed at the small caps that the Americans wore, and said that they looked more like servants or lackeys than anything else. The French found fault because the band allowed a lady to sing at their concerts. They said it wasn't etiquette for a lady vocalist to appear on the platform with a brass band. They ridiculed and made fun of the troupe in all sorts of ways, and although the American consul-general and others got them up a picnic in the Bois de Bologne, it was no use. The material that Gilmore had along with him was good enough for Boston or Albany, or for a popular concert in New York, but it was nothing at the Exhibition. Why, there were military bands giving free concerts in every park in Paris that beat the Americans out and out. . . . . It was lucky for them that they didn't go to Germany. They would have fared worse there, if possible, than in Paris. What could they expect to do at five francs admission in a country where the entrance fee to the finest music halls in the world is ten cents?"

Mme. Seiler's School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

It gives us pleasure to print the following report (written at our request) by that energetic and enthusiastic teacher, — one of the authorities in vocal culture — Mme. Emma Seiler, of the remarkable school founded by her and still under her charge. A theatre, with performances of whole operas, in a school, is something unique, at least in America.

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT, — It gives me great satisfaction, that I can tell you, in looking back over the results of my work in the past school year, of a constant improvement. As it has been from the beginning of the School of Vocal Art, so the past season has shown a constant increase in the number of pupils. The school reopened September, 1877, with 84 pupils, showing an increase of 30 over the corresponding time of the previous year; it closed in June with 112 pupils; that is with an increase of 28 over the year before.

As the school has only been in existence three years, and as the full course of study embraces four years, the first graduation can not take place until the next season (1878-1879.)

The progress of the pupils in every branch of music taught in the school, can be called much more satisfactory than in the previous year; which must be attributed to the growing experience and improvement of my assistant teachers. This enables us now to have performances of Oratorios, without any artistic help from outside the school, as we have a very good chorus of well-trained voices and singers enough to fill the solo parts satisfactorily.

Beside our chorus, we have a well-trained ladies' Quartette and a Quartette of male voices.

The following operas have been studied and performed, each as a whole (without omission), in costume and with the appropriate scenery on a stage:—The *Freischütz*, by Weber; *Orpheus*, by Gluck; *Martha*, by Flotow; *Jessonda*, by Spohr, and the *Magic Flute*, by Mozart.

In the class for Church music the *Stabat Mater*, by Pergolese, was studied and performed in a concert, besides different sacred compositions by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, etc., and the music for our Church choir. (The School of Vocal Art was asked to provide the Church of our Saviour in Philadelphia with singers and organist for a certain sum; in these situations pupils of ours have been employed during the last year, and are engaged also for the future.)

Many of the more advanced pupils are singing in various other Churches, and are often asked to sing for money in concerts; especially the Ladies'-Quartette, which is becoming very popular under the name of "The American Ladies' Quartette."

In composition, also, the progress of the pupils becomes more perceptible. The young ladies of the Quartette, for instance, arrange songs for four parts themselves, and compose very pretty original Quartets.

The increased number of the pupils has made it necessary to move the school into a larger building, which has been procured at 1104 Walnut-street.

From the enclosed circular you will see that there have been added, for next year's course, classes for sight reading, for the cultivation of children's voices; and also the number of singing lessons for the more advanced pupils is augmented.

For gifted and industrious pupils, who want the money to finish their course of study, there exists a tuition fund, from which they can borrow money under the condition of paying it back as soon as they are able to do so.

This tuition fund was founded through contributions and the proceeds of concerts given by the pupils of the school. EMMA SEILER.

Mendelssohn's "Loreley" at the Baltimore Academy of the Visitation.

BALTIMORE, JULY 8.—At the institution whose name heads this letter, on the occasion of the Forty-first Distribution of Prizes, the programme contained a musical feature of such unusual merit, that it is strange no special mention was made of it in the reports given by the daily press. It was not without serious question of the wisdom of the selection for such an occasion and for performers yet pupils at school, that one saw Mendelssohn's "Loreley" offered by the young ladies of the academy: and there were grave misgivings in the writer's mind as to the possibility of convent-girls mastering, even rudely, the technical difficulties attending the execution of its several numbers, to say nothing of their conceiving the spirit of this weird and passionate work of so great a master.

"Loreley" is entitled "an unfinished opera"; it is a fragment that has been left to fill all lovers of music with regret for the failure of Mendelssohn to complete so exquisite a design. The opening movement, *Andante Sostenuto*, is a solo and chorus for female voices, an "Ave Maria": rich in harmony, full of deep, religious sentiment. The soloist was Miss Carrie Jenkins. A young girl, not out of her teens, she has a voice of remarkable power, compass, freshness and feeling; cultivation has done much to train it in a true school; she sings with perfect ease and abandon, and sustains the highest notes without at all sacrificing purity of tone. In the opening movement, but especially in the impassioned aria of the finale, it was not easy to throw off the idea that one was listening to an artist of years and experience, and not the school-girl eager for the frolics of a summer holiday.

The second movement, "The Vintage Song," introduces the composer in one of his most joyous moods; all is freedom, life and gayety; and the girls, [it demands men's voices, ED.] even to the tiniest who sang as Fays might, gave the sprightly measures with a spirit and a dash truly inspiring. The *Finale* introduces the prominently supernatural element; and Mendelssohn, who taught us in the "Songs without Words," how eloquent instrumentation may be made, has treated here his subject so happily that the dance of the Fays of the Rhine, their response to the invocation of Lenora and their promise of vengeance, need not the words that so beautifully fit the music to reveal the author's conceptions. And here should be mentioned with praise, the precision, firmness of touch and spirit with which the accompaniment was played on Pianos and Harp by Misses Adams, Heaney and Lamping. Amateurs and professionals know something of the difficulties that bristle through Mendelssohn's music; and the success of the young ladies who played "Loreley" on this occasion reflects credit as well on their skill and artistic instincts, as on the school in which they have been taught. Misses Osborne and Campbell shared with Miss Carrie Jenkins the burden of the solos in "Loreley," and the former, who is a mere child, has a voice of which much may be expected as it develops.

The truly artistic triumph embodied in the performance of "Loreley," as we heard it rendered by these young ladies, must have repaid their devotion of time and interest to the rehearsal of so ambitious a work, when, by following in the beaten track, the substitution of less classical, but more popular compositions would have made their task so much lighter: and the musical instructors of the Academy must be gratified to know that so arduous an effort towards developing in their pupils a taste for true music was thus fortunate in its result.

There were other points of merit in the programme which it would be pleasant to dwell upon. The "Trois Marches Hèroiques" for Pianos, Harps and Organ which opened the exercises, were beautiful in melody and rich in harmonization; and a duo by Wehle on airs from "The Star of the North" was perhaps as beautiful a piano transcription as we remember to have heard.

The graceful salutatory, delivered in so intelligent a manner by Miss Mary Mickle, whose voice was as musical as it was well trained; and the tasteful and feeling valedictory by Miss Katy Brady showed that in the school, elocution and declamation, handmaids of vocal music, receive careful cultivation.

The special thanks of the guests are due to the Directress of the Academy for having assigned them seats in the hall from which the music was heard to the best advantage. X.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A "Musical Evening," by vocal pupils of Mrs. J. W. St. John, and piano pupils of Mr. John C. Fillmore, was held in All Souls Church on July 11, with the following programme:

1 *Beethoven*—Sonata in C minor, op 10—Miss Minnie Calkins.
2 *Schumann*—Song, The Ring—Miss Addie Wiggin.
3 *Weber*—Invitation to Waltz—Miss Ella Smith.
4 *Gelbel*—Song, Summer Birds—Miss Estella Griswold.
5 *Chopin*—(*a*), Waltz in A flat, op 64—Miss Gabriella Vanderlyn. (*b*) Funeral March—Miss Nannie Roys. (*c*) Waltz in E flat, op 34—Miss Maggie Hullihan.
6 *Handel*—Aria: Lascia ch'io pianga, Miss Emma Josslyn.
7 *Mendelssohn*—March, from Capriccio, op. 22, (4 hands)—Misses Bertha Sayles and Minnie Calkins.
8 *Meyerbeer*—Cavatina, from *Robert le Diable*—Miss Ella Peterson.
9 *Chopin*—Polonaise, in A, op 40, Miss Mamie Haire.
10 *Adams*—Song, Nancy Lee—Mr. Clarance Clark.
11 *Liszt*—2d Hungarian Rhapsody—Miss Araby Sutherland.
12 *Bivignani*—Song, The Flower Girl—Miss Emma Borden.
33 *Liszt*—Fantasia on Themes from Gounod's Faust—Miss Araby Sutherland.
14 *Malloy*—Four-part song, Song of the Tritons—Miss Mary Eldredge, Miss Addie Wiggin, Mr. Arthur Conant, and Mr. Wm. Webster.

Messrs. Joseph Bradford and S. Baxter of this city have just finished an adaptation of Franz Suppe's comic opera "Fatinitza," having procured the right of production in America from the German publishers. This piece had a great run in Germany, and is now in the full tide of success at the London Alhambra. All the action of the piece takes place during the late Turco-Russian war. The plot is exceedingly funny, and he music the ultimatum of grace and lightness. To insure perfect accuracy of representation, the adaptors have imported photographs of the entire cast in costume. The piece will receive an early representation either in Boston or in New York.—*Herald.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Beautiful Flowers, bloom on. B♭. 3. d to F. *Howe.* 30
"Answering doubt with sweet replies,
Clearing the mist from paradise."
A sweet song which is nearly perfect in beauty.

Sunset Song. G minor 4. d to F. *Eichberg.* 30
"Far off, against the solemn sky,
Black lie the city towers."
With Celia Thaxter's words, and Eichberg's music, this is in the best of taste.

The Moss Trooper. E. (minor & major) 3. E to E. *Diehl.* 35
"Not England's crown, or Scotch renown,
Can vanquish me, I ween."
A good, hearty reminiscence of border warfare. Words by Edward Oxenford.

The False Oracle. F. 3. c to F. *Hatton.* 35
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."
A neat play on the meaning of the various meanings of the daisy leaves as they are picked, one by one.

While I live, I shall bless thee. Alto or Bass Song. E♭. 3. b to D. *Campana.* 30
"Must we in sorrow sever,
Loving thee still forever."
The most noticeable thing is the title page, which contains the names of *a hundred* Alto or Bass Songs. It is so difficult for Alto or Bass singers to select music appropriate to their voices, that this is quite an item. The song, besides, is a very good one, of smooth versification.

Herald of Summer. Quartet. G. 3. c to g. *Buffington.* 40
"So I know the summer's coming
With the glory of a queen."
A rich, musical welcome to the glowing summer days.

Sailor's Prayer. (Il Marinaro). E♭. 4. b to E. *Mattei.* 40
"Quande la notte soletto io sto."
"When in the night I am standing alone."
A sailor's prayer to "Maria" for protection.

Loved at Last. With Portrait. D. 4. a to F. *Kimball.* 50
"Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold."
A rapturous love song, quite good enough to be sung, (as it has been), by Miss Cary.

The Old Musician and his Harp. S'g & Cho. A♭. 3. E to F. *Higgins.* 40
"Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain."
The old minstrel sings very sweetly, and is evidently quite ready for his voyage to the better shore.

Open thou thy Gates. (Temple, ouvre-toi). A minor. 4. G to g. *Gounod.* 40
"Open thou! my refuge is in thee!"
"Ouvre-toi, saint temple."
Shows Gounod's finely wrought workmanship. Arranged also for Alto or Bass voices.

Instrumental.

Minnesota March. C. 3. *Varney.* 30
Good march, simple and easy, with the exception of a few runs of thirds.

Quadrille, from "Bells of Corneville." 3. *Coote.* 40
Includes 9 airs of the opera.

Valse Brillante, from "Bells of Corneville." E♭. 3. *Richards.* 50
Has marks of the auther's usual fine taste.

Fantasie, from "Bells of Corneville." 4. Various keys. *Lott.* 30
A bright and generally easy fantasia, which has very pretty airs for themes.

Benefice Quadrille. 3. *Resch.* 40
It will not be a resch thing to predict a good success for this very bright and merry piece.

Telegrapher's Redowa. C. 2. *Karl.* 30
Telegraphers will learn it easily, since it is mainly "on one key," and as they hear the music of the "wires" may think the "lines" have fallen to them in pleasant places.

Knights of Honor March. F. 3. *Mary A. Knight.* 30
The Knights will appreciate this Knightly musical favor, and will doubtless take pleasure in causing its general acceptance.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

GEMS FROM DITSON & CO'S LATEST LISTS OF NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Must we then Meet as Strangers. . . *J. R. Thomas.* 40

A charming ballad—perfect in every respect. Its title-page is adorned with an elegant lithograph, taken from Millais' famous picture, "Yes or No." The beautiful girlish face of the frontispiece will arrest your attention; the tender, flowing melody will capture your heart. The song has won a speedy success, and is bound to become one of the great songs of the time.

Golden Hours. . . . . . *J. R. Thomas.* 40

Another new song of Mr. Thomas. The sentiment is bright and happy, and the musical setting very attractive. The title carries a fine lithographic likeness of Mr. Thomas, which will be highly treasured by his countless admirers.

Haunting Eyes. . . . . . *J. R. Thomas.* 40

The title-page will first attract you. It is in the highest perfection of lithographic art. The cavalier, with his handsome face and figure, and the dainty "lady-love," are delightfully portrayed. The music fits exactly — is tender and flowing, and in the best style of this favorite writer.

Rose of Killarney. . . . . . *J. R. Thomas.* 40

A smooth, flowing melody, by a writer who never fails to reach the heart. The "Rose of Killarney" waits behind the lattice, and is a fit companion to the dainty face in Mr. Thomas' previous ballad "Haunting Eyes," which met with so marked a success.

I'll Remember You Love in My Prayers. . *W. S. Hays.* 40

Messrs. Ditson & Co. are Hays' sole publishers, and Mr. Hays, who emphatically writes for the *millions*, has written no better or more successful song than this.

Only a Flower There. . . . . . *W. S. Hays.* 40

A mother's tribute, and one of Mr. Hays' best efforts.

Take this Letter to My Mother. . . . . *W. S. Hays.* 40

A good "home" song, already popular and in great demand.

Down South where the Sugar Cane Grows. . *W. S. Hays.* 40

Just issued, but which promises to rival in popularity the same author's "Little Old Cabin in the Lane," of which over 25,000 have been sold.

Nobody's Darling but Mine. . . . . *H. P. Danks.* 40

Selected from 60 songs of Danks', published by this house, as the most attractive song of this well-known composer.

I Hear the Banjo Play. . . . . . *H. P. Danks.* 30

Katie, the Rose of Kildare. . . . . . " 30

Angels Whisper Sweet Good Night. . . . . " 40

Three new songs of Mr. Danks, in different styles, but showing the remarkable versatility of the writer. The first is in the "Log Cabin" style, the second is a charming Irish ballad, and the third is a song of the day, like the same author's "Silver Threads," "Little Darling," "Little Bright Eyes," &c. All bid fair to be popular, and can be heartily recommended.

Down the Shadowed Lane She Goes. . *Geo. L. Osgood.* 50

A bright, joyous song, winsome and merry.

Brown Eyes has that Little Maiden. . *Geo. L. Osgood.* 40

A charming ballad—redolent of the woods and fields—a ballad you would expect from the author of that most delightful of songs, "Down the Shadowed Lane She Goes."

Only Speak Kindly to Me. . . . . . *C. M. Pyke.* 40

A love song, of course, but a good one; with smooth, flowing melody, and a facsimile of the "Huguenot Lovers" for its frontispiece.

I'll be Watching for You at the Window. . *C. M. Pyke.* 40

Bright music and a very bright face on the title-page. Altogether delightful to be thus "watched for."

I am Waiting, Essie Dear. . . . . . *G. W. Brown.* 40

A charming song, with pure, sweet melody and a captivating picture of "Essie" in the wildwood.

Dare I Tell. . . . . . *A. E. Wimmerstedt.* 50

The skiffs of the lovers are moored together, and he is whispering — the old, old story, yet ever fresh and new. The sentiment is bright and happy, and the musical setting very attractive.

My Poor Heart is Sad with its Dreaming. . *T. B. Bishop.* 40

What shall we say but that the author in his words and music, and artist in his title, have vied with each other in producing a song which will captivate your heart at sight!

Birdie's Ball. . . . . . *Apsley Street.* 40

A remarkably sweet ballad for young singers.

Come to Me Quickly My Darling. . . *Edw. E. Rice.* 40

From "Evangeline," with a view of the Prison Scene; and is exceedingly popular.

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DESCRIPTIVE INDEX.

The melodies in this division are smooth, gliding, nicely united ones, quite appropriate for Pipe Organ playing, or for legato playing on any keyed instrument.

Pastoral.
Elevation.
Meditation.
Prayer of the Angels.
Summer Evening Reverie.
Bridal by the Sea.
Romance in F.
" " C.
Andante in F.
Way-side Chapel.
Twilight.
L'Adieu. Nocturne.
Sabbath Repose.
Wanderer's Rest.
Dream of Youth.
May Blossoms Reverie.
L'Absence. Romance.
Vision of the Past.
Death of the Organist.
Evening thoughts.
Evening Prayer.
Nocturne. (Shirmer.)

Those in this division are of the nature of Transcriptions; arranging Melodies from Songs and melodious Piano pieces in such a way as to make them "sing" on the Reed Organ.

First Love. Italian.
Santa Lucia. Neapolitan.
Flower Girl. Italian.
Little Sparrows. "
Luiscella. "
Pretty Market Girl. Italian.
La Madonna. "
Swiss Echoes. German,
O, may'st thou dream. English.
Apart. (Thomas.)
Blue Eyes. German.
Joyous Life. (Randegger.)
Aileen Mavourneen. (Catlin.)
Good Wishes. Italian.
Reminiscence of Pompeii. "
Cherished Hopes. "
Carolina. "
Beautiful Evening Star. "
Canzone Napolitana. "
Belle of Sorrento. Neapolitan.
Beautiful Tresses. "
Wish for Mountains. German.
My Loving Angel. Italian.
Mandolinata. "
Farewell to Naples. "
Cradle Song.
Thou over all. German.
Teré. Italian.
Legend of the Crossbill. (Lemmens.)
I think of Thee. German.
Vision of the Past. (Ganz.)
Clochette. English.
Love's Greeting. German.
The Angel and Child: (Keller.)
Little Wanderer. (Wilson.)
Gondellied. Italian.
Good Bye. (Thomas.)
Ring Again. (Stewart.)
Summer Song. (Emery.)
Twilight Bells. (Dorn.)
Way-side Chapel. (Wilson.)
Angels my loved one. German.
Sleep Well. (Wilson.)
When the Birds. (Danks.)
My Soul to God. (Clapisson.)
Alpine Echo. Tyrolienne.
Evening Song. (Hölzel.)
No Crown. (Thomas.)
I love thine Eyes. Italian.
Watchman's Song. German.
Whither? (Kellarc.)
I seek for thee. (Ganz.)
O, fair Dove. (Gatty.)

The pieces in this division have the swaying, rocking motion of Boat-songs or Barcarolles.

On the Sea. Italian.
Love is at the Helm. (Thomas.)
Volimo Pazzia. Napolitaine.
Teré "
Venetian Gondellied. Italian.
Floating Idly. (Strachauer.)
Yachtman's Song. (Weis.)

Waltzes, Polkas, &c.

Dreamy Waltz.
From House to House, Galop.
Kiss Polka.
Remembrance, Waltz.
Sweet Robin. Waltz.
Illusion Polka.
Race for Life, Galop.
Wood Nymphs. Waltz.
Willow Tree, Waltz.
Delightful, Waltz.
Joyous Chimes, Waltz.
Linden Waltz Song.
Flowery Vale, Waltz.
For Thee, Polka Mazurka.
Pretty Louise, Waltz.
Fairy Land, Polka.
Glittering Spray, Waltz.
Evelyn's Birthday, Waltz.
Merry Sprite, Polka.
Fleur de Thé, Galop.
Theme from Tannhauser.
La Chevaleresque.

Marches and Quicksteps.

Allie Ray, March.
Bridal March, from Lohengrin.
Gov. Morton's Funeral March.
Nora, Quickstep.
Ringing Rocks, Quickstep.
Sad Thoughts, March.
Silver Cloud, "
March of Silver Trumpets.
Sunshine, March.
Qui Vive, "
Heavenward, March.
Heart and Hand, March.
Old Cabin, "
Surging Billows, "
Sweet Sixteen, "
Letter Carrier's "

Miscellaneous.

Calabrian Bag-Pipe; or Tarentella.
Amaryllis. Air of Louis XIII.

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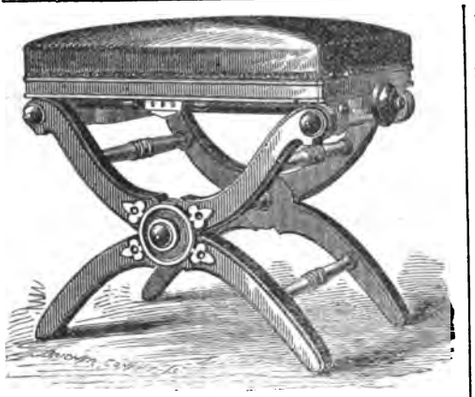

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The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

From the London Musical Times.)

I purpose to give some account of the books relating to National Music which have been published in different countries. Before entering upon this subject, I venture to submit to the consideration of the intelligent musician a few introductory remarks, which may perhaps be of assistance to him in his perusal of the following survey, in case he should not previously have given particular attention to National Music as a science. Indeed, there is reason to surmise that the subject is rather new to many musicians; at all events, the present essay cannot claim to "supply a long-felt want in literature." Still, whoever has obtained some insight into the rich treasures of popular songs and tunes, which have been hitherto but little explored, will probably be convinced that the study of National Music is sure to become gradually more appreciated by the earnest promoters of the art.

As regards the term National Music, it must be remembered that, taken in its widest sense, it designates any music which, being composed in the peculiar taste of the nation to which it appertains, appeals more powerfully than other music to the feelings of that nation, and is consequently pre-eminently cultivated in a certain country. In this sense Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven may be regarded as representatives of German National Music; Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti of Italian National Music; Auber, Boïeldieu, and Herold of French National Music. However, distinguished composers have developed their style in great measure by studying the works of previous masters of different countries. The peculiar characteristics of the music of the nation are therefore more strongly exhibited in the popular songs and dance-tunes traditionally preserved by the country-people and the lower classes of society, which form the great majority of a nation. These musical conceptions, generally simple and unpretending in construction, often retain their popularity for a long period, since the views and sentiments of the uneducated or simple-minded man are less subjected to external influences than are those of the educated or ambitious man. Thus may perhaps be explained the fact that we find among the rural population in some countries tunes still sung which are known to be above a century old. True, they have been somewhat altered in the course of time. It is surprising that their alteration is not very great, considering that they have been preserved traditionally from mouth to mouth, at least only so by the country-people who own them.

Now it is with this kind of music, or with National Music in a more strict sense of the term, and not with the elaborate productions of distinguished composers, that the reader is now invited to occupy his attention. But, it may be asked, what is the advantage of carefully investigating such inartistic musical effusions? The reply is: The study of National Music is useful on account of the great originality of popular tunes. Professional musicians have many inducements to compose or perform music which they do not feel, while the untaught peasant will sing when his heart's emotions impel him to it. No wonder that his musical effusions, artless as they may be, should often be a truer expression of feelings than well-constructed productions of clever artists.

The study of National Music is useful on account of the great variety in the popular tunes. This variety is really astounding, almost every nation's music having its own peculiar stamp. Through a familiarity with the popular tunes of many countries, so very different from each other, our musical conception becomes enlarged, and we learn more clearly that the rules laid down for our guidance in art are by no means so infallible as they may appear at first sight, but that most of them can not unfrequently be disregarded with advantage.

The study of National Music is useful on account of the great beauty of many of the popular tunes. If the reader is acquainted with some of the most admired Scotch, Irish, or Welsh songs, he will probably testify to the exquisite beauty and impressiveness of the airs. He may be assured that all European nations possess such heartfelt melodies, only different in form and rhythmical expression; he will find this to be the case, if he is not deterred by their strange characteristics from familiarizing himself with them thoroughly. The characteristics are, in many instances, so greatly at variance with those which distinguish our own popular music, that an intimacy with them is only gradually obtainable. Especially the tunes, or melodious phrases, of the Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, and several other extra-European nations, appear to us on first acquaintance almost as unintelligible as a language with which we are but very slightly acquainted. Howbeit, also these nations possess beautiful airs of popular songs. Their conceptions are perhaps all the more interesting to the student, since the airs are founded on successions of intervals, or scales, different from our own scales.

Again, the study of National Music is useful in an historical point of view; because it affords us an insight into the different stages of development of the art of music in different countries. Besides, popular ballads and other compositions are not unfrequently associated with important national events, by which they were called forth, or which they promoted.

The study of National Music is also useful in ethnological researches, as it gives us an insight into the inward man, reveals the character and temperament of different races, and the degree of affinity which exists between the different human families. Perhaps it would be more correct to consider a knowledge of it desirable in the pursuit of anthropology, which treats on the natural history of man, rather than of ethnology; for the latter science is only a branch of the former, and treats on the relations of the different varieties of mankind to each other. But it may well be doubted whether National Music will ever become of essential use in these sciences; certainly it cannot compare with languages in this respect. Music is too fugitive; the construction and mode of expression of its compositions are constantly subject to modifications. At any rate, this is the case in civilized nations. Among uncivilized nations, not affected by European influence, any changes of this kind are much more gradual, and may scarcely be traceable during centuries. Besides, an exact knowledge of National Music is not sufficient for the purpose in question: an acute feeling for its beauties and various characteristics is equally requisite. But it is a rare coincidence when scientific men possess this acute feeling, which is, in fact, a musical talent, not attainable by study, though capable of development like other innate gifts. However, this question needs no further consideration here, since it does not immediately concern the musical student.

Likewise will it suffice merely to allude to the interest which popular songs possess for the philologist, on account of the languages and the dialects exhibited in poetry of different countries and different districts of a country. Moreover, the poetry is, as is well known, often of great beauty — indeed not less so than the music; and deserves for this reason the attention of the artistic mind.

Now, should the previous statements have convinced the reflecting musician of the advantage of an acquaintance with National Music, he will perhaps be glad to know the proper sources for information, and the nearest way of access to them. Many of the printed collections of popular songs and tunes have been published in out-of-the-way places, in foreign countries, and have not become known through the usual channel of the book trade, for the obvious reason that they were only issued for the people to whom they belong, others not caring about them. It is often difficult to obtain a copy of such publications; indeed, it requires almost a lifetime to hunt up the most important ones, and to collect them together. The collector must be prepared for frequent disappointments, occasioned by the promising titles of worthless compilations, which he is tempted to order from foreign countries. Just as is the case with other literary productions, the really valuable works have generally more modest titles than those which possess comparatively but little merit.

As the following survey is intended to save the student disappointment and time, by pointing out the most important works, publications which are out of print or are otherwise not easily accessible will be noticed more fully than those which may be supposed to be known to many musicians. In order not to enlarge the survey to an inconvenient length, many publications which have no especial claim to consideration will be left unnoticed. The reader must therefore not expect to find an exhaustive list of works on the subject under discussion.

NATIONAL SONGS.

Collections of National Songs which contain merely notation of the airs, with the words, are generally the most desirable for the musical student. In many collections a pianoforte accompaniment has been added which is foreign to the original music and which obscures its characteristics. Pianoforte arrangements of airs, in which the words have been omitted, are generally the least useful, since it is seldom possible to ascertain from them how much is genuine, and to disentangle the original air from the interspersions and ornamentations of the arranger. The popular songs of most nations are usually sung by a single voice or by a number of voices in unison; harmony is employed only in exceptional instances. When in a collection the tunes are faithfully rendered in notation, the student, by being supplied with an additional harmony, has only the disadvantage of possessing a more bulky and expensive book than he requires. Be this as it may, the pianoforte accompaniments of National Songs are often far too elaborate and anything but tasteful. If the song is to be accompanied, the harmony should, as a rule, be as unpretentious as possible; perhaps a few chords, such as the common chord, on the tonic, on the dominant and subdominant, occasionally struck and long sustained, will be found to answer the purpose best; although

the peculiar modulations prevailing in the airs of certain nations require some unusual successions of chords, if they are to be harmonized at all.

In examining the collections, the student will probably soon become convinced that National Songs are most effective without the usual attempts of professional musicians to dress them up to greater advantage. As it is, a harmonized national tune conveys not unfrequently a ludicrous impression, somewhat similar to that which might be conveyed by the sight of a peasant, attired in a fashionable evening dress, behaving awkwardly in a drawing-room party.

A published collection of national airs, containing genuine specimens from every country, is still an unaccomplished work. The largest collection of the kind which has hitherto appeared in print, was compiled by Andreas Peter Berggreen, a professional musician in Copenhagen, and dates from the year 1855. It is entitled "Folke-Sange og Melodier," and consists of four volumes in oblong folio. A second edition, greatly enlarged, was published in the year 1862, and comprises ten volumes. The songs are with pianoforte accompaniments, and dance-tunes arranged for the pianoforte are interspersed; but it can hardly be said that the editor has been successful with his arrangements. The songs are almost exclusively from European nations; the collection is therefore far from sufficiently comprehensive for the study of National Songs. As might perhaps be expected from the circumstance of the editor being a Dane, the Scandinavian airs comprise a large portion of the work, the first volume containing above two hundred Danish tunes harmonized. Another publication of the kind, but much smaller, is by O. L. B. Wolff, and was published about the year 1840 by Simrock in Bonn. It is entitled "Braga," and contains additional pianoforte accompaniments to the original airs, and German translations of the original poetry. Somewhat similar publications, such as "Bardale," edited by Baumstark and Waldbrühl (Leipzig), "Cent Chants populaires, par G. Fulgence" (Paris), "Orpheus," edited by Kayser (Hamburgh, 1853), are too insignificant to be useful for study. The same may be said of the English publications by Edward Jones, entitled "Lyric Airs" (London, 1804), and "Musical Curiosities" (London, 1811); likewise of Clementi's "Selection from the Melodies of different Nations;" and of the national tunes arranged for the pianoforte by W. Crotch, which form the first volume of "his Specimens of various styles of Music;" and others.

Let us now examine the collections restricted to the songs of single nations, in which we find more useful information. To begin with the Scandinavians (the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders and Faroe Islanders), who have proved themselves zealous collectors of their beautiful popular songs. As far back as in the year 1591 Sofrenson Vedel, a parson in Denmark, published a number of those famous Danish ballads called "Kämpeviser;" of which, in the year 1695, Peter Syv brought out a greatly enlarged edition. Especially noteworthy is a collection by Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, entitled "Udvalgte Danske Viser Middelalderen" (Copenhagen, 1812, sm. 8vo, five vols.), which contains, in an appendix, a number of tunes in notation. A supplement to this important work was published by P. Rasmussen and R. Nyerup, in two volumes 8vo (Copenhagen, 1821).

Among the Swedish publications, the student ought to consult especially "Svenska Folk-Visor," by Geijer and Afzelius (Stockholm, 1846, 8vo, three vols.); "Svenska Fornsänger," by Arwidsson (Stockholm, 1834-42, 8vo, three vols.); "Svenska Vallvisor och Hornlåtar," by R. Dybeck (Stockholm, 1846, 8vo). The two last-named works have the notation of the airs without any attempts at improvement by unwarranted arrangements or additions; the work edited by Geijer and Afzelius has a pianoforte accompaniment to the airs, which was made by J. C. F. Haeffner, a German musician residing in Stockholm. There is also an interesting collection of Swedish songs and dance-tunes arranged with pianoforte accompaniments, by Ahlström and Boman (Stockholm, Hirsch, folio); and another, edited by A G. Rosenberg, and entitled "160 Polskor, Visor och Danslekar uppteeknade i Södermanland, samt sattei för Pianoforte" (Stockholm, 1876, folio).

The most recommendable Norwegian collections are "Norske Folkviser" by M. B. Landstad (Christiania, 1853, 8vo,) and "Gamle Norske Folkviser," by Sophus Bugge (Christiania, 1858, 8vo). Both of these works are carefully edited. Landstad is a Norwegian clergyman, and we are informed that his present collection of Norwegian minstrelsy was gathered from the lips of the people. It comprises 113 tunes, which are printed at the end of the volume of poetry. Sophus Bugge, a young student of antiquarian taste and knowledge, about the year 1856 visited the remote villages of Norway, at the expense of the Swedish government, to collect all the metrical tales and traditions that still linger there. Perhaps it may interest some readers of a linguistic taste to be apprised of a little book with tunes which is entitled "Norske Viser og Stev i Folkespreget," and of which a second edition was published by Jørgen Moe (Christiania, 1848, sm. 8vo). The songs are in the dialect of the peasantry, which differs from the Danish language spoken by the educated classes in Norway. Furthermore, there requires to be noticed the "Norske Fjeldmelodier," arranged for the pianoforte by L. M. Lindeman, a learned musician in Christiania, and published in folio. This work contains 283 tunes, which the student may find useful if he has the patience to extricate them from the constant changes in harmony, imitations according to the rules of counterpoint, and other clever contrivances testifying to the editor's skill as a theorist.

Turning to the Slavonic races (the Russians, Poles, Czechs, Wendes, Serbes, &c.), we again meet with several very interesting publications. The Russians especially have not neglected to collect their fine songs and tunes. The most noteworthy Russian books of the kind are by the following editors: Michailow Tchulkow (St. Petersburg, 1770-88); Michailow, Popow (St. Petersburg, 1792); Dmitriew (Moscow, 1796); Katalim (Moscow, 1810); Baikow (St. Petersburg, 1814); Shukowsky; Glasunow, Prince Zertülow. The first edition of the well-known collection of Russian popular songs with pianoforte accompaniment, by T. Pratch, was published in St. Petersburg in the year 1790, in one volume 8vo; a second edition, in two volumes 4to, appeared in 1806, and a third edition in 1815. It contains an introductory essay on the Russian National Song, written by Lwow. There is also a noteworthy publication of ancient and modern Russian songs, arranged for the pianoforte, and issued in three volumess 8vo, by Gerstenberg and Ditmar, in St. Petersburg. More recently, A. Kocipiuski has brought out a collection of one hundred airs sung in the Ukraine and Podolia. This work, entitled "Pisni, Dumki, i Szumki Ruskoho," &c. (Kiev and Kamenetz 1861, royal 8vo), deserves especial attention. There is also an edition of it in folio, published in the same year, which contains a pianoforte accompaniment to the airs, but has only the first verse of the poetry to each air. In the pianoforte accompaniment the student will find vexatious examples as to how National Music ought not to be treated. The editor is probably a native of the district where the airs are at home; at any rate, his name indicates that he belongs to the Slavonic races, and this being the case, it certainly appears strange that he should have so little caught the spirit of the music as to overload the accompaniment with all kinds of inappropriate passages and unmeaning modulations. It may perhaps seem unnecessary to the reader to have his attention drawn to bad arrangements; but if he examines the publications pointed out in the present survey, he will soon become convinced how important it is, in examining a collection of tunes, to discern at once what is genuine and what is spurious. My observations are intended to facilitate his labor. Other collections of national airs of Little-Russia are by Halahan, Lyssenko, &c.

The Russian language is so little cultivated in Western Europe, that but few English musicians are likely to be able to understand the poetry of the songs just noticed. There are, however, some German translations of Russian songs, with the original tunes, which may perhaps be more convenient to the English student of Slavonic music. Take, for instance, "Russische Volkslieder," by G. von Doppelmair (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel; 4to), and "Die beliebtesten Russischen Volkslieder übersetzt von Grünbaum" (Berlin: Schlesinger; folio).

Having thought it necessary to protest against certain tasteless arrangements, it is to me a duty all the more pleasant to draw attention to the discernment evinced by Oskar Kolberg, in his "Piesni Ludu Polskiego" (Warsaw, 1857, 8vo), which contains 466 Polish airs of song and dance-tunes. Only the melody is given with the words of the songs; deviations popular in certain districts of Poland are indicated by small notes. In the dance-tunes occasionally some harmony is admitted, precisely as the people are in the habit of introducing it. Moreover, the book is embellished with ten colored plates representing Poles in their national costumes. Oskar Kolberg is a native of Poland, and studied masic for some time in Berlin. On his return to Warsaw he made it one of his principal objects to investigate the National Music of his country. He also published 126 Polish airs with pianoforte accompaniments (Posen, 1842, folio), A collection of Polish songs, by A. Sowinski (Paris, 1830, folio), has a French translation printed together with the original words. Especially noteworthy are also the songs of the people in Cracow, published by Konopka (Cracow, 1840); and the songs of the White-Crobatians, Masovians, and Russinnians on the River Bug, published by K. W. Wojcicki (Warsaw, 1836, two vols.). Songs of the Polish inhabitants in Eastern Prussia have been published by J. J. Lipinski (Posen, 1842, sm. 8vo); Julius Roger (Breslau, 1863, 8vo); Hoffmann von Fallersleben (Cassel, 1865, 8vo),

The Wends are a Slavonic race living in some villages of Lusatia, in Germany. A comprehensive collection of their popular songs, edited by Haupt and Schmaler (Grimma, 1841, 4to, two vols.), contains 530 songs with the tunes. The words are in Wendish, with a German translation; and the interesting work is illustrated with colored plates representing Wendish men and women in their picturesque costumes, and various objects illustrative of their manners and customs.

A curious instance, showing how even a distinguished musician may be deceived in hunting out national tunes if he has not made the subject his study, occurs in "Preani Polskie i Ruskie Ludu Galicyjskiego," a collection of popular songs of the Polish and Russian people in Galicia, published by Venceslas Zaleski (Lemberg, 1833, 8vo, two vols.) The second volume contains 160 airs, with pianoforte accompaniments, by Charles Lipinski, the celebrated violinist. He was a native of Galicia; nevertheless he admits in his publication, No. 80 of the set of tunes, an air which is in construction and expression so different from those of his native country that he might have surmised that it could not be Galician, although he was not aware that it is the melody of "Nel cor più non mi sento," from the Opera of "La Molinara," by Paisiello, on which Beethoven has composed beautiful variations, and which is known in England as the air of "Hope told a flatt'ring tale." Other Galician popular

songs have been collected and published by Zegota Pauli (Lemberg, 1838, 1839).

The Czechs are the Slavonic inhabitants of Bohemia. A valuable collection of their songs, edited by K. J. Erben (Prague, 1862 and 1864, 8vo, two vols.), contains 811 tunes with the original words. An earlier publication, by Erben and Martinowsky (Prague, 1847, 4to), contains 300 songs with pianoforte accompaniments. Particularly interesting are the incorporated twenty old songs of the Hussites, which a friend of Erben committed to notation from the lips of an old minstrel, in the district of Budweis in Bohemia. These Hussite tunes are mostly in the minor key, but are more wild than sad. Other noteworthy publications of Bohemian National Music are by Rittersberg and Weber (Prague); Frantisek Martinec (Prague, 1856, oblong 8vo); J. Vashak (Prague, 1844); W. A. Swaboda (Prague, 1829, 8vo); F. L. Czelahowsky (Prague, 1822-27); J. W. Kamaryta (Prague, 1832). There are also two fine collections of Moravian songs, edited by Frantisek Sushil. The first of these (Brunn, 1840) has the poetry printed in 12mo, and the music, consisting of 480 tunes without any accompaniment, in oblong folio. The other contains, in one volume 8vo, 800 songs, with their tunes, and was published in Brunn in the year 1860.

In the charming Wallachian airs arranged for the pianoforte by J. A. Wachmann, a music director at Bucharest, we have an instructive example as to how such music ought to be treated if it is to be arranged at all. In the present instance the difficulty was the greater, since the peculiar succession of tones prevalent in the Wallachian melodies, with the frequent occurrence of the interval called the superfluous (or augmented) second, rather invites the arranger to some unwarrantable treatment. Wachmann has not been misled to extravagances; the genuine melody is always clearly prominent, and the accompaniment renders the peculiar rhythm which distinguishes many Wallachian tunes. There are in all sixty-two melodies thus issued by Wachmann, in four numbers (Vienna: Müller; folio), and the first number dates from about the middle of the present century. Wachmann states, in a short preface to the third number, that he has taken great care to retain the original characteristics of the music, that he has not allowed himself to add even a note of embellishment, and that his chief endeavor has been to transfer the music, as he often heard it performed by the perambulating musical bands in Wallachia, to the pianoforte as faithfully as possible. The members of these bands are frequently gipsies. Any musician acquainted with Roumanian music will probably admit that Wachmann has succeeded remarkably well.

It is impossible to bestow a similar commendation on the pianoforte arrangement of Servian tunes by Alois Kalauz (Vienna: Müller; folio, in two numbers); however, as many of the airs have the Servian poetry, with a German translation of the words, given with the notation, it is possible to recognize the original tunes, and to pick out the grain from the chaff. Kalauz gives in the second number some Bosnian tunes, which cannot fail to interest the student on account of their great originality. Here may also be noticed the songs of the Slavonic inhabitants of Carniola, edited by Achazel and Korytho, under the title "Slovenske Pjesni Krajnskiga Naroda" (Laibach, 1839).

[To be Continued.]

Philadelphia Academy of Music. — A Retrospect.

There has been but little serious musical instruction given in the Philadelphia Academy of Music during the twenty-one years of its existence. It is an Academy only in name, and the name was chosen in deference chiefly to a prejudice that used to exist against places called theatres or opera houses, which, it was feared, might extend to the Legislature and prevent its granting an act of incorporation. But as a teacher by the object method, the Academy has done pretty good work, some idea of which may be formed from an examination of certain statistics appended to the report of the Directors for the year 1877, which has lately been published.

From the opening of the house in February, 1857, to the close of 1877, one hundred and fourteen different operas have been performed in it, a large number of them many times. Thirty-eight of them were Italian operas; the others were German, English, and French — twenty-one of the latter having been examples of the Opera-Bouffe. There were 12 operas by Donizetti, 10 by Verdi, 7 by Meyerbeer, 6 by Rossini, 5 by Mozart, 4 by Bellini, 2 by Weber and 1 (*Fidelio*) by Beethoven. It is unnecessary to note the number by less famous composers. The only original operas produced for the first time were William H. Fry's *Notre Dame of Paris* and Bonawits's *Bride of Messina* and *Ostrolenka*.

The compiler of the tables we are consulting has given the names of the principal artists who have appeared in the Italian operas. Among them are the sopranos, Gazzaniga, La Grange, Colson, Poinsot, Adelina Patti, Laborde, Minnie Hauk, Kellogg, Parepa, Piccolomini, Nilsson, Lucca, Albani, Titiens, Roze, and others of less fame; while among the contraltos are Phillipps, Aldini, d'Angri, Cary and Hinkley. The men singers of greatest note have been Brignoli, Amodio, Ferri, Taffanelli, Mazzoleni, Gassier, Stigelli, Formes, Susini, Bellini, Tamberlik, Baragli, Capoul, Campanini, LeFranc, Wachtel and some others who are still living and singing, and some long since retired or dead. A good many sang too long for their fame or popularity, and some of these still live and still try to sing.

One of most famous of the still living and still popular songstresses, Adelina Patti, made her first appearance as a prima donna at the Academy in 1859, when she was in her 17th year. But she had previously sung often in concerts at the Musical Fund Hall, astonishing every one by her wonderful warbling with her thin, child-like voice. But in 1859 this had matured, and she at once took a high rank as a prima donna. In 1860, at the grand gala performance given to the Prince of Wales, when he, showing his German taste, selected the opera of *Martha*, Patti was the "Lady Harriet." That was a memorable night, for every one was in full evening dress, even in the amphitheatre, and when the audience rose for the British national anthem, the spectacle was the most brilliant ever seen in the theatre.

Hundreds of that dashing crowd have gone the way of all flesh, and still more hundreds of those who were habitués of the Academy in its first season, when full dress was the rule, rather than the exception, as it is now, and when the promenade in the Foyer between the acts was the delight of the young belles and beaux. Those of them who survive are perhaps cultivating the musical taste of their sons and daughters, who will be in the audiences next winter. They do not, however, and will not fill the places of the noted women and men of Philadelphia society who were to be seen in their particular places every opera night of the Academy's first season,

The details about the operatic performances in the splendid theatre, which is still unequalled in America, are very interesting. But if the compiler of them would also give an account of the great concerts and the great solo instrumentalists, especially referring to the Thomas Orchestra concerts, another set of pleasant reminiscences would arise. — *Evening Bulletin, July* 25.

Francois Bazin.

An attack of apoplexy carried off, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., this hard working artist, only a day previous full of strength and health, and still rejoicing at the triumph recently achieved by him at the National Fête, with his chorus: "Gloria à la France," sung by the Paris Orpheonists, whose studies he directed and for whose success he paved the way.

Born at Marseilles, 4th September, 1816, Francois Emmanuel Joseph Bazin received his first musical lessons in the Communal School, founded by Barsotti in tha above city. After entering the Paris Conservatory in 1834, he carried off successively the first prizes for harmony and fugue accompaniment and for the organ. In 1837, while still a student, he was appointed assistant professor to Dourlen, his master of harmony. In 1840 he gained the grand prize of Rome with the cantata, *Loyse de Montfort*, which had the exceptional honor of being performed several times at the Grand Opera. After a stay of three years in Italy he returned to resume his former position as assistant professor at the Conservatory, being appointed titulary professor a few years later. When M. Ambroise Thomas succeeded Auber as director of the institution in 1871, Bazin became professor of Fugue and Composition. He was elected member or the Academy of Fine Arts, on the death of Carafa, in 1872; for some ten years past he had the supreme direction of the vocal studies in the Schools of the City of Paris. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The theatrical works of Francois Bazin, all performed at the Opera-Comique, are *Le Trompette de M. le Prince, Le Malheur d'être jolie, La Nuit de Saint-Sylvestre, Madelon, Maître Pathelin, Le Voyage en Chine*, and *L'Ours et le Pacha*. He wrote also several religious works, and a large number of Orpheonic choruses, which have long been sung all over France. He had, moreover, in manuscript, two scores and a treatise on counterpoint.

Francois Bazin was successful on the stage in the only branch he cultivated, that of light comic opera; *Le Trompette de M. le Prince, Maître Pathelin*, and more especially *Le Voyage en Chine*, were successes from the first, and have kept their place as stock pieces. But his career was above all pedagogic, and he will be better remembered as a professor than as a composer. His teaching, marked by no innovation, attained excellent results, thanks to a wise practical course, and it is by thousands that we count the clever musicians formed by his *Traité d'harmonie*, where, however, we might search in vain for any deductions based on argument or aught resembling a theory. When, after being for thirty-four years Professor of Harmony, Accompaniment, and Reading of Scores at the Conservatory, he succeeded to M. Ambroise Thomas's Class of Composition, he carried with him to the superior branch of musical didactics the same empirical, but certain method; as a rule, his pupils know thoroughly what he taught them. Several winners of the Grand Prize of Rome were turned out by him, and his last success in this line dates from a fortnight ago.

We may sum up by saying that he turned to the best account the powers which he knew he possessed, and it is on this condition alone that a man has any chance of leaving a trace behind him.

CH. B.

The obsequies of Francois Bazin were celebrated on Friday, the 7th inst., in the church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, with the solemnities usual in the case of members of the Institute and of the Legion of Honor. A piquet of infantry opened the procession. The decorations of the deceased, as well as his Academician's coat and sword, were laid upon the coffin. The pall-bearers were MM. Ambroise Thomas, de Beauplan, Henri Delaborde, and Hébert. An immense crown concealed all the back portion of the funeral car; on the ribbon attached to it were the words in gold letters; *A Francois Bazin, ses élèves*. All the staff, professional and administrative, of the Conservatory, all the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, all the professors of the Orpheon, and a great number of artists, of dramatic authors, and of private friends, took part in the procession.

The service performed af the church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, all hung with black, was of short duration. In addition to the prose text and the "De Profundis," all the singing included only a "Libera" by Ch. Plantade, and a "Pie Jesu" by Francois Bazin, both well rendered by M. Auguez, of the Opera. At half-past one the procession started for Père-Lachaise. It took the line of the Boulevards, the large number of mourners on foot and the interminable string of carriages attracting the attention of the public. At the cemetery, after the professors of the Orphéon had sung together, under the direction of M. Danhauser, a funeral stanza by Francois Bazin, four addresses were delivered respectively by M. Henri Delaborde for the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Ambroise Thomas for the Conservatory of Music; M. Comettant for the Association des Artistes Musiciens; and M. Emile Jonas for the Society of Authors and Composers. The professors of the Orphéon then executed the "De Profundis," and this terminated the ceremony. —*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

A Music Festival at Erfurt.

(From a Correspondent of the "Guardian.")

In August, 1867, I had the pleasure of reporting in these columns a music festival given at Meiningen by the Allgemeine Deutche Musikverein (General German Musical Society), which was chiefly memorable for its being brought to a close at the Wartburg by the first performance of the Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*. This society, as was then stated, was founded by Liszt in 1861; its principal aim being to encourage the cultivation of musical art by the establishment of periodical festivals, at which facilities are offered for bringing forward new works by living composers, without altogether excluding the less familiar works of older masters. Since its establishment the society has grown in importance and enlarged its borders, having held festivals on different occasions in Leipsic, Weimar, Carlsruhe, Dessau, Meiningen, Altenburg, Madgeburg, Halle, Hanover, and, lastly, at Erfurt. The great gathering of musicians of which I have now to speak was the fifteenth that the society has held. It lasted from the 22d to the 26th of June (inclusive). Pleasant recollections of the Meiningen festival in 1867, the promised cooperation of Liszt and von Bülow, the rich and instructive character of the programme put forth — so different from those of our own provincial festivals, as well as of those of Germany in general — combined to determine me to undertake the journey to Erfurt. Nor have I been disappointed. Erfurt, one of the oldest cities of Germany, with its fine old Gothic cathedral founded in 752, its eighteen churches, its antique buildings, its far-famed horticultural gardens, its historical association with Luther, who lived here as a monk (1505-12) in an Augustinian convent, which, with all its relics, Luther's Bible, &c., was burnt down in 1862, is well worth a visit for its own sake alone, but, lying, as it does, well out of the beaten track of English tourists, seems not yet to have received the attention it deserves. It is just at such a place, where a festival is not a matter of regular occurrence, and, consequently, lodging-house and-innkeepers have not learnt to look upon their visitors at such a time as fair prey, that a music festival is most enjoyable. One has seen here the inhabitants in their normal condition; the orderly arrangements, the civility, attention, and hospitality offered to visitors, both by the members of the musical committee of management and by residents, could hardly have been exceeded. Both musically, and in point of the numbers attending, the festival may at once be pronounced a success. The scheme of six concerts included some fifty works, great and small, the majority of which must have been comparatively, if not absolutely, new to most of their hearers. That among so many new works each should prove a masterpiece was not to be expected, but it must be confessed that but too many seemed to have owed their selection to personal influence rather than to their intrinsic merit. Happily, however, the good predominated over the respectably mediocre. To speak of all would be tedious; I shall, therefore, restrict my remarks in the main to those which seemed to me the most worthy to be brought to a further hearing.

The festival opened on Saturday morning (June 22) with a performance of sacred music in the Barfüsser Church. It commenced with a prelude in B minor by W. H. Pachelbel, born at Erfurt in 1685, followed by J. S. Bach's Choralvorspiel, "Der Tag. der ist so freundenreich," both played by Herr B, Schick, organist of this church, who was to be pitied in that he has not at his command a less unwieldly and more grateful sounding organ. Organist after organist contended with its peculiarities, Herr A. Hanlein executing a concerto (Op. 22) by Niels W. Gade: Herr Degenhardt, a prelude and fugue (Op. 16) by Carl Piutti; Herr J. G. Zahn, a movement from a sonata (Op, 42) by G. Merkel; Herr Bernhardt Sulze, some variations of his own on a theme from Liszt's *Christus;* and Herr F. Billig, Bach's Passacaglia. Though the novelties among these organ works were for the most part more commendable as academical exercises than pleasing in effect, their production went far to prove that both organ playing and organ composition is still diligently cultivated in Germany. Fortunately the softer stops of the organ were of an agreeable quality and in good order, and its suitability for accompanying a violin or violoncello solo — a combination which has seldom come before us in England, and which probably owes its origin to the general absence of "Venetian swells" in German organs — was fully demonstrated in the performance by Herr H. Petri, of the "air" from C. Goldmark's violin concerto, and in that by Herr Wihan, of the *andante* from J. S. Svendsen's violoncello concerto, both charming works, admirably rendered, and ably accompanied on the organ by Herr Franz Preitz. A vocal trio, "Die heilige Nacht," for female voices (Frl. Breidenstein, Frau Fischer, and Frl. Lancow. with accompaniment for violin (Her Pauli), and organ (Herr Preitz), composed by E. Lassen, also proved charmingly effective. Even more commendable on account of its earnest and devotional character, and because it might easily and appropriately be adapted for use in the Anglican Church on occasions when boys' voices are not available, was a setting of the 84th Psalm, by Carl Müller-Hartung for barytone solo, male quartet, and three-part male chorus. The solo was finely sung by Herr Ernst Hungar, of Berlin, and pupil of Herr Stockhausen. Though young, he possesses an excellent voice and refined style; of all the singers I have heard here, but who, it must be conceded, have not found much opportunity for distinguishing themselves, I anticipate that he will make the greatest mark in the musical world. In addition, he was heard at this concert in two simple but beautiful songs, "Seelenfrieden," by A. Winterberger, and "Geheiligt werde Dein Name," by Peter Cornelius.

The first of the orchestral and choral concerts, of which there were three, took place in the theatre. The orchestra employed, numbering some sixty performers, comprised the members of the famous private band of His Royal Highness Prince Carl Günther, of Sondershausen, with some few additions, under the general direction of their own conductor, Herr Max Erdmannsdörfer, who had so thoroughly studied and rehearsed all the music in advance at Sondershausen, that on coming together at Erfurt there remained little to be done but to put the finishing touches to it. The orchestral performances throughout the week, I may at once say, were, thanks chiefly to Herr Erdmannsdörfer's perseverance and undeniable skill as a conductor, and the superior quality of the forces at his command, of a very high order indeed. Erfurt is evidently rich in its choralists. For the rendering of the choral works, two distinct choirs were employed, there not being space sufficient on the stage of the theatre to accommodate both at once. These were the choirs of the so-called "Soller's" society, and of the "Sing-Akademie." The plan was a good one, for it had evidently given rise to a feeling of amicable rivalry on the part of both. This concert commenced in a loyal and festive manner with a performance of Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch." On the choir rising to sing the national hymn. 'Heil, Heil dem Kaiser," with which it closes, but which in London, to the detriment of its general effect, has always been left to the band, the whole house rose and remained standing till the end, and then gave three hearty cheers for the Emperor. Friedrich Kiel's *Te Deum* (Op. 46), for solo voices (Frl. Marie Beck, Frl. Schultze, the Herren Thiene and Hungar), chorus and orchestra, immediately followed. With the exception of a *Requiem*, performed by the Cambridge University Musical Society in May last, and one or two concerted chamber pieces which have been brought forward by Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Mr. C. Hallé, little is known of this composer in England, though in Germany, especially as a master of counterpoint, his merit has long been widely recognized. That he has been brought up chiefly under the influence of Bach and Handel peeps out from his setting of the *Te Deum*, the somewhat old-fashioned cut of which seems, however, to accord well with the antique character of the Ambrosian Hymn of Praise, which, as the programme-book took care to remind us, dates from the year 380. Kiel has treated it in so sober, earnest, and vigorous a manner that its adoption for use in church on special occasions, and at our cathedral festivals, may safely be recommended, though on the other hand, as may also be said of his *Requiem*, the absence of set solos will probably stand in the way of its being taken up by speculative concert-givers. At the close of the *Te Deum*, the members of the choir, who till now had been sitting in front of the band, left the stage, and took their places among the audience, so as not to interfere with the performance of the three instrumental works which immediately followed. These were the orchestral prelude to Brachvogel's drama *Narcis*, by M. Erdmannsdörfer (Op. 17), Raff's violoncello concerto, in D minor, and a new symphony in G major (Op. 12), by Felix Dräseke. With Brachvogel's drama I am unacquainted, but I have been given to understand that it is philosophical in its tendencies, and treats of the remorse and madness of a man who, by his own misconduct, loses the affection of a wife whom he had once loved. Such a subject hardly suggests music of a pleasant order. Perhaps it was on this account that it certainly did not make a very favorable impression, though in its technical aspect it bespeaks the ready hand of a well-practised, independent, but perhaps somewhat over noisy composer. By his violoncello concerto, the performance of which was a splendid display of virtuosity on the part of Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, Raff seems to have satisfactorily solved the difficult task of equally dividing the interest between the solo instrument and the orchestral accompaniment, without detriment to one or the other. The symphony of Felix Dräseke, which has only recently been published (by Kahnt, of Leipsic), and I believe was now performed in public for the first time, proved a genuine success. Orthodox in form, both material and treatment are strongly marked with its author's individuality. The second movement, a *scherzo* in dual time, is of so piquant character that it alone would make the fortune of a far inferior work. It is just such a symphony as Mr. Manns might safely bring before his audience. Its vigorous, earnest, and taking character would be certain to please, and though pleasantly exciting, it is not a work of so sensational a kind as to run counter to the general character of his existent repertory. Loud calls for the composer accompanied the plaudits which it deservedly evoked. The choir ("Soller's") now returned to their seats on the stage for the concluding piece of the evening — Liszt's setting of the 13th Psalm, "Usque quo Domine?' for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. As treated by Liszt, this splendid composition may not inaptly, perhaps, be designated as a symphonic poem or a tone picture with words; for in a highly dramatic manner it brings before us the Psalmist-King at the head of his people, importunately praying to God, and at last giving expression to their faith in a hymn of praise. Dramatic as is the music which Liszt has furnished, it is at the same time intensely devotional. The tenor solo was finely declaimed by Dr. Gunz, but the performance often dragged, apparently from being in the hands of a conductor, Herr Golde, whose beat was neither so decisive nor so familiar to the members of the band as that of Herr Erdmannsdörfer, but whose skill as a choirmaster, be it said *to his* credit, was made fully apparent by the excellent singing of the choir. At the conclusion of the performance loud were the calls for Liszt, who came forward and bowed from the box in which he was sitting.

The third concert, which took place on Sunday evening, was again orchestral and choral. A symphonic poem for orchestra, by Camille Saint-Säens, entitled *Phäeton*, headed the programme. . . . .

For several years past M. Saint-Säens has been a regular visitor to London, but till quite recently has only found an asylum at the *matinées* of Professor Ella, so slow are we in England to recognize merit in a composer until he has established a reputation abroad. This Saint-Säens has done, both in France and Germany. As a prolific composer, both in the classical and romantic style, he has shown extreme versatility. It is in the latter, however. that he seems most in his element. This was fully instanced by his *Phaëton*, a work aptly illustrating the legend upon which it is based, without being unduly eccentric, though strikingly original as regards the matter of its contents, treatment, and orchestration. It seemed to be highly appreciated, and was warmly applauded by an extremely critical audience. A Romanza for violin and orchestra, by Max Bruch, a composer who seems to entertain a regard for violinists which is certainly reciprocal, served to display the virtuosity of Herr Petri, the leading violinist of the Sondershausen orchestra. A couple of orchestral characteristic pieces by von Bülow, entitled *Notturno* and *Allegro risoluto*, followed. Though hardly to be classed among the most important of his compositions, they proved well worth making acquaintance with. The *Notturno*, somewhat sombre in tone and free from sentimentality, has more the character of a midnight *rêverie* than of a love-song. It abounds in graceful thoughts and deft orchestral touches. The *Allegro*, originally composed as an *intermezzo* occuring in his incidental music to *Julius Cæsar*, by its vigorous character happily contrasted with the *Notturno*, and displayed its composer in quite a diffent mood. Enthusiasm reached its height at this concert on the close of the performance of Liszt's *Ungarische Phantasie*, for pianoforte and orchestra, by Frau Pauline Erdmannsdörfer-Fichner. a pupil of Liszt's, possessed of an almost masculine touch, and whose veins apparently flow with the warmest gypsy blood. On being several times recalled, she was forced to return to the piano and repeat the last

section. Now there were calls for Liszt, who descended from his box and graciously led her forward again. The choral work with which this concert concluded was Raff's setting of the 130th Psalm, "De profundis," for soprano solo (Frl. Breidenstein), eight-part chorus, and orchestra (Op. 14), performed by the Erfurt Sing Akademie, under the direction of Herr Mertel. Greatly as I admire most of Raff's instrumental works, I must confess to disappointment in now for the first time making acquaintance with him as a vocal composer, chiefly on the ground that in this work, which is as prolix as its author is prolific, there seems to be an entire absence of connection between text and music. True, it contains some splendid eight-part writing, both in the strict and free style, and a most exciting eight-part fugue, which, nevertheless, appears as an anti-climax, and, instead of coming to a proper close, leads into an "Amen" chorus of a totally different character, with which it has no relationship.

On Monday, the 24th, both concerts were devoted exclusively to chamber music — a commendable plan, as, except for a morning rehearsal, it gave the members of the orchestra a day's rest. The concerted works brought forward at the first comprised Brahms' string quartet in B flat (Op. 67), of which I need not say a word, as it has been made sufficiently familiar at the Monday Popular Concerts; a suite No. 2, in F major, Op. 27) for violin (E. Rappoldi) and pianoforte (C. Hess), by Franz Ries, which is fairly to be recommended to violinists as a grateful and attractive work, somewhat Schumannesque in spirit; and a quaintet for pianoforte (C. Hess) and strings (Herren Rappoldi, Feigerl, E. Ries, and F. Grützmacher), by G. Sgambati, which, apart from its being the work of an Italian replete with German feeling and scholarship, proved worthy of all praise. The vocal music comprised two trios by E. Sachs, for female voices, and four songs by O. Lessmann, simple and charming enough, and charmingly rendered by Frau Mina Sciubro, from Naples. A number of songs by R. von Keudel (the German ambassador at Rome), A. Jensen, P. Cornelius, and J. Kniese were introduced by Herr Hungar and Frau L. Fischer at the evening concert. The instrumental concerted works included a trio, in A minor, for pianoforte (Frau Erdmannsdörfer-Fichner) and strings (Herren Petri and Wihan), by Max Erdmannsdörfer, which, especially, as regards the two middle movements, impressed me more favorably than the same composer's orchestral prelude already alluded to, and provided Frau Erdmannsdörfer, unquestionably a pianist of the first classes, with an opportunity of displaying her remarkable acquirements, which she turned to the best advantage; some capital variations (Op. 39) by E. Wüllner, on a theme by Schubert, for pianoforte (C. Hess) and violoncello (F. Grützmacher); and a trio in G. minor, by Hans von Bronsart, for pianoforte (Dr. Hans von Bülow, violin (Herr Kömpel), and violoncello (Herr Leopold Grützmacher). With the last-named work and its performance the interest of the evening culminated. Fortunately, I was already familiar with it, having studied the score, which has recently been published, and having twice heard it played at home both by Mrs. Beesley and Dr. von Bülow. I have therefore the less hestitation in pronouncing it fully worthy to take its stand by the side of any modern trio with which I am acquainted. Indeed, among the post-Beethoven productions in this class I do not know its superior. That this seemed also to be the general feeling of the audience — a very critical one — was apparent from the enthusiasm it evoked, doubtless intended as much for the work itself as for the perfect manner in which it was rendered. On the second movement (*vivace*) being loudly applauded, Dr. von Bülow rose from his seat and pointed to the composer, who is noted for his modest and retiring manners, and was sitting in a corner; and at the close of the performance, on the applause being renewed, with the addition of calls for von Bronsart, it was not till von Bülow had drawn him forth from his hiding-place behind the stove and led him forward that he responded to the well-deserved recognition of his merits.

If the three new works which headed the programme of the concluding orchestral concert had never been written, the world would be none the poorer. I may, therefore, pass them over in silence. Von Bronsart and Bülow were now again to the fore, this time in company with Liszt, who conducted the performance of Bronsart's concerto in F sharp minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Bülow executing the pianoforte part with astonishing effect in his own inimitable manner. The scene of the previous evening was repeated; and the remarks I have made in respect to Bronsart's trio, might be applied with almost equal force to his concerto. Two orchestral works by Liszt, separated by an old English ballad, pretentiously treated by Herr R. Metzdorff, completed the scheme. These were the "Two Episodes" from Lenau's *Faust* and the *Hungaria*, both noble and strikingly effective works. The episodes from Lenau's poem, which Liszt has translated into music with astonishing fidelity and success, are entitled *Der nächtliche Zug* ("The Midnight procession" and *Der Tanz in Der Dorfschenke* "The Dance in the Village Inn" or "*Mephisto-Walzer*. The first, somewhat sombre in its general character, in the course of which the chorale, "Pange lingua gloriosi," is introduced in an exquisitively beautiful manner, treats of Faust's feelings, and of the tears of remorse he sheds on listening to the hymn sung by a band of pilgrims on the eve of St. John. The second, in sharp contrast to the first, is a dance of the wildest possible description. Its performance, under the direction of Herr Erdmannsdörfer, was a rare feat of virtuosity on the part of the orchestra. Liszt was, of course, called for, and, on his appearing on the stage, was presented with bouquets and garlands, and with his consent the wild dance was repeated. As a farewell performance, Liszt came forward, and himself conducted his *Hungaria*. Contrary to his wont, he has omitted to preface his score with a note explanatory of its poetical intent, nor is one needed;—its title being all suggestive. Think only of a boundless gloomy heath in Hungary as the scene of action, peasants, gipsies with their melancholy poetical music, Magyars with their love of war and independence, as the *dramatis personæ*, discontent, strife, united action against a common enemy, victory and freedom won, and it is easy to fill in the details of the story there must be. Story or no story, as music pure and simple *Hungaria* is strikingly impressive. So far as concerned Erfurt, it served to bring the doings of the week to a termination in a most imposing manner.

In addition to the concerts, several meetings were held, at which papers on musical subjects by Herr A. Hahn, Dr. Alsleben, Rector Krause, and Dr. Langhans were read and discussed. At the last it was resolved to petition the Government for additional aid towards the provision of musical instruction both in the elementary and high schools. On the afternoon of the 26th there was a general exodus, many going to Weimar to attend a concert given by the pupils of the Orchestral school, instituted by the Grand Duke of Weimar, who gave ample evidence of the soundness of the instruction imparted to them under the direction of Professor C. Müller-Hartung, who in the evening conducted a performance of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* in the theatre, by command of the Grand Duke, a munificent patron of art and of the general German Musical Society in particular, to which the members were freely invited. C. A. B.

Erfurt, June 27, 1878.

Foreign Notes.

LONDON. — The *Athenæum* (July 20) furnishes the following items:

At the next Social Science Congress will be discussed the question, "How can a sound knowledge of music be best and most generally disseminated?" In Paris the question is answered by the government grants to three opera-houses to promote the lyric drama, and by money allowances to enterprising concert directors. The French Academy, for instance, has just awarded M. Guirand, the composer of the opera 'Piccolinò,' the prize of 1200., for the authorship of the most meritorious composition played within three years preceding the award. Then in France the knowledge of music is disseminated through the activity of a real Conservatoire, out of which pupils are provided adequate to fill all the desks of complete orchestras throughout France, and to be choralists and solo singers. It is the State which mainly supports musical training and permanent operatic establishments.

The Royal Italian Opera season will be ended this (Saturday) with Signor Verdi's 'Aida'; last night (July 19th) was the benefit of Mdlle. Albani, who sang in single acts of 'Rigoletto,' 'Lucia,' and 'Traviata.' On Thursday Madame Adelina Patti for her benefit took the part of Amina in the 'Sonnambula,' an opera in which she made her first appearance in this country, after her successes in the United States. The subscription season at Her Majesty's Theatre terminated July 13th, with the sixth representation of Bizet's 'Carmen.' There were six performances for this week, namely, 'Il Flauto Magico' (Monday), 'Robert le Diable' (Tuesday), 'Trovatore' (Wednesday), 'Carmen' (Thursday), 'Il Talismano' (Friday), and 'Fidelio' (this day Saturday), at reduced prices, and with dispensation of the rules about evening dress. Mdlle. Marimon, Madame Trebelli, Signori Campanini, Marini, and Rota have left; the present troupe comprises Madame Gerster, Mdlle. Valleria, Mdlle. Minnie Hauk, Mdlle. Bauermeister, Madame Pappenheim, Mdlle. Tremelli, Signori Fancello, Bettini, Rinaldini, Del Puente, Galassi, Herr Behrens, &c. Mr. Mapleson, prior to his departure with his company to New York, to open the Academy of Music Opera-house, will make tour in the provinces.

The oratorio 'Christus,' by Herr Kiel was a great success at the third Silesian Musical Festival, held at Görletz; there was also a new symphony by Count Hochberg, who composes under the name of Z. H. Franz. Handel's 'Judas Maccabæus' was the great attraction of the second Schleswig Holstein Festival celebrated at Kiel. The Hamburg impresario announces that he will produce during one season all the operas of Herr Wagner in succession, that is, 'Rienzi,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Tristran,' 'The Master Singers,' and the four operas of the 'Nibelungen.'

ANCIENT OPERAS. (From the *Athenæum, July 13th.*— Since the extinction of the series of Ancient Concerts, given for so many years under royal, episcopal, and aristocratic patronage at the Hanover Square Rooms (now a club-house), very few revivals of the sacred and secular compositions of the old masters have been attempted by concert givers; but last Wenesday night, in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Malcolm Lawson ventured — with the co-operation of members of the Gluck Society as choralists, and with a full but small band, Mr. Wiener and Signor Erba principal violins. and with the following soloists, Miss F. Kelly, Miss A. Brooks, Mrs. Hollick, Miss S. Smith, Mr. B. Lone, Mr. D'Arcy-Ferris, and Mr. T. Marzials — to resuscitate the three act opera 'Dido and Æneas,' by Henry Purcell (for the first time since 1677) and also selections from Gluck's splendid opera 'Alcestis,' produced in Vienna in 1767, and in Paris in 1776. Mr. M. Lawson was the conductor, and making allowance for short preparation, and for his not being provided with an adequate leading lady soloist — his tenor and bass were both efficient — the experiment was a decided success. In Purcell the choral portions told powerfully, especially the *finale* of the first act, "To the hills, to the vales"; the scene of the departure of Æneas from Carthage was redemanded. The detached airs of Purcell are now old-fashioned, although there are songs which maintain their sway despite the inroads of time and the introduction of fresh forms and of boisterous orchestration. The 'Alcestis' selection was most happy; such a dramatic scene as that in the temple of Apollo, with sacred march and chorus, the solemn strains of the high priest, the dying song of Alcestis, will stand comparison with any concerted piece of Gluck's successors, however masterly. It is to be hoped that the example set by Mr. M. Lawson, may be followed by other musicians, for it is not only advantageous for the student of art, but the amateurs of the period will find operatic gems of which they have little conception. Gluck's works remain in the *répertoire* of Vienna, of Berlin, &c., and why not of London?

PROF. ELLA completed the thirty-fourth season of the Musical Union at the eighth and final Matinée last Tuesday afternoon, in St. James's Hall. As is customary at what is termed the Director's grand concert, there was the annual performance of Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20, in E flat, and of Hummel's Septuor, Op. 74, in D minor. The artists to whom the task of interpreting these two standard works was allotted were Madame Montigny-Rémaury in the pianoforte part of Hummel's composition; Signor Papini (first violin), Heer Holländer (viola), M. Lasserre (violoncello), Mr. Jakeway (contra-basso), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet) M. Dubrucq (oboe), M. Stennebrugger (horn), Mr. Radcliffe (flute), Mr. Hutchins (bassoon). Besides the two masterpieces of Beethoven and Hummel, the Andante and Cantabile, Op. 11, in B flat, from the String Quartet in D, by the Russian composer Tschaïkowsky, was played MM. Papini, Wiener, Holländer, and Lasserre. Madame Montigny-Remaury and M. Lasserre were associated in Herr Rubinstein's pianoforte and violoncello Duet, Op. 11, in A major, and Signor Papini played the air from Bach's Suite in D, with quartet accompaniment. The solos selected by the French lady pianist were varied and interesting, including the 'Sœur Monique,' by F. Couperin (1722); the Barcarolle, No. 3, in G minor, by Herr Rubinstein; the Pastorale Variée, in B flat (posthumous), by Mozart; and the Presto of the Caprice, No. 2, Op. 16, by Mendelssohn. Prof. Ella in a farewell address expressed his hope of resuming the direction in 1879, despite failing eyesight, and he added that since the formation of the Union, in 1845 to 1878 inclusive, the total number of artists engaged has been 206, namely, 103 stringed instruments, 75 pianists, and 28 wind; of these performers 64 were Germans and Austrians, 48 English, 31 French, 17 Belgians, 15 Italians, 8 Dutch, 8 Hungarians, 5 Russians, 4 Spanish and Portuguese, 3 Poles, 2 Danes and 1 Swede.

PARIS. — As an offset to the musical failure of the World's Exposition music (see Dr. Hanslick's letter in our last) we read in *Le Ménestrel* (July 14) of a Gala Concert at the Conservatoire, to which the Minister of the Fine Arts invited the distinguished strangers in Paris, as well as the artists who obtained prizes at the Salon of 1878.

"The concert was a complete success; the Société des Concerts, feeling itself in the presence of a select and evidently sympathetic public, really surpassed itself under the direction of M. Deldevez. — The first part consisted of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; Meyerbeer's Chorus: *Adieu aux jeunes Mariés;* Scherzo and March from Mendelsohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music. During a half hour's intermssion the public were conducted to the halls of the library and to the vestibule, transformed by M. Garnier into richly decorated halls of reception, in which buffets of refreshments were arranged.

"The second part began with the Andante and Finale of an unpublished Symphony in C by Haydn; these fragments excited great enthusiasm, and the oboe solo by M. Gillet was particularly applauded. The delicious romance from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, sung in excellent and charming style by Mlle. Bilbaut-Vanchelet, was encored. After a fine chorus from Gluck's *Armida*, the concert came to a brilliant conclusion with Weber's Overture to *Oberon*. The public retired enchanted, and groups were overheard expressing the desire that M. Bardoux would repeat this beautiful artistic fête."

The *Ménestrel* of July 21, says: "M. le docteur Hanslick, delegate from Austro-Hungary to our Universal Exposition and Member of the Jury of Class XIII, having fulfilled his double mission, has returned to Vienna, not without leaving at Paris the remembrance of a man of letters doubled by that of a perfect musician."

A RECENT article upon the *Psyché* of Ambroise Thomas concludes as follows: "Nearly all the great masters have, among their productions, one capital work, which becomes a sort of affix to their name. Thus *Don Juan* evokes the memory of Mozart; *Der Freyschütz*, that of Weber; *Robert*, that of Meyerbeer; *La Dame Blanche*, that of Boieldieu; henceforth, if we do not deceive ourselves, in spite of the justly vaunted merit of *Le Songe*, of *Mignon* and of *Hamlet*, to designate Ambroise Thomas *Psyché* will be named,—unless, in another year, we should like still better to name his *Francesca di Rimini*."

DARMSTADT. A new dramatic opera by C. A. Mangold, called "Barbarossa's Erwachen" (Barbarossa's Waking) has been played here with great success. Freiligrath's song, "Hurrah, Germania!" is introduced in it as a solo and chorus; and at one place the old redbeard Emperor is metamorphosed into Kaiser Wilhelm, and the soldiers of the late Franco-German war cross the stage to the music of a fine Kaiser march. The chorus consisted of the members of the Darmstadt Musik-Verein and the Mozart-Verein.

KIEL. The second Schleswig-Holstein musical festival occurred here on the 23d and 24th of June, under the direction of Carl Reinecke of Leipzig. The soloists were the Joachim couple, Mme. Peschka-Leutner, and the Herren Gura and Von Wilt. The first day offered Handel's *Judas Maccabæus;* the second day, a new Fest-Overture composed for the occasion by Reinecke, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, solo performances, etc.

GOERLITZ. The third Silesian Musical Festival was successful. The new Hall accommodates 2,000 persons. The orchestra consisted of forty-six violins, sixteen violas, seventeen violoncellos, twelve double basses, four flutes, four oboes, four clarinets, four bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, one kettle-drum, one harp, one triangle, one pair of cymbals, and one big drum. The chorus numbered above 500, and there were nine solo singers. After various works by recognized masters, the noticeable features of the programme were Kiel's *Christus*, and a Symphony by Count Hochberg, founder of these Festivals, who, however, styles himself, in his character of composer, "J. H. Franz." Herr Deppe, of Berlin, was conductor, and Herr Lauterbach greatly distinguished himself by his rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

BERLIN. At the Imperial Opera house, from August 24, 1877 to June 14, 1878, there were 223 Operatic performances. The season's repertoire was composed of 55 different works by 30 composers. As novelties are named: "Der Landfriede," in three acts, by Brüll, and "Die Officiere der Kaiserin," in four acts, by Wuerst.

DORDRECHT. A three days musical festival was held in the middle of June, and so great was the gathering of friends of music from all parts of Holland, that the city hardly found room for them. The performances were models of their kind, it is said. They consisted of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" on the first day; Handel's "Alexander's Feast" and Brahms's "Rhapsodie" on the second; and solo performances on the third.

MILAN. The centennary of the theatre La Scala is to be celebrated this autumn. There will be a series of performances of operas and ballets written expressly for, and first brought out at the Scala. It has also been proposed to select from the works of the most illustrious Italian composers of the last hundred years the opera which proved the most successful at the time.

—THE hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Munich Hof-Theater is to be celebrated in October next in a manner befitting the great artistic traditions of that institution.

—THE praiseworthy activity displayed by the Hamburg Stadt-Theater under the direction of Herr Pollini, may be instanced by the fact that during the period from August, 1877, to June of the present year no fewer than ten new operatic works have been presented by that institution. A complete cyclus of Herr Wagner's operas, commencing with "Rienzi" and to conclude with "GötterdÄmmerung," has been foreshadowed by the energetic management for the coming season.

—THE centenary of the birth of the organist and composer Hans Gänsbacher, the friend and fellow-pupil, under the Abbé Vogler, of Carl Maria von Weber and Meyerbeer, was commemorated last month by a music-festival held at Sterzing in the Tyrol, where he was born. The performances, which consisted exclusively of works by the deceased composer, were chiefly sustained by the Innsbruck Musik-Verein. Gänsbacher died in 1844, as Dom Capellmeister, in Vienna.

—DR. Ferdinand Hiller has been elected a corresponding member of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique of Paris.

—THE preparations for the performance during next season of the entire tetralogy "Der Ring des Nibelungen" are actively carried on at the Leipzig Stadt-Theater with the co-operation of Capellmeister Seidel, of Bayreuth. The work is likewise to be taken in hand shortly on the Cologne stage.

—THE widow of the composer, Franz von Holstein, has, in memory of her late husband, founded a domicile at Leipzig for the accommodation of six young artists pursuing their studies at the Conservatorium of that town.

—Madame Adelina Patti will give a series of representations at the Kroll'sche Theater at Berlin during next October.

—AT the gala-dinner, given at the White Hall of the Royal Palace at Berlin, on the occasion of the inauguration of the European Congress, the music performed by the band of the Imperial Guards included the following numbers, viz.: Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" (Gluck); Introduction and Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin;" Symphony in G major (Haydn); two Hungarian Dances (Brahms); and Haydn's Serenade.

—NOT the least interesting among the musical relics just now exhibited in connection with the Paris International Exposition is the original score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," of which Madame Pauline Viardot is the fortunate possessor.

—AMONG the musical remains of Rossini a number of unpublished compositions, vocal and instrumental, have been discovered, the great majority of which were probably never intended for publication by their author. These include nearly seventy pieces for the pianoforte, all of them bearing titles such as "Prélude rococo," "Bolero tartare," "Spécimen de l'ancien régime," "Spécimen de mon temps," "Valse antidansante," "Prélude hygiénique," "Prélude baroque," "Prélude convulsif," etc. As musical curiosities may be quoted "Six préludes sar la gamme chinoise" (the Chinese scale), "Echantillon mélodique sur les noires de la main droite," "Une caresse à ma femme," "Un mot à Paganini" (for violin and pianoforte), etc. The collection also includes a Requiem for contralto and a vocal composition on the death of Meyerbeer.

—THE death is announced in German papers of Anton Deprosse, the gifted writer of *Lieder* and the composer of an Oratorio, "Die Salbung David's." He was only forty years of age.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1878.

Garden Concerts.

Walking one evening through one of the garden streets which make the "annexed" out-lying portions of our city so attractive, our attention was arrested by sweet sounds from a band of music. And presently, when we reached an angle in the road—just after Forest Hills street diverges from the old Dedham turnpike (Washington Street now) leading past tasteful cottages and mansions, charmingly secluded and embowered amid trees and shrubbery, to the Cemetery from which the street takes its name—behold! throngs of people pouring into the winding wooded avenue that leads up to a stately mansion, once the home of families held in high esteem in this community; and all the trees were hung with Chinese lanterns, and an air of popular festivity seemed to have invaded and transformed the quiet and exclusive neighborhood. This, we were told, was going on every evening in pleasant weather, and sometimes in the afternoon. We wondered how the neighbors liked it! And indeed we remembered reading something in the newspapers about a man—not a German—to whom the municipal authorities had refused a license for opening a concert garden, where lager beer might cheaply flow, and none of the usual accompaniments in other, more German, cities be found wanting.

Here it was, however, in full progress, with or without a license, and in spite of the indignant protest of the cottagers, who naturally foresee in it an end of quiet and a social nuisance. The charming rural lane itself will soon become a crowded thoroughfare; the visitors, who enter the grounds without money and without price, may all be orderly and decent now, but will not noisier and rougher groups, from the slums of the city, erelong snuff the opportunity and resort there by horse-car conveyance? What there may be inside the mansion to attract we know not; possibly coffee and ices, and no beer, or worse, at present; but if it becomes an institution, all this naturally and logically follows; for we ourselves, and most of our readers, even the most refined and temperate, believe beer to be harmless unless taken to excess.

Now here comes up a serious question. Evidently there is a growing demand, in and about this and every city, for something corresponding to the popular beer garden concerts of the Old World. In the Summer, especially, those who have to spend the hot months in the city, crave opportunities for open air in green and pleasant places, where they may promenade, and drink in music through their ears, and cool refreshments down their throats. More and more this is called for, and the want must be supplied; if it be not wisely and well supplied, under good auspices, with the consent and active influence and help of the best classes of society, and with municipal authority and supervision, it will surely be supplied unwisely, badly, dangerously even in a social and moral point of view.

Probably every thoughtful and appreciative American, who has spent some time in Berlin, or Dresden, Leipzig, Munich, Vienna, or any considerable German town, and who has attended the cheap, but delightful, and in many instances refined and largely classical garden concerts there—say in the days of Liebig and his orchestra at the Tonhalle, or the Walhalla, &c., in Berlin, or on the Brühl'sche Terrasse or Grossgarten in Dresden, has come home longing to see institutions of the same sort spring up here.

But it is important that they should be of the *same* sort. And what does this require? In the first place, in Germany the music is within doors, large halls, surrounded by pleasant walks, and the concerts go on both in winter and in summer. In the next place music is treated in these places with all due respect; there is no clatter of knives and forks, no clink of glasses, no audible conversation while the orchestra is playing; a hush pervades the room the moment it begins. In a word, the music is regarded as something to be listened to, a matter of absorbing consequence, for the time being, in itself, and not, as in so many of our professed musical occasions, as a mere festive accompaniment to talking, dancing and what not. Therefore, in the third place, the programme, the selection of the pieces becomes important. As the executants compose, not a mere street brass band, but a fair orchestra, with strings as well as wind instruments, so the repertoire includes, not only careful selections of really genial and artistic pieces of "light" music, but even a liberal allowance, fitly interspersed, of classical masterworks in the form of Symphony, Concerto, Overture, &c., and for the gratification of the curious or the *blasés*, modern efforts to outshine these. In a single winter in Berlin we heard Liebig's orchestra alone, at the

various Music-halls at which they regularly alternated, perform ten or twelve different Symphonies by Haydn, others by Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, &c., all the four Overtures to *Fidelio* (Leonore), the Midsummer Night's Dream music, and much more of this order, besides Waltzes, Potpourries, light Overtures and Marches; and this where beer flowed freely, where family parties brought their cake and knitting and their gossip to their several tables, ordered their beer or coffee, yet was the silence absolute when the first chord of the Symphony rang out.

Are we likely to have it in this way here? One good and conspicuous example has been set of late years during the summer months, according to all accounts, by the Thomas Garden Concerts in New York. But we fear this is, so far, an example without imitators or rivals. Bands playing out of doors, with free admission to the grounds, simply to entice the promenader into a house, where he may find something more appetizing than the music, are quite another sort of thing. The music and the moonlight may be well enough, but not (since these "don't pay") from the standpoint of the impresario, who means that the real "objective point," worth paying for, shall be found within the house. This, or about this, seems to be the present stage of progress of the new "Forest Garden" Concerts, near Jamaica Plain, with their balloon ascensions, moonlight, Chinese lanterns, Calcium lights, and what not. We presume they are intended only for the summer, but we are uninformed. We fear they do not tend to any such æsthetic and artistic musical enjoyment, as may reconcile a refined neighborhood to the invasion of its "*stille Sicherheit.*"

It will be understood that we are not discussing the subject of music for the people in the open air, such as our City government provides on certain evenings upon the Common and the public squares. This is all very well in its way; it draws people out from their hot, crowded streets to breathe a fresher air in cool green places; it gives them musical enjoyment, and to a certain extent no doubt it cultivates the sense for harmony, though we think there is always room for improvement in the musical selections; the lightest and the newest, what is most the fashion of the times, caught from the theatres, the Opera Bouffe, etc., seems to constitute the lion's share of it. But we are speaking of the various crude attempts to borrow for home use, or to imitate, the good German custom of cheap concerts in fine spacious halls, with real orchestras, not bands, and with more or less artistic, even classical selections, together with refreshments for the inner man, but where the music is the signal for silence the instant it begins, and the whole piece is listened to with the attention it deserves. With the single exception above mentioned (the summer garden concerts of Theodore Thomas in New York), what we yet have in this country is very far from that,—as different in kind as in degree. Probably the nearest approaches to it are in our great beer-brewing Western cities, where, so far as musical taste and social culture are concerned, we fear they brew much evil with some good. Cincinnati, for instance, which since its great Festival last May has arrogated to itself the musical "head-centre"-ship of our broad land,—perhaps not wholly without reason—has its great beer-gardens upon the hills, to which resort every night thousands upon thousands of Germans and Americans, to hear music, such as it may be, but principally (as we are informed on good authority) to drink beer. And the beer-drinking, with the smoking, is the great business and motive of the evening; it is drunk without stint, women too drink freely, and amid noise and clatter and the ringing of glasses, and shouting for the Kellner; the music mingling with the uproar, but not getting much attention. One may judge what sort of music, under these circumstances, it must be, and how select the programme! We may have got a one-sided, incomplete impression of the matter; we cannot speak from personal observation. But if this account be true, then the German social and convivial musical life in this country has sadly degenerated from what it is in Fatherland. Our stimulating climate may have much to do with it, always prompting to excess in such indulgences. The more careful, therefore, should we be to have all such customs rightly regulated, and to secure to Art, to Music, the controlling influence in such scenes of popular entertainment, which, thus regulated, would become scenes of culture and improvement at the same time, as well as of a more pure and keen enjoyment.

We have simply presented the problem, not feeling able to point out any definite solution. We trust these vague hints may set some of our readers to thinking, and may call out some good and practical suggestions.

Opera in the Vernacular. Among the "In General" paragraphs of our *Daily Advertiser* we find this:

—Operatic managers now generally agree that opera should be given in the language of the public which hears it, and Italian opera for English-speaking audiences is losing in popularity. Carl Rosa, whose excellent English opera is gradually revolutionizing operatic taste in London, has expressed himself soundly and sensibly at a recent interview. He believes in a good all round company, but not excluding the attraction of "stars," under a good business manager who is a musical scholar, giving national opera on the German principle,—that is, with a repertoire from the schools of all nations, since "insularism in art is a mistake"—such are his conditions of success. He reads the signs of the times as pointing to this interchange of all that is good in operatic art, and the subsequent dethronement of Italian opera from its assumed supremacy.

There are two ways of looking at it. The "operatic managers" have certainly good ground for wishing to present all operas in the language of their audiences. They find plenty of precedents in the practice of the German, and in fact most Continental theatres. The German language lends itself better perhaps than any other to translation. Shakespeare loses comparatively little in the German. An English opera might sound even better in the German than in the original. A Germanized Italian opera is a strange thing to conceive of; yet Italian operas are so given on the German stage; *La Sonnambula* becomes *Die Nachtwändlerin*, etc. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, etc., we hear always in the Italian translations.

But there is another side to the question,—at least when we talk of Anglicizing the familiar Italian librettos. The musical, sonorous and expressive words, the rich vowel sounds, with which we have always associated the melodious cadences and phrases of our *Semiramide* and *Il Barbiere*, our *Lucia* and *Lucrezia*, lose almost all their charm in English; lose their flavor, forfeit their individuality in fact. It ceases to be the same thing. Think how clumsy and uncouth the English syllables must sound, which try to render that mellifluous language! And what is still worse, think how flat and commonplace, how stilted and inflated, all the dialogue, and even the Arias sound in such an English parody. Few things admit so little of translation as the pretty commonplaces of Italian lyric poetry;—perhaps for the very reason that they are commonplace and merely pretty. We do not want them badly rendered in what must seem almost baby English. We had rather hear the emptiness, the commonness, the cheap sentimentality concealed under a beautiful garb of a language, which at the same time is the most convenient of all for singing, and which is a sort of music in itself. And after all, in these operas, it is not the meaning of the words in detail, or the sentences, that we care for; it is the dramatic situation, the sentiment, of the scene or passage; and this is quickly caught and understood, even if one knows not one word of Italian.

For translation the book, the poem of an opera must be *worth* translating; there must be something in it; some poetry, some fine thought or feeling, which will be a positive addition to what we knew and felt before. Such is not often found in operas. Gluck's operas, with all their classic stateliness and commonplace, alike of music and of words, might possibly sound very well in English. Our Wagner friends, we fear, would hardly own their idol, were they to hear his marvellous alliterative verses sung or declaimed in our vernacular; and this we should still fear in spite of the exceeding cleverness and ingenuity displayed in the close and almost literal translation by an English enthusiast, Mr. Alfred Forman, of the entire Nibelungen Trilogy.

Opera next Season. — We have already given the London manager Mapleson's plans, the fulfilment of which is awaited with great interest in New York and Philadelphia. Whether Boston has anything to hope for from them doth not yet appear. We now read:

Mr. Max Strakosch announces that for the coming season of Italian opera he has concluded engagements with the following artists: Prime donne — Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mlle. Litta, Mlle. Catarina Marco (the daughter of the late Mark Smith, who has met with decided success in Italy). Tenori — Signor Rosnati and Mr. Henry Wertberg. Barytones — Signor Pantaleoni and Mr. Gottschalk. Bassi — Mr. George A. Conly and Herr Wiegand. The conductor will be Mr. S. Behrens. Among the works to be performed is Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Miss Kellogg for the first time as *Elsa*, and the novelties will be Massé's "Paul et Virginnie," with Miss Kellogg as *Virginia*, and Bizet's "Carmen," with the same lady in the title role. "Paul et Virginnie" is the opera in which Albani and Capoul were so successful last season at Covent Garden, and "Carmen" is the work in which Mlle. Minnie Hauk made her great hit this spring in London. The season will begin October 21 in Philadelphia. The New York season will begin at Booth's Theatre, early in February. Prior to the opera season a brief season of concerts will be given.

The Loud and Fast in Music. There is much good sense in an editorial article upon this subject in the London *Musical Standard*. We copy a few sentences.

This is a loud and fast age. In everything we hurry more, and make more noise and clatter than our fathers did. We do not travel by the coach, etc.

This "loudness and fastness" is of necessity having an effect upon music, and exercises an influence upon art which we cannot regard with complacency, nor allow to go on without protest. Gradually, but surely, the divine art is being swept into the "rush," and what Germans call *Sturm und Drang* appears to be seizing hold upon us. Our *tempi* are changed, and the allegro and presto of Bach and Handel have been hurried on until a speed has been reached which would have profoundly astonished and shocked these old masters themselves. Our organs, harmoniums, and pianos, too, have all gained in volume of tone, and we get an amount of noise out of them which was not dreamt of by our ancestors.

Large organs, monster orchestras, and immense concert-rooms are sometimes necessary for special purposes; but our complaint is that in nine cases out of ten the effect produced, whether by choir, organ, or orchestra, is too great, too loud, too near that border-line which distinguishes music from noise, and divides a grand musical effect from an unmeaning and deafening roar.

The influence of all this loudness and fastness is being felt in other ways also, and the ability to play a piece of music with rapidity and dash is now regarded as a sure test of a "fine player." We have often heard spectators at a fire make the very obvious remark, that "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master." This is equally true of that rapid, loud, muscular playing which is dignified by the name of "execution." Execution, or *technique*, is of course a good servant; but in these days it is becoming a master, or rather a tyrant, laying its huge hand upon our rising players, and forcing them almost to forget that the best music very often calls for the least executive power. The power to play difficult passages with great rapidity and force is an admirable servant, but a bad master; when employed as the *means* of obtaining a grander expression of a composer's meaning, it is commendable; when used as an *end*, and to display the powers of the player, it is simply detestable. We would earnestly counsel all public players to consider this well, and by a strong will to keep in check any tendency to display their virtuosity *for its own sake alone*. Cultivate, by all means, a perfect executive power, but keep it subservient to the highest purposes, and never play a piece faster than your author intended, for by so doing you display not only your ability, but your ignorance of the true aim and end of all music.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. The programmes of the ten concerts which have taken place at this flourishing institution during the past Academic year (1877-78) have been kindly furnished us by its Professor of Music, Mr. C. H. Morse, Mus. B. We have not room for every detail, but the following abstract will give a good idea of what quantity and quality of music is heard, and often through distinguished interpreters, by the young ladies of Wellesley in the course of a year.

Oct. 5, 1877. Twenty-first Concert (first of Third Series). Miscellaneous; Songs, Duets, Quartets, etc., and piano pieces from Chopin, Paine and Gottschalk. Performers: Miss A. L. Gage, Soprano, Miss A. R. Clark, Contralto, Mr. C. H. Clark, Tenor, D. M. Babcock, Bass. Mr. A. D. Turner, Pianist.

22d Concert, Jan. 4, 1878. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, Pianist; Miss Lillian Bailey, Soprano. We give the programme in full:

a. Prelude and Fugue, C Minor, (Well-Tempered Clavichord), B'k 2-2.....Bach
b. Fugue, C Major, No. 2 (Peters' Ed., No. 200), Bach

Sonata in E Minor, Op. 90.....Beethoven
Allegro—Rondo.

Song—Die Loreley.....Liszt
a. Songs Without Words, No. 10, B Minor, and No. 25, G Major.....Mendelssohn
b. Octave Study.....Kullak

Arietta—"Pur dicesti,".....Lotti
a. "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 1, D Minor, No. 5, G Minor.....Schumann
b. Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142-2.....Schubert
c. Tarantelle, E flat minor, Op. 11, Gustav Schumann

Songs—{ *a.* Nina. (Old Italian Song)....Pergolese
{ *b.* Haidenroeslein.....Schubert

a. Scherzo, from Suite Op. 31.....Bargiel
b. Wedding March, (Norwegian bridal party passing by).....Edward Grieg
c. Ballade, A flat major, Op. 47.....Chopin
"Tannhäuser March,".....Wagner-Liszt

23d Concert, Feb. 8. Works of American Composers. Songs by Gottschalk, S. A. Emery, Osgood, Paine, Buck and Millard. Piano Solos. Piano pieces of R. Hoffman, L. B. Dean, J. K. Paine, Gottschalk, Emery (Sarabande and Scherzo, Op. 6), and H. M. Dunham (Capriccio Brillante). Vocalist, Miss Gage; Pianists: Prof. Morse, Mr. F. H. Lewis.

24th Concert, March 1. Miscellaneous. Quartet and Duet from Verdi; Quartet ("Nursery Rhymes") by H. M. Dow; Song, Schumann: "Two Grenadiers;" Duet: "La ci darem," Mozart; etc., etc. Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor (Mr. Swan); Grand Fantaisie, Op. 15, Schubert-Liszt (Mr. Turner); Nocturne, Liszt, and Ballade in G minor, Chopin, (Mr. Swan). Vocalists: Miss Gage, Mrs. J. R. Ellison, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, Mr. H. C. Barnabee.

25th Concert, March 15. By the Schubert (Vocal) Quartette (Messrs. Want, Chubbuck, Harlow and Babcock.) Quartets by Hatton, Buck, Genée ("Italian Salad") and Spofforth. Quintets, with Miss Gage, Soprano, by Storch and Kücken. Duet: "Graceful Consort" from *Creation;* Songs: Schubert's "Wanderer," Osgood's "My Little Woman."

26th Concert, March 22. By the pupils. Programme:

Overture to "Egmont," Op. 88.....Beethoven
Misses Chase and Gale.
Sonata in E flat, Op. 27-1.....Beethoven
Andante, (Allegro.)—Allegro molto.
Miss Talford.
Etude—"La Fileuse," Op. 157.....Raff
Miss Hurd.
Song—"My Dearest Heart,".....Sullivan
Miss N. Clark.
Piano Solo—*a.* Etude, "If I were a bird," Op. 2-6, Henselt
b. Novellette in F, Op. 21-1..Schumann
Miss J. E. Bill.

Sonata in E flat, Op. 31-3. Allegro.....Beethoven
Miss Gale.
Wedding Music, (for four hands), Op. 45.....Jensen
a. Festal March. *b.* Bridal Song.
c. Dance. *d.* Nocturne.
Misses J. E. Bill and Alma Jones.
Song—"Biondina Bella,".....Gounod
Miss Bryan.
Piano Solo—Grand Scherzo in B flat Minor, Op. 31, Chopin
Miss Alma Jones.
March and Chorus (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Misses A. Jones, M. Roberts, Talford and Phoebus.

27th Concert, May 23. After a Chorus (Wagner's "Spinning Song,") by the Beethoven Society of the College, Mr. W. H. Sherwood and Mr. C. N. Allen performed the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven. Miss Gage sang "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah.* Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood played Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianos. Mr. Allen played: *a.* Aria from Bach (arranged for 4th string by Wilhelmi), and *b.* Polish Dance by Wieniawski. Mrs. Sherwood played Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp, and Thalberg's Etude (on repeated notes) in A minor. Miss Gage sang Sullivan's "Let me dream again;" and the concert closed with Chopin's Valse Brillante, op. 34, No. 1, and Liszt's Polonaise in E.

28th Concert, June 7. Concert by the Beethoven Society. The programme comprised all the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music by Mendelssohn (Solos by Misses Bryan and N. Clark; Piano accompaniments, 4 hands, Misses Alma Jones and M. L. Roberts); Chorus: "Spring Night," by Bargiel; Chorus: "Down in the dewy Dell," by Smart; Sonata in G, op. 14, Beethoven, (Miss A. Adams); Chorus of Angels, from Costa's *Eli;* Chorus: "Blue Danube," Strauss; Piano Solos: Humoreske, Op. 102, Tschaikowsky, and Scherzo, Op. 19-2, Gade (Miss Metcalf): Ave Maria, from Mendelssohn's *Loreley* (Chorus with Solo by Miss N. Clark); Wagner's Spinning Chorus; Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens," 8 hands (Misses Jones, Roberts, Phœbus and Dunlap;) Chorus: "Homeward" (new), by Rheinbergér.

29th Concert, June 19. By the pupils, with this programme:

Overture to "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart
Misses Dunlap, Adams, Phœbus and Metcalf.
Piano Solo—Sonata in E flat.....Hummel
(First movement.)
Miss Hurd.
Song—The Noblest.....Schumann
Miss Bryan.
Piano Solos—*a.* Idylle, Op. 6-1.....Rheinberger
b. Intermezzo.....Von Bülow
Miss Dunlap.
Song—"Beautiful bird, sing on,".....T. H. Howe
Miss M. R. Clark.
Concerto for Piano-Forte, in D minor.....Mozart
Allegro, with Cadenza by Reinecke.—Romanza.
Miss Alma Jones.
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Capriccio Brillante in B minor, Op. 22. Mendelssohn
Miss J. E. Bill.
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Song—Gute Nacht.....Schubert
Miss Brewster.
Polacca Brillante in E, Op. 72.....Von Weber
Miss Talford.
Song—When the heart is young.....Buck
Miss Nettie Clark.
Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62.....Beethoven
Misses A. Jones, Adams, M. Roberts and Talford.

30th Concert, June 24. On this occasion Mr. Ernst Perabo made a farewell visit, together with Mr. B. Listemann, Violin, F. Listemann, Violin and Viola, A. Belz, Viola, and Adolf Hartdegen, 'Cello. The programme was what might safely be expected from these artists:

Quartet for Piano and Strings, in F, Op. 37, Xaver Scharwenka
(Allegro moderato—Adagio—Allegro vivace—Finale, Allegro con fuoco.)
First time in this country.
Gavotte from the Sixth 'Cello Sonata.....Bach
Piano Solos—
a. Fugue, from Op. 78, F sharp minor (new), Jos. Rheinberger
b. Echo, from "French Overture," B minor, Bach
c. "Zur Guitarre"—Morceau, E major..F. Hiller
d. "Busslied.".....Beethoven-Liszt
Andante con Variazioni—from the Op. Posth'.
Quartet in D minor.....Schubert
Romanza and Scherzo for Piano and 'Cello, Op. 27, (new, MS.).....John K. Paine
Quartet in F major, Op. 18-1.....Beethoven
a. Allegro con brio—*b.* Adagio molto —*c.* Scherzo—*d.* Allegro.

Advertising a Prima Donna.

(From the New York Tribune.)

About this time, when travelling dramatic and musical companies are getting ready for the opening of the autumn season, look out for flaming bulletins from the watering places, announcing the unparalleled triumphs of the fascinating young American tragedienne, Miss Crummles, in a recherché recital at the Nantucket Athenæum; or the costume concert of the celebrated Colorado prima donna, Miss Euphemia Gulch, in the grand dining-room of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Rockaway Beach. Telegrams, prepaid and unsigned, precipitate such astounding intelligence upon the newspapers with a lavish disregard of expense, all the more striking when it is remembered that the newspapers generally drop the despatches into the cavernous basket that always yawns under the table. Sometimes an artist of genuine rank is the subject of these illegitimate advertising operations, which certainly do no good, and we rather think do mischief to those whom they are intended to benefit. Here is a specimen telegram, emanating from the maladroit agent of a singer for whom we have so much respect that we shall suppress her name: "The greatest musical and social event that ever took place in this part of the country occurred to-day in ——, with the arrival of ——, the illustrious prima donna, who has created so much sensation of late in all parts of the country where she has visited, and also the coming of his excellency Alexander H. Rice, governor of Massachusetts. Madame —— and the governor have been each assigned a luxurious suite of rooms in the —— House by Mr. ——, the present proprietor. The hotel and ball-room have been splendidly decorated in their honor." And then follows a reckless and coruscating report of the inevitable concert, the "ovations," the social attentions by the élite of all the continent, the going to church, where the governor prayed and the prima donna sang anthems—all leaving us in doubt whether the prima donna was in attendance on the governor or the governor on the prima donna, and all set off with such a display of heated adjectives that the wires must have scintillated as the message rushed along. Who can it be that sends these despatches? We cannot imagine.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So sings the Lark. E. 4. d to E. *Abt.* 30
"O, who so blithe and gay as he,
All songsters sweet among."
When Abt and the Lark conspire to sing, the best of music is sure to be heard.

Rommani, Gypsy Death from Love. E. 3. E to a. *Gabriel.* 40
"He led me out where the sun shone down,
He looked at my face, which was gypsy brown."
A fine ballad of gypsy life and love.

Gone to their Rest. F. 3. c to F. *Roeckel.* 40
"Where are all the best and brave!
Gone to their Rest!"
A tribute to brave warriors and true. Very effective.

One little Word. A. 3. E to F. *Abt.* 35
"A small request, and yet a fate,
Depends upon thy heart's reply."
The little word "Yes," so desired, is very prettily commented on both by words and music.

Recollection. Romanza. G. 3. E to g. *Stone.* 30
"Still thy love shines brightly o'er me."
One of the "old age" songs of cheerful character that are so pleasing and successful.

Speak not a Word of coldness. Ab. 3. E to F. *Keens.* 30
"Let not the chain that binds us,
Ever be broken apart!"
A very sing-able melody and effective song.

The Way through the Wood. Eb. 4. d to g. *Mme. Sainton-Dolby.* 50
"Shall I go with you? Somebody said,
Somebody saucily tossed her sweet head."
The little "tiff" of the two "somebodys" is made the occasion of a most delightful song.

Draw near, O holy Dove. Quartet and Solo. D. 3. d to E. *Brush.* 30

She haunts me like a happy Dream. G. 3. c to E. *Musgrave.* 30
"As ocean holds a starry gleam,
Altho' the star be gone forever."
A cheerful "haunting." Welcome such spiritual presence!

Instrumental.

How fair art thou. Paraphrase. F. 4. *Nesvadba.* 50
Fair as "thou" wast, the fine arrangement gives to thee a new beauty, which will secure the admiration of many.

Take this Letter to my Mother. For Piano. Op. 1996. Eb. 4. *Grobe.* 60

The Little Old Cabin in the Lane. Op. 1995. Ab. 4. *Grobe.* 60
Transcriptions that show Grobe's masterly handiwork, which, with the same general plan secures a new variety with every new melody. Not many can boast of Two Thousand different compositions!

Bric-a-Brac Waltzes. 3. *M. A. S. P.* 30
True bric-a-brac music should accord with the melody of breaking crockery or glass; but these waltzes are in ruleable form, and quite elegant.

Sounds from the Pacific (Klänge vom stillen Ocean) Waltzes. 4. *Schulenburg.* 75
Fine bright Waltzes with Introduction and Finale.

Hop, Hop, Galop. G. 3. *Herzmann.* 30
The hand must hop lightly over staccato passages, and will find smoother progress on the legato melodies.

Nameless Waltzes. 3. *Steinberger.* 75
When brightly played by an orchestra, they communicate a "nameless" sensation to the feet which has a strong tendency to develop into dancing.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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Beautiful Flowers, bloom on. B♭. 3. d to F. *Howe.* 30
"Answering doubt with sweet replies,
Clearing the mist from paradise."
A sweet song which is nearly perfect in beauty.

Sunset Song. G minor 4. d to F. *Eichberg.* 30
"Far off, against the solemn sky,
Black lie the city towers."
With Celia Thaxter's words, and Eichberg's music, this is in the best of taste.

The Moss Trooper. E. (minor & major) 3. E to E. *Diehl.* 35
"Not England's crown, or Scotch renown,
Can vanquish me, I ween."
A good, hearty reminiscence of border warfare. Words by Edward Oxenford.

The False Oracle. F. 3. c to F. *Hatton.* 35
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."
A neat play on the meaning of the various meanings of the daisy leaves as they are picked, one by one.

While I live, I shall bless thee. Alto or Bass Song. E♭. 3. b to D. *Campana.* 30
"Must we in sorrow sever,
Loving thee still forever."
The most noticeable thing is the title page, which contains the names of *a hundred* Alto or Bass Songs. It is so difficult for Alto or Bass singers to select music appropriate to their voices, that this is quite an item. The song, besides, is a very good one, of smooth versification.

Herald of Summer. Quartet. G. 3. c to g. *Buffington.* 40
"So I know the summer's coming
With the glory of a queen."
A rich, musical welcome to the glowing summer days.

Sailor's Prayer. (Il Marinaro). E♭. 5. b to E. *Mattei.* 40
"Quando la notte soletto io sto."
"When in the night I am standing alone."
A sailor's prayer to "Maria" for protection.

Loved at Last. With Portrait. D. 4. a to F. *Kimball.* 50
"Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold."
A rapturous love song, quite good enough to be sung, (as it has been), by Miss Cary.

The Old Musician and his Harp. S'g & Cho. A♭. 3. E to F. *Higgins.* 30
"Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain."
The old minstrel sings very sweetly, and is evidently quite ready for his voyage to the better shore.

Open thou thy Gates. (Temple, ouvre-toi). A minor. 4. G to g. *Gounod.* 40
"Open thou! my refuge is in thee!"
"Ouvre-toi, saint temple."
Shows Gounod's finely wrought workmanship. Arranged also for Alto or Bass voices.

Falling Snow. Song and Cho. A♭. 3. E to F. *Chase.* 30
"I am dreaming of my childhood."
Very good song of memory and of the seasons.

On Song's bright Pinions. A♭. 4. E to F. *Mendelssohn.* 50
"Roses each other are telling,—"
"Heimlich erzählen die Rosen."
Sung by Marie Roze, who adds new grace to the fine composition.

Moonlight Parade. G. 3. d to F. *Connolly.* 35
"I sing of arms, and tell of stories brave."
A brave turn out, and a bright song to tell of it.

Turn off the Gas at the Meter. G. 2. d to D. *Stamford.* 30
Comic. Peter happened to meet her at the meter, and fell in love quick metre. Sung in long and short metre.

Priory Chimes. A♭. 3. E to F. *Haynes.* 35
"Then let your chimes, ye dear old bells,
Still mingle with the mountain air."
Very pretty "chime" song.

In Doubt. G. 3. E to g. *Keens.* 30
"Say, in accents sweet and low,
What my longing heart would know."
Rich music to sweet words.

The Dog and the Shadow. G. 3. d to F. *Tours.* 40
"A doggie was wagging his tail."
Music to represent the "wagging," &c., and the song, with its well known story, is more interesting than many of more pretence.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains. E♭. 3. E to g. *Adams.* 40
"Adé, adé, adé
Such songs will pass away."
A ballad of the best kind, with a very pleasing melody.

Wearing of the Blue. Grand Temperance Chorus. E♭. 2. b to E. *Phelps.* 30
"These soldiers are true,—Hurrah!
Let us stand by the men who are wearing the blue."
This is a rousing chorus, that has made its mark at the Murphy meetings.

O waves, give back my Love to me. E♭. 4. d to E. *Sudds.* 30
"And bright the moon above her shone,
And glinted on her flaxen hair."
An affecting poem by an unknown author, and varied and impressive music.

From "Chimes of Normandy."

Duet. A Charming little Maiden. G. 3. d to g. 50
Waltz. One Day I caught a Fish. A♭. 3. d to a. 35
Duettino. How can I thoughts express. F. 4. E to a. 45
Song. I'm in a pretty Pickle. E. 3. F to g. 35
Ballad. When I am by his Side. C. 3. b to E. 40
The above are prominent songs and duets from the new favorite opera, which is nearly one succession of agreeable airs from beginning to end.

Roving Life. F. 3. a to F. *Boyce.* 40
"I love to hear the night-wind sigh
As 't were some angel lullaby."
A bold and yet tender song of the rover.

Oh! Weep for Those. Bass or Alto Song. F minor. 4. f to D. *Eichberg.* 30
"The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave."
Byron's impressive words, with Eichberg's fine rendering in music.

Two Beautiful Duets for Soprano and Alto or Baritone. *Rubinstein,* ea. 35
1. The Angel. (Der Engel). D. 3. d to F.
2. Wanderer's Night Song. (Wanderer's Nachtlied). D. 3. c to F.
"The Glory of God, transcending all thought.
Vom Ruhme des Herrn, des Ew'gen erklang."
"Soon, ah! weary wand'rer,
Thou shalt find repose."
Two duets of fine quality.

Tell me that you love me still. F. 2. E to F. *Garceau.* 30
"I do not ask the world to give."
Smooth poetry to a good melody.

Bird and Maiden. (Zweigesang). B♭. 4. c to F. *Hecht.* 35
"The two-fold song sounds clear and strong
The moon-enchanted vale along."
German and English words, and rich in beautiful thoughts.

True Blue. E♭. 3. b to E. *Adams.* 30
"I by love am stranded;
I'm true blue to her."
Hearty love song by a good Yankee Tar.

How to do it. D. 2. E to F. *Read.* 30
Bright comic song.

Only Love can tell. C. 3. c to E. *Tours.* 30
"That fear should ever shroud
Life's first and fairest dream."
Very melodious.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Minnesota March. C. 3. *Varney.* 30
Good march, simple and easy, with the exception of a few runs of thirds.

Quadrille, from "Bells of Corneville." 3. *Coote.* 40
Includes 9 airs of the opera.

Valse Brillante, from "Bells of Corneville." E♭. 3. *Richards.* 50
Has marks of the author's usual fine taste.

Fantasie, from "Bells of Corneville." 4. Various keys. *Lott.* 80
A bright and generally easy fantasia which has very pretty airs for themes.

Benefice Quadrille. 3. *Resch.* 40
It will not be a resch thing to predict a good success for this very bright and merry piece.

Telegrapher's Redowa. C. 2. *Karl.* 30
Telegraphers will learn it easily, since it is mainly "on one key," and as they hear the music of the "wires" may think the "lines" have fallen to them in pleasant places.

Knights of Honor March. F. 3. *Mary A. Knight.* 30
The Knights will appreciate this Knightly musical favor, and will doubtless take pleasure in causing its general acceptance.

Chimes of Normandy. By Planquette.
Rondo Valse. A♭. 3. *Richards.* 60
One of the "successes" of the Opera, nicely arranged.

No. 5. O, ye Tears! C. 2. *Smallwood.* 40
" 8. When Sparrows build. C. 2. " 40
Two of Smallwood's "Echoes from Home," a set containing little "Songs without words," of some length, and simply arranged.

Piano Compositions of *Carl Bohm.*
1. Wedding Waltzes. (Hochzeits Walzer). 3. 50
2. Wedding March. 40
3. Domino Grand Waltz. A♭. 3. 40
4. Chimes of the May-Bells. Elegant Mazurka. E♭. 4. 35
5. The Hunter's Call. D. 3. 40
6. Grenadier Polka Militaire. E♭. 3. 40

The above pieces include much brilliancy and beauty. The "Wedding Waltzes" (five in the set) are full of the joyous spirit of the occasion; the "Wedding March" will be a novelty for those tired of the older ones; the "Domino Grand Waltz." is one waltz of fine character; the "Chimes of the May-Bells" ring cheerily by the thousand; the "Hunter's Call" rings out cheerily in bugle tones, and the "Grenadier Polka Militaire" might set the tallest soldier dancing.

Snow-Bird Redowa. B♭. 3. *Cheney.* 30
A Redowa or Mazurka, as you please to call it, and quite pleasing.

A Ray of Sunshine. Morceau de Salon. A♭. 4. *Le Duc.* 60
Fine lithograph title, with an attractive engraving. The music is beautiful, and will convey more than one "ray" to those that hear it.

Chimes of Normandy. By *Planquette.*
Quadrille. 3. *Arban.* 40
Includes quite a number of pleasing opera airs.
Suite de Valse. 3. *Metra.* 50
Four bright Waltzes, with Int. and Coda.
Chanson du Mousse. E♭. 3. *Richards.* 40
A fine transcription of "The Cabin Boy."
Galop. C. 3. *Rummel.* 35
Little gem of a Galop.
Grand Paraphrase. E♭. 4. *Kuhe.* 50
The light music of the opera is here "ennobled" by grand chords and full harmonies.
Polka. D. 3. *Arban.* 35
Bright Polka, with a favorite air for the theme.

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Come where flowers, &c.	Marching to battle.	The Angel's whisper.
Days of youth.	Merry sings the lark.	The bell-ringer's Glee.
Drink, drink.	Morn along the hills, &c.	The bright beautiful May.
Drinking gin.	Morning is coming.	The Coquette.
Evening bells.	Music.	The Cuckoo.
Flow on, &c.	Muscle breakers.	The Nightingale.
Good evening.	My cottage home.	The Painter and Rustic.
Harvest home.	My childhood's home.	The rainy day.
Here in cool Grot.	Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs.	The spinning lesson.
He who would lead, &c.	Now the roll of the drum.	Widow and Fatherless.
I don't see it.	Oh happy we will be.	Wake up, little Daisy.
I know a bank, &c.	Old John Cross.	We cannot give thee up.
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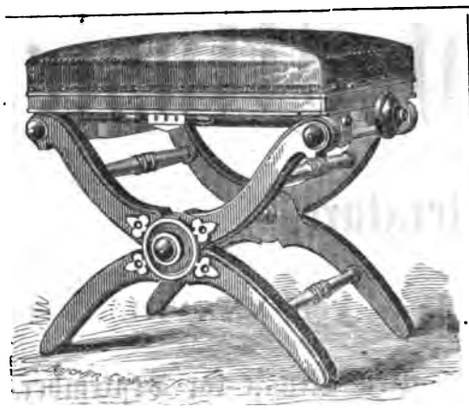

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 976. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Three Sonnets.

PAST.

Irrevocable, changeless, deathless Past,
Thou wholly and forever art our own,
Who canst not be undone or overthrown
By scorching suns or withering tempest's blast,
But dost defy the gods!—We hold thee fast
As we may grasp that gem from shores unknown,—
Itself the symbol of a day long flown,—
That surging sea-waves bring and upward cast.
And what thy shining chambers may enfold,—
The pearly dew-drop of some ecstasy,
Or a dark sting of anguish, that of old
Drew smiles or bloody tears relentlessly,—
Even sorrow into beauty grows at last,
Embalmed in thy transfiguring gold, O Past!

PRESENT.

But Present, thou, who through eternity
Flow'st like a river in whose midst we stand,
Where we would vainly stay with outstretched hand
One of the drops rolled on resistlessly,—
What shifting image may be glassed in thee,
Or clouds or lights, a fruitful, fragrant land,
Or barren fields of burning desert sand,
We comprehend not thy strange mystery.
Thou art, yet art not, thou dost live and die
Each moment,—from the hour that goes before
Tak'st wherewith to sustain and satisfy
The life that for a breath endures, no more
To yield it up to her who, still and fast,
Even now has changed into that deathless Past.

FUTURE.

And thou, unfathomed Future, all unknown,
That coverest like a misty cloud and gray,
The darkness of an unfamiliar way,
How long, how brief until thou too hast grown
Into that gliding drop or shimmering stone?—
What hidest thou? The lightning's lurid ray
That shall destroy us, or the smiling day
Whence night and tempest have forever flown?—
We cannot guess;—as our blind path we grope
Like one to whom the sunlight waxes dim,
May but reach out and with undying hope
Cling closer to the tender hand of Him
To whom no day is ended or begun,
But Present, Past and Future are as one!

—STUART STERNE.

Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Haendel's Scores.

(Second Extract from W. F. ARTHORP's article in the September Atlantic.)

The question of how additional accompaniments are to be written to Bach and Händel scores is really a double one. The first and more important is in what style the filling out of the figured continuo is to be done; the second is upon what instrument, or instruments, the added parts are to be played. This second question seems of easy solution at first sight; the almost universally accepted tradition being that the composers themselves used the organ, and in some cases the harpsichord or spinet. But there is, notwithstanding, a great difficulty in the matter. The majority of Händel's vocal works are either concert compositions or else dramatic works, which the great change in the art of dramatic musical writing since his time has driven from the stage, and which our modern taste can find acceptable only in the concert room. Bach wrote mainly for the church; but the altered fashions of our day make the availableness of his church cantatas for purposes of divine worship very questionable; at all events, they could be used only in the German Lutheran church service. Bach's oratorios and cantatas come to-day as much within the domain of the concert-room as Händel's works. Now the number of concert halls in the world which possess an organ is exceedingly limited, so that the enforced use of an organ in these scores would shut the doors of many choral societies upon them at once. But more of this farther on; let us consider the more important and vital question first. How is the figured continuo to be worked out? There are many opinions on the subject. That something needs to be done, even in those scores in which there is no figuring to the continuo, is agreed by every one. Bach and Händel never showed the slightest symptoms of being of the opinion that a melody and bass are all that is necessary in music. Jean Jacques Rousseau advocated this strange theory, saying that a truly æsthetic ear takes more pleasure in divining the harmony of a composition than in actually hearing it; but Bach and Händel had minds of a different stamp. As for the working out of these masters' figured (or unfigured) basses, some persons have thought that "the greatest possible *neutrality* in the filling out" is, above all things, desirable; in other words, that the additions should be as inconspicuous as possible. These are the archæological extremists. Others have felt less scruples, saying that one need only have a clear insight into the A B C of the matter (that is, of writing harmony to a figured bass, or, as it was called in Händel's time,—mark the expression,—the *art of accompanying*) to be able to do all that is needful in any case; that every skillful musician, even every musical amateur who has some knowledge of the theory of the art, cannot fail to find the right path and walk securely in it. What the "greatest possible neutrality in the filling out" means is not hard to guess. It evidently means that the figured continuo should be filled out in plain harmony,—what the French call *accords plaqués*. Now one thing is clear: if this added harmony is to be "neutral," it must be neither actively consonant nor discrepant with the spirit of the instrumental and vocal parts which the composer actually wrote; it must neither help nor hinder them; it must have no individuality of its own; in short, it must be a sort of musical *tertium quid*, not to be very easily defined. It is a little strange, however, that we may look through all Händel's and Bach's vocal works without finding an instance of *their* having treated a single item in their compositions as "neutral." On the contrary, every voice, every orchestral part, is instinct with life, every instrument has something of vital importance to say. It may be retorted, with some show of speciousness, that, admitting this musical vitality to be found in everything that Bach and Händel *actually wrote out*, there is no direct evidence that they intended their mere figured basses to indicate anything of the sort; and that if they had intended the gaps in their scores to be filled out in a purely polyphonic style—that is, a style in which every part is vitally important—they would not have left those gaps there at all, but would have filled them out themselves. Of circumstantial evidence in this particular there is naturally none, or the question could never have come up. But the internal evidence is very strong. In the first place, the style of writing in which certain instrumental parts are used merely to fill up gaps in the harmony, or simply for the sake of enriching the quality of tone, without adding anything to the essential musical structure of the composition, was entirely foreign to the spirit of Bach's time. This style cannot be traced back farther than Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. Bach and Händel may be said to have lived in a purely polyphonic age; in a time when everything that was not absolutely essential in music was looked upon as superfluous, and hence inadmissible. To understand why they should have been content merely to indicate certain things in their scores, and that, too, in a way which was open to great latitude of interpretation, we must understand something of the musical habits of their day. At that period the "art of accompanying" did not mean the art of playing or conducting an already elaborated instrumental accompaniment to one or more singers or solo players. It meant the art of deciphering—either at sight, or after some practice—a figured bass on the organ or harpsichord. This art was very generally cultivated, and no one was considered a competent organist or clavecinist who had not attained to a high degree of proficiency in it. More than this, an organist was expected to be able not only to decipher a figured bass correctly and freely at sight, but to extemporize contrapuntally upon a given theme. A significant fact in this matter is that we find that certain famous singers in London stipulated especially, in their contracts with managers, "that Mr. Händel should play the accompaniments;" that is, that he should preside at the harpsichord or organ, and decipher the figured continuo. Now it is hardly likely that, at a time when there were so many instrumental virtuosi in London, such stress should have been laid upon Händel's accompanying if it had been only a question of technical executive talent. No; it was because Händel filled out a figured bass better than other artists. If this filling out were to be done merely in correct plain harmony, there would have been small chance for Händel's shining perceptibly superior to other artists, at a time when the next best organist was perfectly competent to do as much. But if the continuo was to be worked out in pure polyphonic style, in imitative counterpoint, we see at once how Händel could easily distance less gifted virtuosi than himself. Indeed, it is reported that to hear Händel or Bach play from a figured bass was like listening to a brilliant organ concerto. In the second place, we find by experiment that, in by far the majority of cases, the effect of mere plain harmony (*accords plaqués*) in conjunction with the parts actually written out by Bach and Händel is unsatisfactory if not downright bad. The contrast between Bach's and Händel's freely moving parts, so full of glorious life and vigor, and the heavy, sluggish chords is too marked; the "accompaniment" hangs like a millstone round the neck of the brilliant counterpoint, or else it so muffles and chokes it that it loses half of its charm. It is like filling out the space between the beautiful head and limbs of some incomplete antique statue with mere shapeless ashlar. The head and limbs do better without it. There are even passages which absolutely defy simple harmonic treatment.

No, Franz is clearly right when he says that the greatest possible neutrality in the filling out must necessarily lead to a want of character. A mere harmonic accompaniment will be irksomely conspicuous by its very neutrality. Even the Bach Union have found it impossible to adhere exclusively to this principle, and the co-workers of the Händel Society have found its unstinted application equally out of the question. A vital polyphonic style is requisite, and through it alone can the gaps in Bach's and Händel's scores be so filled out that the contrast between the original parts and the

additional accompaniments shall not strike the ear as ungraceful and unmusical. The truth of this was most clearly perceived by the greatest, and to all practical purposes the first, musician who tried his hand at filling out an incomplete score,—a man whose name carries such weight with it that the present archæological-historical party have always carefully omitted it in their discussions. I mean Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his time the mighty question of additional accompaniments had not set so many wise and foolish heads wagging as it has since. In working out the scores of Händel's Messiah and Alexander's Feast he had only the dictates of his own fine musical instinct to follow. The style in which he completed the accompaniments to the airs, "O thou, that tellest good tidings to Zion," and "The people that walked in darkness," is to be looked upon as the model for all such work. It is curious to notice how differently the Leipzig historical party face, on the one hand, a discussion that deals with pure abstractions, and, on the other hand, a definite musical fact, especially when the latter is backed up by the prestige of a great name. In the former case they are as bold as lions; in the latter—Mum's the word! What explanation can be given of the very singular fact that, among the thirty-eight volumes of Händel's works already published by the German Händel Society, the Messiah is not to be found? Does it not seem as though Messrs. Chrysander & Co., felt that an accompaniment to the Messiah, written out on their principle, could not stand for a moment in face of Mozart's score; and that to embody a piano-forte or organ transcription of Mozart's score into their edition would be virtually to deny the soundness of their principles? The fact that there is much that is unsatisfactory in Mozart's score is not worth a jot, seeing that in just those passages where Mozart has been most successful in making his additional accompaniments blend harmoniously with both the spirit and the letter of the original parts, so that both Händel's work and his own seem to have sprung from the same source, and no ear can detect which is Händel and which Mozart, in the two airs just referred to, he has worked out the continuo in the very freest and most elaborate contrapuntal style.

In so far as clear insight into the A B C of the matter is concerned, it is not hard to see that this is quite too flippant a way of settling a very grave question. Franz holds, with perfect truth, and it cannot be said too often nor too emphatically, that additional accompaniments are quite as capable of weakening and distorting the original as they are of ennobling and adorning it. Verily, the task of filling out adequately Bach's and Händel's vocal scores is not one to which the musical tyro, nor even the merely learned contrapuntist, can safely feel himself equal. To the modern musician, brought up in the midst of music of a post-Händelian period, and strongly imbued with the art tendencies of our day, it is the most difficult task in the whole range of music. I say this circumspectly, and with full conviction. Let me repeat here that unless Bach's and Händel's figured or unfigured continuos are adequately filled out, their vocal works are in no fit condition to be performed. Let it be understood most distinctly that to perform such compositions with only the "original parts," and without additional accompaniments of some sort, is to commit the greatest conceivable act of unfaithfulness; it is presenting the works of those masters in a totally wrong light, and should not be tolerated for a moment.

But to proceed with our subject. The fact that the perfectly free, melodious, and expressive movement of each part in the harmony was one of the prime characteristics of Bach's style, even when nothing like fugued writing was in question, seems to have escaped many of his arrangers. Yet this is not only an evidence of Bach's supreme skill in polyphonic writing, but is one of the means by which he gave expression to some of his finest and most beautiful poetic conceptions. Speaking technically, the bass with him contained the germ from which a composition was to be evolved, rather than that part which we, in modern parlance, call the melody. Of all the parts lying above the bass, the "melody" was, at most, *primus inter pares*. In his vocal works, where the music naturally seeks to give expression to the sentiment of the text, we often find that what we now call the poetic essence of the music lies in the middle parts (alto and tenor), or in the accompaniment. This is peculiarly noticeable in his chorals, where the middle parts move with the most absolute freedom, and nothing of that timidly restricted leading of the voices which is advocated in elementary manuals of harmony is to be found.

I have hinted that the Bach Union arrangers, and some others too, had sounded Bach's head only wig-deep; as for diving down to the great, bounteously loving heart of him, so full of tender piety and child-like trust, that seems to have lain as far as possible from their thoughts. Concerning the mere grammatical errors (*Schulfehler*), such as rank fifths and octaves, hideous harmonic progressions, and what not, made by men of no mean repute as musicians, in filling out his and Händel's continuos, things that would expose any scholar in a harmony class to summary correction, I can only refer the reader curious in such matters to the thirty-second volume of the Händel Society, containing the famous Italian Chamber Duets and Trios, with accompaniments worked out by Johannes Brahms and Joseph Joachim, and the Bach Union edition of the cantata "Wer Dank opfert, der preisset mich,"* with the accompaniment arranged by H. von Herzogenberg. Both of these publications will give ample food for serious meditation on the condition of the art of music at the present day.

"Swell" Organ Players.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

There are three great faults which generally mark the playing of inexperienced, ill-taught, or tasteless organists. I have heard players who had only one or two of these faults, and I have heard players who have had them all fully developed, and in a very high degree. The first of these faults is that of playing too loud; the second is, the use of only one foot in pedaling, and, as a consequence, playing only on the lower octave; the third, and perhaps the most unpardonable, because it is the most flagrant breach of good taste, is the alarming fashion of producing "effects" by means of the swell organ. When these three styles are united in one player, the result is appalling to a person who has any taste, or who has been accustomed to legitimate organ-playing.

I can forgive a man who sometimes plays too loud; there are, or at any rate there may be, reasons for it; his choir may be too timid to be left much to their own resources, and the principal and mixture keep them going, and in good heart; or the congregation may drag, and want plenty of organ to ensure good time; or there may be a paucity of good medium stops of sufficient "body" to bind the mass of singing together. These causes may be so powerful that the good taste of the player cannot always contend against them, and he feels compelled to play "loud" in spite of his own better judgment and cultivated taste.

The next fault—confining the use of the pedals to the left foot and the lower octave—is so closely connected with the other and worse fault of "swell" playing, that I can scarcely speak of them as two; they are almost one. But even this "left-handed pedaling" may sometimes be fairly accounted for, especially on small organs with limited pedal-stops, though these cases are few and far between. I know an organ in which the pedals from the second C to F are so "woolly," that one of the only two complete pedal stops is unbearable in the upper notes unless used with the full organ on. But let not "left-handed" pedal-thumpers think I am offering an excuse for their clumsiness. I repeat that cases are rarely to be met with in which an organist is forced by an ill-constructed instrument to use only the lower octave of pedals. The reason, or the excuse, is generally this: the right foot is so often on the swell that it can only pop down here and there on any stray bass note which comes by chance when the foot is not otherwise occupied. It is this swell-organ playing which, more than anything else, discloses the ill-taught or self-taught organ-grinder. I do not decry self-taught men; on the contrary, I commend them. And I know several whose innate taste has kept them from the grosser faults against which I am writing, and who are no discredit to their profession. I do not allude to this class; but to the "self-taught" player who "learnt by instinct," and who knows how to play so well that neither Dr. Stainer, Dr. Spark, Dr. Bridge, Mr. Best, nor any other well-known professor of the art of organ-playing can teach *him* anything. It is this self-taught player who systematically works the swell-organ, and produces by means of that movable board, so conveniently near to his right leg, the only "effects" which he is capable of producing on the noble instrument which he abuses, but has never been taught—and will not be taught—how to use.

Now, bear with me while I state, briefly and categorically, what I conceive to be the legitimate use of the swell organ. (1.) To produce a *crescendo*, or *diminuendo*, where required on solo stops. (2.) To insure a gradual increase or decrease of power in accompanying a choir. (3.) To produce the same effect when playing on the full organ. These, I think, are the proper functions of the swell pedal; and as all three mean the same thing on different manuals, viz., an increase or decrease in volume of tone, the object of that pedal may be thus stated:—To produce gradations in tone.

"Of course," exclaims my friend, the swell-organ player, "that is just what I contend—the swell is to be used, and not to be idle. Such grand effects, you know!—like the soughing of the wind. Listen!" And our "sweller" extends his right leg, strikes a chord of the minor seventh with both hands, looks up at the roof of the church, and pumps away to his own intense delight. "Grand invention, the swell—one of the finest features of modern organs—don't you think so? Such charming effects, you know!" He may add, "at little cost," for the "effects" he speaks of are only admired by him and his swell brethren, who are sublimely unconscious of the *rôle* taken by the right foot of the player in legitimate organ playing. Of course the swell organ is meant to be used; but my quarrel with these swellers is on the question of how much it should be used, and when. These men *abuse* the swell; and none of our recognized organists would like to risk his reputation by "using" that pedal in the fashion I am complaining of. A week or two ago I attended a church parade of the 789th Fuddlesex Rifle Volunteers. I had heard great things of the organist, who, according to report, was "a very superior person;" but as soon as the choral portion of the service had commenced I detected the swell-player. Every note, which was long enough to allow the right foot to descend and ascend again, was swelled out, and swelled in again to such an extent that I found it quite out of the question to listen to anything else. I could see it, too, as well as hear it, for I sat just where I could catch sight of the front of the swell box between the tops of the tall gilded pipes; and I am sure that in the musical parts of the service that portion of the machine was never still for ten consecutive seconds. The crotchets were played alternately < and >; the minims were thus rendered <>; the semibreves were "interpreted" <><>; while the reciting notes were given with as much of this sort of "effect" as it was possible to work in while they lasted. I have heard some bad playing, but I never heard a service got rid of in such execrable taste as at that church parade of the 789th Fuddlesex! It was deplorable. It was very distressing to hear the first pedal note of each phrase initiated with an appogiatura a semitone below; it was still more agonizing to hear full chords treated in the same barbarous fashion; but the *swell!* I never heard anything like it before, and I will never sit through another such swell service again.

If you ever hear this style of playing you may know the organist is shirking his pedal-work. Music for the organ, from Bach down to our own day, has usually been written for the *feet* in such a way as to render much swell playing incompatible with a proper execution of such music. Use the swell by all means, but do not abuse it. Splendid effects may be made by the aid of the swell organ in legitimate ways. Let it remain closed, or open it full; and if your swell pedal will not lock half way open, have it so altered at once, for some of the finest ef-

* Published by Rieter-Biedermann: Leipzig und Winterthur. 1876.

fects can be produced by combining a "half-swell" with certain wood stops on the other manuals. But the habit of pumping at the swell is fast becoming extinct in all respectable organ playing, and the advancing *Musikgeist* of our day will, I hope, soon hunt down the latest specimen of this almost defunct race of swell organ players. They cannot play, and never will play, the music written for the organ by masters of the instrument—they never attempt it; they have no idea of the use of the pedals; they know little of the resources of their instrument; a handle would suit their requirements better than a finger-board. Nature meant them to blow an organ, not to play one.

My teacher was a fine musician, to whom I owe more thanks than I can ever pay. He has doubtless forgotten me, but I cannot forget him, nor the sound advice he gave me. He did not so much teach me how to use the swell, as how *not* to use it. He admired Bach, played the old master of organ playing grandly, could never understand the "build" of musicians who could see nothing in "John Sebastian," and had a wholesome abhorrence for one-legged pedalling and swell organ playing. And in all these opinions I agree with him entirely.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

Stephen Heller: His Life and Works.*

(From the "Sporting and Dramatic News.")

M. Barbedette is not merely a biographer but a critic, and his remarks on the characteristics of Heller's style, and on the special qualities of a large number of his chief works, will prove instructive as well as interesting. The history of Stephen Heller's life resembles that of many other composers. Born at Pesth, in Hungary, on the 15th of May, 1815, he showed at an early age so remarkable a musical organization, that his friends, who had destined him for other pursuits, acceded to his entreaties and allowed him to adopt music as his profession. At nine years of age he played with his master, Franz Brauer, in a concert at the Pesth Theatre, a concerto by Dussek for two pianofortes. He subsequently removed to Vienna and became a pupil of Beethoven's friend, Antoine Halm. At the age of thirteen he was then on a tour through Hungary, Poland, and North Germany, and was regarded as a prodigy, especially in reference to his wonderful powers of improvisation. This kind of life, lasting for four years, had an unhealthy influence on the boy's art culture, and when he was nearly seventeen he "began for the first time to realize that his musical education was not begun, but that he was merely a pianist with a brilliant touch, knowing nothing of art but what are called *concert pieces*. A few lessons in harmony, which he had received at Pesth from the aged organist, Cibalka, constituted his entire stock of musical science." By good fortune he made the acquaintance of Count Fugger, a wealthy and highly-cultivated amateur, who made him acquainted with the musical riches bequeathed by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Later on he became enamored of Mendelssohn and Chopin, and was the first to play the works of Chopin at Augsburg. He tried composition, and was so fortunate, when in his twenty-first year, as to interest Robert Schumann in his efforts. A correspondence, which lasted until the death of Schumann, commenced at this date (1836) and Schumann's advice and criticism were of invaluable benefit to the young aspirant. When his patron, Count Fugger died (1838), Heller proceeded to Paris—on the recommendation of Schumann—to study with Kalkbrenner, with whom he had been permitted to play a pianoforte duet at an Augsburg concert. He was unable to continue taking lessons of Kalkbrenner, whose terms were preposterous, and he found himself alone in Paris, "with but a modest sum in his pocket, and destitute of other resources." For forty years since then he has made Paris his home, and during the latter half of that period he has occupied a prominent place among the musical benefactors of mankind. The story of his life is told with unaffected simplicity by M. Barbedette, and is not only interesting but instructive. The criticisms of M. Barbedette appear to many readers the most valuable portion of the work. Musicians and amateurs find in them a treasury of valuable comments, and enjoy the performauce of Stephen Heller's charming musical poems with new zest after perusing the sympathetic and masterly analyses contained in this delightful book. The translation has been well executed, and the publishers have spared no pains in bringing out the handsome little volume which, with its admirable photographic portrait of Stephen Heller, and lithographic facsimile of one of his *Préludes à Lili* will be a desirable addition to every library.

* *Stephen Heller: His Life and Works* (from the French of H. Barbedette), by Robert Brown-Borthwick, Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough. London: Ashdown & Perry, Hanover Square.

King Robert's Hymn.

BY J. VILA BLAKE.

(From the Christian Register.)

The beautiful hymn of King Robert (A.D. 997) is deservedly famous and valuable among mediæval Latin hymns, for its great sweetness and beauty, and its melodious composition. Trench speaks of it as "the loveliest,—for, however not the grandest, such we call it,—of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." The Archbishop quotes also the high appreciation of a Latin hymnologist (Clichtoveus), who says the hymn is beyond all praise, for its wonderful sweetness and flowing facility, and for its succinct brevity, joined with a copious fertility of ideas; and exclaims, "I could easily believe that the author, whoever he was, when he composed this hymn, had a certain heavenly sweetness poured through his inner being, by which, the Holy Spirit being the author, he was able to utter so great beauty in so few words."

Though well-known and often read, it is always a source of pleasure and profit. I transcribe it entire:—

Veni, sancte spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium!

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

In the fifth stanza, *sacrum septenarium* (literally, the sacred septenary) refers to the seven gifts of the Spirit (Isaiah 11: 2), which, in connection with the seven beatitudes and the seven petitions of the Lord's prayer, are a frequent theme in mediæval theology.

Translations of this exquisite hymn are said to abound in many languages. Without looking for any, I have met four. A version by Ray Palmer is contained in Martineau's "Hymns of Praise and Prayer." It is a very poor translation; indeed, is hardly to be called more than an abbreviated paraphrase. The metre is entirely altered; many lines, and even a whole stanza, are omitted, and lines substituted which have nothing corresponding in the original. Its best rendering is from the second stanza:—

"Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow."

In the little book called "The Seven Great Hymns," there is a translation by Catherine Winkworth, but whether directly from the Latin or through the German (Lyra Germanica) I cannot say. It is far better than Palmer's, though like his it departs entirely from the metre; as the *iambus* is substituted for the *trochee*, not only is the line longer, but it loses the beautiful fluency of the original. The best rendering is a portion of the first and of the second stanza; and these lines will show also how impossible it is for this iambic measure to convey the melody of the Latin:—

"Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!
Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noonday heat,
Before whom mourning flieth fleet."

Worsley has a version in his "Poems and Translations." It retains the trochaic motion of the original, and, so far as number of syllables goes, the entire metre. But it is, in my judgment, fatally deficient in the *accent* (of which more presently), and the author resorts occasionally to a line or expression which has no counterpart in the Latin. The best rendering is from the fourth stanza:—

"Wash to whiteness every stain,
Slake the thirsty soul with rain,
Heal the hurt that needs thy care;
Bend the stubborn to thy sway,
Cheer the cold with genial day,
Make the crooked straight and clear."

Dr. Hedge is the author of a version, printed in the "Hymn and Tune Book," hymn four hundred and forty-four. I think this much the best of the four. It is strong and elevated, and is a good translation, almost line for line, though in the third stanza it is a little free. It lacks in that inimitable grace and music which probably no version can attain. But I think a different method would gain a nearer approach. The metre is treated as a *trochaic dimeter catalectic*, but, regarding the Latin *quantities*, this is obviously not correct. In the mediæval verse *quantity* ceased to rule, and *accent* took its place. I think no English verse can approach the beauty of the original unless each line end with a dactyl, according to accent. For example, in the first stanza of Dr. Hedge's translation (an admirable rendering, except that the third line has nothing for it in the Latin)—

"Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,
Send from heaven a ray of thine;
Lighten our obscurity.
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver and Renewer,—
Fountain of all purity."

all the lines should have the movement of the third and sixth.

The temptation to translate is irresistible; and I will add my version, which aims (1) to be an exact rendering, as close as possible, especially neither adding nor omitting anything; (2) to retain the flow and rhythm of the original according to accent, and reproduce its music so far as the English may do it; and (3) to preserve rhyme so far as consistent with the previous objects:—

Holy Spirit, visit us;
From thy heaven of blessedness
Send thy ray enlightening;
Come, O Father bountiful,
To the poor man merciful,
Come, the heart illumining.

Best Consoler, pitying
Guest the soul inhabiting,
Sweet refreshment offering;
In our labor, quietness;
In the hot day, temp'rateness;
Solace in our sorrowing.

Fill, Light beatifical,
The deep heart's receptacle
Of thy faithful worshipers;
Without thy divinity,
Naught is in humanity;
All is ill and perilous.

Wash away unholiness,
Water every aridness,
Heal the hurt injurious;
Bend what groweth rigidly,
Warm what goeth frigidly,
And make straight the devious.

Give to us who faithfully
Trust in thee confidingly
Gifts of grace and sanctity;
Give to virtue victory,
Give in death immunity
And a blest eternity.

Theodore Thomas.

(From the New York Tribune, August 26.)

HE IS TO LEAVE NEW YORK.

APPROACHING DISBANDMENT OF THE ORCHESTRA—THOMAS GOES TO CINCINNATI AS DIRECTOR OF A CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

New York is about to sustain an irreparable loss. Theodore Thomas, after fifteen years of hard and unrewarded labor, has abandoned a thankless task amongst us, and has accepted a position as director

of a Conservatory of Music to be established at Cincinnati, in the new Music Hall. He has made a contract with the originators of the enterprise to give his whole time to it for a period of five years, at a liberal salary, and he will remove to Cincinnati on the 1st of October. To him the change is probably a piece of good fortune, but to New York, if not to the nation at large, it is an incalculable injury. The orchestra will be broken up. A part of it will doubtless accompany Mr. Thomas to the West, and will play under his direction there. But the New York concerts which have been for so many years not only the most important of all our musical entertainments, but the most valuable influences of musical culture and intelligence, will be stopped. There will be no more symphony evenings at Steinway Hall. There will be no more Garden entertainments after the end of this month. The New York Philharmonic Society is left without a conductor, and will doubtless lose some of its best performers. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society loses both conductor and orchestra, and nothing remains of it but a board of directors.

This disaster to the interests of New York is chargeable not merely to the enterprise and liberality of Cincinnati, but to the strange indifference of our own people. "The truth is," said a Western gentleman the other day, "you New Yorkers have been sitting down with your hands folded and a smirk on your faces, and allowing Theodore Thomas to entertain you at his own cost." It is no secret, to those who are familiar with musical affairs that in spite of occasional seasons of brief and spasmodic prosperity, the noble enterprises of Mr. Thomas have been a heavy tax upon his own slender purse; that it is only with the greatest difficulty that he has succeeded in paying the salaries of his musicians; and that he has never received any compensation for his personal services.

It remains to be seen exactly how far his removal will affect the coming season in New York. The Philharmonic Society, which has survived so many vicissitudes, will go on as usual, but who will be the conductor is not yet determined. The directors just now seem to be all at sea, bewildered by their sudden misfortune. An informal meeting, at which nothing was decided, was held on Saturday, and another will take place to-morrow, when some course of action will probably be recommended to the society. Dr. Damrosch is spoken of in connection with the conductorship, but whether he would accept the position if it were offered to him, nobody seems able to say. The directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society have held no meeting. The only arrangement which seems possible for them is to engage the orchestra of the New York Society, with whatever conductor may be at the head of it. One of the directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic last evening suggested that possibly it might be better to go out of the country for a conductor. Several names are mentioned, that of Dr. Von Bülow being apparently the favorite. It was thought that if some concerted action could be had with the New York Philharmonic, some first-class conductor might be engaged abroad, who would possess the attraction of novelty which Dr. Damrosch, in spite of his unquestioned ability, lacks. It is earnestly hoped by the Brooklyn directors that no final conclusion may be come to by the directors of the New York Philharmonic until an opportunity shall have been offered for a conference between the two societies. It is thought, and with perfect reason, apparently, that by combining, sufficient money might be raised to tempt some artist of the very first rank in Europe to assume the charge of the two organizations, which would be at any rate greatly to the advantage of art in this country.

THE CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The idea of establishing a College of Music in Cincinnati is not a new one. From the time of the first of the great Cincinnati Musical Festivals, in 1873, the thought has never been absent from the minds of the founders and promoters of these festivals of making Cincinnati a great art-centre in America, to correspond, as far as the widely differing conditions of the countries would admit, with such cities as are Leipzig and Stuttgart in Germany. How this was to be accomplished did not appear until the overwhelming success, both artistically and pecuniarily, of the festival last Spring —a success utterly unprecedented in the history of music in either this or any other country—indicated the direction in which an effort might be made, and the way in which success might most easily and surely be obtained. The Festival of 1875 undoubtedly did much to remove the doubts of those who had this scheme at heart. The local pride of the citizens of Cincinnati was stimulated to the highest point; it was shown that the West was interested in art work, and that musical enterprises, conducted in the proper way, could be made self-sustaining; and when Mr. Springer came forward with his generous gift, which was met with equal generosity by the public at large of Cincinnati, the way seemed plain. Still, it was deemed best to wait, not only till the completion of the great Music Hall, which more than any other one thing has made the establishment of the Conservatory a possibility, but still further, till it could be shown that the interest of the West in music was not a temporary, but an abiding one. How clearly this was manifested by the great May Festival of 1878, the readers of the *Tribune* well know. Cincinnati then gave what was, beyond peradventure, the greatest Musical Festival on record; it placed itself in the front rank of art supporters; those who had helped so generously toward the success of the earlier Festivals were more than willing to continue their benefactions, and many even of those who cared nothing for music, were keenly alive to the benefit such festivals conferred upon the city, and were ready to do their part in carrying the work much further. The time was ripe for the establishment of a Conservatory unlike any other in this country; and if money and zeal and energy and good sense could make it so, inferior to none in Europe. Most admirable quarters had been provided in the new Music Hall, which could be secured at a mere nominal rent; public confidence in the undertaking had been assured by the success of the last Festival, and it was certain that all the money needed could be had for the asking.

Colonel George Ward Nichols, a gentleman eminent in Cincinnati for his interest and well-directed energy in all matters pertaining to music, assumed the labor of organizing the scheme, and in an incredibly short time the whole matter was arranged. The College of Music of Cincinnati was incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, on the 17th inst.; Messrs. R. R. Springer, John Shillito, George Ward Nichols, Jacob Burnett, jr., and Peter R. Neff being the directors. Colonel Nichols was chosen President. On August 16 a large number of the representative men of Cincinnati, men not less distinguished for their interest in art than for their wealth and social standing, addressed a letter to Mr. Theodore Thomas, requesting him to assume the musical directorship of the new enterprise.

To this Mr. Thomas sent a letter of acceptance, and a contract was signed on Thursday last by which Mr. Thomas receives a handsome salary for five years, and undertakes the absolute direction of the college. No professors will be appointed without his nomination, and his supervision will extend to all branches. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Thomas will leave this city about the 1st of October, shortly after the close of the present season at Gilmore's Garden, and take up his residence in Cincinnati, where he will at once devote himself to the work of organizing the new College of Music.

The college will be situated, as is stated in the first of the above letters, in the new Music Hall. The building contains, besides the large hall, where the Festival took place, a smaller hall which is in every respect fitted for concerts of chamber music, or for small concerts by pupils of the college. Besides these two halls, there are a number of rooms of all sizes, situated in different parts of the vast building, most of them so far apart that persons practising or taking lessons in them will not interfere with each other. The building is, moreover, easy of access.

SCOPE OF THE CONSERVATORY.

So far as the purposes of the school are now marked out, it is designed to make it a complete musical university. The ordinary branches—singing, piano, the theory of music, harmony, thorough bass, etc., the practice of different instruments—will, of course, be taught; but something more than all this is contemplated. Most important of all, perhaps, it is intended to organize a full orchestra of from 100 to 150 performers, and to institute a school for the orchestra. The need of such a school in this country has been severely felt; the great majority of our orchestral performers are players, but not musicians, and it will be the aim of this school to make them musicians. There is nothing which would have a more direct or more decided influence on musical taste and culture than this. The personnel of the staff of professors is not yet arranged; but Mr. Thomas will have under his hand one or two excellent masters in Cincinnati. Among these is Mr. Otto Singer, who, by his excellent work at the last two Festivals, has proved himself a chorus master of remarkable ability; he is known as a composer of no small learning; he is a pupil and warm friend of Liszt, and he has a firmly established reputation as a teacher of the piano. It was he who was selected to compose the music of the "Dedication Ode" at the opening of the new Music Hall last Spring, an honor which his untiring devotion in the interests of the Musical Festivals richly merited. The details of the organization of the college are, however, entirely uncertain as yet, and it will be some time before anything can be decided.

THE ORCHESTRA.

One of the first things which will claim Mr. Thomas's attention is the organization of the orchestra. It is part of the plan of the trustees of the college to give each Winter a series of ten or fifteen subscription concerts. As Mr. Thomas goes so early to Cincinnati, there is every reason to suppose that the course will begin during this coming Winter, for which it will, of course, be necessary to form an orchestra. Mr. Thomas expects to be accompanied by many of the best members of the present band, and those of them who are properly qualified will be invited to accept professorships in the college. The officers of the institution were anxious at first that Mr. Thomas should bring his entire orchestra, but this plan was abandoned because it would be impossible, at least for the present, for so large a body of musicians to earn a living in a city like Cincinnati. The grand orchestra which Mr. Thomas intends to organize in his new home must be built up by degrees. The pupils of the college will play in it as fast as they acquire sufficient skill.

The institution is not to be a free school in any sense; the directors are confident of making it self-supporting almost from the start.

A musical atmosphere is essential to the full development of young musicians, is indeed such an important aid to study that a high art life is hardly possible without it. For the creation of such an atmosphere Cincinnati is well suited. The place is not too large, and the attractions are not so numerous or so strong as to divert the minds of the students from their work, and there is a large German population, which is very friendly to music.

THEODORE THOMAS'S CAREER IN NEW YORK.

Theodore Thomas was born in the Kingdom of Hanover in 1835, and learned the violin from his father, who was himself a violinist and an excellent musician. The family came to America in 1845, when Theodore was brought forward occasionally as a boy violinist, applying himself, however, no less to the scientific branches of his profession than to the practice of his favorite instrument. He was still a mere lad when he joined the orchestra of the Italian Opera, and he was only fifteen when Benedict made him first violin of the fine orchestra which he selected to accompany Jenny Lind in her earliest American concerts. He held the same position in various opera companies, and by the time he was twenty he was conducting both the Italian and German operas. An amusing story is told, by one who was a member of the orchestra at the same time, of the way in which he happened first to become conductor of opera. He was playing principal first violin in an orchestra conducted by Maurice Strakosch. At rehearsal one day, disapproving of the tempo in which Strakosch took one of the movements (the opera was "Don Giovanni," if we are not mistaken), Thomas expressed his dissatisfaction somewhat strongly. Strakosch a few minutes afterward, making some excuse to leave the orchestra, asked Thomas to take his place and conduct. Thomas obeyed, but conducted without leaving his own seat, making the other men follow the movements of his bow. The improvement was so marked that Thomas was thereafter installed regularly in the conductor's chair. Adelina Patti, when she sang here, would have no other conductor. On one occasion when Thomas had gone to Philadelphia to play in some concert, Patti, not discovering his absence until the last moment, absolutely refused to sing, and the opera had to be changed. In 1855 Thomas began the soirées of chamber music at Dodworth Hall, with William Mason, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner, and these were kept up for fourteen years, without much pecuniary return, perhaps, but with excellent results artistically, and to the great delight of the small audience which gathered monthly in Dodworth's old rooms. Thom-

as was also a member of the Philharmonic Society, and for some time its assistant conductor. In 1861 he broke off his connection with the opera, and began the formation of an orchestra. For a few years the public only heard of him now and then as the leader of occasional performances, popular matinée concerts, or little affairs of that kind. In 1864 he had made such headway that he was able to give his first series of Symphony Soirées, at Irving Hall, in which venture he had the help of Mr. F. L. Harrison, a manager who was associated with many of the best musical enterprises of that day. The concerts were not only successful, but Thomas persevered in them until the Spring of 1869, when they were interrupted, although they had been steadily growing in the public favor. In the Summer of 1866, Thomas began at Terrace Garden on Third-ave., the experiment of open air concerts, and met with abundant success. In these entertainments, as indeed at the earlier Symphony Concerts, the programmes were marked by very large concessions to the public taste for light and trivial music, but as fast as the audiences could understand something better—faster, almost—the character of the programmes was raised. In 1868 the orchestra removed to the Central Park Garden, and there the concerts were kept up each year until the close of the Summer of 1875. In 1869 began those annual tours which have carried the knowledge and love of orchestral music from one end of the country to the other, and have made Thomas's name a household word; but, though the orchestra visited New York occasionally, and treated it to a week of concerts now and then, it was not until the Winter of 1872 that the regular series of Symphony Concerts was resumed. It was in the course of this Winter that Thomas gave the remarkable concerts in connection with Rubinstein and Wieniawski; and in April, 1873, at the end of the season, he induced 400 members of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society to spend a week in New York, and join him in a festival which culminated in a memorable performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. From that season to the Spring of 1878 the Symphony Concerts continued regularly. In 1876 the Summer-nights' concerts at the Central Park Garden were discontinued, Mr. Thomas going to Philadelphia for the Centennial year. Last Summer he was in Chicago.

Go West, Young Man, Go West!—And He Went.

(From the Music Trade Review.)

A representative of the *Music Trade Review* picked up the *Tribune* on the morning of Monday, August 26th, and read with astonishment its pathetic cries of distress over the proposed removal of Theodore Thomas to Cincinnati. "Is it possible," he said, "Has Thomas risked his all upon the hazardof a single die at Gilmore's Garden, this summer, and has the Hazard been too much for him? Is New York about to sink into the depths of musical infamy in consequence of his departure? I will go forth and learn what the wise men have to say upon the subject." He had not far to seek, for an eminent musician, well known in this city, and but recently returned from Europe, consented to express his views.

"But," he said, by way of introduction, "do not mention my name, for, as I shall speak candidly, motive might be misinterpreted."

"In the first place," he remarked, "I do not consider Mr. Thomas—whatever may be his ability as leader of an orchestra—fitted to be the director of a great school for musical instruction. Such an institution should have a man of great literary ability and refined tastes. He should be an intellectual man, and that Mr. Thomas is not. Moreover, it may be assumed that Mr. Thomas' actual knowledge of the theories and the art of music is limited, from the fact that he has never yet composed anything worth mentioning, and that all arrangements for his orchestra of other people's compositions are made by Mr. Dietrich, who will probably accompany him to Cincinnati to perform the same kind office there."

"In your opinion, should Mr. Thomas feel aggrieved at the treatment he has received in New York?"

"Not at all. I have just returned from Europe, where I made an extended tour of the country, but I found there no large private band which could play throughout the year in a city equally important with New York. There is an orchestra in Berlin which plays for seven-and-a-half months nightly in one place, under Bilse, but he gives trashy music five times a week, which brings in so much money to the box office that he is enabled to give symphony concerts, on which he loses, twice every week. In the smaller cities, the orchestras are supported by the city government, and obliged to furnish music for balls, operas, and concerts. Leipzig has one of the most renowned orchestras in Germany, the members of the Gewandhaus, and these are at the same time members of the operatic band. If people say that New York ought to have done more for Theodore Thomas, I must reply that practical America should not be expected to accomplish more for classical music than idealistic Europe has ever done. If the public at large would support anything, it would support an opera company, because for one person who likes classical music, there a thousand who prefer opera."

"Do you consider Mr. Thomas' departure a 'catastrophe' or a 'disaster,' as the *Tribune* would have us believe?"

"It is no disaster at all. Of course I do not mean to take anything away from the merits of Theodore Thomas, assisted by an excellent manager, who helped him to establish his reputation. Without a doubt he has done a great deal to elevate the taste for good music in America. He leaves New York, but others will come after him and follow the track he has beaten, and it is my firm belief that in three years from now everybody will remember Theodore Thomas with kind feelings, but nobody will regret him. There was Carl Eckert who came to America with Sontag. He was considered the best conductor for symphony concerts in Vienna, yet when he left that city he was forgotten, and two years after John Herbeck was the popular man."

Another musician, when asked: "Has Mr. Thomas reason to complain of the financial results of his efforts hereabouts?" replied:

"I should estimate that Mr. Thomas ought to make in the winter $10,000 out of the thirty symphony concerts he gives here, which includes his six symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, his Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts, and his New York Philharmonic concerts. He is frequently engaged, with his orchestra, to play at profitable rates at the Cambridge concerts, at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, and at many miscellaneous concerts in this city and vicinity. To be sure he has made no money this summer by his season at Gilmore's Garden, but if his pregrammes there had been different, might not the financial result have been different too?"

Mr. Jacob Gosche, Mr. Thomas' business manager, was next encountered.

"I will tell you, he said, the very reason why Mr. Thomas goes to Cincinnati. It is wrong to suppose that it is merely because he feels aggrieved at his treatment here. He is a married man, with a family growing up about him; yet in the winter when they are at home he is travelling about the country with his orchestra, and in the summer, when he is in town, they are in the country. He wishes to lead a home life, and this offer from Cincinnati seems to give him an opportunity; besides," said Mr. Gosche, smiling, "he may not be altogether lost to New York. Who can say but that in the course of time he may give his series of winter concerts in New York, as usual?"

"And," broke in a friend of Mr. Thomas, "if he has made a mistake, he, not New York, will be the loser by it. We are all very fond of him, but do you think that we will go without good music because he leaves us? The matter does not rest with him, but with us, and if we really want the music you may be sure we will have it."

"At any rate," said Mr. Gosche, "the whole affair is so sudden that there is little that is definitely known, or to be said, beyond the fact that Mr. Thomas has been offered and has accepted the musical directorship of the College of Music of Cincinnati, to be established in the new Music Hall in that city."

Theodore Thomas' New Departure.

(From the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 26.)

Cincinnati has drawn the grand musical prize in inducing Mr. THEODORE THOMAS to make that city his home and future locality of work. The auspices under which he will remove there at the close of his present engagements are very flattering, and promise to bring him honor, money, and troops of friends.

Several of the solid men of Cincinnati,—and it is the pride of that city that her millionnaires are gentlemen of taste and culture,—among them REUBEN R. SPRINGER, JOHN SHILLITO, JOSEPH LONGWORTH, and others, have organized themselves into an association and already subscribed the money to establish in that city a musical institution or college which shall teach music in all its branches, from the rudiments to the very highest point of culture. Mr. Thomas has not only consented to give his advice in the establishment of this college, but to lend to it his name and experience and identify himself with it, probably as the professor of instrumental music, and the solid men of Cincinnati have agreed to support and sustain him. He will also be assisted by the same gentlemen to organize an orchestra out of the best material in New York and Cincinnati, and to maintain regular orchestral concerts. Cincinnati, as is well known, has excellent material for such an orchestra, which has long needed a leader and proper organization. The locality of the college is already provided. It will be the elegant Music Hall, with its superb suites of rooms, and its large organ will also be used for purposes of study and concerts. The departments of teaching will be filled with professors from abroad, and it is the intention of the founders that a diploma from this institution shall carry with it as much weight as a diploma from the conservatories of Paris, Stuttgart, Leipzig, or Milan.

Those who have been most intimately acquainted with Mr. Thomas and his work will be the first to congratulate him. They know how hard he has labored and what obstacles he has had to meet. He has worked for years with as good an orchestra as there is in the world, and with the purest devotion to his art. No amount of opposition could make him recognize what was trivial or false, and no popular clamor, however loud it might be, has been able to swerve him from his high musical standard. He has never consented to lower his work or degrade his mission. Slowly but surely he has led the people up to him. The three Cincinnati Festivals, and the new College of Music, which is to be placed upon an enduring basis, are the indications of his triumph. They eloquently testify to the results the great conductor has accomplished. Hitherto he has performed this work without reward. It is no secret that he has not been sufficiently remunerated. Men who are true to a high purpose and will not cater to sensation and humbuggery very rarely are. He has spent his best years in trying to elevate the taste of the people and to educate them up to an appreciation of the best and highest in his art, and in doing this has always had to struggle against the lack of proper financial support. The Cincinnati scheme will relieve him from this embarrassment. That city has done for him what New York ought to have done long ago. He will be free to go on with his great work without any anxiety as to the future. New York has plumed herself on his achievements, boasted herself over his incomparable band, taken all the credit, and done nothing for him, leaving him to eke out a living by travelling through the country and giving concerts in what it contemptuously calls the provinces. It is a fit retribution that she has lost him and his orchestra, and one of those provinces has secured him and will reward him for his worth.

Cincinnati also will find that the engagement of Mr. Thomas will make her the musical centre and authority of this country. Her own resources will be developed, and her musicians will have new incentives for work. We believe she will produce, under Mr. Thomas' direction, an orchestra stronger than any he has yet had. Her future festivals will gain in importance and dignity, and their results will be proportionately enhanced from the fact that the conductor will be upon the ground in active and immediate co-operation with his trusty lieutenant, Mr. OTTO SINGER. With two such men at the helm, co-operating with liberal citizens and utilizing all her remarkable musical resources, Cincinnati not only will be the musical centre of this country, but one of the great centres of the world that affect and direct musical progress. Both Cincinnati and Mr. Thomas are to be congratulated.

"THE FLANEUR" of the same *Music Trade Review* writes:

So New York sits in ashes, for of all misfortunes conceivable, to be robbed of her Thomas is the most poignant.

In such moments of abject sorrow it is folly to reason.

If it were not, I should venture to suggest that our Thomas has done a good deal of coquetting with Cincinnati, and Boston and Chicago of late years.

Whatever Mr. Thomas is—New York has made him. The record does not show that he was made when he came here. The Philharmonic was where he went to school and there are half a score of capitalists who know what it has cost to educate him.

The press of New York has fixed his status. A select band of literary musicians hoisted him with their erudite pens into continental notoriety. The earnest desire of a few educated musical writers, like Mr. Hassard, to have classical music sustained and appreciated, was enough to blind them to a great many of Mr. Thomas' faults, and they made a pet of him for politic reasons. No musician ever lived who has been so ingeniously and bravely

bolstered with moral, pecuniary and intellectual support.

But all through it Mr. Thomas has invariably shown a disposition to taunt New York with the superior taste of Boston, the superior enterprise of Chicago, or the superior resources and liberality of Cincinnati.

And all because New York would not guarantee him, independently of his own exertions, against all failure and loss.

Unfortunately, that is not the habit of New York with anybody. Such a thing as a subvention to art is unknown in this democratic community.

I do not say that it would not be better for New York if it were otherwise.

But that is not the question. Every worker before the public must, in some measure, adapt himself to the conditions of his environment.

That is what Thomas never would do here. His attitude to the New York public was continually that of a worker, who said: "I'm a little too good for you." And the mistake of his best friends was that they got to believe it.

The result now is that New York, when put to it, will become serious long enough to enquire if Mr. Thomas *is* too good for us.

If he gets weighed in the cool balance at last, let him thank himself.

And it is *primâ facie* evidence to this practical community, aside from all art casuistry, that the maestro who abandons the metropolitan field to go into a Cincinnati conservatory is satisfied in his own mind that the quiet and routine of the conservatory are better fitted to his talents than the responsibility and struggle of a public career.

The best thing that I have seen written, *apropos* of the retreat of Thomas, is from the pen of the young man who loves the Preludes and hoped Mr. Thomas would put nothing else on his programme. He says that "the glory and honor of Thomas is that he worked for art and not for money, in New York, and New York failed to see it."

Then why does he go where they offer him *more* money and secure it to him for five years?

Perhaps, if this kind of logic is followed out, it is because the glory and honor of Cincinnati "is" that she has more money than art—that's what they is.

The young man of the preludes also says that Thomas belongs to the "inner consistory of æsthetic potentates."

Well, that's the reason, perhaps, why he goes in and shuts the door after him.

The *Times*, a most discreet and thoughtful sheet, when art matters are to be discussed, offers us these conundrums. I put them in tabular form, with the hope that the *Trade Review* will answer them officially:

1. What are the qualifications of a good conductor?
2. Must he not be a composer?
3. Must he have a practical knowledge of all the instruments in an orchestra?
4. Must he have enthusiasm and personal magnetism?
5. Must he not have ideas?

When you have answered these questions satisfactorily, you will have the proud consciousness of knowing that every third novice accuses you of attacking Thomas.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 14, 1878.

Our New Arrangements.

As already stated, DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will continue to be issued, as heretofore, once a fortnight by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., until the close of the present volume, which will end with the number for December 28. That number will contain title page and index for the past two years (minus three months), paged continuously for binding.

With the first number of Volume XXXIX (Jan. 7, 1879) the publication and business care of the Journal will be assumed by the house of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., so well known through their admirable editions of the best books, as well as their "Atlantic Monthly" and other first-class periodicals. Under their auspices this oldest and most respected (here and abroad) of all American musical journals will preserve its identity in editorship, in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. It will still be the uncompromising foe of false pretention and of shallowness in Art,—of all attempts to turn Art into Advertisement,—making its appeal mainly to an audience somewhat select, to persons of taste and culture, lovers of the *best* in Music, rather than courting the widest popularity as such, and relying for appreciation more on quality than quantity of matter. Loyal to the masters, the classical, enduring models for all time in Music, it will nevertheless welcome every sign of wholesome progress, every appearance of fresh individual genius. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of contributors and correspondents, both musical and literary, who will treat the æsthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes. These new elements, with the improved position of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and make it more interesting than it ever has been since it began in 1852.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription $2.50 *per year, payable in advance, from January* 1, 1879. *The terms of Advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore. Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new Volume may be sent to* Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 *Devonshire Street, or directly to the Editor*, J. S. DWIGHT, 12 *Pemberton Square.*

☞ OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES will kindly address hereafter, until further notice: "J. S. DWIGHT, 12 Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts.'

New York—Thomas—Cincinnati.

Between the two centres of activity the popular Conductor—his face always set toward the new, the Future—has decided quickly. The great metropolis is cast down and bereft; the directors of the Philharmonic Society (that of Brooklyn also) seemed dumfoundered and perplexed; the newspapers are full of wailings and gnashing of teeth, and likewise exuberant with eulogies more unqualified than are usually pronounced over a hero dead and not merely gone. The sudden news came only in season for the merest mention in our last number. But now we have brought together for our readers quite a number of the most striking editorial comments with which the startling event was first greeted. Particularly have we copied largely from the chief mourner and chief glorifier, the New York *Tribune*. Its Chicago namesake, in like lofty numbers, dwells upon the great gain to Cincinnati and to Music in America; while the *Music Trade Review*, in the courage of its convictions, mingles with the all-pervading jubilee (or funeral hymn) of praise the first few notes of that still, small voice of critical discrimination which will more and more be heard, wherever there are wise and thoughtful music-lovers who are not swept away with any noisy crowd.

1. Now as to New York "sitting in ashes," doubtless her loss is great; but we would ask, as we did of Boston, may it not be turned to greater gain? Is it well that the great city, swarming with German musicians, most of them good ones, many of them superior, and more than one of them probably superior in general musicianship in the large sense, in taste and culture, in deep, true musical feeling, in ideas, as well as some creative gift, if not in mere conductorship, to Thomas, should become musically so dependent on one man, that she need drop her hands in despair when he is called away? Depend upon it, New York will find other conductors who, with the same support of public and musicians, will make good his place; she has such doubtless in her midst; and, after all, the only healthy musical condition is that in which a musical community thrives on its own resources and does not have to borrow from abroad, nor lose its life, its whole prestige, with any single leader.

2. Besides, unpalatable to popular prejudice as the confession may be: While we have never been slow to admire much in Theodore Thomas from the first; while we have joined always in the praise of his admirable orchestra, yet we do believe his musical character and influence to be greatly overrated. We humbly beg to differ from the assertion that his concerts have been our "*most* valuable influences of musical culture and intelligence," and for this among other reasons, that, in concentrating the attention of the public upon the splendor and precision of the execution of whatsoever music, he has led so many people to imagine Raff, and Berlioz and Wagner, and all the "disciples of the newness" to be of equal consequence with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc. Want of taste, of a true sense of symmetry and fitness has been shown too often in his programmes, not to speak of a certain "heaviness" in the massing together of the overloud, extravagant "effect" works of the new composers, far outweighing any ever felt in concerts purely classical. Then again, it has been matter of common complaint among the best musicians and best judges, that in the interpretation of classical Symphonies, for instance, especially those of Beethoven, he has so often shocked the sensibility of those who love and know those works by heart, through exaggerated contrasts of tempo, taking slow movements too slow and fast movements too fast. This, with the other exaggerations of loud and soft, are, when technically so precisely executed, sure arts of *effect* with the half musical multitude, but they offend the cultivated sense and judgment. Thomas, in his programmes, though he has given more space to Beethoven Symphonies of late than formerly, yet gravitates mainly toward the new composers, and would have us read the old from the standpoint (as he evidently thinks, the vantage-ground) of Liszt, Wagner, Raff, etc. Now we think this is *not* good taste, and not good influence for culture. We cannot hear without protest that he has never "catered to sensation;" he has put the serene stars of heaven (the Beethovens, etc.), between such pyrotechnic coruscations that their sweet light and poetry with many passed for nothing!

3. We heartily congratulate Cincinnati on having won the hero of her choice. All honor to her rich men, who so believe in Music that they nobly dedicate a good share of their fortunes to the endowment of its institutions and the erection of its halls. We would that their example might strike out some spark of like devotion in our own men of superabundant means; that they may have born in them the same good impulse, and that it may speedily prove fruitful, first in furnishing the first thing wanted, which is a fund for the support of a permanent orchestra to give plenty of Symphony and other concerts; and then, regarding this as the first pillar or first section of the temple, to complete the plan by founding a full, true School of Music under the wing of Harvard University, upon an equal footing with its other schools.

We sincerely hope that the new College of Music in Cincinnati (which is to open on the first of October) will prove a great success. In one department at least, a very important one, we cannot but feel sure

that it will: namely as a school for orchestra musicians; here Mr. Thomas has it in his power to do a great work; here he will surely be at home, and easily master of the situation; and the whole country may reap the benefit; although we think that every important city ought to have its own orchestral training school.

For the rest we must watch the gradual developments of time. Mr. Thomas, it appears, is to have the exclusive nomination of all the Professors, and we are curious to see what sort of a Faculty he will have appointed; judging from his idiosyncracies and tastes, we rather look for a queer lot. The head of such a College ought to be a musician in the largest, fullest sense, and not one whose whole experience, whole education almost, has been that of orchestral conductorship. The ideal head of such a school would be a sort of Sebastian Bach, and such come but once; or a Mendelssohn, also beyond our reach, although the spirit of them both still haunts the Conservatorium and Gewandhaus of old Leipzig. It wants a man of deep musical learning, of some genius, some creative faculty, of large general culture, of address and tact. If Mr. Thomas has all this, we and all the world will be glad to see it manifested in a position of such ample opportunity. But it is well, while hoping much and striving earnestly, not to anticipate too much all at once. Beginnings must be modest. It is not and it will not soon be time to talk of Cincinnati as "a great Art centre in America," "like Leipzig and Stuttgart" (which? pray); to dream of a new Cincinnati College "inferior to none in Europe," "its diploma to carry as much weight as that of Leipzig, Paris," etc. And it is idle to imagine that "a musical atmosphere" can be imported into a new place, without any musical traditions, in a country which has as yet produced no first-class musical composer,—(just as idle and as childish as it was to speak of the late Cincinnati Festival as "beyond peradventure the greatest Musical Festival on record.") All these fine things may lie in the womb of the not very far Future, but we must not count our eggs, etc.

Good Advice for Singing Clubs.

The President of the Cecilia, Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, has presented his Second Annual Report, which is printed for the benefit of the members Active and Associate. The Report is a model of its kind, significant, concise, practical and full of suggestion. Speaking first of the active membership of the Club (which numbers 127 voices: 37 soprano, 30 alto, 27 tenor and 33 bass) and of the not quite satisfactory average attendance at rehearsals, which is made the text for a little wholesome exhortation, the report proceeds to review the past year's work, which is summed up as follows:

The Club has during the season practised and performed three works of considerable length and importance,—Hofmann's "Fair Melusina," Mendelssohn's "Athalie," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea;" also, part-songs for mixed voices by Hauptmann and Schumann; part-songs for female voices by Gade and Rubinstein; Schumann's "Gypsy-Life;" English glees by Stevens, Webbe and Leslie; and one Bach choral. Our programmes have also been diversified by some instrumental numbers, including overtures by Beethoven, Bach and Mozart, and variations by Saint-Saëns.

These various performances are then reviewed in brief detail with candid critical discrimination. One of the chief works, the *Athalie* of Mendelssohn was repeated with orchestra, and, as we all remember, with very brilliant and convincing effect, not only proving that the pure, well-balanced voices of the Cecilia "would hold their own against a full orchestra," but justifying the President's suggestion that "by this concert, and by a magnificent performance of the *Antigone*, by the Apollo Club" (male voices) "the point was settled, to the conviction of both singers and listeners,—that when a composer has made an orchestral accompaniment an integrant part of his work, a rendering with piano or organ is colorless and unsatisfactory,"—"like a photograph of a brilliant picture."—In the case of certain music, of the most important character, the unsatisfactoriness relates to more than color,—to the intrinsic musical essence of the composition,—to design as well as color; here read Mr. Apthorp's excellent article in the last *Atlantic* on Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's scores.

After some sentences of grateful and just recognition of the services of the Conductor, Mr. Lang, and of the various singers of the Club who have taken part as soloists, the Report closes with serious suggestion and advice, so sound and profitable, and so well expressed, that we think it ought to be taken to heart by all the choral societies and clubs both here and everywhere. That it may be the more widely read and pondered, and, we hope, practically followed, we copy the whole of this portion:

The thought which always comes most forcibly to my mind at the end of a season is this: How little ground we have gone over! Can we not in each succeeding year gain some familiarity with a far greater number of compositions of acknowledged excellence?

It will be said that we need most of the time which we have for rehearsal to acquire the correct reading and vocalization—to say nothing of the artistic rendering—of the few things which we are to perform in public. This is still in a certain degree true, but every year it is becoming less true. By discarding useless and developing useful material we are following the Darwinian rule of the survival of the fittest. Every year we are better able to take the conditions of satisfactory reading and vocalization for granted, and better able, not perhaps to give more public performances, but to study more standard works for our own gratification and improvement.

Moreover, the practice of a greater number of works would lead, better than anything else, to the desired conditions of correct reading and artistic performance; and, if it would make any difference in the excellence of our public concerts whether we spent our private study upon one thing or upon a variety of kindred things, the probabilities would be all in favor of variety of employment. It need surely be only stated to be admitted,—(1st) that for mere vocal exercise, one part-song or one chorus is as good as another,—the constant practice together of the same voices being the sole essential; (2d) that nothing better insures quick and correct reading than the constant reading of new things; and (3d) that nothing conduces more to the artistic rendering of one work than familiarity with other works of the same sort.

I am therefore convinced that the best means for singing one thing well in public is to do much of practising upon other things in private. We should, besides, gain vastly in mere enjoyment, by avoiding the tedious iteration of the same choruses, evening after evening, for two mortal months; and the preparation for our concerts, instead of being a constantly increasing bore, would be an ever fresh recreation.

To sum up the whole matter, we have two duties to perform: one, to take care that our associate members, by whose kindness we live, shall have full compensation for all the aid, moral or material, which they give us; the other, to secure for ourselves the greatest possible amount of cultivation and experience. If we are not, one and all, more musical at the end of every season than at the beginning, if we have not acquired a deeper insight into the divine art than ever before, then surely our time has been well-nigh wasted.

My other suggestion is, that our main duty is to learn and perform classical music; by which I mean music whose intrinsic quality appeals to the most cultivated taste, and is approved by the best authority. No one of us can say that his individual taste is fully formed as it should be or as he would have it, Here, beyond ourselves, is the model upon which to form and refine it. This music may be old or new, but it is never "old-fashioned" or "new-fashioned;" for it has no concern with fashion. Its foundation is deeper and its standard higher than the fancy of a day, of a person, or of a set. It is of value for all times, and should be of value for all persons,—a possession forever.

Our "mission," if we have one, is the musical improvement of ourselves and our associates. The real question, to guide the selection of our studies, is not so much whether a certain piece is what we like to sing and they to hear, as whether it is what we ought to like to sing and they to hear. I state this position more baldly perhaps than I need; but it is the true position, of which we should never lose hold, whatever concessions the circumstances of our existence may sometimes require.

And, moreover, it is certain that our very existence demands something beside amusement. The period is past, if there ever was a period, when a club could live upon mere pastime. There are too many rivals in the field doing serious work. The public requires of its orchestral and vocal societies something more and better than "variety-concerts," and if we do not give our little public something more and better we shall surely die.

Do not suppose that I would have our work altogether serious. If I should present so startling a prospect, I fear that the shock would be fatal to the Club. We must have amusement besides; and while I trust that we shall learn next year something more of Handel, something of Bach, a part, at least, of Schumann's "Faust," and something more of Mendelssohn, I am also glad to announce that we have upon our list pieces by Rheinberger, Liszt, Brahms and Hauptmann, as well as part-songs, glees, and madrigals. We shall also undoubtedly repeat Gade's "Crusaders," and this time we must give it with orchestra.

The President could not close without paying a graceful and deserved compliment to another most successful club of mixed voices in which our city feels just pride; this is the true and mutually helpful spirit that should prevail between generous rivals:

I alluded in my last report to another vocal society of this city, occupying the same ground with ourselves. I am sure that you will join me in taking this occasion to pay our compliments to the Boylston Club, to whose admirable concerts most of us have listened with delight. We owe each other the debt due from every one to an able rival. Each club has done better from having the other in the field. In such contests both sides are the winners.

The twenty-first annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will be held at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, during the five days beginning September 23, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. Among the solo vocalists engaged are the following: Mrs. E. A. Osgood, Mrs. E. R. Dexter, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mrs. J. K. Barton, Miss Zilla L. McQuesten, Mrs. O. T. Kimball and Miss Laura Schirmer, sopranos; Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Flora E. Barry and Miss Ita Welsh, contraltos; Messrs. C. R. Adams, Ch. Fritsch, Walter Kennedy and Dr. J. W. Clarke, tenors; and Messrs. A. E. Stoddard, G. Tagliapietra, D. M. Babcock and B. T. Hammond, baritones and basses. The Temple Quartette, the Schubert Quartette, Madame Camilla Urso, Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Wulf Fries, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the German Orchestra, Henshaw Dana, E. B. Story, B. D. Allen, Miss Amy Fay, G. W. Sumner, S. B. Whitney and E. F. Howe (the last named seven artists, pianists and organists) are also engaged. Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Pensieroso* will be performed on the afternoon of the 26th, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the closing concert Friday evening, the 27th.

August Wilhelmj, whose advent here will be one of the musical events of the coming season, will be accompanied by Mlle. Faustina, a youthful and gifted prima donna. Mlle. Faustina is a pupil of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, to which institution she was recommended by the king of the Belgians. Maurice Strakosch having heard her sing, offered her an engagement for five years. Mlle. Faustina completed her musical education under his care, and a year later, under his management, made a concert tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where she met with great success. Mlle. Carlotta Patti and her husband, Mr. Ritter, the pianist, are also engaged. Mr. Maurice Strakosch will himself accompany Wilhelmj to this country. They arrive about the 15th of the month.

Foreign Notes.

LONDON.

THE arrangements are now nearly complete for the musical entertainments of the winter season. As usual, the Crystal Palace concerts will be the earliest in point of date, beginning on October 5, and continuing every Saturday till December 15. Brahms's second symphony will be one of the earliest novelties. Apart from the Italian opera, which will begin on October 21, with the programme already announced, and the Riviére promenade concerts at Covent Garden on October 5-26, the next fixture will probably be the re-opening of the freshly decorated St. James' Hall, with a recital on the new organ now being built by Messrs. Bryceson Bros., and Ellis. The Monday Popular Concerts will begin on November 4, and Mr. Arthur Chappell proposes to make a leading star of the pre-Noel season Mdlle. Janotha, a pianist who appeared with very great success towards the close of the last Popular Concert season; Madame Néruda, Mdlle. Mehlig, and others, will, as usual, appear. Mr. John Boosey's Wednesday evening "London Ballad Concerts" will begin at St. James' Hall on November 6 with a strong list of artists, and the new "Saturday Evening Concerts" will begin on November 16. The Sacred Harmonic Society's season will begin November 22, and one of the experiments to be attempted in the course of the winter will be a Saturday afternoon concert on January 11, at Exeter Hall, by the famous choir. On Tuesday, November 19, Dr. von Bülow has consented to conduct the orchestra at the concert to be given at St. James's Hall for the Normal College for the Blind. The scheme will be composed in great part of "the music of the future," and Dr. von Bülow will also play a concerto. Dr. von Bülow's pianoforte recitals have been arranged by Mr. N. Vert at St. James' Hall on Wednesdays, November 20 and 27, and the same agent has concluded arrangements for Bülow pianoforte recitals at Glasgow, Nov. 22, Edinburgh, Nov. 23, Liverpool, Birmingham, Torquay, Newport, Brighton, (Nov. 30), and other places. In the course of November Madame Viard-Louis' winter concerts will commence under the conductorship of Mr. Weist Hill. For the first concert a programme consisting exclusively of novelties will probably be arranged. The oratorio concerts by the Albert Hall Choral Society will begin in October, and Mr. W. Carter will also give oratorio concerts at South Kensington. Mr. Carl Rosa will not give performances in London before Christmas, but the list of musical arrangements is already strong, and critics and amateurs seem likely to have plenty of work before them.—*Figaro.*

THE provinces, too, will have abundance of music during the autumn and early winter. Festivals will be given in September at Worcester, and in October at Norwich, besides the ordinary Glasgow orchestral and choral concerts in November and December, the conductor for which has not even yet been selected. There will also be the Her Majesty's opera tour in Ireland in October, the Carl Rosa English opera tour in England and Scotland from September 2 to December, the Nilsson tour in mid and north England in September, and the Von Bülow recital tour in England and Scotland in November and Drcember. A concert party, with Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Maybrick, Ould, and Thouless, will go the rounds in October; another concert party, with Misses Robertson and De Fonblanque, Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, Albert, and Randegger, will start in October; and another concert party, with Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Helen Dalton, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, will start in October. Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, of Birmingham, have engaged for their first concert (October 23) Madame Patti and the Patey-Lloyd concert party; Mr. Hallé will have his usual orchestral and chamber concert in Manchester; the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Sir Julius Benedict, is getting up a strong programme, and a festival will be given by Mr. Walter Newport, at Belfast, October 24 and 25, with Mr. Santley as chief vocalist, and Mr. Charles Hallé's orchestra.—*Ibid.*

THE *Athenæum* says that a truly great pianist has been playing this week at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Madame Montigny-Rémaury, a pupil of Herr Rubinstein, was first heard in England at Professor Ella's Musical Union Matinées, and she reappeared last season with signal success. The lady is accepted in Paris as the most accomplished lady pianist in the French capital; but she must be classified in the first rank of performers, be they male or female. With a highly electric touch she combines a refined style, and her mechanism is attended with a surety which enables her to attack any amount of intricacy which in modern practice is spread over the key-board. If in the classical concertos promenade amateurs cannot appreciate her attributes, she has at command solos of a popular kind to delight her hearers.

THE celebrated "Three Choir Festivals," held triennially by the choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford Cathedrals in accordance with the custom of a century and a half, will be held this month in Worcester Cathedral. In 1875 some change was made in the mode of giving these festivals. Instead of full oratorios with complete band, chorus, and principals in the cathedral, full choral services were substituted; there were no evening secular concerts at all, and the ball, which had always been one of the attractions of the Festival was abolished. It is true that, owing to extraordinary exertions, the diocesan charities, which have always benefited greatly by the Festivals, did not suffer by the limitation of the musical attractions, but the choral displays were most dull and depressing, and many of the advocates of the attractions became convinced that sympathy and support could no longer be extended to a mode of action dictated by what was considered clerical intolerance. This year there will be a revival in the popularity of the Worcester Festival. It will be again under the patronage of the Queen, who has been present at one of the meetings, and who, as a good musician, is fully capable of understanding the difference between a choral-service accompanied only by the organ, and a proper performance of oratorios by Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr and others, and the devotional compositions of Mozart, Chernbini and Rossini. The festival will begin September 10, when the opening sermon will be preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. As regards the oratorios and other sacred compositions announced, there are Haydn's "Creation" (the first part), to be followed by Mozart's "Requiem Mass" and by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," on the morning of the 10th; the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn on the 11th; and the "Messiah" of Handel on the 13th of September. The scheme of the 12th comprises the only novelty, namely, the oratorio "Hezekiah," by Dr. Armes, of Durham Cathedral, a work produced at Newcastle-on-Tyne musical festival recently. Mendelssohn's anthem, "Hear my Prayer," and Spohr's "Last Judgment" will also be executed on this day. At the special closing service, September 13 (Friday evening), an Anthem by Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Sir F. G. Ouseley, the Oxford Professor of Music and Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, will be given for the first time. Moreover, in the other services works of Purcell (the grand "Jubilate Deo," in D), of Handel (the Dettingen "Te Deum,") of Mendelssohn, of the late Dr. Wesley, of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, of Sir G. Elvey (of Windsor), are to be given. At the two secular evening concerts in the College Hall, the principal pieces are the late Mr. Chorley's cantata, "The May Queen," music by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; four overtures, Weber's "Euryanthe," Rossini's "William Tell," Beethoven's "Egmont," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with M. Sainton as executant; and Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor. There are also madrigals and part-songs, to show the efficiency of the choralists. The solos are, as usual, chosen by the leading singers, whose names are Madame Albani (Mrs. Ernest Gye), Miss Anna Williams, and Miss M. Davies (sopranos); Miss Bertha Griffiths (of Cheltenham) and Madame Patey (contraltos); Messrs. E. Lloyd and H. Guy (tenors); Mr. Wadmore and Signor Foli (basses).

AT a concert given in London by Mdlle. Marie Macca-Rowa, a new vocalist, Signor Tito Mattei, the well-known song-writer, gave some original piano solos, which inspired the following comments: "They were excellent examples of one of the later developments of the art of musical writing. The idea of illustrating natural, moral, or sentimental phenomena by means of music cannot be said to be a new one; but in nine cases out of ten its reduction to practice turns out an utter failure. Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, and a few other works are noble exceptions; but the fashion thus set has been followed with scant success. When a tenth-rate composer tries to represent in notes *The Cucumber-bed*, *Washing-day*, or *The Village Pump*, he does it perhaps as well as does his rival when seeking to portray *Magnanimity*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, or *Lumbago*; but were it not that *Washing-day* is *allegro* and *Magnanimity*, *adagio*, for the life of me I could never distinguish between the pieces. Now Tito played a lively solo, which before I looked at the programme I thought must represent a Jingo war-dance, certain recurring discords typifying the interruptions of the peace party; but it turned out to be a *Harvest-moon Melody*. All I can say is that I should really like to know where the moon came in."

GILMORE STILL LIVES. The Berlin correspondent of the *London Globe*, writing under date of August 21, says: "Gilmore's American Band had quite a success last week when they gave at Kroll's a number of concerts very numerously attended. The musical critics not only praise the precision and perfection which marked the rendition of the most difficult compositions, but acknowledge that the tones which they produce on brass instruments almost rival the melodious strains of stringed instruments. In view of the high eulogy accorded Gilmore's Band by such musicians as Ferdinand Hiller, (!) Franz Abt and others, it is quite inconceivable how the rumors were set afloat in Europe of the band's failure. Before returning to the United States the band is likely to visit Russia."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come, Let us Fly. (Viens Fuyons.) (Nuit d' Amore.) Duet. A minor and B♭. 5. f to a. *Lucantoni.* 50

"No star in Heav'n's dominions,
On earth, no sound, no light."
"Le ciel n'a pas d'étoiles,
La terre pas de bruit."

A charming duet, whether sung in French or English, and either way will possess its rare Italian melody.

Little Feet that gently patter. Song and Chorus. F. 2. c to E. *Danks.* 30

"Angels, droop your radiant pinions,
Stoop to earth with snowy wing,
And the dreamless rest of heaven
O'er my darling's slumber fling."

A sweet "mother" song, which every mother will like to hear.

Poor Sailor Boy. (Povero Marinar.) G minor and major. *Millotti.* 40

"Presso la riva aspetta,
La bruna tua barchetta."
"Thy oars unused are lying,
Thou heed'st them not for sighing."

An effective and pleasing affair, that agreeably illustrates the truth that a song may be of the best, without being too difficult for any one to sing.

The Sparrows are Calling. Song and Cho. F. 2. c to D. *Danks.* 30

"O mamma, the leaves are all falling,
And down in the valley below
The poor little sparrows are calling."

Now for a home concert! Let little "Goldenhair" or one of the others, sing the solos, and all join musically in the chorus.

The Way thro' the Wood. C. 4. d to a. *Madame Dolby.* 50

Also already noticed in the key of B♭. A most charming ballad.

Know'st Thou, oh Maiden? (Ad una fanciulla.) G. 4. F to F. *Millotti.* 40

"E l' oro sparso del tuo bel crine
Sembra l' occaso d' un di seren."
"And the bright gold of thy tresses, seeming
Like sunset radiance that lights the west."

It is to be hoped that the Italian ladies will not be made vain by Italian songs, which almost universally praise them as one grade above mortals. Beautiful song.

Instrumental.

Victory Galop. E♭. 3. *Pratt.* 40

Has some reference to recent races on the water, and is full of the rush of the rowers, and the tumult at the moment of victory.

Secret Love. Gavotte. 4 hands. Illustrated title. G. 3. *Resch.* 40

A nice name for a capital little duet.

Color-Guard March and Chorus. F. 3. *Morris.* 75

"And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play."

All sorts of a March;—that is, all sorts that are good. The march movement is spirited and bright, the piece is long enough to last a few squares without repitition, and there is a pleasing vocal chorus in the middle with which the "boys" and the band together, may make the streets harmonious.

Crystal Waltz. D. 3. *Wilson.* 35

In playing this, the idea comes out as clear as crystal, that it is an unusually bright and pleasing waltz.

Nonpareil March. E♭. 3. *Boyd.* 30

Spirited march, with full harmony.

Gazotte No. 2. G. 3. *Roeder.* 30

Three pages of well-constructed and pleasing music, excellent for practice.

Sweet Bye-and-Bye. B♭. 3. *Pratt.* 35

This is a very musical arrangement of the world famous melody, with another fine air alternating on the second page. Players will notice on the title page the names of no less than *twelve* arrangements, all based on the same air:—two by Pratt, and one each by Harris, Sousa, Navarro, Mack, Himan, Warren, Hoffman, Slier, Wyman and Grobe. All are good, and worth examining.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

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Published in the Autumn and Winter of the Years 1877-78.

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Concert or Exhibition Songs.

It is not intended, by this general title, to designate songs of great difficulty, but rather those of a character very likely to win applause from an audience at any public performance.

Songs of Emma Abbott.
On the title page of this set will be found a fine portrait of the gifted songstress, and also the names of a few of her favorite songs. We here describe but one.

Ouvrez. (Open the Door). *Mach Auf!* Bolero by *Dessauer.* G major and minor. 5. d to g..... 40
A peculiar and pretty scena, which has a Spanish character, although the words are English, German and French. A party of friends are supposed to be returning from a festival or fair at Sevilla, and are making a din at the door, to arouse the pretty maiden who could'nt go, but who has been remembered in the purchase of many a "pretty" which is now ready to be displayed.

"Und lassen dir erzahlen,
Von Sang, und Tanz, und Spiele."
"Ope the door, my love,
For I have much to tell."

Triumphant and Glorious. Bass Song, from the Oratorio of Job. Sung by M. W. Whitney. Composed by *Dr. Wm. Russell.* Db. 4. A (bass clef) to e..... 60
For a heavy, rotund bass voice, a very effective song. The words are:

"Triumphant and glorious, the Lord still maintains
His Honor victorious, and o'er his foes reigns."

These are repeated in many ways as common in Oratorio solos.

And if thou wilt, remember! and if thou wilt, forget! Words by *Christine Rossetti.* Music by *Mrs. J. P. Morgan.* Keys of G and E. 3. E to E..... 35
A song full of meaning, that has been sung (doubtless with applause) by Miss Anne Louise Cary.

"But, dreaming through the twilight,
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply, I may remember,
And, haply, may forget."

Duets and Quartets.

Lulu is floating with me. Barcarolle. Words by *Chizzler.* Music by *V. Cirillo.* F. 3. c to E..... 75
One of the sweetest of Boat Glees, of which it is sufficient to give some of the words. It is published both as a Song and as a Quartet. Mixed Voices.

"Floating along, floating along,
Over the summer sea.
The murmuring wavelets chorus our song,
While Lulu is floating with me."

Bright, Golden City. Quartet for Mixed Voices. E. 4. d to E..... 30
By *C. A. Havens:* one of his "Four Sacred Songs."
A fine musical tribute to the description of happy land where "Seraphs and angels their glad voices raise,
And join with their harps in a glad hymn of praise."

My Love is far away. B. 4. F to b.....*G. L. Osgood.* 30
A part-song for Mixed Voices, and is of excellent quality.

"The bees, they hum 'mong opening flowers,
And carol birds in green armed bowers;
The earth is kissed by fragrant showers."

The Spring Returning. Duet. Eb. 4. E to g. *Concone.* 40
The "maestro" Concone calls this a "Nocturne," but it is full of the brightness of a fair April day. Words are in Italian and English.

"E spiran le foreste
Vita dolcezza odor."

Evening on the Lake. Quartet. Mixed Voices. Words by *A. B. Barrows.* Music by *W. J. D. Leavitt.* G. 3. d to g..... 40
"Starlight on the Lake!
Beautiful Starlight!"
A very bright and merry affair, all right for lake or harbor parties.

He giveth His Beloved, Sleep! D. 4. d to D. *Havens.* 30
A beautiful and consoling Song in four parts, (Mixed voices) with an Alto solo.

"Sorrow and care may meet,
The tempest cloud may lower;
God doth his own in safety keep."

Sunset. Duet. Words by Maria X. Hayes. F. 3. F to F.....*Ciro Pinsuti.* 40
"As thou settest, so must we,
And like thee shall rise at morning."
Good thoughts, set to music by a skilful hand.

Piano Pieces with Illustrated Titles.

Army and Navy Grand March. F. 3. *A. E. Warren.* 60
The illustration is of the Army and Navy Monument on Boston Common. A valuable one to keep for reference, and the March is one of those played by the bands on the memorable occasion of the dedication of the column. A copy of the march is among the documents placed in or under the corner stone for preservation. The music is powerful and sufficiently brilliant.

Pianoforte Pieces or Rondos.

Under this head are included most pieces that are not Marches or Dance Music of some kind; as Capriccios, Transcriptions, Descriptive Pieces, Reveries and Nocturnes, and perhaps "Songs without Words" and the more melodious of Etudes.

La Bacchanale des Gnomes. 2d Etude by *Edgar H. Sherwood.* Eb. 6..... 75
In this stormy piece the Gnomes *rush* through all sorts of Chromatic evolutions, make various nimble runs, and finally disappear after a few dozen grand leaps in chords. A stirring composition, with no end of healthy exercise for the fingers.

The Shepherd's Dream. Reverie. By *W. F. Sudds.* Ab. 4. 50
This graceful composition has the same kind of rich melody as the familiar "Shepherd Boy," although it is quite a different piece. There are plenty of bright arpeggios and grace notes in profusion.

Fairie's Evening Song. Capriccio for Piano. By *W. F. Sudds.* Bb. 4..... 50
Full of melody. There are a number of Chromatic runs, some rather delicate and difficult staccato, double note passages, and other things requiring nimble fingers and a well trained "touch."

Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcribed by *A. E. Warren.* 30

Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcribed by *Alberto Himan.* 40
Here are two arrangements of the same favorite air, about equally good, and yet differing enough to make both interesting. Mr. Himan's (Bb 3) varies simply by means of a Tremolo and various chords; Mr. Warren's still more simply, by means of a melody in the left hand, and a few easy arpeggios. This favorite song seems to be of the sort that "never tires."

Evening Bell. Descriptive Piece. Bb. 4. *Mendelssohn.* 40
This is an outcome of a playful spirit in the composer, and is founded on the notes of the little bell, which relentlessly indicated the time of departure from a mansion, where he was being hospitably entertained. Somewhat elaborate, it is still an impromptu, dashed off in an hour or two.

Spring Song. F. 4.....*Edward Fisher.* 40
This is almost vocal in its full sway or rejoicing, and very fairly illustrates the jubilant return of the birds and the flowers.

Romance. Op. 26, No. 1. F. 3.....*Anton Rubinstein.* 40
It is a difficult thing, and quite worthy of a "master" to compose good *easy* music. And it is a special favor to players when a celebrity like Rubinstein places a composition like this, which is in perfect taste, on a plane where almost all learners can reach it.

Capriccio Brillante. By *H. M. Dunham.* G. 5..... 60
If the "capricious" spirit urge you to extreme rapidity, then the degree of difficulty will be the 6th. But, as the construction is not intricate, there will not be much difficulty, except that accumulated by speed. Fine practice.

Morning Promenade. Characteristic Piece. Bb. 3. *F. Bendel.* 40
It is not a descriptive piece, but expresses in a musical way the bright thoughts suggested by the fresh scenes of the morning.

Ten Russian Songs. Selected from the Pisni of Kotsipinsky. 3.....*Nathan H. Dole.* 50
The Songs of Russia are, to us, almost unknown. It is better to play than to sing them, since, in the latter case, we come at once against the craggy orthography, which one must be specially talented to master. These are strange, but interesting "Songs without words."

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No. 1. Evening Repose. (Albend ist es.)
" 2. The Heavens so blue. (Der Himmel so blau.)
" 3. A Joyous Heart. (Freue dich, mein liebes Herz !)
" 4. Three Gipsies. (Die drei Zigeuner.)
" 5. How pleasant to wander. (Wie schön ist doch.)
" 6. Deserted am I. (Verlassen bin I !)
" 7. Good Counsel. (Gute Rath.)
" 8. What better can there be. (Wors kann wohl lieber.)
" 9. My Mother Tongue. (Mutter-Sprache.
" 10. Cheerfulness. (Frohsinn.) Vocal March.
" 11. The Herring and the Oyster. (Der verliebte Häring.)
" 12. The Chafer and the flower. (Der Kafer und die Blume.)
" 13. The useless man. (Du Tost.)
" 14. Parting. (Abschied.)
" 15. The Soldier's Return. (D'Hamkehr.)
" 16. The Tear. (Die Thrane.)
" 17. Flowret so gay. (Bluemchen am Hag.)
" 18. But Thee ! (Nur Du !)
" 19. The Corinthian. (Da Karntnerbua.)
" 20. Approach of Spring. (Fruehlingsnahen.
" 21. Quartets must have Four. (Zum Quartet gehören Vier.)
" 22. Serenade. (Staendchen.)
" 23. Soft Tones within the Woodland ring. (Es rauscht im Laube.)

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Drinking Song.....*Benedict*
Evening Song.....*Kaser*
Good Night, Beloved.....*Monk*
German Patrimony.....*Abt*
German Spring.....
Gipsy Life.....*Schuman*
Hall, Smiling Morn.....*Spofforth*
Homeward Watch.....*Smart*
Hymn to Music.....*Billeter*
I long for Thee.....*Harte*
Legend of the Rhine.....
Lotus Flower.....
Latin Drinking Song.....*Genée*
Long Day Closes.....
Love Song.....*Franke*
More and More.....*Seifert*
Morning Walk.....
Noesgay.....*Nessler*
Night Watch. Swiss.....
Over the Tree-tops.....*Liest*
Post-horn.....
Peasant's Wedding March.....*Söbermann*
Stars with the Voyager.....
Sea-song.....
Spring is Come.....
Soldiers Joy.....*Neumann*
Spring Song.....
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Schubert's Serenade.....
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The part-songs here mentioned are full-grown ones, such as are not too stinted for room. Thus, one of the longest needs 16 pages for development, and a few others 8 to 10 pages. A few such pieces will fill a book, and they must be chosen, not for their number, but for the choice quality.

CONTENTS.

1. HYMN TO MUSIC.....By *Lachner.*
Upon thy threshold kneeleth the master,
With hands silent folded,
The ivy twineth its branches ;
Coileth around thy columns fair.

2. STUDENT'S SONG.....By *Liest.*
Covers 13 pages with comic moralizing on love, and rats.
Once had a rat a cellar nest,
Living on fat and butter,
Till he a noble paunch possessed
Worthy of Doctor Luther.
The cook a poison for him had,
And then the world became as bad
As tho' he'd love within him.
Tra, la, la ! Ha, ha, ha !

3. ON THE RHINE.....By *Kücken.*
A glee of 16 pages, all about the glorious German River, and the fair nymph Lurley on its cliffs.
"She singeth no more,—
No answer we have to our song,
Yet floweth the lovely Rhine,
The lovely, the glorious Rhine !"

4. RHINE WINE SONG.....By *R. Frans.*
Probably no German poet can forbear to sing of the vine clad hills of his favorite stream. 8 pages.
"Hurrah ! Hurrah ! The Rhine,
Wer't only for the wine,
The Rhine shall ours be, ever."

5. THE WOODS.....By *E. Retter.*
A musical poem of 10 pages in length, and of uncommon beauty.
"Then blast of horn echoes around,
Afar on the morning air flying,
Then silence reigneth,
Save the sound of breezes softly sighing."

6. THE SPARROW'S TWITTER.....By *T. Otto.*
The notes of the singing sparrows are woven prettily into the music. 5 pages.
"One laughing, said, 'twas better yet,
To hear the sparrows twitter."

7. SWAN SONG.....By *H. Truhn.*
The dying day, and the dying swan are mentioned. 5 pages.
"Before he down the azure tide has fluttered,
Sadly the swan his dying note has uttered."

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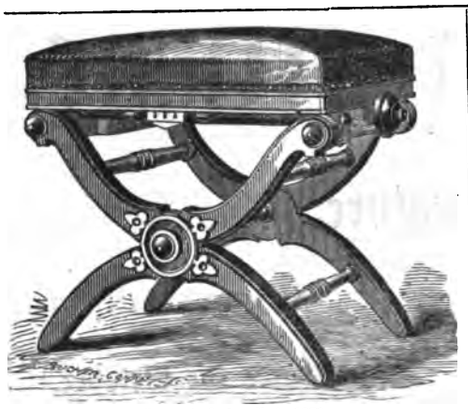

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WHOLE No. 978. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 14.

"Minne-Song" and "Minne-Singers." Called also Swabian Poets.*

BY THEODORE RODE.

Minne, from the root *man*, "to remember," "think of," "recollect," originally signified "remembrance," "recollection." The old Germans were accustomed, at sacrifices and banquets, to quaff a goblet to the gods as well as to absent or dead friends, and this they termed "*Minne trinken*," "drinking remembrance." Thus, in pagan times, they drank the *Minne*, or "remembrance" of Wuotan, Donar, and other gods; after their conversion, they drank that of Christ, the Virgin, the Saints, etc. But, at a very early period, there grew up in Germany for the word *Minne*, a second meaning, since then the only accepted one, of personal and more especially sexual partiality—as opposed to hate; while *Liebe*, "love," expressed pleasantness, satisfaction, contentment, as opposed to suffering. The deep respect paid by the Germans to the softer sex from the earliest times was by the spirit of chivalry, by the lasting influence of certain romances, and by the reciprocal effect of the worship of the Virgin, carried to the wildest lengths of extravagance, the consequence being that the German lyric poets of the 12th and 13th century selected *Minne*, which they frequently personified as "*Frau Minne*," and devotion to woman as the principal subjects of their works, while the name of *Minnesänger*, or *Minnesinger* ("Minne-Singers") was bestowed on themselves. When Minne-worship degenerated into immoral error, and paid homage to sensual enjoyment alone, the word *Minne* received a secondary and reprehensible meaning, its primary and more noble signification being transferred to the word *Liebe*, until at length the poets of the 15th century re-invested it with its former honorable dignity and again adopted it in the language of poetry.

By Minne-Singers, in the strict acceptation of the word, we understand lyric poets and singers of love-songs, as written and sung by the chivalry of the 12th, 13th, and commencement of the 14th century. These Minne-Singers, nearly all of whom wrote, set to music, and sang their own songs, since true lyrics—that is, the perfect expression of an emotion or a thought in its most musical form—and genuine natural feeling presupposed this triple group of arts, consisted of Knights and nobles, whom the poetic life of knighthood, divided among love, respect, adotion, and war, had inspired to make themselves heard in song. They resided and sang more especially at the courts of German princes, lovers and promoters of art, particularly during the period of the Emperors belonging to the house of Swabia. In Upper Austria, German lyrics first struck root, regarded from a religious as well as a worldly point of view, in the Minne-Songs of the 12th century.

Shortly afterwards there came from France the Troubadours with their determinative influence. For centuries, the German people had sung their epic, narrative songs of past deeds, of present circumstances and events. It was thus that there sprang up their songs for marriages, dances, pilgrimages, crusades, and war, and, side by side with these, their songs for the adoration of the saints and for divine service. The contact with the present afforded scope for the expression of subjective views and feelings and gradually led to the lyrical compositions, which in a mixed garb, half Latin and half German, were supplied by wandering ecclesiastics. These persons travelled from one prince's court to another, and, desirous to please, wrote worldly songs. Such was most certainly the origin of the oldest poems which have been preserved of Dietmar von Eist (1143–70) of the wandering singer, Spervogel, etc. They gave with ancient epic simplicity, in their verses and strophes, descriptive narratives of *Minne*, summer-joy, winter-pain, and so on. While these beginnings of the new art of song were rapidly rising up into bloom in Upper Austria, fresh lyrical models arrived from France, but did not so much affect form as musical accompaniments and musical instruments, on which factors they exert a marked influence. German poetic art, by natural-poetical aptitude and depth of conception far superior to the French, transformed with its creative power the foreign elements into its own property, and, as regards both purport and form, pursued unfettered its further course.

From this time forth, a stricter construction of the verse and a richer organization of the strophes were to be found in German poems. The Alexandrine no longer held sole possession of the field; decasyllabic and hendecasyllabic verses were associated with it. The epic element with its exclusively *Minne* subjects had to yield before the purely lyrical mode of conception. Heinrich van Veldeken (that is, Feldchen, "Little-Field.") called, also, Veldegge, born in 1150, on the Lower Rhine, near Spalbecke, in the neighborhood of Mastricht, brought about, as father of the knightly epic properly so called, this transition. Gottfried von Strassburg says of him that he grafted the first shoot upon the tree of courtly German poetry. Heinrich von Veldeken transplanted the new art from the Lower Rhine to Central Germany, when he followed his patroness, the wife of the Landgrave Ludwig of Thuringia, a lady who previously to her marriage was Countess of Cleves, and for whom he wrote his *Eneit* (*Æneid*). The lyrical episodes therein are admirable, teeming with beauty of language and grace of thought. His portrait, very cleverly and pleasingly executed, is in the Manesse manuscript collection of songs. His art soon obtained a firm footing in Thuringia, so that Eisenach with its Wartburg became one of the principal factors and points of attraction for courtly German poetry. The Thuringian, Hugo von Salza; Friedrich von Hausen, a native of the Palatinate; the Saxon, Heinrich von Morungen; and the two Swabians, Heinrich von Rücke and Ulrich von Gutenburg, followed in Veldeken's footsteps.

Before the end of the 12th century, lyric art had spread gloriously over all Germany. The 13th century saw it attain the height of its perfection, which was unfortunately of short duration. From the union of German lyrics with new French lyrics there resulted a rich variety of the most harmonious rhymes, verses, and strophes. Amatory poetry, with the French rather a matter of mind than aught else, was treated more profoundly by German feeling, and the essentially social life at the courts of the various sovereigns supplied a most grateful impetus to the poetic worship of the fair sex. But it was not this worship alone which occupied the attention of the poets, though some of the most eminent amongst them, such as Heinrich von Veldeken and Heinrich von Morungen, above named; Neidhart von Reuenthal, a knight at the court of Vienna in 1210, who was peculiar for taking his subjects from the life of the people; Reinmar, the elder; Gottfr. von Neifen; Ulrich von Lichtenstein; Konrad von Würzburg; etc., who tried their skill at songs, sang only of *Minne*. As intellects of the first class, who in their songs, touched on other things in life: who treated matters of morals, religion, and politics: celebrating the favor of princes, censuring their nigardliness, and lamenting their death, we must mention Hartmann von der Aue (1200), a pleasing, mild poet; Wolfram von Eschenbach (died about 1228), the most earnest, the most profound, the most original, and the most German of all poets; Master Gottfried von Strassburg, Wolfram's junior, who in his poems exercised undisputed sway over form, and belonged to the burgher class, being never designated by his contemporaries as *Herr* (*miles*) but invariably as Meister (*Magister*), a title bestowed on learned citizens; and Walther von der Vogelweide (1165–1230) born in the Tyrol, and died at Würzburg.

Walther von der Vogelweide wrote during more than forty years, and for melodiousness, deep poetic purport, variety, and dignity of sentiment, as well as for the number of his compositions still preserved, holds indisputably the first rank among all the song writers above mentioned. The entire range of subjects of which the writers treat may be divided into three categories, devoted respectively to the fair sex, to religion, and to the sovereign or superior lord. Connected in a certain degree with this arrangement were the three principal forms then in use of lyric poetry, *Lieder*, *Leiche*, and *Sprüche*. Under the head of *Lieder* was classed a series of strophes of the same construction, mostly three-part, and of the same melody. They were employed more especially for *Minne* purposes, though also in the service of religion and that of temporal superiors, and to accompany the dance. Each *Lied* required a differently constructed strophe called a "Tone." A string of different strophes, mostly two part, with different melody—what would now be called in German, *durchcomponirt*—was named *Leiche*. At first they were used only to accompany dances, but subsequently for religious purposes likewise. *Sprüche* were longer independent strophes, mostly employed in the service of the church and that of temporal superiors, and not necessarily consisting of symmetrical parts. They were often merely recited, and needed, therefore, no melody or musical accompaniment. We may here mention the "*Tagweise*," or "*Taglied*," a peculiar sort of *Lied*. It portrayed the bitter parting of two lovers at daybreak. Dietmar von Eist and Heinrich von Morungen, already mentioned, wrote some; Wolfram von Eschenbach improved on their productions by introducing after the French model a third personage, the admonishing Watchman, at variance, of a certainty, with actual life.

All the lyric effusions of the masters named displayed perfect technical skill, combined with delicacy and with strictness in the construction of the verse, and naturally presupposed instruction according to the rules of art. But the instruction was only according to the rules of art, and not according to those of schools. There were as yet no masters of song and no schools of poetry. Sons of knights and the younger sons of the inferior official nobility learned from their spiritual teachers or from musicians, besides the other items of a court-like training, the art of singing, music, and poetry. The frequently recurring designation,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. (Translated in the London Musical World).

"Master," meant at this period, not a teacher of the poetic art, but a poet who exercised his art in a masterly fashion, intended to serve as a model for others. The pupil could, and, indeed, was bound, therefore, to exhibit in his own productions a methodical dependence on his teacher. He was expected to contribute independent invention for each *Lied* and for each *Leich*, words (text and purport) as well as "*dôn*" (metre) and "*wise*" (melody). That this, as a matter of course, must lead to artificiality, might have been predicted. Every poet was accustomed to employ even his own "*dône*" and "*wise*" once only, for one *Lied* or one *Leich;* as already mentioned, the repetition of a "Tone" was admissible in the *Sprüche* alone. The poet sang his own *Lieder* and *Leiche* to a string accompaniment, most frequently the fiddle or the violin. From him the poems were learned by the travelling musicians, who made a profession of reciting such productions. These musicians carried the verses from castle to castle, and transmitted them, far beyond the limits of the German Empire, to posterity. The verses were scarcely ever committed to writing, or at least very seldom.

When the art fell into decay towards the end of the 13th century, and erudition occupied in it a larger and larger place, it became more usual to write the *Lieder* down. We know that Wolfram von Eschenbach and others were unable to write. The travelling musicians were obliged to learn how to do so, for their memory no longer sufficed to retain the poems confided to them. They made written collections, and from these were derived, partly not till after the decline of "Minne-Song," several of the comprehensive MSS. still preserved, and to which alone we are indebted for our present knowledge of the poems in question. The most important are: the Heidelberger MS., edited by Franz Pfeiffer, Stuttgart, 1844; the Benedictbeurer MS. at Munich (*Carmina Burana*), edited by Schmeller, Stuttgart, 1847; and the Weingartner MS. at Stuttgart, edited by Pfeiffer and Fellner, Stuttgart, 1843; while the most copious is the Manessi MS. This name was given by Johann Jakob Bodmer—a German poet and prose writer, born at Greifensee, near Zurich, the 19th July, 1698, and died there the 2nd January, 1783—to a "Minne-Singers'" MS. preserved in the Great Library, Paris, the name having been chosen on account of the collection's containing a *Lied* by the Zurich poet, Johann Hadlaub, in which he praises the two Manesses (Rüdiger Manesse, Knight and Common-Councillor in Zurich, 1280–1325, and his eldest son, named after him, canon at the great cathedral, first Custos, and afterwards master of the cathedral-school, 1296–1328) for their love of native poetry and their zeal in collecting *Lieder* books, of which more were to be found in Zurich than in the whole German empire. The singers whose *Lieder* are included in the collection come down to the time of the Manesses themselves. By modern Germanists, however, doubt has been cast, without sufficient grounds, on this designation: "The Manessi MS.," and the title has been almost entirely superseded by that of "The Paris MS." The Manessi MS., in which a large number of Hadlaub's *Lieder* are inserted, was written in the 14th century by several hands, but certainly in Switzerland; if not the oldest or the most reliable among the middle high German MSS. which have been preserved, it is at any rate the most copious. It contains, upon 429 parchment folio pages, above 7,000 strophes of 140 poets and 137 pictures, each occupying a page. About 1600 it was in the possession of the Baron von Hohen-Sax, at the fortress of Forsteck, near St. Gallen; was purchased in 1607, through Marquard Freher, for the Elector's Library at Heidelberg; and, during the Thirty Years' War, was carried, not—with the other abstracted MSS.—to Rome, but, in some unknown and unexplained manner, to Paris. Repeated offers to get it back by purchase or exchange have been obstinately refused by the French Government. In 1838, Herr von der Hagen brought out at Leipsic a complete issue of the "Manessi MS." in the first two parts of his *Minne-Singer*.

The number of lyric poets in the 13th century must have been almost unlimited. Besides the MSS. of *Lieder* collections already mentioned, over 150 names of other collectors of such compositions are given us. The art of the "Minne-Singer" was most flourishing and prolific in Swabia, at the Court of the Austrian Dukes in Vienna, of the Thuringian Landgraves at Eisenach, and, when near its end, at those of Denmark, Pomerania, Brandenburgh, Bohemia, and Silesia. At the close of the 13th century, "Minne-Song," properly so called, was silent, while courtly lyrics and the folk-like lyrics of court had faded away. The more refined culture of the sovereigns and the knights had, in times full of anxiety and danger, to give way to rougher inclinations and amusements. But the dying art had already shot its fertilizing roots over the Alps, and from those roots sprang the beginning of lyric and vocal art in Italy. Nor was the soft sinking to rest of the "Minne-Song" attended with ruin to the land of its birth, for it was cultivated subsequently, with touching devotion to art, though the inmost sanctity of the latter was hidden from their eye, by honest mechanics and burghers as Mastersingers. Towards the end of the Middle Ages, sacred song, blossoming into greater magnificence, was often fond of leaning for support on the mundane folk-song—on the *Volkslied*.

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Continued from Page 291.)

We now arrive at the British Isles, where, especially in Scotland, we meet with numerous printed collections. Indeed, the Scotch can boast of possessing nearly as many publications of the kind as the French or the Germans; but whether their tunes are as judiciously edited is another question. A considerable number of them are arranged for the pianoforte with the omission of the words of the songs, and with the introduction of embellishments, brilliant passages, and variations. However, with these we have not to concern ourselves in our present inquiry. The following certainly deserve attention:

"A Collection of Original Scotch-Tunes (full of the Highland Humours) for the Violin: Being the first of this kind yet Printed: most of them being in the compass of the Flute. London: Printed by William Pearson, in Red-Cross Alley in Jewin-street, for Henry Playford, at his shop in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street. 1700" (oblong 4to). Henry Playford was the second son of the well-known music publisher John Playford. The book, which contains thirty-nine tunes, is interesting inasmuch as it represents the oldest published collection of Scotch national tunes properly so termed.

"Orpheus Caledonius; or, a Collection of the best Scotch Songs, set to Musick by W. Thomson (London). Engrav'd and printed for the Author, at his house in Leicester Fields" (folio). This publication bears no date, but the editor entered it at Stationers' Hall on the 5th of January, 1725. It contains fifty songs, preceded by a dedication to the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Wilhelmina-Caroline), and followed by a notation of the same songs for the flute. In the index Thomson has marked seven songs with asterisks, and he says "the songs mark'd thus were composed by David Rezzio" (*sic*). They are "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "Bessie Bell," "The Bush aboon Traquair," "The Bonnie Boatman," "An' thou were my ain thing," "Auld Rob Morris," and "Down the burn, Davie." Mention is made of W. Thomson in Burney's "History of Music" (vol. iv., p. 647) and in Hawkins's "History of Music" (vol. iv., p. 7). Hawkins evidently mistook the second edition of this work for the first. The second edition, which is in two volumes, octavo, was published in the year 1733, and has not the asterisks referring to David Rizzio, the musician of Queen Mary Stuart.

"The Scots' Musical Museum; consisting of upwards of six hundred songs, with proper basses for the pianoforte; originally published by James Johnson, and now accompanied with copious notes and illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, by the late William Stenhouse. New edition." (Edinburgh, 1853; 8vo, four volumes). The first edition (London, 1787–1803) is in six volumes, 8vo. An edition with notes and illustrations of the lyric poetry of Scotland, by W. Stenhouse, and with additional illustrations by David Laing, was published in Edinburgh in the year 1839, and is likewise in six volumes 8vo. The introduction to the present editien contains the titles and description of a large number of published collections of Scotch airs. There is also a list of ninety-seven published collections and eight manuscripts in the introduction to "The Dance Music of Scotland," arranged and edited by J. T. Surrenne; second edition (Edinburgh: Wood and Co., 1852; royal 8vo).

"Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a manuscript of the reign of King James VI.; with an introductory enquiry illustrative of the history of the Music of Scotland," by William Dauney (Edinburgh, 1838; 4to).

"The Songs of Scotland, adapted to their appropriate melodies, arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments, by G. F. Graham, T. M. Mudie, J. T. Surrenne, H. E. Dibdin, Finlay Dun, etc.; illustrated with historical, biographical, and critical notices, by G. F. Graham" (Edinburgh; Wood and Co., 1856; royal 8vo, three vols.). It is indeed difficult to praise the pianoforte accompaniments in this publication, however much one may be disposed to judge them leniently; nevertheless, as the beautiful Scotch tunes are preserved intact, or have at any rate only occasionally been slightly tampered with, the student will find this publication useful for his purpose, especially on account of the annotations.

"The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns, with the Tunes," edited by Robert Chambers (Edinburgh, 1862; small 8vo). A carefully compiled and very interesting little book.

"The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs, and Legends of the Adherents to the House of Stuart," collected and illustrated by James Hogg (Edinburgh, 1819–1821; 8vo, two vols.).

"Scottish Songs, with the Music," by Joseph Ritson (London, 1794; 12mo, two volumes); a second edition (Glasgow, 1869; 8vo, two volumes). The work contains an historical essay on Scotch songs.

"Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published; with Notes, and an Appendix containing the Airs," by G. R. Kinloch (Edinburgh, 1827; 8vo).

There is a large publication of "Scottish Airs and Songs," by George Thomson (London, 1793–1841; folio, six volumes), who engaged Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, and Weber, to write pianoforte accompaniments to the melodies.

As regards the beautiful Irish airs, it may suffice to notice the following publications:—

"A General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music; containing a variety of admired Airs never before published, and also the compositions of Conolan and Carolan," by Edward Bunting (London, 1796; folio).

"A General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Pianoforte; some of the most admired Melodies are adapted for the Voice, to poetry chiefly translated from the original Irish songs by Thomas Campbell, Esq., and other eminent poets; to which is prefaced a Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Egyptian, British, and Irish Harp," by Edward Bunting (London, 1809; folio, vol. i.). Only one volume has been published.

"The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Pianoforte; to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harps and Harpers, including an account of the Old Melodies of Ireland;" by Edward Bunting, (Dublin, 1840; 4to). In the preface, E. Bunting remarks that before the year 1796, when he published his first collection, "there had been but three attempts of this nature—one by Burke Thumoth, in 1720; another by Neill, of Christ Churchyard, soon after; and a third by Carolan's son, patronized by Dean Delany, about 1747."

"A Favorite Collection of Irish Melodies, the original and genuine compositions of Carolan, the celebrated Irish Bard; arranged for the pianoforte, violin, or German flute; dedicated to the Irish Harp Society of Belfast" (Dublin, no date; folio).

"Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, inter-

spersed with anecdotes of, and occasional observations on, the Music of Ireland; also an historical and descriptive account of the musical instruments of the Ancient Irish; and an Appendix containing several biographical and other papers, with select Irish Melodies," by Joseph C. Walker (London, 1786; 4to).

"A Selection of Irish Melodies; with symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq." (London: J. Power, 1807–34; ten parts, folio). There have subsequently been brought out some smaller editions of this work. Moore's fine poetry adapted to Irish airs has much contributed to make the Irish national music more widely known among the educated classes in different countries. The "symphonies and accompaniments" in the work, while containing much which is hardly desirable, leave much to be desired.

"The Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland arranged for the pianoforte; edited by George Petrie, under the superintendence of the Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland" (Dublin: Gill, 1855; folio, vol. I.). Of this work the first volume only has been issued. It is rather diffuse, being overburdened with prolix introductory remarks and annotations; and the pianoforte arrangement is too elaborate to be in character with the tunes; otherwise the work is interesting.

Respecting the songs of Wales, there requires to be noticed first a curious publication which claims to be the earliest printed collection of Welsh tunes. I shall insert here its whole title, as I have done with some of the Irish books, because its character and purpose are therein so fully set forth, that it obviates the necessity of any further explanation. It is:—

"Antient British Music; or a Collection of Tunes, never before published, which are retained by the Cambro-Britons, more particularly in North Wales, and supposed by the learned to be the remains of the music of the ancient Druids, so much famed in Roman history; Part I. containing twenty-four Airs set for the harp, harpsichord, violin, and all within the compass of the German flute, and figured for a thorough-bass. To which is prefixed an historical account of the rise and progress of Music among the Antient Britons; wherein the errors of Dr. Powel and his editor, Mr. Wynne, on that subject, in their history of Wales, are pointed out and confuted; and the whole set in its true and proper light. London: printed for and sold by the Compilers, John Parry, at his House in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Market; and Evan Williams, at Mr. Mickleborough's, in New Bond Street, near Union Street; and are to be had at the Music Shops. MDCCXLII." (sm. folio). Only the first part appears to have been published.

The following works ought likewise to be consulted by the student:—

"British Harmony; being a Collection of Antient Welsh airs, the traditional remains of these originally sung by the Bards of Wales; carefully compiled, and now first published with some additional variations, by John Parry; inscribed with all due esteem and gratitude to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart." (London: Hodgson, 1781; folio). This work, which contains forty-two airs arranged for the harpsichord, without the words of the songs, antecedes the publications by Edward Jones, who has adopted a similar plan in his arrangements with variations.

"Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards, preserved by Tradition and Authentic Manuscripts from very remote antiquity, never before published. To the Bardic tunes are added variations for the harp, harpsichord, violin, or flute, with a select collection of the Pennillion and Englynion, or epigrammatic stanzas, poetical blossoms, and pastoral songs of Wales, with English translations. Likewise a General History of the Bards and Druids from the earliest period to the present time, with an account of their music and poetry; to which is prefixed a copious dissertation on the musical instruments of the Aboriginal Britons. A new edition doubly augmented and improved, by Edward Jones" (London, 1794; folio). Respecting the first edition (London, 1784; folio), Edward Jones, "Bard of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," observes, p. 123, "A few years ago I published a similar work; but, having since collected very important and more considerable documents on the subject, I thought it more judicious, instead of giving an additional volume, to blend the chief matter of the former publication with the present."

"The Bardic Museum; or Primitive British Literature, and other admirable Rarities, forming the second volume of the Musical, Poetical, and Historical Relicks of the Welsh Bards and Druids; drawn from authentic documents of remote antiquity, with great pains now rescued from oblivion, and never before published; containing the Bardic Triads, Historic Odes, Eulogies, Songs, Elegies, Memorials of the Tombs of the Warriors of King Arthur and his Knights, Regalias, the Wonders of Wales, *et cætera*, with English translations and historic illustrations. Likewise the Ancient War-tunes of the Bards. To these national melodies are added new basses, with Variations for the harp or harpsichord, violin or flute. Dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince" (London, 1802; folio).

"A Selection of Welsh Melodies with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by John Parry; and Characteristic Words, by Mrs. Hemans" (London: J. Power, 1821; folio, two vols.). The first volume appeared some years earlier than the date here given, and was republished for the present edition, newly arranged, and with the poetry expressly written for it by Mrs. Hemans. It appears that the publisher, J. Power, instigated by the success of the Irish Melodies by Moore and Stevenson, to which, also, Sir Henry Bishop supplied some accompaniments, resorted to a similar expedient with the present Welsh Melodies, to only the first volume of which, however, it was extended. Perhaps more noteworthy to musicians is John Parry's statement in the preface: "I have purposely avoided all extraneous modulations and chromatic passages, that the accompaniments may be performed on the harp as well as on the pianoforte. I was strongly urged so to do, and requested to render the arrangement as simple and familiar as I possibly could, so that the melodies might not lose any of their character, or be disfigured by gaudy trappings."

"Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morganwg; being a collection of original Welsh melodies hitherto unpublished, which obtained the prize at the Eisteddvod, held in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, October, 1838, to which are added the words usually sung thereto. Collected and arranged for the harp or pianoforte, by M. Jane Williams, of Abergwm" (Llandovery, 1844; folio). Most of the tunes in the preceding publications were evidently collected in the northern and central districts of Wales. The melodies contained in the present volume, Miss Williams says, "have been collected among the peasantry of the districts of Gwent and Morganwg, especially in the Vale of Neath, one of the most romantic and secluded parts of the Principality of Wales, where the inhabitants retain much of their ancient pastoral and simple character, and the songs which suited the peaceful avocations of their forefathers are still to be heard in the farmhouse and the cottage. . . . In printing the present volume the collector disclaims all feelings of musical or literary ambition. The songs are given as she obtained them, in their wild and original state; no embellishments of the melody have been attempted, and the accompanying words are those sung to the airs." Considering how seldom even professional musicians have succeeded in writing appropriate pianoforte accompaniments to national airs, the short-comings in the present arrangements may be easily excused, especially as we are told that the more important task of rendering a faithful notation of the tunes has been carefully attended to. Several of the tunes are remarkably beautiful.

"Y Caniedydd Cymreig; the Cambrian Minstrel; being a collection of the melodies of Cambria, with original words in English and Welsh, together with several original airs," by John Thomas [Jeuan Ddu] (Merthyr Tydvil, 1845; 4to). "Pencerdd; Gems of Welsh Melody; a selection of popular Welsh songs, with English and Welsh words; specimens of Pennillion Singing, after the manner of North Wales; and Welsh national airs, ancient and modern, set in a familiar manner for the pianoforte or harp, with symphonies and accompaniments," by John Owen [Owain Alaw] (Ruthin, 1860; folio).

Here may also be noticed "The Mona Melodies; a collection of ancient and original airs of the Isle of Man, arranged for the voice with a pianoforte accompaniment by an Amateur; the words by Mr. J. B.," edited by C. St. George (London: Mitchell, 1820; folio.) The editor states in a preface that the melodies are genuine, but that "the words adapted to them are entirely new, as the subjects of the Manx ballads were not esteemed to be of sufficient general interest to warrant their translation," which is to be regretted.

It seems rather singular that England should not possess any printed collection of its national songs with the airs as they are sung at the present day; while almost every other European nation possesses several comprehensive works of this kind. One or two small publications, such as "The Cheshire Melodies; provincial airs of Cheshire," by Edward Jones (London, about the year 1803), and "A selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and the Wear, consisting of twenty-four original airs peculiar to the counties of Durham and Northumberland," published by Robert Topliff (London, folio), are too insignificant to supply the desideratum. Besides, they are too old to serve for illustrating the English national songs of the present time. Some musical inquirers have expressed the opinion that the country-people in England are not in the habit of singing while at their work in the fields, or when toward evening they are returning to their homes; and that those social gatherings during the long winter-evenings, in which the Germans and other continental nations delight in singing their favorite songs, are unknown to the English rustics. However, this opinion would probably be found to be only partially correct if search were made in the proper places. Large towns are not the nurseries for the growth and preservation of national songs; and the circumstance of England possessing many large towns may be the chief cause of the apparent dearth of such songs in this country. Still there are in some of the shires rather isolated districts, in which the exertions of a really musical collector would probably be not entirely resultless. We have indications of this in several of the descriptions of English counties which have been published during recent years, and in which some tunes of the country-people are given, with explanation of the peculiar manner in which they are sung on certain occasions. Likewise several collections of popular poetry relating to different English counties, which have appeared in print since about the middle of the present century—as, for instance, "The Popular Rhymes, etc., of the county of Berwick," by G. Henderson (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1856; 8vo); "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire," by J. Harland (London, 1865; 8vo), etc.—suggest that there must be, belonging to the ditties, airs which have never been written down, and are only orally preserved by the people. We have seen that Miss Williams succeeded in bringing out a number of remarkably fine airs, hitherto unknown but to the villagers in the south of Wales, from whose singing she committed them to paper. The same might perhaps be accomplished in central and eastern England; and if the airs, as appears very likely, should prove less beautiful than those of Wales, they might be in every other respect equally interesting.

Of songs which were popular in former centuries, England possesses, as is well known, several old collections of considerable comprehensiveness. As they may be supposed to exist in the libraries of many English musicians, I shall not try the patience of the reader by enlarging upon them. Suffice it to point out two or three by way of example.

"The Dancing Master," a collection of dance-tunes, has already been alluded to. Its first edition was published by John Playford, in London, in the year 1651. Many of the tunes which it contains are airs of popular songs of the time when the book was brought out.

"Wit and Mirth; or Pills to purge Melancholy; being a collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, old and new; fitted to all humors, having each their proper tune for either voice or instrument; most of the songs being new set," by Thomas D'Urfey (London; 1719; 12mo, six vols.). An exact reprint of this work was published by Chatto and Windus, London, 1872. Not all the tunes which it contains are English, many are Scotch, others Irish, etc. Moreover, the original tunes are not unfrequently distorted to adapt them to the poetry written to them by D'Urfey.

"A Select Collection of English Songs," by Joseph Ritson (London, 1783, 8vo, three vols.); with an "Historical Essay on the Origin and Progress of National Song." The third volume contains the musical notation of the airs. There is also a second edition with additional songs and occasional notes by Thomas Park (London: 1813, 8vo, three vols.). However, the great majority of the airs printed in Ritson's "English Songs" can evidently not be regarded as national airs in a strict sense of the term,

although the tunes may have been for some time in popular favor. The same remark applies to the airs in almost all the English collections of old songs. The difference between a national song (German, *Volkslied*) and a merely popular song (German, *Volksthümliches Lied*) is not always distinctly observed by the English musicians, and the two terms are often used indiscriminately.

"Musical Illustrations of Bishop's Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; a collection of old ballad tunes, etc., chiefly from rare MSS. and early printed books; deciphered from the obsolete notation, and harmonized and arranged according to modern usage," by Edward F. Rimbault (London: Cramer, Beale and Co., 1850; royal 8vo).

"Popular Music of the Olden Time; a Collection of ancient songs, ballads, and dance tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. With short introductions to the different reigns, and notices of the airs from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; also a short account of the Minstrels," by W. Chappell. The whole of the airs harmonized by G. A. Macfarren (London: Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, no date; royal 8vo, two vols.).

(To be Continued.)

Musical Festival at Worcester, England.

September 10.

The great preliminary to the Festival of 1878—the special opening service in the nave of the cathedral—was all that could have been desired.

The opening voluntary was a concerto by Handel, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Handel composed very many such concertos, some with, some without accompaniments; but no better could have been found to display the qualities of the new presentation instrument than the one selected by the organist of Gloucester Cathedral. That the "Preces and Responses" were from Thomas Tallis's Cathedral use may be taken for granted. The Psalms (50, 51, 52) were sung to double chants by Dr. Elvey in F major, and Morley in D minor; to Dr. Elvey being assigned the first and last, to Morley the more plaintive strain ("Have mercy upon me, O God") that separates one from the other. The preceding "Venite" was sung to what is conventionally styled "The Grand Chant." The "Te Deum Laudamus" was Handel's magnificent "Dettingen," composed to celebrate a commemoration (in 1784) of the "famous victory" of George II. Among the five settings of the Hymn of St. Ambrose the Dettingen "Te Deum" claims the highest place, which, indeed, by musicians and cultivated amateurs generally, has always been awarded to it. Purcell's "Jubilate" in D, sounded a little primitive after the inspiration of the Saxon colossus. It is, nevertheless, instinct with beauty, and contains many passages of wonderful vigor, which, if Purcell had possessed a mastery of development such as Handel's, might have formed material for a work which Handel himself would hardly have disdained to acknowledge as his own. Witness, for example, the final chorus, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," with which, remembering a certain chorus in *The Messiah* ("Let us break their bonds asunder,") Handel must have been more or less acquainted. The "Apostles' Creed" was marvellously impressive. The anthem after the third Collect—"Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks"—the choral "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" excepted, bears very few signs of the handiwork of J. S. Bach, to whom it has been "attributed." About the "Old Hundredth" with the late Dr. Wesley's ingenious but somewhat over-elaborated arrangement, which makes one long for the fine tune in its undisturbed simplicity, it is unnecessary to say a word.

The leading singers in the "Te Deum" of Handel were Mdme. Patey; Messrs. Gay, Wadmore, and Santley; Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto, who has a career of real promise before her; Messrs. Guy and Wadmore taking part in the "Jubilate" of Purcell. Had it been a concert instead of a service in the church we might have dwelt with satisfaction upon the various efforts of these artists; and, indeed, allowing for certain inevitable shortcomings, upon the whole musical performance, conducted by Mr. Done, the Worcester organist. We may say in conclusion that the musical part of the ceremonial could scarcely have been otherwise than satisfactory to the congregation which filled the sacred building in every part. The sermon, preached by the Bishop of Worcester, was simple moderate, and to the purpose. The learned prelate dwelt first upon the origin and history of the meetings of the Three Choirs, advocating their usefulness from the beginning. He then touched delicately upon the recent controversy which in 1875 entirely changed the old method of procedure, balancing with extreme fairness the not to be disregarded because thoroughly conscientious scruples of the one side against the sufficiently intelligible prejudices of the other for the preservation of a long-standing order of things, looking forward with hope to the time when further concessions might be asked, and, for the interests of all, accepted without difficulty.

The weather has been of the brightest, and all Worcester may be said to be out of doors, except those fortunate individuals who were able to obtain free access to the cathedral, or those who can afford to purchase tickets for the brilliant evening concert in the College Hall. All the way from Foregate Street and High Street to the cathedral was densely thronged, and at certain points almost impassable. That the Worcester people exult in the revival of their festival more or less upon its old basis must strike every visitor in the city. Witness the flags and streamers from house to house in most of the principal thoroughfares, which look all the flauntier and gayer under the influence of the sunshine; witness, in short, the whole aspect of the city, which never looked more full of teeming life.

The performance in the cathedral to-night was attended by a vast concourse of lovers of sacred music, which, the programme taken into consideration, is no matter for surprise. The first part of *The Creation*, with Mdlle. Albani and Mr. Santley in the leading parts, was enough to account for it. *The Creation* is always an attraction at these provincial Festivals, and with singers who can give "Rolling with foaming billows," as can Mr. Santley, or "With verdure clad," as can Mdlle. Albani, becomes doubly so. No audible expressions of approval are permitted on these occasions, but the sensation created by these genuine artists could not be mistaken. The tener part was assigned to that promising young singer, Mr. Guy, who acquitted himself well, and, indeed, the whole performance, under the direction of Mr. Done, was highly creditable. *The Creation* was followed by Mozart's immortal *Requiem*, in which the leading parts were admirably sustained by Miss Anna Williams, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley, the execution generally being good. The concert, unusually and unnecessarily long, terminated with Mendelssohn's superb *Hymn of Praise*.

The orchestral introduction was played with great spirit, while the choral parts showed the Worcester conglomerate of singers at their best. The principal vocalists in this great work were Mdlle. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who all distinguished themselves as artists thoroughly conversant with the music.

September 11.

The oratorio of to-day was *Elijah*, which has taken a place so near to *The Messiah* that for the most part, during a long series of years, no festival programme has been considered wholly complete without it.

The performance, for the most part under the direction of Mr. Done, was one of the best that has ever been heard at any of the meetings of the Three Choirs. When it is stated that the whole of the music which Mendelssohn has put into the lips of the Prophet was allotted to Mr. Santley, it will be at once understood that the grand central figure in this sacred musico-Biblical drama (for drama it undoubtedly is, just as much as many of the oratorios of Handel) was powerfully represented. Since Staudigl, the original, no artist has declaimed the recitatives or sung the airs belonging to this arduous character so admirably as Mr. Santley. Some Elijahs (as, for instance, Herr Formes, the late Mr. Weiss, and Herr Stockhausen) have distinguished themselves in the delivery of the recitatives, others (like Signor Belletti) in the more florid parts, but our English baritone combines both requisites, and it is hard to decide which he renders best, the slow airs, "Lord God of Abraham" and "It is enough," or the furious denunciation, "Is not His word like a fire?" which calls for a sustained rapidity of utterance by no means easy to acquire. The soprano music in the first part was divided between Misses Anna Williams and Mary Davies, the largest share of it in the second devolving upon Mdme. Albani, who, in the pathetic admonition, "Hear ye Israel," with its emphatic sequel, "Be not afraid"—the first impressed with genuine feeling, the last noticeable for the enthusiasm which the accomplished songstress threw into her task—created, not for the first time, a profound impression. Miss Anna Williams did herself high credit, both in the duet (with chorus), "Bow down Thine ear to our prayer," in which she was associated with Miss Bertha Griffiths, the very promising young contralto of whom we spoke yesterday, and in the beautiful duet, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" which Mendelssohn found so much difficulty to shape so as to satisfy his exacting self-criticism. Here her partner was Mr. Santley. The more important music appertaining to the contralto voice was assigned to our reigning queen of contraltos, Mdme. Patey, who gave to the grand scene with Jezebel and the people—the climax of which is that superb after-thought, the chorus, "Woe to him, he shall perish"—all the requisite force and vigor, while imparting to the peaceful and melodious homily, "O rest in the Lord," the true devotional expression upon which its persuasiveness mainly depends. Nevertheless, an opportunity of winning distinction was vouchsafed also to Miss Bertha Griffiths, in the plaintive apostrophe of the Israelitish woman; and of this she took fair advantage, justifying the hopes entertained of her. The fresh young voice of Miss Mary Davies, too, was favorably heard in the scene where Elijah sends forth the boy, repeatedly, to look for signs of coming rain—the prologue, as all musical readers know, to the chorus, "Thanks be to God," which brings the first part of the oratorio magnificently to an end.

The tenor music was divided between Mr. Guy and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Guy gave with excellent taste the admonition of the Prophet Obadiah, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me;" Mr. Lloyd creating a more than ordinary sensation in "Then shall the righteous shine forth," the consolatory announcement to true believers of the joy and eternal happiness that await them. Never, perhaps, has the popular tenor been happier in his delivery of this, in its way, incomparable song.

Nearly all the concerted music in which the artists enumerated variously took part, including Mr. Wadmore, a thoroughly capable musician, was well and effectively rendered. The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," the former alletted to Miss Anna Williams, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Wadmore, the latter to Mdme. Albani, Miss Mary Davies, and Mdme. Patey—each a gem in its way—were cases in point. These, like the solo air, "O rest in the Lord," had the old custom remained when the bishop or any other dignitary in his place had but to make a sign which was equivalent to a command, would surely have been repeated. So, in fact, would certain of the choruses, but happily no such *ex officio* authority is enforced in these days of innovation and reform. Thus *Elijah* was heard from one end to the other without interruption, the only way that enables us to appreciate it properly. The choral singing was in several instances far above the average of Festival performances. Here Mendelssohn is as strong—stronger, indeed, if that were possible—than in his airs, duets, trios, and quartets, which give such charming variety to his oratorio. Nothing could have been much better than the choruses of the Baalite priests, "Thanks be to God," "Woe to him," etc., on the one hand; or than those more tuneful and placid choruses, "Blessed are the men that fear Him," "He watching over Israel," and "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," on the other. Not less to be commended was "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord," a "sanctus" which in simple grandeur has never been surpassed. The orchestra was almost irreproachable from the overture to the conclusion; and, in short, the performance altogether left very little to desire. The first evening concert brought a very large audience to the College Hall. The programme included Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*; the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, splendidly played by M. Sainton; Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and the miscellaneous selections, in which Mdme. Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and other leading singers took part.

September 12.

Dr. Philip Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral, a young musician, from whom much is to be expected, was lucky in finding a place for his sacred cantata, or "short" oratorio, *Hezekiah*, in the programme of the Worcester Festival, and still more lucky in obtaining so satisfactory a performance as

that given, under his personal direction, this day at the Cathedral. The late Mr. Peirson and our admirable song composer, Mr. J. L. Hatton, had each written an oratorio to texts derived from the same source, the first of which was produced at the Norwich Festival of 1869, the last in 1877, at the wisely-managed Sydenham concerts in the Crystal Palace, where so much that is new and tentative, as well as so much that is old and religiously venerated, may be heard. Thus Dr. Armes is the third English musician of our time who has chosen a part of the reign of the good king Hezekiah for his theme. The words, from Isaiah, are in a great measure a recapitulation of what is to be found in the Second Book of Kings. The Durham organist, who, we believe, is answerable for the selection of these sentences, which, though used more or less at random, are chiefly indebted to chapters 26, 27, and 28 of the book of the great prophet, unlike Mr. Pierson and Mr. Hatton, has made no attempt to arrange his materials in what is conventionally termed, even when oratorios are referred to, a "dramatic" shape. On the contrary, he is content with the simple narrative, appropriate illustrations, and comments on the events occurring from the invasion of the Assyrian monarch, Sennacherib, to the deliverance of Judah, Hezekiah's devout prayer and the prolongation of his life for fifteen years, by the mercy of the Almighty, whose wrath was excited because the King of Judah had despoiled Jehovah's temple of its treasures and ornaments, in order to pacify Sennacherib and be quit of that ruthless and powerful foe. That anything in the dramatic style could be made out of this is improbable, and the reticence of Dr. Armes was not only modest but prudent. Another word about his book, or rather compilation of texts, would be superfluous. In his music the young composer exhibits a like discretion, neither aiming too high, nor descending too low. It is, in fact, of level merit throughout, here and there displaying certain evidences of power, and here and there a command of contrapuntal devices which, never to be acquired without diligent and unremitting study, is a proof that he who has succeeded in acquiring it, to a more or less extent, reverences the art in which he aspires to excel, disdaining the example of too many, who, looking at it as a mere plaything, either degrade it by trivialities, or, worse still, disregarding the foundation upon which all must be built, vainly attempt soaring upwards with untutored wings, forgetful that that "scorner of the ground," Shelley's Skylark, a born singer, having nothing to learn beyond what Heaven had given, could—

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"—

improvise tune not the less enchanting because to our human understanding formless. Dr. Armes does not belong to this class of ambitious enthusiasts, who (to drop the metaphor of wings) would fain run before they have learnt to walk. He is, beyond doubt, an earnest, assiduous student, resolved to do the very best with such aptitude as he owes to nature. This is clearly pronounced throughout his oratorio, which, if revealing nowhere any absolute signs of originality, is marked by not a few passages that at once strike by their vigor and interest by their genuine and unobtrusive expression.

As we have suggested, he was fortunate in obtaining a performance calculated in every respect to give due significance to his work. Orchestra, chorus, and leading singers—Miss Anna Williams, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Wadmore—did their utmost for the music of the English composer, to whose grateful acknowledgments they are well entitled. This day's performance included Mendelsohn's exquisite setting of the 55th Psalm, with Mdme. Albani's no less exquisite interpretation of the solo part, and finished up with Spohr's *Last Judgment*.

September 13.

That this most brilliant and successful meeting came to an end with *The Messiah*, the only work of the kind to which Handel himself applied the denomination of "Sacred Oratorio," will be taken for granted.—*London Times.*

Music in Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, Sept. 9th, 1878.—During the Summer, as mild, though wet, here, as unusually dry and severe in America, your correspondent was rusticating in a retired corner of Saxony, away from music and musicians, fondly recalling the many pleasant and interesting incidents of last Winter's sojourn in Leipzig. Since his return, glaring announcements have been posted all over the city, telling an astonished people that the present Fall will witness the continuation of Richard Wagner's Trilogy, *The Nibelung's Ring*, in the performances of *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*, which were preceded, as may not be forgotten, by *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* last Spring. The undersigned must confess, with all meekness and due respect for the distinguished poet, that he contemplates the coming performance with a feeling akin to horror. To sit in a closely packed theatre from 5 to 1 o'clock, listening to what is certainly not a drama, nor an opera, endeavoring or pretending to be both and is neither, cannot be called a pleasure; inasmuch, however, as "Götterdämmerung" for instance, will show what patience and energy may accomplish, especially on the part of vocalists and instrumentalists, as well as prove to what extent an author may go without being indignantly repulsed as an arrogant charlatan, it may readily be accepted as worth hearing and seeing; but are not those to be pitied who, for these reasons, and in order to have an own opinion of these much-spoken-of *tone-dramas* (tone-executions, in one sense, would be more pertinent), must submit to all the torture and agony inseparably linked with the gaining of this questionable satisfaction? Only a raving Wagnerite, or one blunted to all that is beautiful in art, accessible only by the hugely abnormal, will differ from the foregoing.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to the plays themselves, all must agree that Marie Wilt, Unger and Schelper, as "Brunnhilde," "Siegfried," and "Der Wanderer," will be grand interpreters and representers of their respective parts. The orchestra, also, second to none in the world, and conducted by Sucher, a devoted disciple of Wagner, is sure to take care of its part even to the satisfaction of the most exacting. There is every reason to believe that the performances here will, in many respects, at least, equal those of Bayreuth, which were given, it will be remembered, under the most favored circumstances possible, and leave in the shade completely those of Munich and other cities. Rehearsals have been going on for some time, whose severity cannot be mistaken from the fact that all operatic representations have been suspended for the time being. In due time I will refer to the results and success of the performances.

With longing pleasure the Gewandhaus Concerts, beginning in October, will be looked for by all true lovers of music. Capellmeister Reinecke, with browned features and in excellent health, has just returned from the Tyrol. From him the subscriber has learned that Mr. S. B. Mills, the New York pianist, will be the soloist of the first concert, and, it is to be hoped, with a success commensurate with his great abilities; but audiences are fickle, often spoiled, and not seldom ill-humored; hence, applause is not the safest standard by which to measure an artist's merits or demerits. Luckily Mr. Mills has a too substantial reputation to be easily shattered and he comes more favoring than to be favored. Mills is probably the first American representative of music who will have presented himself as an artist before a Gewandhaus audience; therefore, if from no other, at least from a patriotic point of view, I wish him the fullest measure of success.

Leipzig, at present, harbors two other prominent American artists, Perabo and Dresel, both from Boston. Mr. Richard Zeckwer, of your city, was here for a few days during July. His pressing duties at home, in connection with the Musical Academy, unfortunately prevented him from delaying his departure until the opening of the musical season.

The Euterpe institution has not yet made any announcement of its usual concerts. It would be a matter of deep regret if they should have to be missed; but there is such a thing as making a virtue of necessity, and such a necessity might just possibly make itself felt this year more than ever before. Purely as a matter of, perhaps, general interest, and in contradiction of certain rumors concerning Gilmore's Band, it may be stated that it gave three Garden Concerts in this city in July, before audiences numbering upwards of two thousand.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* (Sept. 26) writes:—

By the time this reaches you Theodore Thomas will have concluded his musical labors in the metropolis, and be free to enter upon his five years engagement in the West. He has rented his house, consigned his furniture to the shippers, and has labeled his goods and himself to Cincinnati. The talk about raising ten thousand a year or so to keep him here proved to be, like several former grand schemes for a Thomas music-hall and endowment fund, all talk. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society seems to have taken the only actual step in testing the willingness of the Cincinnati directors to allow Mr. Thomas to come East every winter to conduct the Philharmonic concerts. The willingness was not manifest enough to encourage the inquirers, and new talent will probably at once be sought. The New York Philharmonic Society is in a ferment of excitement over the recent election. It had been predicted with confidence that Dr. Damrosch, whose popular concert venture last season was very attractive, if not very remunerative, would be chosen to succeed Mr. Thomas as Philharmonic conductor. It turned out, however, that there was a strong opposition to Dr. Damrosch. His ability as a musician was not questioned, but his qualifications for leadership were not equally admitted. It was urged that he had tried his hand at conducting the Philharmonic, and without the success desired by the society and attained by Mr. Thomas in a single season. Mr. Adolf Neuendorf, who had gained reputation as a skillful conductor, was put forward by the opposition, and elected by a clean majority, much to the confusion of Dr. Damrosch's adherents. Since this quiet stroke, discontent and dissatisfaction have been brewing, and it is rumored that a break in the membership of the society will result. This would be more deplorable than the loss of Mr. Thomas. With the Philharmonic society strong and harmonious, New York is certain of good music, independent of the coming or going of any individual. Without this society there is no assurance beyond the field of opera.

CHICAGO.—The second concert given at the Tabernacle last evening by the Kellogg-Cary Troupe, if that is the name of it, was, in every essential respect, a duplicate of the first. The audience was about the same in numbers. The programme was of the same popular and miscellaneous character. The main point of difference was in the encore business. At the first concert the audience got ten encores out of sixteen numbers. Last night the crowd, reinforced by some enthusiastic rural visitors from Michigan, put in a little sharper work, and got eleven encores out of sixteen numbers.

Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary were the central figures of the entertainment, but, judged by the encores, Levy was the lion of the evening, and blew himself further into the good graces of the audience than the two singers could carry themselves with the voice. They took a single encore for each number, but Levy carried off one for his first number and three for his second, in the course of which he succeeded in getting through with English and Scotch ballads, the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," "Robin Adair," "Yankee Doodle," the grand aria from "Robert," and several variations. Miss Kellogg substituted the "Fors e lui," from "Traviata," for Eckert's "Swiss Song," and for her encore sang "The Old Folks at Home," upon the basis of the color-line in music which Nilsson established. For her second number, she sang a very captivating Gypsy song from the new opera of "Carmen," which she has been studying this summer with a view to its performance this season. It is a dainty little jingle, full of bright color, and very characteristic in rhythm, and she sang it delightfully, receiving, of course, the inevitable encore, to which she replied with a ballad which shall be nameless, but is full of very excellent advice to those whose fancies lightly turn to love. Miss Cary was very warmly received, and sang for her programme numbers the "Tempo passato," a romanza of Gordigiani, and Pease's ballad, "Just as of Old," and for her encores, Claribel's "We'd better bide a wee," and "The Lowland Lassie." The other artists, Rosnati, Conly, Liebling, and Mme. Maretzek, lent very efficient assistance in filling out the programme, and were handsomely rewarded by the audience.—*Chicago Tribune, Oct.* 2.

MR. JOSEPH BIRD, whose death at the age of sixty-nine years occurred in Watertown on Monday, was a teacher of music well known in Boston and its suburbs for the last forty-five years. Self-taught in the elements of the art while engaged at the blacksmith's forge, he early left his trade to teach others, forming classes in churches and halls in nearly all the towns within a radius of twenty miles of his home. Probably no man not in public life was better known than he, and thousands will gratefully acknowledge him as the first to awaken in them an interest in singing as a pastime. Of commanding presence, genial manners, full of anecdotes illustrative of his teachings, his presence with his deep bass voice was always welcome in the villages where his schools were formed. As an organizer of church choirs his services were in great demand for more than a quarter of a century, during which time he was a prominent member of the Handel and Haydn Society. He was the first official teacher of music in the schools of Cambridge and several of the surrounding towns, and was the pioneer in many reforms effected in the government of his native place. Public-spirited in the highest degree, he gratuitously devoted the last years of his useful life to improving the facilities for extinguishing fires, advocating and illustrating the importance of attacking fires in their incipiency with single hand apparatus. Though ridiculed by the firemen of the day as he approached a burning barn or dwelling with his simple bucket and hand pump, his success in a good average of instances in demonstrating the practibility of his theory has led to the general introduction of apparatus since variedly improved for the safety of the stores, dwellings, and shipping of this and other countries. His persistency in pursuing this idea was characteristic of the man in his other undertakings, and his pointed writings upon the subject, in press and pamphlet, showed a practical knowledge that carried conviction with it. He lived to see his pet scheme carried to a successful issue, though without pecuniary profit to himself. Mr. Bird leaves a widow and a large family of adult children to mourn the loss of a generous and large-hearted husband and father.—*Transcript, Oct.* 2.

THE CAMBRIDGE ART CIRCLE. In the hope of combining entertainment with instruction, says the *Literary World*, this club was formed about two years ago. It is divided into the Musical, the Histrionic, the Literary, and the Art Departments, the latter including Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. A committee of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, have charge of each division. The chairman or chief of each committee, and the president of the Circle constitute the executive committee, to whom is intrusted the power to receive new members and to arrange most of the business matters. The entertainments are given by the four departments in turn, the meetings of the club being held once a fortnight at the residence of some member. The Circle numbers about one hundred, and is particularly rich in musical and artistical talent. The Art committee has followed from the first a definite plan, presenting by essays, conversations, and illustration, a history of the fine arts from the earliest times. For instance, the programme of one evening was a paper on Egyptian temples, another upon Egyptian painting, followed by an informal talk about the sculpture of the time, illustrated by stereoptic views. We have now reached the history of mediæval art, and find our interest increasing as we progress. The Histrionic committee have pursued a similar course, having considered the Greek, Roman, and German drama. One of their recent choice programmes was devoted to Goethe and Schiller. Reminiscences of Weimar, given by one who had lingered there with reverent step, were followed by a biographical sketch of each author, and admirably read selections from Faust and Wallenstein. The Musical entertainments have followed no particular plan, but have always been of a high order. Sometimes a first-class concert of vocal and instrumental music; occasionally an evening with one author, an essay upon his life, illustrated by some of his most famous compositions. One holiday meeting was given to Handel's *Messiah*, the leading choruses being rendered by a double quartet of fine voices, and the solos given by members of the Handel and Haydn Society, whom we are so fortunate as to count among our members. The Literary committee has not heretofore kept to any chronological order in the authors it has considered, but has usually given us a pleasant surprise.

A. L. H.

AUGUST WILHELMJ. The great violinist's début in New York, on Thursday evening, September 26, seems to have been only moderately well attended.

The *Times* gives the following description of the artist and his playing: "The violinist is, perhaps, somewhat over six feet in height, well-built and has a head which recalls somewhat that of Beethoven. The pose is of the easiest and most natural kind. The body hardly sways at all. When the violin calls for some *coup d'archet* of extraordinary vigor, it is the artist's head and arm which move alone. Endowed with a singularly powerful physique, Herr Wilhelmj is enabled to draw from his instrument its utmost vibratory power. The volume of sonority pours out in amplest measure. There are no strident sounds, no sacrifice of delicacy. Complicated movements, where the fingering must be perfectly just, are never impaired by a false vigor, but are given with crisp accuracy. Apart from mechanical excellence, that mere *maestria de l'archet*, Wilhelmj's musical art is pervaded with a broad and noble feeling. Those exceeding difficulties which are known to exist in the Paganini concerto seemed to play themselves, so little perceptible were they. It was in the paraphrase of the *Preislied* of Wagner that *ampleur* and noble sentiment were most distinguishable. It was masculine art in its grandest conception which took this *thema* and, without false ornament or a single trick, brought it superbly through to its conclusion. Applause here was given without stint, for the best musical interpretation we have ever had of Wagner was now heard for the first time. Ernst's better known "Airs Hongrois," replete with quaint melody, though bristling at times with difficulties, allowed the artist to give that true sad and pensive style which distinguishes these touching melodies. What can we say of the tone Herr Wilhelmj produces from his violin? His is not a school of violence. The vibrations are so true, must be so acoustically correct, that their purity alone gives them their perfect intensity. The bow movement, the returning of the *archet* on the strings, is imperceptible. The great distinguishing trait of this master is the truthful, unexaggerated sentiment which he possesses."

The *Tribune* critic is rapturous in his comments: "No such scene as that of last night has been witnessed in Steinway Hall since Rubinstein stormed the town, six years ago. Even that memorable triumph has been surpassed by the overwhelming success of Wilhelmj. The great violinist has captured us all. He has dazzled us by his brilliant and perfect technique: he has excited us by his fiery spirit; he has awed us by an indescribably serene sense of force, and he has seized upon our sympathies. * * * When he stands before us, tall shapely, nobly poised, with a magnificent head, a fresh, open, handsome, winning face, a clear blue eye, a genial smile, a manner that is majestic from its very simplicity, we cannot help thinking of a beautiful and lovely giant."(!)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 12, 1878.

How Chorus Parts ought to be Printed.

Every person who has ever taken part in, or been present at, the rehearsals of an Oratorio or of any formidable choral composition—at all events every earnest and hard-working musical conductor, knows too well the numerous drawbacks and annoyances that always waste a very solid portion of the few and precious hours in which it is possible to bring together several hundred singers for such practice. The continual stoppings to correct an error, whether in the singers or in the copy that they sing from; the losing the place, and the long time it takes for all to find it; above all, the difficulty which the conductor has of making his singers understand at just what measure and what note he wishes them each time to recommence; the wandering away of those in rank and file while others are drummed back; the time wasted also in correcting a false accent or expression, made through ignorance, but which might just as well have been avoided by some clear indication in the notes,—these, and fifty other little petty plagues eat up the time which ought to be kept whole for real practice and for solid movement of the whole mass onward.

And it seems not a little strange that, after such long and uniform experience of these hindrances, some simple method has not been devised, some system of little signs and warnings on the printed part in every singer's hand, whereby he may never fail to understand, in every single measure, the precise relation he sustains to the whole choir. Any group of experienced conductors, who should talk the matter over, would at once agree upon the points requiring to be met; they would all have the same experience to report; how easy then to settle on some method for, so to speak, the stoppage of these leaks!

Now this has been done, at least in one instance, nearly twenty years ago; but we do not learn that the example has been generally followed. In April 1859, Bach's famous Mass in B minor was performed in the Thomas Church, at Leipzig, by the choral society called the "Riedelsche Verein." CARL RIEDEL, from whom the society takes its name, having painfully noted in his experience with his choir the difficulties referred to, went to the trouble of carefully arranging and getting printed the voice parts of the Mass, in such a way that, while the exact score as Bach left it was clearly distinguishable, each page was full of useful signs and expression marks of his own invention, embodying the results not merely of his own, but of every intelligent conductor's experience in the bringing out of such music by means of a great choir. The principal points are these:

1. *Every bar* (*measure*) *of the piece is numbered.* This saves at least one quarter of the time given to rehearsal, which otherwise would be lost in blind efforts to find the place, whenever a repetition from a certain point is ordered. Without this, however ready the rest may be in finding the place, one or two slow ones may keep the whole choir waiting.

2. The insertion of *leading notes* (or *cues*, theatrically speaking); *i.e.*, before each new entrance of a part, the last note or two of the other parts, which lead into it, are noted down in small characters, so as to obviate the difficulty of hitting the absolute pitch of a starting note. To be sure, one may learn his part all through mechanically; but that costs time and does not at all improve his faculty of reading.

3. Short *marks or strokes over certain notes*, to warn the singers of their peculiar difficulty of intonation, and that they are to be taken with the sharpest accuracy.

4. *Phrase marks*, showing how the words are to be grouped and separated, independently of mere punctuation. A point over the last note of each *phrase* indicates that it is to be lightly dropped, to allow of taking breath for the next phrase and of attacking the next note in season. Every director knows what unity and clearness this imparts to chorus singing.

5. *Points over notes*, indicating a light and clear enunciation of the syllables, and not any *staccato* effect.

6. *Accents.* The usual *bar* lines merely show the singer the relation of the notes to one another. But were he to regulate his accent solely by the strong and weak parts of the measure, he would achieve, especially in polyphonic composition, a very stiff and unartistic result. (The chorus parts of the 16th and 17th centuries contain *no bars.*) The accent depends: 1) on the weight of the notes; 2) on their position relatively to surrounding notes; 3) on their harmonic importance; 4) on the natural accent of the syllables. The marks relate to all these points. For instance, it is a well-known rule that dissonances must be accented. Accordingly, when a prolonged note forms a dissonance with an entering note, the former (to be held and accented) is marked with a swell, thus ═══ and, at the point of the dissonance, with the additional little accent, thus > or V.—These signs do not aim at "*effects* of execution," but only to secure *the purity of choral singing.*

7. Marks relative to the clear coming in of the themes, etc., etc.

8. *Strengthening of one part by voices borrowed from another.* A most useful device. Suppose the second sopranos have to enter, on a low pitch, while all the other voices are in full blast; you bring to their support a portion of the altos. (Bach meant the part for *boys*, whose voices are stronger on the low notes). The director, of course, must judge of the applicability of this means, according to the materials of his choir.

9. Finally, some remarks, (applicable to all singing of Masses, "Stabat Maters," "Lauda Sions," etc.,) about the Latin and German (or English) *text.* Herr Riedel's remarks are worth quoting on this head. He says: "Unquestionably the Latin is more easy to enunciate with accuracy; it also has more sensuous euphony, although the German [English] has many words superior in sonorous beauty to their Latin equivalents. For singers and hearers, who can *understand and feel the Latin*, this language is altogether to be preferred. But such singers and hearers form by far the smallest number. To most of them the Latin is a dead language, and with them it would be a matter of indifference if for the Mass text were substituted other Latin words, equally manageable, but not in the least suited to the spirit of the music. A translation on the programme helps but little, however close to the original, since single words and phrases still remain unclear, and the music rushes by before their sense is caught. But the German [English] word tells upon Germans [Americans] *immediately* and quickens the right feeling, so that the singer can sing with understanding and sympathetically, and the hearer follow undisturbed the course of the music. But if our singers, who have no knowledge of the Latin, do prefer this tongue in singing, the reason lies, first in the greater convenience of enunciation, and then in the prevailing thoughtlessness which too many bring to their singing. To them choral singing can be nothing more than vocalized instrumental music."

We have thus given most of the substance of Herr Riedel's preface to his edition of the chorus parts of Bach's Mass. He ends with expressing the hope that these hints may help to the study of that difficult, but noble work. And why, we may ask, shall they not do the same service in regard to the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," the "Elijah," Mozart's "Requiem," etc.? Why will not our conductors agitate the matter, and make or cause to be made, with utmost care, by competent authorities, similar part-copies of the works practiced in our various societies? And why should not some of our leading music publishers find their account in issuing the voice *parts* of several oratorios, etc., on this plan?

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The subscription list for Eight Concerts is lengthening space, while the time is growing short. By the middle of next week the lists, which may now be found at the Music Hall, at Ditson's, Prüfer's, Little and Brown's, Chickering's, and other book and music stores, will be closed, and it will then appear whether the public has expressed a sufficient demand to enable the Association's Committee to announce the concerts. Persons who are looking forward to the pleasure of hearing some good Symphonies, and other works both old and new, must consider that it depends upon their own *prompt* action (within less than one little week) whether the concerts can be given.

MEANWHILE a rival enterprise is also open to subscriptions—not as usual Theodore Thomas, but a sort of Thomas' shadow—the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herr Dietrich. Mr. Gosche, always heretofore the business agent of Mr. Thomas, is to bring them here for five concerts if the subscription warrant. We shall be glad to see such a revival of interest in, or rather zeal for good orchestral music, as shall not only provide for what ought always to come first in order,—the keeping alive of our own local orchestra,—but also overflow for the encouragement of visiting artists from whatever quarter.

OPERA. Manager Mapleson's troupe arrived a fortnight ago in New York, bringing a goodly company of artists, including the prime donne, both soprano and contralto: Gerster, Sinico, Lido, Robiati, Lablanche, Pisani, and last, but not least, the American girl, Minnie Hauck; the tenors, Campanini, Tecchi, Brignardi, Balli and Frapolli; the baritones, Del Puente, Francheschi and Galassi; bassi, Thierry, Pyatt and Foli; besides the well-known conductor Arditi, and a large chorus. The manager has issued the following announcement:

"The first performance will be given on Wednesday evening, October 16th, on which occasion will be performed Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula," with the following cast:

Elvino..... ...Signor Campanini
Il Conte Rodolfo.....Signor Foli
Lisa.....Mlle. Robiati
and
Amina.....Mme. Etelka Gerster

"Mr. Mapleson's repertoire selected for the American season embraces the following operas:

"Carmen," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
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"Don Pasquale," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Faust," with..Mlle. Minnie Hauck or Mme. Gerster
"Fidelio," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Fille du Regiment," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Flauto Magico," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Freischütz," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Huguenots," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Lohengrin," with....Mme. Gerster or Mlle. Hauck
"Lucia," with .....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Nozze di Figaro," with.....Combined company
"Rigoletto," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Robert le Diable," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
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"Talisman,"..... .....Mme. Etelka Gerster
Ballet.....Papillon and others."

"AMONGST the productions of young composers we hold the best to be a string quartet by Mr. GEORGE CHADWICK, from Boston, of which two movements, allegro and adagio only, were given. In style, form, and contents it contains the best work produced by the pupils of the establishment during the present year."

We clip the above from an account of the annual examination concerts (in June last) at the Leipsig Conservatory, contained in the correspondence of the *London Musical Record*.

Musical Festival at Worcester, Massachusetts.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The equinoctial gale of the political conventions has been followed in Worcester by the fresh autumn days of a musical festival. The Heart of the Commonwealth, as our friends are fond of calling their fine city, has had time to beat under gentler emotions than those of party strife. The air of the music-hall is sweetened again, and the notes offered there have been better tender than green-backs.

This annual festival at Worcester seems to be the best specimen of one of our popular institutions, the "musical convention." This institution is a thing quite by itself, differing entirely from the choir-gatherings which occur in the English cathedral-towns, and not less from such occasions as our own Handel and Haydn triennials, which receive months of preparation. One needs little musical experience to see at a glance both the capabilities and the short-comings of the system.

The short-comings, to take the ungracious side of the subject first, arise from the very differences, just alluded to, between this and other great choral assemblies. A New England "convention" does not bring together several organized choirs, which have had constant practice by themselves, nor does it have opportunity for special preparation. The whole thing has an impromptu air. A great number of singers assemble, of various degrees of proficiency, not subjected to careful examination, nor, we suspect, provided with competent vouchers; but only willing to do what they can, and to pay a small fee for the privilege. They have a few hurried rehearsals, and the performance comes off. The wonder is that they can do so much and so well.

The capabilities of the system are equally manifest. A great musical interest, even enthusiasm, is excited in a whole county. The singers carry away a desire to study at home the sort of music which they have to sing once a year at the festival. It must follow that each town and village will soon have its local club; and then by very simple organization the convention will be what it should be, a gathering, not of individuals, but of practised choirs.

A very great advantage, at present perhaps the greatest, which these occasions offer, is the opportunity to hear singers and players of acknowledged excellence. The Worcester festivals appear to be financially successful. Money enough comes in from far and wide to warrant hiring many of the best artists in the country. No musical centre would need to be ashamed of the collection of talent which has been domiciled in Worcester during the festival week.

We heard only the last four performances of the week; the *Allegro and Pensieroso*, two miscellaneous concerts, and the *Elijah*. Handel's lovely cantata has been too seldom heard in America, and of late in England. I think that the performance a few years ago, under Dresel's lead, for the benefit of Robert Franz, was the only one that Boston has had; and when the work was given in 1872, at the English Worcester festival, the *London Orchestra* lamented that "to many of the audience the music was absolutely new, and very few opportunities occur of hearing it well done." This, by the way, "is true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," of most of Handel's shorter works. It was a happy thought of the Worcester Association to give this cantata, and withal a brave one, for the work was sure to fall a little heavily, as it did, on a considerable part of the audience. The capacity to recognize a classic, whether in art or literature, is for the most an acquired one. It implies cultivation. Those are the best teachers who give their pupils the best chances to acquire it; and the Worcester Association, in this and other instances, is doing a good work in the education of its audiences. The performance was very interesting. Mrs. Dexter, the only soprano, (there should, in fairness to both singer and music, have been two), sang her music admirably. It is a great pleasure to hear one sing Handel so *con amore*. Mr. Fritsch struggled manfully under a severe cold. Miss Welsh sang excellently, as she always does; but her time was not quite steady; or rather it did not always move with the stately sweep of "gorgeous tragedy." The chorus did as full justice to their numbers as was possible considering their short time for rehearsal. The accompaniment seemed unsatisfactory, and this notwithstanding the careful and artistic performance of the several players. The combination of string quintet, piano and organ produced a monotonous and tiresome effect, sounding like a mere unsuccessful attempt at orchestral color. For such work, if a full orchestra is not attainable, a four-hand piano arrangement, giving the musical form, without attempt at color, is the best resource. The leading was dull. Mr. Allen, admirable musician that he is, is surely not at his best with a bâton in his hand; and Handel's *L'Allegro* requires the best powers of the most experienced conductor.

On Thursday evening there was a variety concert. The chorus sang an anthem of Gounod and one of Dr. Elvey, both excellently. The Quintette Club played in good style a string-sestet by Fuchs and Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat. Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Signor Tagliapietra all had songs to sing, and all received the inevitable encore, which they all deserved. Mrs. Osgood's voice is certainly lovely, and Miss Cary, as the *Journal* once said, "is always at her best." Perhaps the most interesting number was one of three charming little songs written for Charles Adams by Otto Dessoff, a capellmeister at Vienna, and charmingly sung. There was, besides, the quintet from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," which was turned unexpectedly and funnily into a trio by two of the gentlemen not being able, apparently, to find their place during the whole piece.

On Friday morning the orchestra had arrived, and there was a rehearsal of *Elijah*, and in the afternoon a symphony-concert. The instrumental pieces were Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, Haydn's Symphony in G, and Beethoven's piano concerto in B flat. The latter was played by Miss Amy Fay in a very musician-like and satisfactory manner. The chorus were by turns "sacred" with Gounod and patriotic with Wagner. Mrs. Barry sang one of Gounod's songs delightfully. Charles Adams was quite splendid in the aria from *Oberon*, and Mrs. Dexter gave us another bit of Handel,—"Let the bright Seraphim."

Friday evening was the oratorio night, and the oratorio was *Elijah*. The chorus knew their music, the orchestra played finely, and all the solo parts were admirably filled. One rarely hears the concerted music done so well, or the whole work done better. The only trouble was that Mr. Stoddard sang *Elijah* as he might have played Spartacus or Metamora. He was nothing if not boisterous.

And so ended a most pleasant and profitable week, both for our Worcester friends and for all their visitors. The Musical Association seems firmly established, morally and materially, and evidently has within itself the germ of much good work to come.

So far our Correspondent. For an account of the first half of the Festival we must draw from the handsomely printed pamphlet programme, and from newspaper correspondence. Suffice it to say:

The twenty-first Annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, held in Mechanics Hall, during five days (Sept. 23–27) was a great success. Every ticket had been sold some days before the opening. The first concert (Monday

afternoon) had the following miscellaneous programme:

Overture to William Tell (transcribed for the organ by Dudley Buck.....Rossini
Mr. Howe.
Quartet—King Witlaf's Drinking Horn.....Hatton
Schubert Quartette.
Song—Heaven hath shed a tear.....Kücken
Miss McQuesten.
Song—Oh! hear the wild wind blow.....Mattei
Mr. Harlow.
Song—The Mexican Nightingale.....Giorga
Mrs. Kimball.
Quartet—Forsaken.....From the Carinthian.
Schubert Quartette.
Variations for two pianos, upon a theme of Beethoven, Op. 35.....Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Sumner and Allen.
Song—My own, my guiding Star.....Macfarren
Mr. Want.
Songs of the Pyrenees—(a) A sta la manna; (b) Teresita Mia; (c) Bolero...From the Spanish
Miss McQuesten.
Quartet—(a) In absence.....Buck
(b) The Chafer and the Flower.....Velt
Schubert Quartette.

The Second Concert, (Tuesday Afternoon), also miscellaneous, presented the following artists: Miss Laura Schirmer, Mrs. O. T. Kimball, Dr. W. J. Clarke, Mr. S. B. Whitney, *Organist;* Mr. C. N. Allen, *Violinist;* Mr. Wulf Fries, *'Cellist;* and Mr. Henshaw Dana, *Pianist.* This was the programme:

Organ Solos—(a) Prelude.....Gounod
(b) Finale.....Lemmens
Mr. Whitney.
Cavatina—Regnava nel silenzio—(Lucia).. Donizetti
Miss Schirmer.
Violin Solos—(a) Air on Fourth String, Bach-Wilhelmy
(b) Polish Dance.....Wieniawski
Mr. Allen.
Song—The soft Southern Breeze.....Barnby
Dr. W. J. Clarke
Piano Solo—Scherzo in C sharp minor.....Chopin
Mr. Dana.
Song—(a) Marguerite, (b) A bird was singing clear, one day, } .Dana
Miss Schirmer.
Violoncello Solo—Sounds from the Alps.....Lee
Wulf Fries.
Duet—L'Aveu.....Millet
Mrs. Kimball, and Dr. Clarke.
Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, S. B. Whitney
(Two movements.)
Messrs. Dana, Allen and Fries.

On Wednesday there were two concerts. That in the afternoon was wholly vocal, with the exception of an organ duet. The singers were Miss Fanny Kellogg, *Soprano;* Miss Ita Welsh, *Contralto;* Mr. Walter Kennedy, *Tenor;* Mr. B. T. Hammond, *Bass,* and the Temple Club, of Boston, (Messrs. Fitz, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder).

Vocal March—"Hurrah for the field,"...Schmoelzer
Temple Quartette.
Scena and aria—"Ah, perfido!".....Beethoven
Miss Kellogg.
Song—"Nancy Lee".....Adams
Mr. Hammond.
Aria—"He was despised,".....Handel
Miss Welsh.
Organ duet—Andante from the Surprise Symphony.....Haydn
Messrs. Allen and Sumner.
Aria—"As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea".....Handel
Miss Kellogg.
Recitative and aria.....Dana
Mr. Kennedy.
Song—"She wandered down the mountain side," Clay
Miss Welsh.
Quintet—"Whence comest thou?".....Abt
Miss Kellogg and Temple Quartette.

The *Advertiser's* correspondent writes:

The Boston Temple Quartette sang without accompaniment, and in a smaller hall would have been very successful, but Mechanics' hall is no parlor, and the third of the audience at the rear lost entirely even the sound of the voices in the piano passages, which are a chief attraction in the "Hurrah for the Field." Miss Fanny Kellogg followed with a scena and aria, which was extremely long and difficult. Her voice was sweet and well shaded, but the exacting nature of her situation induced a consciousness of effort which detracted from her full success. In her second aria she was more successful, showing the sweetness and flexibility of her voice, while both selections in their rendering proved that she had abundant reserve power and has enjoyed judicious training. Miss Ita Welsh, of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, was more fortunate in her selections. She gave "He was despised," from Handel, with ease and grace, in which the fulness and purity of her voice were conspicuous. In a sentimental ballad, in answer to an encore, and in the song which was her second selection, there was a feeling and tenderness which quite captivated the audience.

Two Worcester gentlemen had place in the programme. Mr. Ben. T. Hammond was correct but cold, as his singing lacked color and brilliancy. He was recalled and gave Moore's "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms,' but he failed to infuse any sentiment into his expression. Mr. Walter Kennedy gave a recitative and air, "O Lord, I have heard thy speech and was afraid," the music by Mr. Henshaw Dana, with spirit and energy, his warmth concealing in some degree the mannerism which he brought from Italy. In response to the warmest encore of the afternoon he gave Mr. Dana's pretty song, "Mine," in which the sentiment was fully expressed. The closing number, a quintet by Miss Kellogg and the Boston Quartette, was marked by the same lack of force which marked the opening number. A novelty in the programme was an organ duet by Messrs. B. D. Allen and G. W. Sumner. It was a passage from a German symphony, delicate and tender, and the air, which was a common one,—"Haste thee, winter, haste away," was made doubly attractive by its pretty setting of variations. These gentlemen, with Mr. Dana, were the accompanists of the afternoon, and each is entitled to credit for discrimination and tact.

From the same source we learn that:

The audience at the evening concert was if possible even larger than that of the afternoon. The chorus and audience together made up one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen here. The grand chorus made its début this evening in two selections, a motet by Hauptmann and Mendelssohn's XLIII. Psalm. From their first note there was manifest the result of Mr. Zerrahn's vigorous drill at the rehearsals. The several parts, aggregating full 500 voices, were well balanced, and there was a marked confidence and consequent independence in every sentence. The delicate shading in the softer passages was a marked and pleasing feature.

Mrs. Emma R. Dexter won hearty applause in her two selections,—Mozart and Venzano,—her execution and somewhat florid method catching the popular fancy. The Temple Quartette had two numbers; in the first, Dudley Buck's spirited composition, they overcame in a great degree the pianissimo fault of the afternoon. In response to a recall they sang "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" with admirable expression and effect. Their second number, H. M. Dow's popular and somewhat worn "Beware," was even more successful.

Madame Camilla Urso is too old a friend and acquaintance to need introduction or remark, except to say that her playing has lost none of its freshness and delicacy, and her welcome here was never more hearty. Both her selections were encored, and her responses were gracious and satisfying. Mrs. J. M. Barton of this city, sister of Mrs. Mary Stone McDonald, a pupil of Madame Rudersdorff, fairly won the honors of the evening. She has a strong, clear voice, with a generous physique to support it, and she sings without apparent effort. Her recall on her first number was marked by the presentation of an elegant floral basket from the audience. Mr. A. E. Stoddard won great applause by his robust song, his voice balancing both organ and piano accompaniment with ease. His second number was equally well received, and he has established himself as a favorite here, and will be warmly welcomed hereafter.

The full programme was as follows:

Motet—Thou, O Lord, will ne'er forget.Hauptmann
Aria from The Magic Flute—Non paventar..Mozart
Mrs. Dexter.
Quartet—Hark! the trumpet calleth.....D. Buck
Temple Quartette.
Violin Solo—The Devil's Sonata.....Tartini
Madame Camilla Urso.
(a) Recitative and Adagio from Maria di Rohan, Donizetti
(b) Waltz—Ah che le speme.....Cohen
Mrs. Barton.
Song—Les Rameaux.....Faure
Mr. Stoddard.
Piano solo—Polonaise Heroique, Op. 53.....Chopin
Mr. Story.
Arietta and Valse.....Venzano
Mrs. Dexter.
Quartet—"I know a Maiden".....M. M. Dow
Temple Quartette.
Violin solo—Waltz-caprice.....Tabronski
Madame Camilla Urso.
Cavatina from Traviata.....Verdi
Mrs. Barton.
Song—Im Herbst.....R. Franz
Mr. Stoddard.
Sextet from Lucia.....Donizetti
Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Barton, Messrs. Fitz, Fessenden, Stoddard and Ryder.
The Forty-third Psalm.....Mendelssohn.

Special Notices.

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Ring down the Curtain. Song and Cho. F. 3. E to F. *Pratt.* 40
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Beautiful tribute to a lost friend and public favorite. Has a fine portrait title.

This bonny Lass o' mine. B♭. 3. b to F. *Roeckel.* 30
"But, O, she has the bluest eyes,
This bonny lass o' mine."
The ancient Scotch songs are the perfection of melody, and this is of the same stamp.

The Rainy Day. B♭. 3. d to g. *Behrend.* 35
"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining."
Well known words to a new and good melody.

Because I lift aff dhrinking Whisky. Song and Cho. C. 2. d to E. *Clement.* 35
"The childers all washed, and are looking so nate,
And Biddy appears, shmiling through tears."
Worthy of special commendation, as an unusually good Temperance song.

Night in Spring. (Frühlingsnacht). F. 4. F to g. *Jensen.* 35
"Are those tears of joy or sorrow?"
"Jauchsen möcht ich, möchte weinen."
A well made German-English song, on a beautiful subject.

Awake, glad Heart! A♭. 4. E to F. *Guglielmo.* 30
"Awake, glad heart, arise and sing!
This is the birth-day of thy King!"
Very spirited, and will be acceptable at any time, but may be learned in anticipation of the Christmas season.

Shall I? F. 3. F to g. *Compton.* 35
"Shall I stay, or shall I go?
Can I? May I? Dare I? No!"
A most singable lay, truly poetic and musical.

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" 3. Mignonette. " 6. Jessamine.
An easy and pretty set of instructive pieces.

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Beautiful piece, and capital practice.

Nebuleuses. (Daughter of the Mist). Valse Brillante. E♭. 4. *Leyback.* 75
Brilliant and graceful.

Smiles of the Morning. Rondinetto. A. 3. *G. D. Wilson.* 50
Unites simplicity and beauty in the way Mr. Wilson has such rare skill in doing.

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Very brusque and bright throughout. Will carry you "over land" with ease and celerity.

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Nice piece to play or dance by.

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Has the usual fiery characteristics of music of the chase, and can hardly fail to please.

Fairy Story. (Märchen). G minor. 4. *Raff.* 75
"Romance" would perhaps be a better name than the one above. Good practice, and a great deal of good music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

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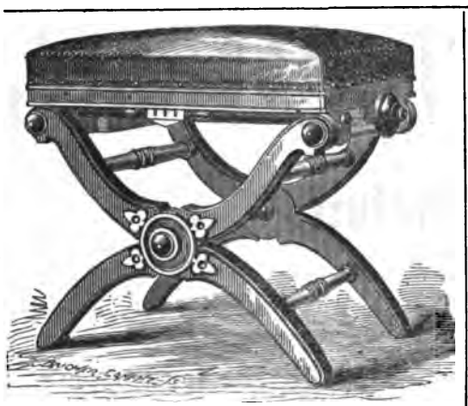

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 979. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 15.

Etelka Gerster.

Translated for this Journal from "Namenlose Blätter."

* * * Austria, the "land of voices," was the birthplace of ETELKA GERSTER. Her more immediate home is Hungary; Hungarian likewise is the name Etelka, in German Adelheid. The cradle of the child stood in the old Episcopal Residenz and "royal free town" Kaschau. Here she was born now three and twenty years ago, and passed her childhood in the lovely Hernad valley, full of vineyards, with no thought of any famous and artistic future, until the veil was lifted accidentally, and the parents, after long efforts, were persuaded to prepare and actually achieve this future for their child.

The accidental occasion offered itself in a concert that had been arranged in a narrow circle in Kaschau, of which the programme contained also the name Etelka Gerster. She was then twelve years old, and it was merely for amateurish amusement that the thoughtful little girl with her pretty childlike voice was allowed to sing before the invited company. But out of play grew real earnest: the Viennese director and professor Hellmesberger, who happened to be staying in Kaschau, was moved to such a lively sympathetic interest in the young Etelka's singing, that he persuaded the parents to consent to the professional musical education of their daughter.

And so it came to pass. She left the paternal house and the restricted opportunities of Kaschau, in exchange for the imperial city of Vienna and its abundant means for artistic development and culture, the most important of which for her was the Conservatorium, and the instruction in it of the celebrated singing teacher, Mme. Marchesi.

Her progress was most rapid and most brilliant; and when Mme. Marchesi found it admissable to present her pupil, in a concert arranged for this special purpose, before the artists and the leaders of society in Vienna, the result was for the young novice a success, such as has seldom been allotted to an artistic début in like circumstances.

Proud of her pupil, Mme. Marchesi now prepared the way for Etelka Gerster's first engagement on the stage at the Fenice theatre in Venice. On the 8th of January, 1876, she made there her first public trial on the actual boards; it was in *Rigoletto*; *Hamlet* and other pieces followed. The director, Carlo Gardini, now the husband of the artist, was in raptures with the young new-comer, and he soon resolved: This jewel must not hide its rays within the narrow local limits of a particular stage and city, but must be shown to the world, so that this whole Art-loving world may find delight and inspiration in its starry splendor and its pure fire.

He made a contract with Etelka Gerster, by which the youthful artist surrendered herself to the experienced guidance of one so intimately acquainted with all the relations of the theatre. He went first with her from Venice to Marseilles, and thence to Genoa, where in the Carlo-Felice theatre there was a repetition of the full and grand enthusiasm which the new "star" had already excited in the places before named. One man who joined in the acclamation of her audience at Genoa, was one whose tribute was of especial weight and value for her: Maestro Verdi, who for her Queen in the *Huguenots*, and for her Sonnambula, had only words of most unlimited praise and most sincere delight.

The third station on the artistic tour on which Signor Gardini was taking his jewel Etelka, was Berlin, the first German city in which she had sung, and—need we speak any further of the success which clung to the shining track of this child of fortune?

Young as she is, Etelka-Gerster is already a mistress of the technics of her art. But it is not this that makes her a "star" of the stage; at least, it is not this alone or chiefly. Nor is it the voice so lovely, tender, pure and chaste. The main thing always is the soul of her singing; and of her holds good what Schiller says:

Ein Schön'res find ich nicht, so lang' ich wähle—
Als in der schönen Form die schöne Seele!

"Nunquam Dormio."

Richard Wagner has uplifted a wailing voice at Bayreuth. He is not happy, and in the columns of the *Bayreuther Blätter* he tells us why. As usual, it is the condition of art that vexes him. Personally, no man has less right than he to urge that this is not the best of all possible worlds, for, assuming him to be the personification of truth, he conspicuously proves that the truth is great, and must prevail. Time was when this artistic Hercules had to fight hard, not so much for victory as for existence. But he has come triumphant out of great tribulation, and forced his way through a dark and tangled wilderness into a Paradise of sunshine and flowers. Emperors and Kings have journeyed far to do him honor, though they may have been glad to get away from his music; a large part of a great nation — indeed, of many nations — has acclaimed him as an apostle of light; and his theories, if not yet accepted in full, exert a mighty and world-wide influence. The old man—for such he now is, albeit the fire of youth seems still to burn in him—might well believe that he has done enough for honor; and if he spent the rest of his days in peace, varied only by sitting to photographers in more and more gorgeous dressing-gowns, nobody would be surprised or have a right to blame. Wagner, however, has always been a militant man, and militant he will remain while his capacity for fighting exists. Zealous for art according to his notions of what constitutes its well-being, he is also conscious of power. He knows that his club is as heavy as Giant Fafner's, and his spear as potent as God Wotan's. So he is always on the alert for somebody or something to annihilate. Yet now, we fear, the redoubtable champion has met his match. Looking round on the world of art, he sees it wholly given up to the Mediocre, the vast and ponderous mass of which prevents all uprising into the region of the Good. Here is something to be put down, and Herr Wagner, having buckled on his armor, and inscribed his banner with the "strange device" of an Indian proverb, which says that the Mediocre is worse than the Bad, because it is liable to be mistaken for the Good, now comes forth to war. We shall see presently whether he is not attacking an old and detested enemy under cover of a great cause.

He properly takes care to define what is meant by the Mediocre. It is, as a rule, "that which does not offer us what is unknown and new, but, in a pleasing and agreeable form, what is already known." In short, the Mediocre is the production of talent as distinct from genius, and our champion agrees with Schopenhauer in considering that talent consists in "hitting a mark which we all see but cannot easily attain, while genius, or the Genius of the Good, hits a mark which we others do not perceive." It is this Mediocrity, or the offering of the already known in a pleasing and agreeable form, which dominates the situation, and drags the Good down to its own level. We are glad to find that Herr Wagner in the midst of his pessimism admits the existence of the Good—an admission, however, he, as an artistic creator, could not avoid without stultifying himself. The Good does exist, in, for example, the form of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, but, unhappily, when presented to the public, it is good no longer. Wagner is most precise in setting out this depressing circumstance, and says, "I have now in my eye the present state of public art among us when I assert that it is impossible for anything to be really *good* if, from the outset, intended to be presented to the public, and if such intended presentation floats as a modifying element before the author's mind while he plans and carries out his work." This sweeping dictum disposes of nearly everything in the catalogue of artistic productions; but how as to the works which, like *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, were created of "unconscious necessity," and without any reference whatever to a great stupid public? Alas! they also become mediocre when the common eye rests upon them. Their very presentation is called by Wagner "a demoniacal stroke of Fate," upon which some may inquire why the writer assisted the infernal power at Bayreuth, and, under more positively diabolic conditions, at the Albert Hall. Herr Wagner prudently anticipates the question, and, never at a loss, represents the "demoniacal stroke" as "founded in the deep necessity urging to their" (the works') "conception; a stroke by which the work must in a certain degree be relinquished by its creator to the world." So relinquished, he contends, the Good necessarily becomes Mediocre. It is presented in the same form as the Mediocre, on the same stage, by the same performers; and therefore, since what is equal to the demands of the one cannot satisfy those of the other, it is presented badly. Nevertheless, we are told, some spectators may be able to discern the Good in spite of its distortion. All such, however, are by that very fact disqualified from ranking among the ordinary theatrical public. And yet Herr Wagner admits some germs of capacity in the theatrical public, because it hears, sees, and experiences, as well as reads. It is liable to be led astray, but "it knows how to raise itself out of its sunken position, and invariably does so immediately it is offered something good,"

as when, for example, a "well-to-do inhabitant of a small town" attended the Bayreuth Festival under an impression that it was a swindle, and returned loudly stating his resolve to lose no subsequent performance. But this perceptiveness is of small avail. The theatrical public can never have the Purely Good set before it, and the whole theatrical world revolves in a vicious circle.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Herr Wagner has no difficulty in deciding, and lifts the club of Fafner against the newspaper press, which he declares to be the cause of all the mischief, because it panders to the taste of the public instead of correcting it. Did not the editor of a popular journal, for example, refuse insertion to a letter vindicating Wagner himself, on the plea that he had to consider his public? And such a public;—one concerning whom the Bayreuth master says that, in common with all mere newspaper readers, "their character is sluggishness, which, with easy-going wisdom, spares itself the trouble of thinking and judging, and this more zealously as the habit of long years has finally put the stamp of conviction on the exercise of sloth." Wagner has only contempt for press readers; but for press writers he has weapons, wielded with the animosity engendered by long years of bitter warfare. Men like Hanslick are the Mordecais of this favorite of kings, who, had he the power, would order a gallows for them, and shut his eyes to the sinister precedent of Haman. As it is, he gibbets them in print with a smartness as worthy the admiration of the victim as ever were the jokes of Petit-André, or the homilies of Trois-Echelles. Opening with a loud laugh at the very idea of a man becoming a virtuoso in language when the language is German, he goes on to sneer at the German "gutter-feuilletonists," who ape the clever and artistic utterances of the French. As virtuosity is talent, these men "of printed German intelligence" cannot be even talented. "Nor is it surprising," continues Wagner, "that they entertain an uncommon hatred for the Good, the work of genius, if only because it disturbs them so much. And how easy it is for them to find sympathisers in their hates! The whole reading public—nay, the entire nation—degraded by reading the papers, backs them up." We are told, further, that the press must attack something to assert its power and keep up its influence. It is like a feudal baron, the very number of whose men-at-arms compelled him to set upon and plunder his neighbors. For objects of attack the scribblers are never at a loss. "All are illiberal," says the angry master, "and hate anything uncommon, especially anything pursuing its own course without troubling itself about them. The more rare such prey is, the more unanimously do they fall on it when it does present itself." For anything better, he contends, they are impotent; but after all Wagner entertains towards them somewhat of pity. They are a numerous band, it seems, and each wants to live—a process which the German public assist by their partiality for indolence, their inherent leaning to rejoice at others' misfortunes, and their "sorry delight in warming themselves at a straw fire." By way of comment upon all this, we can only say that, although the literary Wagner is much more entertaining than the Wagner of music, his friends should not let him touch a pen save under bond to avoid pamphleteering. What a sorry picture of a great man have we here! Though successful beyond most, though his fame and influence have filled the world, "all this is as nothing" while some stubborn knees will not bend. Hence these sweeping denunciations of the public, and these bitter onslaughts on those who have the public ear. "Ambition," says Burton, "is described by various authors as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness." This is a poor prospect for Wagner; but comfort remains for those who are expecting successors to *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The master's followers often set up a parallelism between him and Schopenhauer, whose philosophy of life, their leader tells us, is summed up by the ignorant German nation thus: "We ought to shoot ourselves." While sneering at the absurd conclusion, it is not likely that even the pessimism of Bayreuth will drive Wagner to such an extremity.—*Daily Telegraph*, (*London*).

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Concluded from Page 316.)

There are still the collections of songs of extra-European nations to be enumerated. This task will soon be accomplished, since there are comparatively but few publications of the kind worthy of consideration. The specimens of airs given in some treatises, which will later be mentioned, are the most reliable, and are certainly worthy of careful perusal. For instance, useful specimens of songs of the Arabs are given in an elaborate essay on the musical system of the Arabs, written by G. A. Villoteau, and printed in "Description de l'Egypte." Villoteau was a member of the scientific expedition which accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to Egypt, in the year 1798. As regards separate collections, the student ought to make himself acquainted with the following:—

"The Oriental Miscellany; being a collection of the most favorite Airs of Hindustan, compiled and adapted for the Harpsichord, etc.," by William Hamilton Bird (Calcutta: printed by Joseph Cooper, 1789; folio). This interesting publication, which is scarce, contains thirty tunes, preceded by a short introduction in which the editor explains the characteristics of the different kinds of songs of Hindustan. To some of the tunes the editor has added variations of his own composition; nevertheless, the work deserves the special attention of the collector of Hindu music. Similar, but less important collections are: "Hindoostanee Songs, dedicated to Mrs. Bristow," by C. Trinks, organist of St. John's Church (Calcutta; folio); contains fifteen tunes. "Twelve Original Hindoostanee Airs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, about 1797; folio). "Second Collection of Twelve Original Hindoostanee Airs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, 1798; folio). "Twelve Hindoo Airs with English words adapted to them" (London: Birchall; folio), etc.

"The Hindustani Choral Book, or Swar Sangrah; containing the Tunes of those Hymns in the Git Sangrah which are in Native Metres;" compiled by John Parsons (Benares: printed and published by E. J. Lazarus and Co., 1861; 8vo). In the instructive preface the editor remarks: "This collection of tunes has been made in the hope that it may render the collection of hymns entitled Git Sangrah, to which it is adapted, more generally useful to the native congregations where those hymns are usually sung. The natives of Hindustan having no system of musical notation current among them, the native Christians are only able to learn the tunes of the hymns published for them by hearing them sung. In this volume melodies for the hymns in native metres in the Git Sangrah are given in the usual musical notes; and if missionaries or others, who have the requisite skill, will acquire these tunes from the notes, and then sing them to the native congregations, they will find that they will learn them with much greater facility than English tunes, and sing them with particular pleasure. The air only of the tunes has been given, because it is not customary with the natives to sing more than one part. Almost all the melodies have been taken down as they are sung by the persons who either composed them or first sang them to Christian hymns, and no attempt has been made to improve or modify them. Those tunes which are distinguished by an asterisk are standard Hindu tunes taken down from professional singers."

The Chinese airs which have been brought to Europe are not published in a separate collection. The same remark applies to the airs of the Siamese and Burmese. A number of Japanese airs, which P. F. von Siebold noted down during his sojourn in Japan, have been arranged for the piano-forte by J. Küffner (Leyden, 1836; oblong 8vo). Persian airs are contained in "Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia," by Alexander Chodzko (London: Allen and Co., 1842; 8vo). Airs of songs from Tunis and Algeria have been collected, and arranged for the pianoforte, by Salvador-Daniel (Paris: Richault; folio).

In America we have to notice the songs of the Canadian boatmen, who are hunters and fur-traders, and are of French extraction. Several collections of these songs have been published in Canada and in the United States, such as "La Lyre Canadienne," "Chants de Voyageur Canadien," "Chansons Canadiennes," etc. Many of the airs are old; some, which were brought to Canada by the French settlers about three hundred years ago, are still sung to the original French words. A selection of them which has appeared in England is entitled "Canadian Airs, collected by Lieutenant Back, R.N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin; with Symphonies and Accompaniments," by Edward Knight (London: J. Power, 1823; folio, two volumes). These airs have English poetry substituted for the original French poetry of the *voyageurs*.

In the United States we find among the popular songs several which evidently were imported into the western hemisphere by the German immigrants. The country is too young to possess old tunes of its own growth, if we except the airs of the Indian aborigines. No doubt, the ultimate characteristics of the national airs of the United States will depend much upon the songs which the children at the present time are taught to sing. A melody which we have learnt in early childhood, and with which pleasant recollections are associated, remains to us endeared through lifetime. The song-books for children, of which many have appeared in the United States, are therefore suggestive to the student of national music. As a curious specimen may be noticed "School Melodies; containing a choice Collection of Popular Airs, with original and appropriate words," by J. W. Greene (Boston, 1852; oblong 12mo). In the preface the editor says: "The leading characteristics of the present work are that the airs are almost exclusively popular;" and of one of the songs he remarks: "It has long been a favorite in the Boston schools." This little song, called "John Brown," is evidently intended to teach little children to count as far as ten. The tune to which it is sung is almost identical with the air of "O, dear! what can the matter be?" which was rather in vogue in London towards the end of the last century. However, the words are the most characteristic feature of the American ditty; for the children, before they have learnt to count their ten fingers, are led by it to regard an Indian child as if it were a puppy:—

John Brown had a little Indian—
Had a little Indian boy.
One, two, three little Indian—
Four, five, six little Indian—
Seven, eight, nine little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.
John Brown had ten little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.

The initiatory lesson embodied in this song perhaps explains certain conceptions which occur in a particularly noteworthy book entitled "Slave Songs in the United States" (New York: Simpson and Co., 1867: royal 8vo), which affords an insight into Negro music. The greater number of the songs in this book were written down from the lips of the colored people by its editors, W. F. Allen, C. P. Ware, and L. M. Garrison. A few of the songs were composed since the emancipation of the slaves; all the others are old. Most of them are sacred songs, the poetry being in the Negro dialect. Funny as this corrupted English may appear in certain humorous songs which one occasionally hears by so-called Negro minstrels in England, the impression it produces in the touching hymns and sacred songs is very different; there will probably be but few readers among those who peruse these artless and sincere effusions who will not be deeply impressed with the words as well as with the airs. In an annotation to the touching song called "Nobody knows de trouble I've had," we are told by the editors: "Once, when there had been a good deal of ill-feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated land on the Sea Islands, General Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly and even severely. Sympathizing with them, however, he could not speak to his own satisfaction; and to relieve their minds of the ever-present sense of injustice, and prepare them to listen, he asked them

to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began: 'Nobody knows de trouble I've had,' and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive words and melody, that he found himself melting into tears, and quite unable to maintain his official sternness."

Turning to Mexico, we have especially to notice: "Coleccion de 24 Canciones y Jaraabes Mexicanos, arreglados para Piano" (Hamburg: Böhme; folio), a publication which contains interesting specimens of those little Mexican airs in which an unaccented note of the bar is emphasized. To appreciate fully these charming melodies, one must imagine them sung, with the accompaniment of the guitar, by a sentimental serenader on a serene Mexican night. An attention to such associations is indispensable in order to ascertain exactly the true spirit of national songs. An inquirer who has no lively imagination, and is deficient in poetical conception, probably will not experience a high degree of enjoyment in the examination of these treasures.

In "Zwölf Brasilianische Volkslieder, herausgegeben von J. H. Clasing" (Hamburg: Cranz; oblong folio), we have a selection of Brazilian airs resembling the Portuguese *modinha*, from which they are evidently an off-spring. The "Alyra Pernambucana," by M. J. R. Vieira (Pernambuco; folio), consists of a series of popular pieces. Here may also be mentioned: "Seis Canciones Españoles del Perú y Chile," edited by G. de la Perdiz (London: Peck, 1846; folio), which contains an English translation of the original words. Airs of the Indian aborigines in South America have been published in a Supplement to "Reise in Brasilien," by Spix and Martius (Munich, 1823; 4to), and in "Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale," by Alcide d'Orbigny (Paris, 1839–43). Twelve songs of the South American Indians, arranged for the pianoforte by C. E. Södling, have been published in Sweden (Stockholm: A. Hirsch; folio).

There remains a word to be said concerning the so-called transcriptions of national airs by eminent pianists. Some of these are very interesting. F. Liszt, for instance, has rendered the characteristics of the Hungarian music most faithfully; perhaps he succeeded in this all the better since he is himself a native of Hungary. However, the present division of our research is already so long, that I am loth to enter upon any topic which is of secondary importance for the object in view.

J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Edward Dannreuther, in Part IV. of Grove's admirable *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, which has just come to hand, speaks thus intelligently of the piano-playing and the compositions of the famous author of the "Studies."

J. B. Cramer's playing was distinguished by the astonishly even cultivation of the two hands, which enabled him, while playing legato, to give an entirely distinct character to florid inner parts, and thus attain a remarkable perfection of execution. He was noted among his contemporaries for his expressive touch in adagio, and in this, and in facility for playing at sight, he was able when in Paris to hold his own against the younger and more advanced pianists. His improvisations were for the most part in a style too artistic and involved for general appreciation. Cramer's mechanism exhibits the development between Clementi and Hummel, and is distinguished from the period of Moscheles and Kalkbrenner which followed it, by the fact that it aimed more at the cultivation of music in general than at the display of the specific qualities of the instrument. All his works are distinguished by a certain musical solidity, which would place them in the same rank with those of Hummel, had his invention been greater and more fluent; but as it is, the artistic style, and the interesting harmony, are counterbalanced by a certain dryness and poverty of expression in the melody. It is true that among his many compositions for pianoforte there are several which undeniably possess musical vitality, and in particular his 7 concertos deserve to be occasionally brought forward; but, speaking generally, his works (105 sonatas, 1 quartet for pianoforte, 1 quintet, and countless variations, rondos, fantasias, etc.), are now forgotten. In one sphere of composition alone Cramer has left a conspicuous and abiding memorial of his powers. His representative work, '84 Studies in two parts of 42 each,' is of classical value for its intimate combination of significant musical ideas, with the most instructive mechanical passages. No similar work except Clementi's 'Gradus ad Parnassum' has been so long or so widely used, and there are probably few pianists who have not studied it with profit. It forms the fifth part of Cramer's 'Grosse practische Pianoforte-Schule' (Schuberth, Leipsic), and has appeared in numerous separate editions. Of these the earliest is probably the lithograph edition of Breitkopf & Härtel, of which the second part appeared in 1810; next in importance ranks the last that was revised by Cramer himself, viz., the original English edition of Cramer & Co., which contained, as op. 81, '16 nouvelles Études,' making in all 100; and finally an edition without the additional Nos., revised by Coccius, and published a few years later than that last mentioned, by Breitkopf & Härtel. A selection of '50 Etudes,' edited by von Bülow (Aibl, Munich), is specially useful to teachers from the excellent remarks appended to it, though, on the other hand, it contains a number of peculiarities which may or may not be justifiable, the editor having transposed one of the studies and modified the fingering of them all to meet the exigencies of the modern keyboard. The above edition in 100 numbers must be distinguished from the 'Schule der Geläufigkeit' (op. 100), also containing 100 daily studies, and which forms the second part of the 'Grosse Pianoforte Schule,' and should be used as a preparation for the great 'Etudes.'

If it is asked, When did Cramer flourish, and what does he represent to us? the answer usually returned is that he was born after Clementi and died after Hummel, and that he forms the link between those two great players and writers for their instrument. But no pianist with his eyes open would commit himself to such a statement, which rests solely upon two dates of birth and death, and leaves out of sight every spiritual connection, every indication of mental paternity and relationship. The truth is that Cramer does not surpass Clementi as regards the technical treatment of the pianoforte, but stops considerably short of him; Cramer's best sonatas are as much more tame and timid than Clementi's best, as his most valuable études are technically easier and less daring than the chefs-d'œuvres of Clementi's Gradus. Spiritually, though not mechanically, Cramer occupies a field of his own, which all pianists respect. Many of his études are poems, like Mendelssohn's Songs without words. But in his sonatas, etc., he moves in a restricted groove of his own, near the highway of Mozart. The name 'J. B. Cramer' really signifies Cramer's Etudes—let us say some forty or fifty out of the hundred he has published. These certainly are good music—a few, perhaps a dozen, even beautiful music, and always very good practice. But pitted against forty or fifty out of the hundred numbers of Clementi's Gradus, which are equally good music, and decidedly better practice, they sink irretrievably.

The treatment of the pianoforte as distinct from the harpsichord, if pursued along its plain and broad high-road, does not necessarily touch upon Cramer. It stretches from Clementi to Beethoven on the one side, from Mozart to Hummel on the other; from Mozart *viâ* Hummel, and Clementi *viâ* Field, to Chopin; and from Hummel, *viâ* Chopin and Beethoven, to Liszt. Cramer, like Moscheles after him, though not of the first authority, must be considered one of the fathers of the church of pianoforte playing, and worthy of consultation at all times. [E. D.]

THE DILETTANTI OF THE LAST CENTURY. The dilettanti of the last century were more thorough musicians than are most of ours, besides having had the advantage of learning, not from teachers who are mere performers who have failed, but very often from first-rate composers, Leo, Porpora, Jomelli, Galuppi, who did not disdain by any means to give private lessons. The pupils were usually worthy of their masters, and Dr. Burney heard excellent performers, vocal and instrumental, at the private concerts he attended at Milan, Venice and Rome, in the dull, bare parlors of the upper middle classes, and in the gorgeously stuccoed and gilded saloons of the aristocracy; for in that day music belonged equally to all classes, being a fruit not of special culture, but of general civilization. Round these dilettante performers, whether dressed in broadcloth or in embroidered satin, was congregated the far larger class of merely appreciative amateurs, who neither sung nor played, nor composed, but for whose benefit, singers, violinists and composers were produced. Some of these were of the oracular sort, others of the disputative, others of the ecstatic. The oracular ones were old gentlemen, senators, *monsignori*, lawyers and doctors, who gave advice to young musicians; and, as the singer Mancini tells us, taught well-endowed but slightly rigid sopranos and tenors how to move their arms and legs gracefully and expressively, and how (as the malicious Marcello adds) to take snuff and blow their nose without impeding the dramatic action; the disputative were younger men, men of fashion and wit, who discussed musical matters under the hands of their hairdresser, like Parini's young gentleman, wrote indecorous sonnets against admirers of rival musicians, and occasionally waylaid and thrashed them with sedan-chair sticks; the ecstatics, on the other hand, were mainly ladies, or effeminate *cavalieri serventi*—descendants, and worthy ones, of those noble dilettanti, who sallied out a whole mile outside this town of Bologna to meet the singer Baldassare Ferri, and heaped his carriage with roses, somewhere about the year 1650. In the soberer eighteenth century, when great singers became more plentiful, the ecstatics remained at home, but were none the less ecstatic, the ladies wearing portraits of great performers, fainting, like Beckford's Paduan lady, from musical rapture; in short showing their love of music in a hundred absurd fashions, at which satirists either shook their heads like Parini, or Gozzi, or laughed like Passeroni and Marcello; and foreigners looked amazed, and remarked that the Italians had become a nation of children.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The New Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society.

At a meeting, held by the members of the New York Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Mr. Adolf Neuendorff was elected for the position of conductor, left vacant by the departure of Mr. Theodore Thomas for the West. Two candidates were in the field, Mr. Neuendorff's opponent being Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The election gave to the latter only 29 votes, while Neuendorff carried the victory with 46 votes. As it is generally the case after an election, there are parties who are proud of their victory, and others, who, being defeated, mourn over the result. Fortunately, we do not belong to the partisans, who praise or condemn for the sake of personal reasons. We acknowledge willingly the merits of everybody, without overlooking faults. What Mr. Neuendorff will do, what he might accomplish with the New York Philharmonic Society, future times will show. He finds a material, which neither Bergmann nor Damrosch could boast of. Through the coalition of Thomas's orchestra with the Philharmonic Society, the City of New York has an orchestra which leaves very little to be desired. Mr. Neuendorff will command a splendid musical organization, and we do not doubt that he will do all in his power to keep up the standard of the Society. Of course, Neuendorff is not free of faults. But who else is? We think that he lacks a certain delicacy of feeling, a refined manner of musical expression, but he amply compensates for these shortcomings by an unbounded energy and the fire of youth. People say he is led by vanity; but it is not good nor wise to confound the terms: vanity and ambition. Of course, Neuendorff is ambitious; but this ambition can only be of advantage to the Philharmonic Society. Formerly, when Neuendorff was led into speculation by vanity, he lost money, and hardly gained anything but the approbation of some Germans. In this case, speculation has nothing to do. He considers the position of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society an honor, conferred on him without any mercenary views, and this feeling ought to insure the artistic success of the concerts. As to the financial point, we are not too sanguine, and give the members of the Philharmonic Society the advice to follow our example. Nobody can say, that Dr. Damrosch is not a musician of the highest ability, of great talent and remarkable intellectual powers. When he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the dividends of the members fell down to a trifle, which was quadrupled when Thomas took the *bâton* in hand. The name of Theodore Thomas has been amalgamated in New York with symphony concerts, to such a degree, that his name alone made the prospects of the Philharmonic Society last season look bright and more cheerful. Mr. Thomas has resigned, and his successor cannot expect to show the same financial results at the end of the season. We consider Mr. Neuenderff's first season nothing but a trial; he might show what he is able to do, and when, after a successful season, the public of New York has full confidence in him as conductor of the first musical organization in our city, the financial success will speedily follow his efforts. As in political life, so among artists, it is too often to be found that the minority which has been defeated is ready to abuse the successful candidate of the opposition, even after the election. This would be a grave mistake on the part of the mem-

bers of the Philharmonic. They all ought to stand, like one man, and support the newly-elected conductor with all their power. They would act against their own interests if they should behave with a certain animosity against Mr. Neuendorff. We speak about this point, because we hear that such feeling has already taken root, and only madness could justify it. Mr. Neuendorff has been elected; now give him the chance of developing the strength of the organization to its full extent. He is full of energy and a steady worker, and it is the duty of all the members of the Society to lend him their aid by shewing good will and friendly feelings.—*Music Trade Review.*

The School of Vocal Art.

MADAME EMMA SEILER has removed her "School of Vocal Art" from Spruce street to the much larger and more convenient house, No. 1104 Walnut street. The constantly increasing usefulness and influence of Mad. Seiler's institution are proved in many ways among the students and their friends. The enthusiasm which is inspired by study under such favorable conditions has already given the school a great reputation. Mad. Seiler has the assistance of the very best instructors in the various branches connected with the art of music, and such names as Mr. M. H. Cross and Mr. Hugh Clarke add largely to the strength of the corps of instruction. The new building, in which alterations have just been completed, supplies room for the instruction of a very large number of students, but the indications are at present that within a very short time its capacity will be fully taxed. The arrangement of the various study-rooms, concert-room, offices, etc., as well as the complete system followed in every department, attests the thorough knowledge and long experience possessed by Madame Seiler in every branch of her profession.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

More About Concert-Rooms.

(*To the Editor of the London "Musical Times."*)

SIR,—The question raised by Mr. Statham in this month's *Musical Times* of how to build rooms having good acoustic properties is so important that it ought not to be allowed to drop without discussion, for though little appears to be known of the subject at present, *laws must exist* by the obeying of which a room good for sound is produced, and by the infringing of which a room is deprived of sound-carrying power. Mr. Statham is, I believe, like myself, an architect, and he is also evidently a keen and thoughtful musician, so that he is possessed of a double qualification for pursuing the investigation of this most important subject; and it is in the hope that he, and many others who have studied the subject, will join in trying to elucidate the laws which, as I said before, must exist, that I venture, though with great diffidence, to lay before you my view of the case. To begin, I must say that I am entirely at issue with Mr. Statham as to the analogy of the organ-pipe and the uselessness of rhythmical proportions in rooms. Firstly, *except in length*, the proportions of an organ-pipe have nothing to do with the fundamental note produced, for a 16-feet violon, of small scale, and a 16-feet open diapason, of large scale, produce the same fundamental note, and are only different in quality. Secondly, the fundamental note of even any ordinary-sized room—say 18 ft. x 15 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in.—is never heard, as the note according to the organ-pipe theory would be given by its length, and would be somewhere about AAA; but the note that is heard is, as I believe, a high harmonic of the fundamental note given by the length of the room, reinforced by sympathetic harmonics given by the other proportions of the room, if it be acoustically good. What I have so far said should be understood to apply only to the note of the room produced by mere noise, such as the dropping of a hammer or a smack on the wall. Now, as I at present believe, in a room that is acoustically good the harmonic predominating differs with the different notes sung or played, and is that nearest to the note produced that is common to all three dimensions of the room. If the near harmonics common to the two greater dimensions only are sympathetic, then the room is indifferent for sound; and if the harmonics of all three dimensions are unsympathetic one with the other, they contend with and destroy each other, and the consequence is that, instead of hearing a musical tone from voice or instrument, you only hear a bald note "as tasteless as pure water," its own proper harmonics being swallowed up almost immediately by the conflict of unsympathetic harmonics going on; the result feeling to the singer like a veil before his mouth, and to the violinist as if his strings were strung over a solid block of wood. The deduction I would draw is that the best proportions for concert-rooms, churches, or any other places required for music or speaking, are those which will give the greatest number of near harmonics common to all three dimensions, so that each note produced may select, as I believe it will, and be reinforced by its first harmonic that is common to the proportions of the room. I have noticed curious instances of this reinforcing power in certain rooms that have galleries, and I will instance one that I know well, as I have both sung and played in it frequently. On the orchestra, to the performers, everything sounds wooden and dead, the sound does not seem to be able to get away, and there feels to be a lack of tone in both voices and instruments; in the body of the hall and in the galleries the feeling of the audience is that of hearing with difficulty and almost painfully, and the fullest music sounds thin and lacking *timbre*; but *under* the galleries, and at the most distant points under them, the sounds that to the intervening occupants of the body of the hall had seemed so thin and dead came out with a full musical quality and with a power that is not felt near to the performers. Now it is quite certain that the initial sound does not increase in volume as it gets more distant from its point of production, but I think Professor Tyndall has shown (I am speaking from memory, as I have not his lectures by me) that sound may be spaced out, as it were, into alternating areas of sound and silence by conflict of sounds. Is it not probable then that in the case I am referring to the aisles formed by the galleries have their proportions in some harmonic relation to each other, whereas the whole of the rest of the room has no such relation, and is consequently an area of harmonic silence? I have already made the letter too long, or I should have something to say on echo and undue reverberation in rooms. I hope Mr. Statham will forgive me for having expressed an opinion so diametrically opposed to his own, for he is manifestly to me a much more learned musician than myself. I have only ventured into the arena of discussion with him in order that, whether he or I be on the right track, something may be done to solve a question the want of a solution of which has led to so many lamentable failures in the acoustic properties of buildings specially designed for hearing in.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHAS. NOEL ARMFIELD.

9, Broomfield Terrace, Whitby,
Sept. 19, 1878.

[I am very glad that my remarks on concert-rooms should have called forth so interesting a letter as that of Mr. Armfield; but as I have had an opportunity of reading it before publication, perhaps I may be allowed space at the foot of it to point out that his first point of difference from me is entirely an imaginary one. If he will look at my article again, he will see that I said not one word about an analogy between an organ-pipe and a concert-room, nor did I even imagine such an analogy to exist. I referred to the fact that a concert-room which reinforces one particular note is very disagreeable, and I then remarked how strongly this was illustrated sometimes by an organ in which one special pipe set the whole room shaking; merely adducing this as a disagreeable effect which every one must have noticed.

The rest of Mr. Armfield's letter appears very practical and suggestive, and I should certainly keep it in mind in any future study of the subject, as at all events indicating some important points in regard to which observations should be made. I must confess, however, that at present I am sceptical as to the possibility of building rooms for music in accordance with an rigidly scientific theory with anything like a certainty of success; because, though proportions can be measured and arranged accurately, so many accidental influences which cannot be calculated come in to affect the result—even the varying numbers and position of the audience, or the position of the performers on a crowded orchestra, may have an important effect on the music. My impression is that more practical good is likely to be done by systematic observation of the effect of music in various rooms and under various circumstances (towards which Mr. Armfield gives one or two valuable facts) than by framing a mathematical theory by which the room *ought* to be right. I am the rather inclined to this view from having observed that some of the most unpractical schemes for concert-rooms have come from scientific acousticians who knew nothing of music nor of the conditions under which concerts must be carried on. Now, whatever may be the value of acoustic science in the matter, musical knowledge is absolutely necessary in order to form a judgment of the results; for without it how can the acoustic theorist know whether he is hearing what he ought to hear or not? An amusing instance of this occurred when the Albert Hall was opened, when a very eminent scientific man complimented the constructor of the hall on his entire success, and the constructor had the compliment recorded in the papers, although every musical man knew that the result was not satisfactory.—H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.]

Minnie Hauk.

(*To the Editor of the London "Musical World."*)

SIR,—It is not so very many years since the majority of the so-called educated classes in England used to laugh at the idea of art in America. Readers of *Sam Slick* and of books written in imitation of that work of fiction gave our Transatlantic cousins credit, it is true, for ingenuity in producing wooden nutmegs, clocks without insides, wringing machines, lawn-mowers, and egg-beaters, but obstinately denied that they would ever make themselves a name in general literature, poetry, painting, or music. Such incredulous persons persistently ignored the circumstance that America is a young country. Yet, young as she is, men like Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Power, not to mention a host of others, went far to prove even then that Americans were not quite such a mere mechanical, matter-of-fact race as was asserted. In these days of railroads and electric telegraphs, nations move rapidly forward on the road of civilization and culture; a lustre now suffices in many things for them to advance further than their fore-fathers advanced in a century. Were examples wanting, I might point to the strides made in the matter of music by these whom purblind and, I am afraid, prejudiced, critics, derided and stigmatized as possessing no sentiment for aught of the sort. It is true that the Americans have not produced a Bach, a Handel, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, a Rossini, or an Auber. But they are learning to love and honor those great masters more and more every day; they study and perform those masters' works with increasing zeal and frequency, thereby elevating their own taste and strengthening their own judgment. Devoted and enthusiastic scholars not unfrequently become masters in their turn. Those who sneer at the idea of an artistic America should remember that it is but very lately that the parrot-cry about England's not being a musical nation has been proved to be as stupid as it is false.

More especially in one of the practical branches of music has America reason to be proud and hopeful. Her vocalists are steadily becoming more numerous and more highly esteemed every day, and their reputation is no longer confined to the country of their birth. I could go through a long roll of them, had I time and space, but, as both fail, I will restrict myself to mentioning Miss Minnie Hauk as a bright example of the artists to whom I allude. Her career is an instructive one, and I will briefly give some of its most salient and interesting points, which may be new to your readers.

In 1866, a young girl, not over fifteen, was brought to Max Maretzek. He looked at her; he listened to her; she had a bright, soprano voice, and a certain unconscious and spontaneous grace of action and utterance that impressed him. He sent her to a singing-master named Errani, whom he paid to give her lessons. She was an apt scholar, and in six months had possessed herself of two or three of the higher *rôles* of the Italian repertory. In the winter of '67–8 she made her *début* at the Winter Garden, New York, in the *Sonnambula*, under Mr. Maretzek's *bâton*. It was a fair success. Few more youthful Aminas had ever presented themselves to an American public, and the unpretentious girlishness of this one produced a favorable impression. Still, no one thought at that time little Minnie Hauk was wonderfully precocious. It was not even claimed for her by her manager, as has been claimed for so many immature singers since, that she was a second Patti. Mr. Maretzek's opinion was that she would, with training and judicious management, make a popular and acceptable light soprano. He is not known to have predicted anything phenomenal of her. Minnie Hauk, however, possessed one trait that no manager could very well detect at that time. She had in her blood persistence and patience, qualities not generally accredited to the American temperament, and it is to them that much of her after success is attrib-

utable. There was no operatic star in New York at the time except Miss Kellogg, who patronized the girl a little, and allowed her to sing on the same evenings with herself. Thus, in *The Carnival of Venice*, Miss Kellogg took one soprano part and the fair tyro the other. An influential critic wrote of the performance as follows:—

"It may not be out of place to say of these charming singers thus brought fortuitously together, that while they appeared so evenly to the admiration of the public they are essentially unlike in temperament, talent, and tendency. One is peculiarly a vocalist. The other is a singing actress. Miss Kellogg's voice is the most extensive in range and the largest in tone, but lacks the brightness and easy volubility of the other. Miss Kellogg sings with skill, Miss Hauk with natural impulse. When experience has ripened these girls into accepted *prime donne*, it will be said of one that she is an admirable artist, of the other that she is a charming singer and actress."

The next advance Miss Minnie made in public favor was due to her impersonation of *Zerlina* in *Don Giovanni*, with Mdme. Parepa and Miss Kellogg in the two other leading female characters. Then came a ruinous season at the Grand Opera-house under Lafayette Harrison. When it reached its close Max Maretzek determined, if possible, to save Minnie Hauk for the future. Her parents were poor, and it was necessary for her, if she was to become a sterling singer, to be sent out of the country. The manager stated the case to a gentleman of the name of Lawrence Jerome, who, after hearing her sing, most generously undertook the responsibility of her education.

She came to Europe, where she at once ran the risk of wrecking all her future. Instead of settling down, in pursuance of the plan agreed on ere she crossed the Atlantic, to quiet and persevering study, she listened to the voice of the charmer, as personified in a certain speculative *impresario*. This gentleman endeavored to try what puffery might do. He announced the young lady in Paris by means of a series of marvellously romantic anecdotes, one more wonderful than the other. She was described as a kind of half-civilized Pocahontas, riding a mustang barebacked, and worshipped by all the aborigines of the continent as a dusky daughter of the Sun. The *Gaulois* and the *Figaro* spun the most brilliant biographies. One of them told how a New York millionaire, while travelling on the plains, had been attacked by Indians, who proceeded to torture him in the approved fashion. While thus engaged, they were startled by the apparition of a beautiful maiden dressed in wampum polonaise and buckskin train, and singing "Batti, batti," who soothed their savage breasts and rescued the millionaire. In sheer gratitude he built her a marble opera-house in New York city, and poured his fortune at her feet. *La Mode Illustrée* gave an account of the effect the American miracle produced on Auber when she sang for him. He was represented as throwing up his arms convulsively at the first note, and exclaiming "*Mon Dieu!* It is a crystal bell struck with a velvet hammer!" and then becoming insensible.

This, however, may remind some readers of a slightly similar performance of Rossini's, when Mrs. Moulton was taken to him. If we are to believe the Parisian journalists, he listened to her opening notes, pressed his hand upon his heart, and, as his head sank upon his bosom, muttered, "Ah, yes! it is the voice that sings to me in my dreams when I am composing." Despite, however, the manager's preliminary puffs, Minnie Hauk did not achieve a triumph. The day after her first appearance one of the critics wrote: "All the songstresses not on duty were at the Italian Opera last night, to hear Minnie Hauk. They observed her. They studied her. All of them slept well. The serpent of envy did not bite their hearts."

This was in January, 1869. Minnie Hauk had been exposed to a great peril, but fortunately was not crushed by it. On the contrary, she is probably indebted to it for the position she now occupies and the fact that her reputation is European. Her eyes were opened. The truth, convincing and irresistible, flashed upon her. On leaving the French capital for Germany, she determined to put her trust in unflinching, conscientious hard work alone. She steadfastly carried out her determination. For years she continued the most zealous of students, even after she had begun to reap the reward of her efforts. We know the result. Despite of opposition and intrigue, she became the popular favorite at Berlin and Brussels; in Vienna, her name was a household word; in London, she was a revelation. Who can ever forget her Carmen!

Ere long she will once more appear in New York. But under what altered circumstances! She left the Empire City a promising girl. She returns a consummate artist. Her countrymen should be proud of her, for she is one of those who represent their art-progress, of which I spoke in the commencement of my letter. That Minnie Hauk will achieve a triumph is certain; I only hope her success will not cause her to make as long a stay in America as she has made in Europe. We cannot wait so long before hearing her again.

X.

Brahms's Second Symphony.

"Cherubino," in the *London Figaro* (Oct. 12) reports as follows:—

The first performance in this country of the second symphony of Brahms necessarily attracted a crowd of music-lovers to the first Crystal Palace concert on Saturday last. The symphony was, it is well known, written very shortly after the success of his symphony in C-minor revealed Brahms in a new light, and it was produced at Vienna last Christmas Eve. There has been considerable competition both in Germany and England for the possession of the score, but until its recent publication by Simrock, of Berlin, its performances on the continent have necessarily been few. Here, directly the printed score was received, it was at once placed in rehearsal by several of our London and provincial orchestral societies for production at their earliest concerts. At the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns has been able, thanks partly to the fact that his concert was the first in point of date, but chiefly to his own indomitable energy and determination, to carry off the palm in this art rivalry. For the past three weeks portions of the symphony have been heard at nearly every ordinary daily concert, and Mr. Manns has thus been able to produce the work with the great advantage of numerous rehearsals for the nucleus of his band. Abroad a general consensus of opinion among foreign critics places the symphony in D as a work of thought as high as any composition of its sort which has appeared for many years, and this judgment, it is said, applies especially to the second movement, which at first hearing certainly seems anything but clear. To the first movement, however, no such objection can be advanced. Its themes are broad and excellently conceived, the orchestration is more easily comprehended than in the first movement of the symphony in C minor, the contrapuntal writing is excellent, and a lofty purpose prevails throughout. If it show less the composer's individuality than other works we have heard from the same pen, and if it betray evidences of the influence of Brahms's surroundings in Vienna, these facts need not detract from the impression it made. In some points, and particularly in the coda, which is a masterly specimen of instrumentation, and in the working out after the repetition of the first part, this movement stands probably unrivalled by anything Brahms has yet given us. Of the second movement no judgment can yet be formed. Foreign critics who have heard it more than once declare it improves upon acquaintance, and that its intricacies and difficulties become comprehensible as the score is more familiar to the hearer. This may be the case, and we must be content to wait. First impressions, however, are as to the movement somewhat disappointing, and the feeling seems to generally prevail that all this ambiguity and darkness are to little or no purpose. If, however, the first two movements are pitched in a lofty strain, the last two are in entire contrast. The third, an allegretto grazioso, in place of the scherzo and trio, is purely Haydnesque—light, gay, and charming. The movement was, Mr. Grove slily reminds us, accorded the rare honor of an encore at its first performance by the Vienna Philharmonic Society, and although an attempt was made to repeat the compliment at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Grove's delicate little hint proved of no avail. The last movement has been declared by the foreign critics to be Mozartian, and although Mr. Grove cannot see they are right, there is not likely to be any serious disagreement on the point. Like the third movement, the finale is brilliant and even gay, the coda being again an admirable specimen of scoring. The public will doubtless proceed to draw comparisons between Brahms's two symphonies, but however much such comparisons may be desirable, it would be unsafe to do so after the comparative inexperience of a single hearing. This much may, however, be said, that whereas the first symphony was purely abstract, or, as the Germans would say, "absolute," music, written by its composer for himself and for fame, in the D major there are more abundant signs that Brahms wishes to conciliate the favor of the public. Whether, too, the gaiety of the last two movements does not form an anti-climax to the grandeur of the first and the intricacies of the second, is another question which cannot be decided now. Meanwhile, many heads are at work to enable us to form a judgment. Mr. Weist Hill will produce the symphony at the first of Madame Viard-Louis's concerts at St. James' Hall in November, and Herr Tausch will perform the same service at Glasgow. Mr. Joseph Bennett is engaged in analyzing it for the St. James's Hall performance, Mr. George Grove has already done so for the Crystal Palace, and these are altogether apart from the masterly review contributed by Dr. Franz Hueffer to the *Times*, the first analysis written by Mr. Frost for the *London and Provincial Music Trades Review*, and other criticisms, reports, and analyses. All this shows the great interest taken in a genuine novelty, an interest which does credit to our music lovers, and affords proof of the strides the art has made in this country within the last few years.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19. Wilhelmj opened our season by a concert and matinée performance on the 4th and 5th inst., with the assistance of Mdme. Carreno, Piano solo; Miss James, Soprano; Lazzarini, Tenore robusto; Tagliapietra, Baritono. The interest of the occasion, notwithstanding the merit of others of the party, was centred in Wilhelmj, who made a most favorable impression on our *cognescenti* without, however, creating a *furore* with the general public, who were attracted in large numbers by the great European reputation of the artist.

Wilhelmj reveals all the peculiarities of the Leipzig school; that is to say his *technique* is faultless; bowing, fingering, stopping, *et cætera*, are all that can be asked; yet there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* which you feel for, but do not get; no enthusiasm is created, and you are left in fullest admiration but are not carried away. The fact is, the violin admits of no mediocrity, or the slightest approach to it, and, at the same time, demands imagination, poetry of feeling, breadth of style, largeness of tone, and all those great qualities, not forgetting the *feu sacré*, which are rarely found combined in one human being. Viotti used to say that the violin required the strength of a porter; this muscular power seems, by his physique, to be in Wilhelmj's possession, but it is apparently kept in reserve. To quote Viotti again, a solo violin must be heard at a distance for the enjoyment of a large round tone, near neighborhood giving the rasping bow and rattling string in too pronounced vibrations for the appreciation of that grand *timbre*, without which stringed instruments are only to be tolerated. I sat but four feet from the performer—not by choice I assure you—and yet his tone was just as sweet as when I was in a distant seat. This is doubtless a fault of the school, not of the individual. If we may believe the traditions, this reproach could not be made against Tartini, Nardini, and the long line of *virtuosi*, which probably passed away with Viotti. Do not let it be inferred from these remarks that Wilhelmj is not a great artist, or that he is not appreciated. Were it otherwise a single line would suffice to dispose of him. I feel that he may safely be named in conjunction with Joachim, to whom in certain artistic features he bears a family resemblance, quite honestly come by too, for they both enjoyed the valuable instructions of that eminent master, Ferdinand David, who, with Mendelssohn, made the Leipzig Conservatorium what it has been, and what it would not have been without their superior ability, theoretic and practical, in the divine art.

"The Mapleson Concert Combination" opened a series of local entertainments, very popular, here,

in which were heard an indifferent orchestra, a soulless pianist, and a toneless violoncellist. Mdme. Roze, Messrs. Brignoli and Carleton were the vocalists, and sang with their usual ability. This concert was a good pecuniary speculation, but contributed nothing to the interests of art. This was followed, in the same subscription course, by "The Kellogg-Cary Grand Concert Combination," which was another money success. Miss Kellogg sang some trashy music, for which she ought to blush, but she did not, for I was near enough to see any "cautionary signal" of the approach of that beautiful quality called shame, that might inadvertently appear, even if unbidden. Miss Cary retired after her first song, which was beautifully rendered. Messrs. Rosnati and Conly gave great satisfaction. Mme. Maretzek supplied some numbers for the harp, and Mrs. King performed the inevitable "Rhapsodie" by Liszt, and a *Fuga* by Guilmant, in a manner to merit the warm applause which she received.

AMERICUS.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 8.—The Hess English Opera Company opened here last night with *Faust*, at popular prices and with only a fair but enthusiastic attendance. Miss Abbott acted *Gretchen* well, especially in the closing scenes, but her high passages were thin and ineffective, and her trills woefully crude and unscholarly.

Miss Seguin sang and played most perfectly what little she had to do as *Siebel*. Mr. Castle made an acceptable *Faust*, and sang well except when he attempted to soar into the upper regions. Mr. Bragan made a poor soldier and, owing possibly to his nervousness, did not improve perceptibly later on in the duel and dying scene. Mr. Ryse looked and acted the legendary *Mephisto* with repulsive deviltry sufficient to please the most fastidious, but his singing was unsteady and very often badly out of tune. In the Serenade he committed the unpardonable blunder of coming forward to the footlights and singing his sulphurous sarcasms at the audience instead of serenading *Gretchen*.

The chorus, what little there was of it, was execrable, and the orchestra, probably from want of sufficient rehearsing with the additional pieces from the Opera House Orchestra, was in bad trim. On the whole it was as poorly gotten up an opera, even for an English company, as your correspondent has ever witnessed. There was nothing in the whole performance to justify even a small part of the inordinate advance-puffing with which its advent was heralded, and I regret to say there was but one paper that came forward this morning with a really just, impartial criticism. Despite the statements of a portion of our press to the contrary, the opera on Monday night was but meagrely attended. The lower floor was comfortably filled; that was all. The balcony and gallery were almost empty.

It is announced to-day that "in the second act of the 'Bohemian Girl,' to be played Wednesday night, Miss Abbott will wear a necklace of turquoise and rubies, which were presented to her by Adelina Patti, and in the third act a 'river' of diamonds valued at $28,000." What a pity this little episode was not arranged for Monday night! The Company remains during this week.

Mr. Max Maretzek is exhibiting his "Metropolitan" orchestra in the Autumn Garden Concerts at the Academy of Music, to small audiences. It was a mistake to bring so many expensive pieces with him while our own material was plentiful. He will be succeeded next week by the Roze Concert Combination.

The Peabody concerts during the coming Winter are to be organized on a new basis; of the particulars you shall be advised later. The plan has every appearance of assuring the usual number of Symphony Concerts. The trustees are not at present in a position to render much assistance to the Musical Department, owing to the bad standing of the Tennessee bonds, constituting a considerable part of the Fund. The new wing to the Institute has been completed, and the entire old wing, consisting of a large hall and retiring rooms, with suitable class-rooms above, is now devoted to the Conservatory. Mr. Hamerik has returned from his European tour and, besides attending to his regular duties, is busily at work on his *Sixth Norse Suite*, and some minor compositions.

OCTOBER 21.—The past week here was marked by two very happy musical events:—the appearance of Wilhelmj and the departure of the English Opera Company. For some unaccountable reason the latter protracted its stay for another week, the attendance going from bad to worse, despite the continued puffing on the part of our daily press.

Wilhelmj played on Wednesday evening, before a fine house, two movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto, Hungarian airs by Ernst and his own paraphrase on Walther's "Preislied;" and as encores, an Air by Bach in C (on the G string) and a transposition of a Chopin *Nocturne*, by himself. Expectation had been screwed up to the highest pitch, by the glowing reports of his performances abroad and in New York; all came prepared for great things. They were not to be disappointed.

Expression, technique, and manner of performance—all are of the highest artistic order, and exceed the most sanguine expectations. Tall, handsome, dignified, with an agreeable smile playing about a mouth, the lines of which denote great depth of feeling, he stands the ideal German *Künstler*. Modest and unassuming, he makes no effort to produce effects, except the lofty effort to learn the real intention of the composer and interpret it truthfully.

Wonderful is the contrast of tender expression and great power, and the melody is never lost even in the most difficult passages. Other violinists have handled the same difficulties in which Wilhelmj excels, but how often was not melody sacrificed to technique? Wilhelmj's runs, for instance, in thirds, octaves and sixths, are all made so melodiously and with so little evident exertion, that the ordinary observer loses sight of the astounding technical difficulties.

Ole Bull has certain tricks, one might call them, of technique, in which many have tried in vain to equal him, and he delights in showing them. Wilhelmj's great trick is to hide all technical difficulties as much as possible.

Two other points of excellence, which must strike even those unacquainted with the difficulties of the violin, are his "flageolet tones" (always clear, never a single note lost), and his *staccato*. His display of the capabilities of the Violin in Ernst's Hungarian airs, once heard, will never be forgotten.

The support was what might have been expected—rather mediocre. Mme. Theresa Carreno played a Beethoven Sonata with much power, but little artistic expression. She was more fortunate in her performance of a *Nocturne* by Chopin. Miss Kate L. James has a good mezzo-soprano voice with considerable scope, but it lacks cultivation.

It is understood Wilhelmj will appear here again next month.

Next week Max Strakosch's Italian Opera.

MUSIKUS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 26, 1878.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1879.

On the first of January, 1879, this oldest of the many American musical journals will pass from the business management of Oliver Ditson & Co., into the hands of the well-known Boston publishing firm of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co. It will remain under the editorial charge of JOHN S. DWIGHT, its founder, and will preserve its identity in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. It appeals first, and mainly, to persons of taste and culture, lovers of the *best* in Music,—seeking to deserve *their* sympathy, instead of courting an indiscriminate "popularity," and relying for appreciation more on quality than quantity of matter. Loyal to the masters, the enduring models in the Art, it will yet welcome every sign of wholesome progress.

Regarding this change of publishers as the entrance upon a new era in the Journal's life, the Editor may properly refer to his original prospectus in the first number of the paper (April 10, 1852). These were the chief features promised then, and he renews the promise now:—

Its contents will relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with occasional glances at the world of Art and polite literature; including, from time to time:

1. Critical reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely analyses of the notable works performed, accounts of their composers, etc.

2. Notices of new music published at home and abroad.

3. A summary of *significant* Musical News, from English, German, French, Italian, as well as American sources.

4. Correspondence from musical persons and places.

5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on musical education; on music in its moral, social, and religious bearings; on music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Parlor, and the Street.

6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art.

This was an aspiration; much of it remains yet to be fulfilled. But in these six and twenty years the Journal of Music has won and held a reputation for its high tone; for the independence and considerate justice of its criticism: for the solid value of its contents, varied, readable, instructive; for its earnest and not wholly unsuccessful efforts to raise the musical taste and standard of our people, and to make the masterworks of genius more appreciated; and for its impartial survey of the whole field of musical Art. It has been much quoted and respected as an authority in Europe and at home.—Now it begins a new life with some positive advantages:—

1. Having no connection, no appearance, even, of identity of interests with the music trade in any of its representatives or branches, the Journal offers a new guaranty—were any needed—of impartial, independent, and sincere expression of opinion.

2. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of fresh and bright contributors, musical and literary, who will treat the æsthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes.—For the present may be named: WM. F. APTHORP; A. W. THAYER (the biographer of Beethoven); Dr. F. L. RITTER, of Vassar College; W. S. B. MATHEWS, of Chicago; etc.

3. The Journal will take more frequent notice than heretofore of what is passing in the world of Art and Literature in general; and can now promise book reviews and short papers from F. H. UNDERWOOD; poems, letters, essays, from JULIA WARD HOWE, C. P. CRANCH, FANNY RAYMOND RITTER, "STUART STERNE" (authoress of "Angelo,") and others; Art notes, by WILLIAM M. HUNT, THOMAS R. GOULD (of Florence), THOMAS G. APPLETON; etc.

4. Though not disdaining dry or humble topics, it is not proposed to make this a *school* journal, nor to enter much into the grammar, or the mathematics, or the pedagogy, of the Art. These have their proper organs and their primers.

5. While increasing the porportion of original matter, as much room as possible will still be given to one feature always valued in our Journal,—at least by those who have preserved its volumes, namely: the bringing together of important papers upon Music from all sources, with translations of notable pamphlets, biographical notices of composers and musicians, etc. The mass of valuable matter, critical, historical, biographical, theoretic and æsthetic, stored up in these volumes, has been and is a help to many musical inquirers,—a library in itself.

These attractions, with the better opportunities of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and render it more interesting than it ever has been. But, for the realization of so comprehensive a pregramme, *many subscribers* are essential.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription $2.50 per year, payable in advance, from January 1, 1879. The terms of advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore. Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new volume, may be sent to the publishers,

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.,
220 Devonshire Street,
Boston.

The Promise of the Season.

Boston is likely, after all the long uncertainty, to have a fair share of musical enjoyments during the next six months. Several artistic virtuosos of the first distinction are sure to take us in our turn after they have "done" New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc. Numerous travelling "Combinations," in which shine "stars" differing in glory, usurp nearly the entire season's programmes of the Lecture Bureaus, the shrewd managers having discovered that cheap music pays much better on the whole than platform oratory. The Vocal Clubs are in their very heyday of enthusiasm and of public favor, and they increase in number; they are preparing each a series of interesting concerts for their crowded audiences of associate members and invited guests. Our best pianists—some of the best of whom will be sadly missed—will see to it that the piano works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and others old and new, will offer frequent and abundant invitation. Would that we might anticipate as much of other Chamber Music,—of Violin Quartets, etc., in which exquisite department we have famished of late years! And, in all probability, we shall have to famish, until Boston music-lovers shall support a permanent local orchestra, so that the best violinists may be able to live among us and not have to travel all the winter in Quintet Clubs.—The Handel and Haydn Society we have always with us; the Oratorio season knows no drought, and does not even need "Elijah" to intercede for rain this year.—We may have something in the way of Opera before the trees bud out again; possibly the Mapleson troupe, which seems to have made a fine beginning in New York; but all is in the vague as yet.

One thing, however,—and the most important of the elements which constitute a musical season—seems to be out of doubt: *We shall hear some Symphonies!* So far, to be sure, the response of the public to the appeal of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION has been far less assuring than it ought to be, to warrant the preparation of the concerts on a liberal and worthy scale. Yet the Committee have taken courage and determined to go on. The Eight Concerts will undoubtedly be given, commencing a month later than usual,—on Thursday, December 5. The other Concerts will probably succeed on the following dates: December 19; January 9 and 30; February 13 and 27; March 13 and 27. The Orchestra will be the best available under the circumstances. It has been impossible to lay out any scheme of programmes, while so much doubt hung over the continuance of the concerts. There will certainly be eight good Symphonies: at least two by Beethoven; one (in C) by Schumann; probably two or three of the least familiar ones by Haydn, and Mozart; certainly the new Symphony in D, (No. 2) by Brahms; and possibly one we have not yet heard by Spohr, or Gade, or even one of our own composers. But let this be borne in mind: *The excellence of the Concerts, the richness and the freshness of the programmes, and the perfection of interpretation must depend very largely on the gain of additional subscribers between this time and December.* Subscription lists may still be found at Mr. Peck's office, at Ditson's, Pruefer's and Schmidt's music stores, at Chickering's, or with any member of the Concert Committee.

There is also a prospect of five Symphony Concerts at Cambridge, in the Sanders Theatre, and of another five in Boston,—both sets by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra under Herr Dietrich, and both dependent on the result of a seemingly reluctant, slow subscription, as in our own case of the Harvard Concerts.—And then, looming far ahead, beyond the close of the regular season, say in April, are certain misty but imposing outlines of a whole week's festival of orchestral music to be given by the full New York Philharmonic Orchestra (one hundred men) under their new Conductor, Neuendorf.—Here are three chances; may they "pool their issues" (to borrow a slang phrase) in one mutual general success!

ORATORIO. Our old Handel and Haydn Society hold up before us a truly grand prospectus for the sixty-fourth season, from November to Easter. Some of the principal soloists are announced already, namely: For Verdi's *Requiem*, November 24, Madame Rosa Skelding, of New York, said to be a dramatic singer of great power, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. John F. Winch; for the *Messiah*, December 22, Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, of Cincinnati, (who made so good an impression in the first Symphony Concert last year, and in the recent Worcester festival), Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. William Courtney and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Negotiations are in progress for competent artists for the subsequent concerts, namely: February 9, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, a portion of Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ*, and another short work not yet decided on; April 11 (Good Friday), Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, entire for the first time, Part I. in the afternoon, Part II. in the evening; finally, April 13 (Easter), Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.—Season tickets for these six concerts cost but six dollars each, and are now selling at the Music Hall.

VOCAL CLUBS. The CECILIA, B. J. Lang, conductor, is earnestly engaged in its weekly rehearsals and will give six concerts, in the Tremont Temple, the first pair in November. The season's programme includes: *L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso*, by Handel; *Toggenburg*, short cantata, by Rheinberger; *Manfred*, Schumann; *The Crusaders* (probably with orchestra) Gade: *Miriam's Song of Triumph*, Schubert; Chorus of Reapers, etc., from *Prometheus*, Liszt; choice madrigals, glees, part-songs, etc. And better still, there is some chance that a short Cantata by Bach may be taken in hand, as well as a "New Year's Song" by Schumann.

The APOLLO CLUB, Mr. Lang, director, (as we learn by the *Courier*) will give the first concert of its eighth season in Tremont Temple, December 6. Subsequent concerts will be given in Music Hall, December 9, February 19 and 24, and two in May. The committee make no announcements of the works to be presented, But the associate members may rest assured, had they the need of that assurance, that the programmes will be made up with the care that has thus far been expended on them, that the rehearsals will be thorough, and the performances quite up to the club's high standard. The list of applicants for associate membership now numbers over three hundred names.

Of course the BOYLSTON CLUB, under George L. Osgood's direction, will not be behind with its rich offerings, of which we shall soon have a foretaste.

—And now a new society, the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL UNION, with numerous members of both sexes, has begun rehearsals in the spacious hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Stephen A. Emery has been secured as conductor, and Mr. Alfred D. Turner as pianist. We have not learned whether it is their intention this season to give public concerts.

PIANO RECITALS. Of these we may be sure there will be no dearth. The first announcement is that of Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD,—a series of *ten*, by subscription, to be given at his music rooms, 21 West Street, beginning early in November. The programmes will be choice and of especial interest to students.——That charming young pianist, Miss WINSLOW, will no doubt let herself be heard again; and so will Miss AMY FAY, who now resides in Boston, and who took part in a Concert of the N. E. Conservatory at Wesleyan Hall last Tuesday noon, together with Miss S. C. FISHER, vocalist. The programme included works by Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Reinecke, Gounod, Jensen and Franz.——Mr. J. M. TRACY will give six free musical soirées at his house this winter, beginning the first Wednesday in November. He will be assisted by several well-known vocalists. The music will be of a high character, but not strictly classical.

—We have only to count up our competent pianists, some mature and others full of promise and of perseverance, to be assured of many such recitals; they must do something to relieve the drudgery of daily lessons.

VIRTUOSOS. The first to visit Boston will be the great violinist, AUGUST WILHELMJ, about whom our Philadelphia and Baltimore correspondents are eloquent today, and of whom our pages have contained glowing accounts during several years past. Two concerts are announced for Monday and Wednesday evening, Nov. 28 and 30. On Monday he will have the assistance of Mme. Teresa Carreno, Miss Kate L. James, Miss Maud Morgan, Sig. Tagliapietra, Mr. Max Liebling, and an orchestra conducted by Carl Zerahn, in this programme:

Grand Sonata.....Beethoven
Mme. Teresa Carreno.

Aria—"Ernani, involami," from "Ernani"...Verdi
Miss Kate L. James.

Aria—"Il balen," from "Il Trovatore,".... .Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.

Grand Concerto for Violin.....Paganini
Herr August Wilhelmj.

Harp Solo—"La danse des sylphes".....Godefroid
Miss Maud Morgan.

Violin Solo—Paraphrase on the Preislied, from Wagner's "Meistersinger".....Wilhelmj

Fantasia on airs from "Le Prophete"....Meyerbeer
Mme. Teresa Carreno.

Aria—"Roberto, tu che adoro," from "Roberto il Diavolo".....Meyerbeer
Miss Kate L. James.

Violin Solo—Airs Hongroise.....R. Ernst

Song—"La stella confidente".....Reubardy
Signor Tagliapietra.

On his way to this country is another famous violinist, the Hungarian, EDOUARD REMENYI, about whom there has been such a *furore* at the Paris Exposition, and of whose wonderful performance Liszt has written with enthusiasm, while some have called him "the Liszt of the violin." While waiting to learn how soon he will appear in Boston, it may be worth while to read what we here reprint from the *Transcript*:

Edouard Remenyi is about forty years of age, and was born at Misolc, Hungary. His master on the violin at the Vienna Conservatoire was John Bohm, the same who instructed another Hungarian violinist—Joseph Joachim. His artistic career, which he began very early, was interrupted by the Hungarian rising in 1848, in which Remenyi, then quite a boy, took an active part. After the defeat of the insurgents he had to fly his country, and resolved to go to England. But on his way to that country he made the acquaintance of his celebrated countryman, Franz Liszt, who at once recognised his genius, and became his friend and artistic adviser. In 1854, the young artist went to London and was appointed solo violinist to the queen. In 1860, he obtained his amnesty and returned to Hungary, where some time afterwards he received from the emperor of Austria a similar distinction to that granted him in England. In the meantime he had made himself famous by numerous concerts in Paris and other European capitals. After his return home, he seems for a time to have retired from public life, living chiefly on an estate he owned in Hungary; but three years ago he resumed his artistic career in Paris, where he has been living since. Remenyi's great power seems to lie in the fiery, passionate character of his nature, which has the faculty of carrying his hearers away, and making them scarcely less excited than himself, while he appeals to the intellectual side of his listeners far less than does the great German, to whom he seems to be not inferior in technique. His repertory is very large, covering apparently almost the whole field of violin music, from the severer works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, down to the works of the later violin composers. Besides these he plays a number of transcriptions of his own of all sorts, Chopin's nocturnes, mazurkas and waltzes, Field's nocturnes, Schubert's songs, and a vast number of selections from operas of all sorts, from Mozart to Wagner.

The Beethoven Matinee, given on Friday afternoon (October 11) at Wesleyan Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Conservatory, was essentially the first classical chamber concert of the season. The programme, as announced, was made up exclusively of compositions by Beethoven, including two of the great composer's songs, to be sung by Mr. Carl Pflueger. On account of sudden illness, however, Mr. Pflueger was unable to appear. . . . . Mr. S. Liebling and Mr. Albert von Raalte played the lovely sonata for pianoforte and violin in C-minor, Op. 30, No. 2, in a manner which allowed everyone whose mood was attuned to the spirit of the music to enjoy it greatly. Mr. von Raalte draws a pure and sympathetic tone from his instrument, neither of great fulness, nor great breadth, but incisive, searching and musical. In his style and phrasing, he reminds one forcibly of his excellent teacher, Mr. Julius Eichberg. In fact Mr. Eichberg has too marked a musical individuality to make it easy for an intelligent pupil of his not to reflect it in his playing. It is not reasonable to look for marked individuality of style in so young a man as Mr. von Raalte, and happy is the young violinist who can give evidence of so much musical sensibility, and such pure musical perception as he does, influenced by such a thoroughly musical mind as that of his teacher. It is not every young, untried musician, just on the point of snapping his leading strings, and beginning to look into the world of music with his own eyes, who can rely upon such sound teaching, and feel that in following his master's guidance he does no dishonor to his own self. Mr. Liebling played the ever beautiful Sonata Op. 27, No. 2 with a young man's intensity of feeling, seconded by the technical ability of a well-trained pianist. If he did not sound all the depths of that well-nigh unfathomable work—a composition to which all the rhapsodies of writers on music have fallen far short of doing justice, and which even the greatest pianist approaches with religious humility and awe—he played it honestly, with heart-felt fervor and singleness of purpose. In the *Andante con moto* from the Sonata Op. 57 (*appassionata*) he showed more pose and maturity of conception than he has yet done. The final *Allegro*, however, seemed somewhat hurried, and recklessly played. The rendering was full of fire and intense verve, but these intoxicating qualities displayed themselves somewhat at the expense of artistic reserve, and that keen insight into the finer musical characteristics of the movement, without which a wholly satisfying rendering cannot be realized. Yet Mr. Liebling's playing was, as it always is, sincere, heartfelt, and free from unworthy trickery.—*Courier, October* 13.

Opera at Pompeii.

A somewhat startling announcement recently appeared in a Naples paper, to the effect that "the theatre of Pompeii, after having been closed for eighteen centuries, and being fully repaired, will soon be opened by Signor Luigni with a performance of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'" The new manager at the same time bespoke the favor of the public, which had so generously patronized his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius; and assured it that there was no reason to fear a repetition of the deplorable accident by which that enterprising *impresario* had lost his vocation, and his audience their lives. It is, of course, quite possible to give a performance in the hoary old amphitheatre where the people of Pompeii had crowded to witness a contest of gladiators, when the showers of Vesuvian lava-dust overcame them. The edifice was so well preserved by the lava that, having now been excavated, it is still almost intact; and the modern Neapolitans may as easily throng upon its long, semicircular rows of stone seats as did the contemporaries of Sallust, Pliny, and Diomede. As we think of the old theatre of Pompeii once more alive with a throng of pleasure-seekers, attired for the most part in the homely and unnoticeable every-day costume of our time, with here and there an oasis of brilliant color afforded by the showy dress of a Neapolitan peasant, we cannot help conjuring up the last scene witnessed there in the olden time; the white, looped up togas and the narrow fillets of the patricians, Diomede in his sandals and with his big gold rings, and the rows of dark-eyed, dissolute matrons and daughters, in their waistless robes and daintily *coifed* tresses. The *opera bouffe* and the pantomime, which one may see now and then in full career in the very tomb of the imperial Augustus at Rome, and which will, perhaps, replace the legitimate lyrics at Pompeii, are, indeed, the descendants of very ancient dramatic performances; but very different are they from the fierce and barbaric pastimes which made the fairest women of Southern Italy scream with delight from the Pompeian tiers eighteen centuries ago. The "Tragic Theatre," as it was called—and tragic, verily, it was!—was the favorite resort of the rich Romans who flocked to Pompeii as a summer watering-place. Its audiences will now consist of the motley throng of foreign tourists who go to see the most impressive ruins in Europe, and of the not less motley gathering of Calabrian peasants, who, thoughtless or ignorant of the historic memories of the spot, will go simply to be amused and laugh.—*Appleton's Journal, Editor's Table.*

Minnie Hauck and Signor Foli. A gossipping reporter of the *New York Herald*, who went forth to meet the Mapleson troupe on their arrival, says:

Miss Minnie Hauck was a very goodly sight to behold, clad in a close-fitting blue travelling dress. Her face is decidedly pretty and lacking little of being handsome, with laughing grayish brown eyes, a good nose, full, well-shaped lips, that when parted showed very white and regular teeth, and a rich, warm complexion. She went away from New York nine years ago to study music, a sallow, sixteen-year-old girl. She returned for a brief visit in 1876, a large and too stout young woman. She now appears fresh from her foreign triumphs, neither a slim girl nor a stout Fräulein, but an elegant, self-possessed lady. In Vienna she was very successful. In Berlin the emperor was good enough to take a liking to her. The emperor's favorites were "Mignon" and the "Daughter of the Regiment." The emperor in his box was always the first to begin the applause. "In Brussels I appeared in 'Carmen,'" she said. "I sang it in the French. You know it is a French opera. It is called an opera comique, but it is not at all like the American idea of an opera comique. The music is essentially Spanish, and the opera is very tragic. I was fortunate in being able to sing it in French, for I got a great many ideas and situations that are not in the Italian at all. I don't know whether New Yorkers will like 'Carmen' at first. It's unlike any other opera; it grows upon an audience. The first night in London people did not know what to say. They looked at each other, as much as to say, 'Shall we like it?' But after the first night it grew steadily in favor. It is a very trying opera, and, musically, very ungrateful. I am on all the time from the time the curtain goes up until the end. Other characters have single, beautiful arias, and gain more applause than I with my whole evening's singing. But all my music is charming, and the treatment is splendid.

Signor Foli, the basso, is sure to be a prime favorite. He is an Irishman by birth, and an old resident of Hartford, where he worked at his trade of carpenter and builder. He had a fine bass voice, and his friends persuaded him to go abroad and study. He decided to do so, and was about to start when the war broke out. He immediately set about enlisting a company, and had fifty men enlisted, but his friends brought all their entreaties to bear, and got him off for Europe, so the country lost a good soldier in Lieutenant Foley, and gained a fine basso in Signor Foli. "You see," he said, "I found that these Italians couldn't get my name right. They called me Folay and the like. So I just changed the 'ey' to an 'i,' and they had it all right. Nature was good to me, and I worked hard. Anyhow I've made a good bit of money. Let me tell you I am the longest-legged basso on the stage, and I get twice, yes, three times, as much money as any other basso."

Musical Strife. Johann Patlik, a musician, and Josef Kammberger, a journey-man tailor, occupy rooms on the ground floor opposite each other in the courtyard of a house in the Barichgasse, Vienna. Josef Kammberger is a member of what is called a "Veterans' Association," and on festive occasions discharges the indispensable duties of drummer. It is true he has never been a soldier, but this is a fact which, in the case of many such associations, in no wise acts as an obstacle to one's becoming a member. At his leisure hours, Josef used to practise in his room on the drum, while Herr Patlik, on the opposite side of the courtyard, worked away at his double-bass. Every time, however, that the zealous Veterans' Drummer began his deafening exercises, the musician used to burst forth in strong invectives; he could not hear what he was himself playing, and was compelled to leave off until the other had finished. Last May, the double bass's rage reached its culminating point, for, contrary to his expectation that Kammberger would practice less assiduously as he grew more efficient, Kammberger did nothing of the sort, but, after thoroughly mastering the signals and marches, went on beating the unoffending drum more savagely than ever. One day, the musician, unable to contain himself any longer, hurled an empty beer bottle with such violence into the drummer's room that the vessel was dashed into a thousand fragments, which fell in a shower over and around the assiduous drummer. The drumming ceased and the next moment, Kammberger, looking much startled, appeared at his window, peering about after the person who had flung the missile. At the opposite window he caught sight of Herr Patlik who, evidently glorying in what he had done, and armed with his double-bass, was making the most hideous grimaces as though he wanted to annihilate the drummer. This sent the valiant Kammberger into a furious rage. Snatching up a heavy music book strongly bound in pig skin he sent it with all his force at the aggressor. This was the signal for a regular bombardment. Patlik had another empty beer bottle handy; this he forthwith despatched after the first, while Kammberger answered incontinently with a pomatum pot that happened to be in the window. Patlik now seized a petroleum can, which, without stopping to consider, he threw at his adversary; Kammberger's reply was a flower pot, sent flying with such force that, passing through Patlik's window, it continued its course, until it exploded in a hundred fragments on the door at the opposite side of the room. Both combatants indulged in language of a highly personal and uncomplimentary kind, while the persons who, attracted by the hubbub, had hurried to the spot, kept at a respectful distance so as to be out of reach of the missiles that were following each other in such quick succession through the air. A few days ago, Herren Patlik and Kammberger appeared at the police-court. They had each taken out a summons against the other. The whole story was gone through by principals and witnesses, the former working themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that, had such objects been ready at hand, empty beer-bottles, pomatum pots, music books, and so on, would have been flying about the court. Eventually, the magistrate succeeded in effecting a reconciliation and the two cross summonses were discharged.—*London Musical World.*

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Oh! to be home again! *Eb* 4. c to F. *Reden.* 40
"Mother is calling,—calling, calling, calling."
Very pathetic, and portrays the agitated thoughts and speech of the dying one who so longed for home.

The Everlasting Shore. G 4. d to g. *Pinsuti.* 35
"I am waiting for the music
Of a voice heard long ago."

Upon one stormy Sunday. G 3. E to g. *Carlton.* 30
"Coming adoon the lane
Were a score of bonnie lasses."
One of the sweetest of Scotch ballads. Sing it and believe it!

Forget or die. *Bb* 3. b to E. *V. V.* 30
"What is left then, to the heart,
But forgetting, or else dying?"
Quite effective and full of feeling.

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"My mother's hands this Bible clasped."
Well known words, to new and simple music.

Nora Macarty. *Bb* 3. d to F. *Boott.* 30
"She's the completest
Of girls, and the neatest."
Merry, "neat," and very pretty Irish ballad.

Daschinka, or The Star of the North. G minor and major. 3. d to F. *Pinsuti.* 30
"When you do come, will you stay?
Will you smile and fade away?"
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Pleasing love song, in popular style.

I am waiting Essie, for thee. Aria for Guitar. C 3. E to E. *Brown.* 35
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SONGS.

Marie Roze's Favorite Songs.

Madame Marie Roze's musical reputation is a well-balanced one, as is well indicated by the structure of this set of songs. The title-page, with its picture and portrait is charming, and the 20 pieces named upon it show an unusual tact in selection, and are a warrant that her audiences are entertained by the best of music as well as by fine singing.

Lullaby. (La Ninna Nanna). F. 4. d to F. *Profili.* 40
"Fa-la Nanna." "Sleep, my child."
Sing this sweet thing in Italian. Baby will understand it!

Song of Spring-time. (Chanson du Printemps.) Ab. 4. d to F. *Gounod.* 60
"Viens, enfant, la terre s'éveille."
"Come,—come, the earth is awaking."
A rich, almost rapturous tribute to the waking of the flowers.

Long ago! Long ago! D major and minor. 4. c to F. *Hatton.* 40
"Ah! those were happy years
Long ago!"
A song with a sigh in it:—sad, yet very sweet.

Oh! What Excess of Joy. (Oh! quanto io t'amerei.) Bb. 4. F to F. *Tosti.* 50
"Un raggio solo amico."
"One ray of affection."
An Italian love song.

He loves me. (Il m'aime). F. B♭ and A. 6. b to b. *Maillart.* 75
"O charming hope, Sylvain has said."
"Espoir charmant! Sylvain m'a dit."
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"La longeur du chemin."
From "Paul and Virginia" and has a "simple" manner, with much beauty.

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"O thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet
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A beautiful melody from Wallace's "Lurline," in a new and lower key, for Alto or other low voices. Very beautiful vignette on the title page.

Maiden's Flower Song. G. 4. d to E. *Pinsuti.* 40
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Surely to the flowers are given.
Bring more flowers!"
The beautiful poetry is from "The Afterglow," and the song, performed with proper feeling, must have a charming effect.

Watching and Waiting. C minor. 4. d to g. *Sainton-Dolby.* 40
"Can these be shadows born of night
That wrap the trees in many a sombre fold?"
Poetry by Rita, who writes very effectively. A somewhat "sombre" but most effective ballad.

Eyes that follow me. Sg and Cho. G. 3. d to E. *Danks.* 30
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I see a deeper blue."
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When Abt and the Lark conspire to sing, the best of music is sure to be heard.

Rommani, Gypsy Death from Love. E. 3. E to a. *Gabriel.* 40
"He led me out where the sun shone down,
He looked at my face, which was gypsy brown."
A fine ballad of gypsy life and love.

Gone to their Rest. F. 3. c to F. *Roeckel.* 40
"Where are all the best and brave!
Gone to their Rest!"
A tribute to brave warriors and true. Very effective.

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The American Belle will find this a very pleasing affair for the fingers or for the feet.

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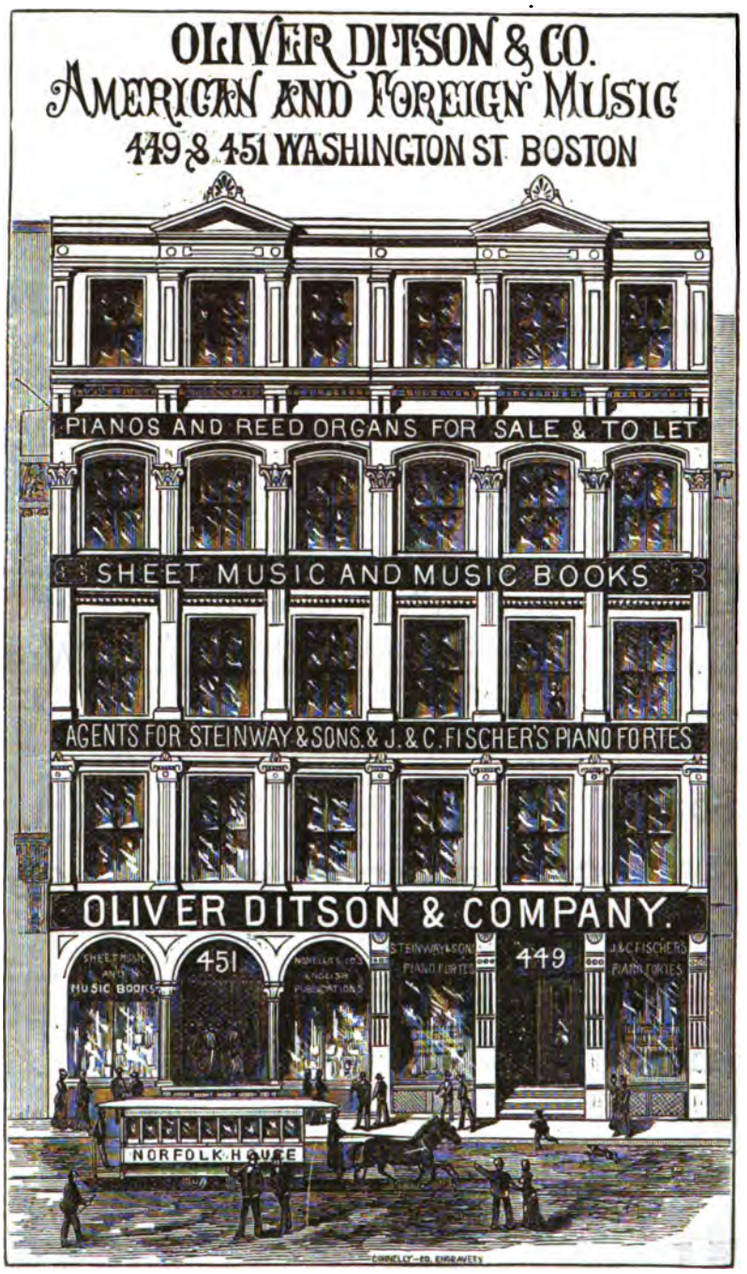
A SUGGESTIVE PICTURE.

THERE may be nothing very extraordinary in the engraving which forms the central ornament of the present page. It is just a picture of a handsome store-front, such as are common enough in the business region of the New England metropolis, and is elegant, but not unusual. Could the artist, however, represent the musical treasures that may be seen through the numerous windows, the view would be very attractive; and to such an imaginary view the writer invites your attention.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If we now look earnestly through the upper three windows of the left hand side, we shall find ourselves gazing into a long and lofty room, containing twenty printing-presses, all busily at work in the manufacture of Sheet Music. Probably about one-third of all the Sheet Music published in the United States is printed in this room. The printing is from Engraved plates, and is executed on hand-presses, like those that print lithographs, bank notes, etc.

About as much more Sheet Music is printed by steam power, in the usual manner, at other places in the city.

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Here is also the publication office of the "MUSICAL RECORD," which has won a good place in public favor, and is issued regularly every Saturday. Here also the large advertising business is carried on.

Descending to the next story, we find two large halls, filled with Pianos of all makers,—New and Second Hand—for Sale and to Let. The store, Number 449, at the level of the street, also has a large number for sale. This department has a large and increasing business, and the three rooms, or stores, are visited by numbers of purchasers, who here profit by the great variety.

Descending again to the basement, we at once echo the cry of surprise, common to visitors, who find here a complete wholesale Sheet Music Department, with hundreds of thousands of Songs and pieces of all conceivable kinds. Various "Stocks" of Sheet Music are also kept in the various parts of the building, and in the principal store, Number 451, where there is Retail Department, a Foreign Department, a Novello Music Department, and the desks of the Principals and of the numerous bookkeepers, etc., that are needed to keep the great machine in order.

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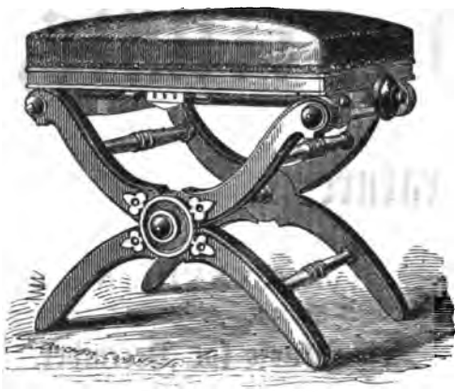

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 982. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 18.

The Latest of the Arts.

Music is the most modern of all the arts, and depends far less than either of the sister arts, whether for its models or its inspiration, upon the great monuments of antiquity. In its greatest perfection, music is a thing of yesterday; and there are men still living who saw and communed with Beethoven, whose best works have been written within the present century. This is not so with the other arts. Sculptors can look back to the dim mysterious times before the birth of Christ for inspiration from the best examples of Greek art: and though the works of Phidias, Praxiteles and Lisippus, may, for the most part, have perished, their fame has not faded away; and some copies of their works still remain. The works which serve as models for the sculptor and architect, and which are to him precious relics of a lost past, are all venerable with age, and bear the impress of a long procession of centuries. The "colossi," in the British Museum, which formed the avenue to Apollo's Temple at Branchidæ; the reliefs, in the Louvre, from Assos and Thasos: the pediment groups, at Munich, from the Temple of Ægina: and the various statues and temples which the sculptor or architect regards as classic models, and worships with a veneration deepened by the fact that time has left so many marks on them —these are all covered with hoar antiquity, and are guarded with jealous care because they are among the few relics of antique art which remain to us. The painter, again, though he does not go back nearly so far for his best models as the sculptor and architect, has yet to reach back through three or four centuries to find some of the great classic masters of his art. Titian, Paul Veronese, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and the bright galaxy of painters who together constitute the golden age of painting, all belong to an era which has now been long past. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the best days of the great masters of painting, and not many of them lived in the seventeenth. Of all the arts, music came latest. When Phidias and his Greek brethren were carving those monuments of art which have made them famous, painting was not an art in the sense in which we use the word "art"; while music was in, at best, a condition little better than barbarous; and the Greek music of which we have any knowledge can as little be ranked as musical art as the rude cairn of the Esquimaux deserves to be called an art-temple. The musician has no "antiquity" filled with works of art: and even painting, which, as compared with sculpture, is a modern art, is an ancient art as compared with music, seeing that, while the greatest of the painters were working, Palestrina was only just beginning to put forth his strength in the way of sketching out a ground-plan of musical art; while the giants, Bach and Handel, who were really the beginners of music as we know it, were not born till Palestrina had been dead near upon a century. Lully, it is true, died before either Bach or Handel was born; but Lully gave shape at most to only one form of musical art. The great musicians are, as compared with the founders of other arts, all well within our reach; and it was but yesterday, so to speak, that Bach wrote his fugues, Handel his oratorios, Haydn his symphonies, Mozart his masses and operas, and Beethoven his sonatas. Music as an art has only just had its beginning, compared with other arts; and the musician has, in point of time, no antiquity to venerate. His inspiration must be drawn, and his models selected, from the works of men who are, from an art point of view, almost his contemporaries.

In selecting material for the embodiment of their ideal forms of beauty, men apparently sought first those substances which they regarded as most durable. Stone and marble were first chosen, because they were the materials which it is thought would last longest. When this vein was well worked, and men sought another kind of material, canvas and color were fixed on as being next to stone in point of endurance; and after the partial decadence of sculpture, painting was the medium for the expression of man's highest sense of the beautiful. But the musician, who came latest, could use neither stone nor canvas, but must write his creations on a piece of paper, which a child could tear into a thousand pieces! And to a superficial observer it would appear that this art, born last of all the arts, should die first, because of the fleeting nature and fragile texture of the materials used for its embodiment. In fact, there are people who do not scruple to say that music, because of its perishable nature, has no right to be considered among the arts at all; the material on which it writes its forms is but paper, and the impression it produces is but momentary. So, with these short-sighted people, music is not to be ranked as an art at all. But it is for this very cause that music as an art will live longer than all the other arts—the germ of its immortality lies hidden within the fragile material of which it makes use. It is this very perishableness which, rightly regarded, constitutes the glory, and will firmly secure the permanency of music as an art. It constitutes its *glory*, because it enables the great models to be produced in a thousand places at once. We venerate the actual paper on which Beethoven wrote, because his hand had touched it; but far more do we venerate the forms of beauty there written. That single form is perishable, but what is written there cannot die. The statue or the picture dies because its form is lost when its substance perishes; the symphony or the oratorio will live through all time because, though its material substance may perish, the forms embodied in that substance are imperishable. The student of sculpture or painting, if his studies are to be complete, must travel to Rome, Venice, Berlin, Paris, London, and New York; for in each of these places are works of art the like of which can be seen nowhere else; and he who studies those arts in only one of these cities, must to some extent form an incomplete notion of them. Your statue or your painting must be in one place, and people must come to it to profit by it. A thief may take it, or a fire destroy it in a moment. You may have to travel half over the world to see it at all. But the oratorio, the symphony, or the manifold forms of musical beauty, are not so localized; and it is the glory of music that, because of the light material on which it works, you can take it all over the globe, and produce and reproduce it in every corner of the habitable world. This is the glory of the musical art, that its models of beauty can be enjoyed in a thousand places at once; and this is only possible because its material is so unenduring. And yet this is the secret of its *permanence*, as well as of its glory. The hand of time spoils the picture and wears down the statue. The art-temple will one day crumble to dust, and the day will come when no single vestige of the works of the great painters shall remain. But this will never be the case with a musical art-work. The hand of time cannot touch it; the procession of the centuries can commit no ravages upon it: the storms which sweep away other works of art, will leave it unscathed; it is imperishable. Why? *Because it cannot be localised.* It uses material (we are sure the apparent paradox will be understood) which is immaterial, intangible, not to be destroyed or even affected by those influences which slowly, but surely, decay the grosser materials upon which the other arts work. The musician in London, or Melbourne, or New York, has all the great art monuments upon his shelf, and they are of such a nature that time cannot touch them. The thin film of printing ink which, in the shape of notes, covers the page on which is printed a great musical work, is the measure of the permanence of that work. It is enshrined in ten thousand hearts, and cannot perish. When the Temple of Minerva, or the "St. Peter" of Guido, have forever perished from the face of the earth, musical forms will live, for ten thousand years cannot crumble to dust one of Beethoven's symphonies, because their continuance does not depend at all upon the permanence of the actual material on which they were written. This is why music, the youngest of the arts to come to perfection, and, apparently, the least enduring, will outlive all the rest.

Although it is true that the musician has no antiquity to look back to, yet it must not be supposed that we ignore the great truth, admitted by the men who take highest rank as musicians, that the primary musical instincts of the human mind are as old as humanity itself. The great themes set forth so simply by the basses in unison in the last movement of the 9th Symphony of Beethoven might, with but a slight change, have been the Æolian mode of the Greeks. When we say the musician has no antiquity to venerate, we of course simply mean that its great principles have ever been in existence, but that its material and artistic developments are essentially modern. Just as Phidias helped to make an antiquity for sculptors, and Titian for painters, so every man who does real art-work as a musician, is making an antiquity for generations yet unborn. But if the work is to live, it must be done for art's sake, and not for self. This is the difference—and almost the only difference —between work that is mortal, and work that is immortal—the one is done for self, the other for Art. He who does musical work of the latter sort, is helping to make a musical antiquity, and to raise a monument which no lapse of time can reach.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

Mendelssohn's Early Symphonies.

(From the Programme of the Crytal Palace Concerts.)

The twelve unpublished symphonies of Mendelssohn, of which the one performed to-day is the last, were composed between the years 1820 and 1823. To appreciate these dates we must remember that Mendelssohn attained his 11th year on the 3rd of February, 1820, and his 14th on the 3rd of February, 1823. No 13 is that in C minor for full orchestra, usually called "No. 1," dated March 3 and March 31, 1824, the autograph of which is in the library of the Philharmonic Society.

The progress made by the composer during these thirteen works is unmistakable. The first seven are small in size, and slight in construction, and limited to the string quartet. But with No. 8—that is to say, after the return from the Swiss tour in 1822—a very marked development commences. The number and length of the movements increase; their form

is varied; the *nuances* are greatly multiplied; from No. 10 the quintet takes the place of the quartet; besides which experiments in scoring are tried, some of which must be very effective. The independent 'cello part—the germ of a very characteristic feature in Mendelssohn's maturer works, due to the fact that his brother Paul played that instrument—is conspicuous throughout. The practice of dating not only the works, but often the beginning and end of single movements, to which, like Schubert, he was much addicted, also dates from the Swiss tour. Nos. 10 and 12 are of the full dimensions of a modern symphony, and it is hard to say in what respect the latter is inferior to the C minor, ordinarily called "No. 1," except in the accident that it is scored for a quintet of strings instead of for the full orchestra. Why the symphonies should in most cases have been written for strings only is not clear. The fact that the accompaniments to the manuscript concertos are also for quartet, shows that this was the rule.

It must not be supposed that these symphonies, and the numerous other works of Mendelssohn which remain in manuscript, were written for exercise only. He enjoyed the advantage seldom afforded to young composers, of having his works played as soon as they were written. It was the custom at his father's house in Berlin to have a fortnightly Orchestral Concert on Sundays, in a large saloon appropriated to the purpose; and it would appear that Felix's symphonies, concertos, and other works were written for performance there. The nucleus of the orchestra was formed of professional players from the king's band, with whom were associated other artists and amateurs from Berlin, as well as strangers who happened to be passing through; for the *matinées* were famous, and the *entrée* to them was greatly in request. As a rule the piano-forte solos were played by Felix and his sister Fanny, but Moscheles, Hummel, Thalberg, and other artists of the highest eminence occasionally took part in them.

It is impossible to consider the long list of symphonies—itself but a portion of a much longer catalogue of works all composed by a boy under the age of fifteen—without being greatly struck. In two respects—in the quantity he composed and the strict manner in which he consigned so many of his compositions to oblivion—Mendelssohn's early life would appear to be paralleled only by that of Mozart; and a very instructive comparison might be drawn between these two great composers, who with many dissimilarities had many points in common; who had both remarkable fathers; who both began serious composition in the nursery; who were both as famous for their playing as for their composition, and as much beloved for their personal qualities as for their music; were both distinguished as letter-writers, and both painted as well as composed music; who both traveled to Paris and London early in life, and alas! both wore out their slender frames by over exertion and excitement, and died before reaching the prime of life.

Mozart is one of the ancients, but Mendelssohn is of our own time—one of ourselves. There are doubtless people in this very room to-day who knew him personally; who can still recall the singular fascination of his voice and face, and charming ways, and who have thrilled under his inspired playing. It fills one with a kind of wild impatience to think that but for some trivial, possibly avoidable circumstance, he might have lived to the age of Spohr or Auber, and have been still alive—visiting England year after year, with fresh symphonies, fresh oratorios, fresh concertos; bringing out the opera that he longed so ardently to write; directing our choicest concerts; writing the most delightful letters; welcoming everything that was good and noble and true; banishing everything that was mean or petty or vulgar; and spreading the charm and blessing of his presence wherever he went.

This is gone, and it is idle to regret what cannot return. But much remains. If any man ever left a faithful image of himself in his works it is Mendelssohn. These remain, both letters and music. The letters can be read over and over, the music can be played and listened to better and better every time; and when those useful works which had the solid foundation of his greatness shall be rendered as accessible as those of other eminent composers have been, and, as there is good reason to hope, those of Mendelssohn will shortly be (the whole of Mendelssohn's MS. works have been deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin, and are now the property of the German nation), we shall be able to understand—as far as any external aids can help us—the secret of that beautiful nature, at once brilliant and deep, clever and good, refined and manly, which is represented to us by the name of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." G. G.

Dudley Buck.

(From Biographies of American Musicians, in Brainard's Musical World.)

Among the prominent American organists and composers, Dudley Buck occupies a conspicuous place. He is one among the few of our native-born musicians to whom we may look with pride and hope. While he has earned for himself a national reputation as organist, he bids fair to do more as a composer.

Mr. Buck was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 10th of March, 1839. His father, Dudley Buck, Esq., was a shipping merchant. His mother was a daughter of Judge Adams, at Portsmouth, N. H., a prominent lawyer, in whose office Daniel Webster began his law studies. Neither father nor mother were musical, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, for neither of them played or sang; yet, like most people of culture and refinement, they were fond of listening to music. Mr. Buck's love for the divine art developed at an early age, but his tastes were neither recognized nor encouraged, for it was the intention of his father that he should devote himself to mercantile pursuits. The study of music was viewed more as a hindrance than as a furtherance for the boy's future usefulness as a merchant. The only musical privilege which he enjoyed in his early youth was a term of instruction in an ordinary singing school. There he learned the notes of the treble clef; somewhat later he discovered, in the garret, an old book which had belonged to one of his father's clerks; from this he learned the bass clef, and the first rudiments of Thorough Bass. When but twelve years of age, he learned to play the flute, upon an instrument which he had borrowed from one of his schoolmates. His joys however came to a speedy end, for he had to return the instrument. Seeing his love for the flute, his father promised to give him one on his birthday, some six months later. This was too long a period for our young lover of music to wait. He therefore improvised an instrument by cutting a broom-stick of the exact length of the borrowed flute, making notches to correspond to the holes and keys, and with this sort of an instrument he picked out, with the aid of a borrowed instruction book, the scales of the flute. It may perhaps be an item of interest to our readers to learn, that this practice was usually indulged in high up in a favorite cherry tree.

At last the long-hoped-for birth-day came, and with it also the promised flute. To the surprise of his parents, the boy showed not a little familiarity with the instrument. This no doubt led to the next step in the boy's musical career; for, some two years later, his father purchased for him a melodeon, one of those sad precursors of the cabinet organ of to-day. Diligently he now applied himself to the study of this instrument; and so rapid was his progress, that soon he was able to play the accompaniment to some of Haydn's and Mozart's masses, as well as to several of Handel's choruses. Though his father was able to procure for his son the very best musical instruction, and though he now recognized his son's passionate love for the art, he nevertheless refused to secure such instruction, for fear that the love of music might interfere with his other studies. Aside from that, the father had not yet given up his fond hopes of seeing his son succeed him as a merchant. But when, at a later period, his father became convinced of the fact that music was his son's calling, that God had endowed him with rare gifts in that direction, he did all he could to give him a first-class musical education.

Thus we see that, while Mr. Buck's progress was for a time retarded as it were, he was after all more favored than many others who are forced to grope their way in the dark under many adverse circumstances, seeking a musical education. The precious time which had been lost, however, could not be regained, and hence it may be said of him that he suffered from that prejudice against a musical career which is but too common among business men, and among people of wealth in general. When sixteen years of age, he received a piano, and was permitted to take three months' lessons, Mr. W. J. Babcock acting as teacher. It was about that time that young Dudley was appointed "pro tem" as organist of St. John's Church, of Hartford; but though appointed only as a supply, so to speak, he gave such general satisfaction that he retained this position until he went to Europe. While thus engaged as organist, a friendship sprang up between him and the late Henry Wilson, who had just returned from Europe, where he had studied for a year. Mr. Wilson's influence over Mr. Buck was decidedly for good; and the wish that he might also be permitted to go to Europe found a lodging-place in his heart.

At last this wish was to be gratified, and a new world was to open itself for our young organist. His aspirations were realized, for in the summer of 1858 he was sent to Europe. In his collegiate studies he had already reached the junior class of Trinity College; and though but few years were required in order to finish his education, his father recognized the fact, that if the young man was at all to accomplish something worth speaking of in music, no time was to be lost. He remained four years in Europe. His first steps were directed to Leipzig, where he studied theory and composition under Hauptmann and Richter, orchestration and musical form under Julius Rietz, while Plaidy and Moscheles were his piano instructors. Richter alone, of all these good names, is now living. The Leipzig Conservatory seems at this time to have had quite a number of pupils who have since made a name for themselves. Thus S. B. Mills, Arthur Sullivan, J. F. Barnett, Walter Bach, Carl Rosa, Madeline Schiller, Clara Doria, Ed. Dannreuther and others were all Mr. Buck's contemporaries or class-mates. In Leipzig he remained a year and a half, enjoying private lessons as well as the Conservatory instruction.

Being a great lover of Bach, he was determined to drink in the spirit of the old master as much as he could. He therefore placed himself under the charge of the celebrated Johann Schneider, of Dresden, then in his seventieth year, and court-organist to the King of Saxony. It so happened, about that time, that the composer Reissiger died, in consequence of which Rietz was called to Dresden as first conductor of the Royal opera and the symphony concerts. This was favorable to Dudley Buck, for it gave him an opportunity to continue his studies under his favorite master, and at the same time to take organ lessons of Schneider.

For the benefit of our younger readers, we would say that Schneider was one of the greatest organists that have ever lived. Though old in years when Dudley Buck met him, he was still as active as a young man of thirty. He possessed in its fullness the traditional manner of playing Bach's music, having himself been a pupil of Kittel of Erfurt, who in turn had been (if we are not much mistaken) a pupil of the great John Sebastian. This great organist and teacher died but a few years ago, and it may well be said that Dudley Buck was one of his last pupils. Only the true lover of the organ, the musician who appreciates the greatness of John Sebastian Bach, can understand how great a boon it must have been for Dudley Buck to enjoy the instruction of Johann Schneider. While we care perhaps less than others do for the doctrine of the apostolic succession, we sincerely believe in the musical succession from Bach to Kittel, to Schneider and to Dudley Buck.

Having spent three years in Germany, the land of music, he visited Paris, where he remained one

year. While there he did not however take lessons, properly speaking. Having been well provided with letters of introduction, he was enabled to move in the best musical circles. Henry Herz and others assisted him in making musical acquaintances. Batiste procured for him opportunities for organ practice, and almost daily he visited the organ factories of the French capital.

At last he turned homeward. He had decided to settle either in New York or in Boston; but having been absent from his parents for four years, it was but natural that they should wish their son to remain with them—for a season at least. Rather than be idle, Mr. Buck accepted a position as organist in the "Park Church," at Hartford. Although speedily becoming somewhat of a "prophet in his own country," yet a sense of his comparatively narrow field soon oppressed him with a longing for the society of his professional peers. He began making earnest preparations to leave his home, when suddenly his mother died. His filial duties to an aged father again forced him to remain at Hartford, and thus it came that Dudley Buck remained for some years in his native city. While we may with pride speak of Dudley Buck as an organist and as a composer, we deem it not unworthy of the man's reputation to hold him up also as an obedient, loving son.

While thus fettered as it were to the limited field of his native city, he began publishing his first pieces, which always appeared with the name of Dudley Buck, Jr., because his father had the same name. This however he discontined after his father's death, which occurred about four years after that of his mother.

Being now left to himself, he turned westward and settled in Chicago as his future abode. There he remained three years as organist of St. James's Church. His name began to be known, his compositions were sought after, and Dudley Buck was highly regarded as an organist. Still the musical atmosphere of Chicago did not suit his tastes; it was not congenial to our young musician; and again he decided to go eastward. Before he had carried out his designs, the great Chicago fire broke out and destroyed his house and home, together with many of his compositions. Among these we would mention a Concerto for piano and orchestra, a Concert Overture, a Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, three Romances for clarinet and piano concertante, etc. This blow was a heavy one, but with Schiller he could say that wife and child were safe—none of the loved ones were lost.

With but very little baggage, Mr. Buck went East, and two weeks after his arrival there he was appointed as organist to St. Paul's Church, Boston, and subsequently organist to the Music Hall Association, which involved the charge of the great organ.

Mr. Buck remained three years in Boston, when, upon the solicitation of Theodore Thomas, who evidently appreciated his talents, he removed to New York, where he conducted alternately with Thomas during one season of the Garden Concerts, meantime establishing himself as a teacher of his specialties. He also played the organ at one of the Cincinnati May Festivals.

At present, Mr. Buck is organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn, one of the best-known churches in the country—a church which has always enjoyed a special musical reputation, to which reputation Mr. Buck will no doubt add not a little lustre.

Although best known to the public by his church music and vocal compositions, Mr. Buck has written much for solo instruments and orchestra. His Organ Sonatas are admirable compositions. A number of his works have been played by Thomas's Orchestra; yet the cry is raised that Thomas is unfavorable to American-born musicians, an accusation which, like many others hurled against Mr. Thomas, is unjust. Let our native-born musicians produce something that is worthy of Thomas's attention, and that attention will no doubt be also bestowed. Hence it is a compliment to Mr. Buck, that quite a number of his works were performed by Thomas's Orchestra. Other associations also performed his compositions. His Symphonic Overture on Sir Walter Scott's "*Marmion*" was produced by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, as well as by Societies in other cities.

Among Dudley Buck's larger works, we would mention the "Legend of Don Munio," words and music both from his pen. This is a work eminently deserving of the notice of Choral Societies, as being nearly alone of its kind among American writings. Another work of a literary character, and wholly unique as far as we know, is Mr. Buck's volume entitled "Illustrations in Choir Accompaniment, with Hints in Registration." This is the first attempt which has been made to give the "traditional" handling of the organ in the accompaniment of voices, the "unwritten law" which is not found in instruction books. Also the "Forty-Sixth Psalm," for solos and chorus, with orchestra, which was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, as well as by other Singing Societies. His Easter Cantata, one of his most pleasing compositions, is published by Messrs. Brainard's Sons.

When the need of a Centennial Cantata was felt in order to celebrate our centenary existence as an independent nation, Dudley Buck was selected as the composer of the same, being thereby conspicuously placed by the side of Richard Wagner, who furnished us with the Centennial March. This Cantata was not only performed at Philadelphia, but also in many other cities, thereby bringing his name still more prominently before the public. The Centennial Cantata, as far as Mr. Buck's work is concerned, was well received by the press and the people. The original score has of late been placed in the archives of the Connecticut Historical Society at the written request of General Hawley and others. It is but just to say, that this score was accompanied by a letter, which in our estimation has characterized Mr. Buck as a modest gentleman. Like all true artists, he has never sought popularity, and it was with considerable difficulty that we obtained at an interview the facts which we here give. While attending the Cincinnati May Festival, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Buck, and found him to be vigorous and active, with many years of usefulness before him.

Every lover of art and country will follow Dudley Buck's career with interest and sympathy, for he is one of the most gifted musicians this country has ever produced.

Clara Schumann's Fiftieth Anniversary as an Artist—Second Gewandhaus Concert.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 26, 1878.—The third Gewandhaus Concert was more than ordinarily interesting, from the fact that it was made the occasion of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Clara Schumann's debut as a pianist, in the hall of that famous institution. The directors had, very appropriately, chosen only compositions of Schumann for the evening in question, namely: The Symphony in C (No. 2), Genoveva Overture, several songs, the piano concerto, Romanze from op. 28 and two Noveletten (op. 99 and 21, No. 7). Already, on the morning of the general rehearsal, every seat was occupied, and, as Clara Schumann entered, she was no sooner recognized than it became the signal for an ovation as grand as touching. Quite a time elapsed before the rehearsal could be resumed, but then the interest was gone, the great majority having only come to see and hear the great woman.

Frau Clara Schumann is to-day even a greater wonder than she was as the maidenly Clara Wieck. Her early triumphs did not spoil her, for a stern father and an idealistic lover and husband anxiously guarded every step of her career; especially the latter must have exerted an inestimable influence on the young artiste. When she became the wife of the great Robert Schumann, an artist than whom there never was a purer, she must have become imbued with his lofty principles, which not only developed and shaped the pianist, but also reacting on him, inspired some of the grandest of creations; positively is this known of the piano Concerto, Quintet and many songs. Though of an age which almost fills the measure of years allotted to man by the Scriptures, her playing has still the vivacity and elasticity of youth, the energy of manhood, and the finish and fullness of ripe years, while a certain indefinable something else crowns it with a charm as truly poetic as irresistibly captivating. At the present writing certain wealthy families, long known for their warm interest in matters concerning art and artists, are over-bidding each other in their efforts to please and honor her. A beautiful act was the decorating of the monument, erected in memory of her husband, with laurel wreaths and evergreens. Her home is now in Frankfort, where she has recently become connected with the new Conservatory under the directorship of Raff. Leipzig should have induced her to come and stay here, for the Conservatory has urgent need of a few strong pillars. Moscheles, David and Hauptmann have not yet been replaced. The orchestral numbers of the programme were reproduced with absolute perfection, as was also the accompaniment of the concerto, by no means an easy task. The songs: "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint," "Marienwürmchen," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Mondnacht" and "O Sonnenschein" were sung by Frau Schultzen von Asten.

The programme of the Second Gewandhaus Concert was as follows

Weber—Overture, "Oberon."
Mozart—Aria from Il re pastore.
Leonard—Violin concerto.
Rubinstein, } Songs.
Volkmann, }
Saint-Saëns—Introduction and Rondo, violin.
Mendelssohn—Symphony, A minor (No. 3).

Reinecke's musical nature has many sympathetic chords with that of Mendelssohn, a fact that tells whenever the latter's music is on the programme; he grades and balances the shades and tempi with subtle nicety, and, having a very willing instrument in his orchestra, the charming effects produced are often surprising. Frau Alvsleben was the vocalist, and Paul Viardot, from Paris, the violinist. The former is always certain of a favorable reception in the Gewandhaus, while the latter is simply a good violinist and nothing more. Perhaps the mean instrument he had to play on was the cause of weakening an impression he otherwise might have made.

On the 24th inst., Prof. E. F. Richter, so well known by his books on Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, celebrated his 70th birthday, an event that was not left unnoticed by his many friends here and elsewhere.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Fourth Gewandhaus Concert.

NEW WORK BY CAPELLMEISTER REINECKE.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Nov. 8, 1878.—The programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert was, in point of quality, altogether unexceptionable, as will be seen by the following:

Motet.....Doles
Fest Overture.....Reinecke
Arietten.....Stradella and Giordani
Air for string orchestra.....Bach
Songs—{Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, / Dithyrambe,}.....Schubert
Symphony, B flat major, (No. 4).....Beethoven

The overture of Reinecke was probably inspired by the Musikfest in Kiel, last spring, when it was first performed. It is dedicated to the Gewandhaus orchestra, and a work of no mean order, as everything flowing from the pen of Reinecke is sure to be characterized by sterling musicianship and finish. At his very best, however, he is in composition of the Märchen (fairy) order, to one of which I will take occasion to refer farther on. The composer was rewarded by a flourish on the part of the orchestra and with warm applause on the part of the audience.

The "Motet of Doles" was, no doubt, chosen in consideration of the quasi-religious character of the day (Reformation) on which the concert happened to fall. It was sung by the Thomaner under the conductorship of Professor Richter. The songs and arietten were sung by Fräulein Redeker, of this city. The alto is rich and sympathetic. The vocal numbers were, perhaps, too severe, even for the Gewandhaus audience, but nevertheless they were thoroughly enjoyable. The quaint air of Bach and the Beethoven Symphony were as a matter of course well played, and the whole concert must have given unqualified enjoyment to every one fortunate enough to be present.

On last Sunday morning a very successful musical matinée was given at the residence of Capellmeister Reinecke. The most prominent number of the programme was a new composition of his, belonging to the *Schneewittchen* and *Dornröschen* family, namely, *Aschenbrödel* (Cinderella) written for female chorus, soprano and alto solos and piano accompaniment. Already, in a former correspondence, in which a performance of *Dornröschen* was alluded to, I had taken occasion to remark how happily the composer understood to translate the spirit of the fairy stories into music. *Aschenbrödel* more than justifies every word written then, for notably the choral parts are of a bewitching charm, a charm that may be largely ascribed to their simplicity, without being trivial. Not less beautiful

are the solo numbers. They are only a trifle more difficult of performing. The accompaniment is very much more than what is ordinarily understood by this term; it is an important part of the composition, requiring an interpreter of high pianistic qualities. The matinée performance was one of pure excellence. The chorus was composed of twelve young ladies, and the solos sung by Fräuleins Goselli and Schärnack. The composer himself sat at the piano, and, it is a safe assertion to make, a better than he could not have been there. Preceding *Aschenbrödel*, Fräulein Zelia Moriamé played the following piano solos: Nocturne op. 9, No. 1, Chopin; Romanze op. 28, Schumann, and Sonate, A-major, Scarlatti, and Fräulein Goselli sang two songs of Kirchner: *Frühlingslied* and *Du wundersüsses Kind*. The lady pianist was best in the Sonata of Scarlatti; for Chopin as well as for Schumann, but especially for the latter, she is not as yet sufficiently qualified; she has splendid fingers, however, and is evidently destined to join the ranks of the many excellent lady pianists of fame we already have. The many present at the matinée were all pleased, a pleasure that was enhanced by the amiability and hospitality of the generous host and his devoted wife.

At the theatre, Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* are still given from time to time, but, fortunately for the lovers of operatic music, the long intervals have been filled by Rossini's *Barber*, Mozart's *Figaro*, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and Weber's *Oberon*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Reminiscences of Remenyi.

Some years ago I was visiting a friend in Hungary and was roused one morning very early by a noise in the next room; doors slamming, windows opening and shutting, and furniture moving about; but finally silence reigned once more and I was just falling asleep when there was a knock at my door, and a pretty, fair-haired boy, looking like a girl in disguise, walked in, saying: "I am Plotenyi Nardor, the ardent disciple of Remenyi Ede, who has this moment taken up his quarters in the next room."

"All right. Did you wake me up simply to tell me your name and rank?"

"No, but to beg you will rise, dress and go for a walk." The rascal said this with such a delightfully obstinate air, that he quite won my heart.

"Go to walk, indeed!" I cried.

"Yes, my master likes to practice very early in the morning and can't bear to have any one hear him."

"The devil take you and your master Remenyi Ede!" I exclaimed. The young fellow turned fiery red and shook with rage and amazement.

"Oh sir, sir, would you have the devil take him, the great violinist, the successor of Czernakt Bibary?"

"Is your master a gypsy?"

"No, but he is the only living violinist who has the true tradition of gipsy music."

"I like that music," said I, "so I'll get up and go down into the garden."

"Oh, no! sir, pray go for a long walk. See,"—and he opened the window—"everyone has left the castle." There indeed was the master of the house leading off his friends. They had scarcely slept three hours. I joined them, and everybody began to tell me Remenyi's story at once.

At seventeen he was attached to the person of Georgey as private violinist, during the Hungarian war, playing before and after a battle. He then shared the exile of Count Teleki Sardor and other heroes, spending some time at Guernsey, where he knew Victor Hugo. Thence he went to Hamburg, London and America, where he played, going from triumph to triumph; his renown growing apace. Returning to Hungary, he travelled all over the country, astounding high and low alike, and playing with the same poetry and fervor in barns and palaces.

I slipped away and returned to the garden. Remenyi was playing. . . . a Bach *concerto*! I uttered curses not loud but deep. So it was to play a Bach *concerto* that this sham gipsy roused me at dawn!

At breakfast, he made his appearance. He was a common looking man of medium size. His expression seemed an attempt at disdain of the world, yet there was something jolly in his look, movement and voice.

"Remenyi worked well this morning," he said, after breakfast. (He never speaks save to praise himself, and always talks of himself in the third person.)

"Yes, on a Bach *concerto*," said I.

He drew himself up, exclaiming: "Remenyi plays other things, too,"—and calling Nardor, he asked for his violin. Twenty people ran for it. He played a *Hongroise*. With the first notes his vanity dropped from him like a cloak. He possesses every quality of imagination, delirious fancy, mild caprice; every good gift of skill, clearness, precision, eloquence, color and all that genius can grant. He laid down his bow smiling like a child. The music had worked a wondrous change in him, he was natural and ingenuous. Now and then, he took up his violin and played one strain after another. Thus we heard the ball-room scene from Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette*. It was like a magical spell. We were in Italy; the silvery moonbeams fell on silent rows of cypress trees and marble statues, fountains plashed; then a fair palace appeared, all light and music, a crowd hurried by, masked and gaily dressed, the night wind wafted strains of dance music through the garden; then all this faded and we heard Juliet cry.

When I had thanked the great artist and expressed all my admiration of his wonderful execution, he replied: "If Remenyi is only satisfied with himself!"—with an expressive gesture to complete his phrase.

He then played a duet with Nardor; walking sternly towards the mantelpiece he stopped the pendulum of a clock standing there, saying to his host: "Let this clock forever mark the hour when Remenyi played to you!"—Horerath Karoly, to whom he spoke, wept with emotion and we all embraced Remenyi in turn. Next day some devil of obstinacy led him back to the Bach *concerto*.

On leaving, he invited me to accompany him to his home, Rakos Palota, near Pesth. He stopped at every village, town and estate in our way, and wherever he was known, was received with open arms; if unknown, he had only to mention his name, to be greeted with delight and enthusiasm. I was told that he ordered a pair of boots in one town where he played, and the bill was sent to him receipted by the city government. Music is a national glory in Hungary,—especially gipsy music, the roots of which are interwoven with the very heart-fires of the Hungarian.

At last we reached Rakos-Paleta. Remenyi's house was a long, low building with nothing extraordinary about it. A dirty courtyard filled with poultry lay before it, and a few thin poplar trees grew about, which looked so much like admiration points, that I suspected they were planted expressly! Inside, the house forms a long gallery partitioned off and filled with every imaginable object of price and rarity, all presents. There are curious old jewels, antique rings, gold chains, which would drive a modern jeweller mad. Carvings and every variety of rare old china were strewed about, and here and there were weapons of every age, old coins, valuable manuscripts, tapestries and paintings; but his special pride and treasure was a pair of boots which belonged to Liszt when a child, and his Hungarian sword.

UNE COSSAQUE.

—*Courier, November 24.*

Children in the Ballet.

COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON ARRESTED FOR EMPLOYING LITTLE GIRLS TO DANCE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Colonel J. H. Mapleson was yesterday made acquainted with the architectural beauties and inner workings of the Jefferson Market Court House. Superintendent E. Fellows Jenkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, warned Colonel Mapleson last week that it was an infringement of State laws to employ children under sixteen years of age in the ballet, and that if he did so legal proceedings would be instituted. On Friday evening last, the ballet of "Les Papillons," the Butterflies, was given after the opera, and the twenty-five little girls, dressed in gay costume, acted their part in the graceful performance. Officers of the offended society were present to witness the ballet, and some of them accompanied the youthful dancers home, to learn how they were treated, and to talk with their parents.

About noon yesterday as Colonel Mapleson approached the Academy of Music by way of Fourteenth-Street, he was arrested, on a warrant issued by Justice Morgan, by Court officer Kelley and Special Officer Lundburg. The manager could not conceal his indignation, and asserted the dignity of a Colonel in Her Majesty's service. This failing to impress Officer Kelly, Colonel Mapleson asked for the privilege of calling a cab, to carry them to court, but the officer preferred to walk, and the manager went along, dropping now and then a word of remonstrance. They arrived at the courthouse to find the morning session over. Colonel Mapleson was detained in the Sergeant's room, notwithstanding his remark that he could not stay, because he had business to attend to. Soon after, his business manager, Stanley McKenna, arrived. Colonel Mapleson pointed indignantly to the officer and exclaimed, "McKenna, the 'bobby' made me walk all the way over here." Then his counsel, Assistant United States District-Attorney Herrick, appeared. Mr. Mapleson's son Henry, husband of Madame Marie Roze, was also present. About 2 o'clock Colonel Mapleson was brought before Justice Morgan, and waived examination. Congressman-elect Levi P. Morton, the Academy stockholder who settled the preliminaries for the opera season with the manager in London, signed $600 bail bonds to answer at the General Sessions. Superintendent Jenkins and Mr. Delafield, counsel for the Society, were present, and the former exchanged a few words with Colonel Mapleson, the conversation not being conciliatory in tone. When Henry Mapleson was asked if the children would be put on the stage again, he answered "certainly." Colonel Mapleson, in answer to the same question, replied that he should consult with Mr. Herrick and see if he had been acting contrary to law. Mr. Herrick told the Society's counsel that he should advise his client to obey the laws of the country.

Before 3 o'clock Colonel Mapleson and his friends were at the Academy of Music, where the occurrence was freely discussed as the "outrage." Several of the opera singers called to inquire after the fate of their manager. Charles Mapleson thought his father would take the matter into the courts and fight it out. His father having leased the Academy sor several years had purposed starting a training school similar to his National Training School connected with Her Majesty's Theatre.

Superintendent Jenkins was found at the office of the Society, and he said: "The law makes it a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of $250 or a year's imprisonment to employ children under sixteen years of age for such exhibitions. The parents are amenable for allowing their children to perform. Colonel Mapleson talks of our taking bread out of these children's mouths and out of their parents' mouths. After Friday night these twenty-six little girls were paid $1 each, 50 cents a performance, for holding themselves at his disposal for three weeks. They are not paid for rehearsals. Think of little girls, six and eight years of age, being kept up till nearly 11 o'clock to dance, and then walking home, as they did Friday night, with very little covering them and the rain wetting them through. Some of the children on Friday night went home alone. I called at the home of two of them. They arrived 10 minutes after 12. The parents have, in most cases, said that their children would be kept at home hereafter. Colonel Mapleson says he is teaching them something useful, but they will not be able to put their skill to use for years. Even ballet dancing is prohibited by law in this and ten other States, and Mr. Mapleson will not be permitted to give this ballet, I am assured, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, or Cincinnati.—*Tribune, November 27.*

Wilhelmj's Violins.

This season has been particularly prolific in violinists. The ocean steamers have brought to us Wilhelmj, Remenyi, and Ole Bull, each distinguished by strong characteristics, both as men and as artists. The first is notable for his tall and manly figure, the dignity of his bearing, the placidity of his countenance, with its halo of yellow hair, and the power and richness of his playing. The second might be passed in the street without attracting the least attention from the casual observer, for he is short, fat, and almost ordinary looking. When he comes upon the stage of the concert-room he might be, as far as appearance goes, the drummer or the accompanist, or an unassuming Roman Catholic priest out for a holiday, as a violin virtuoso. But when his bow touches the strings of his violin, what a wealth of sweetness and delicate sentiment wells forth. The third would command attention anywhere. He is tall and graceful, like a Norwegian pine. With his forty-two inches of chest, his twenty-seven inches of waist, his biceps that would

do credit to the arm of an athlete, and his long white hair, you would set him down at once as an extraordinary personage. Now each of these violinists has a celebrated collection of instruments, some description of which the *Review* believes would be interesting to its readers.

Mr. Wilhelmj was found at the Westminster Hotel, and about the room were three or four violins, very accurately made in imitation of renowned old makers, and sent to him for inspection.

"Let me show you my concert violin first," said Wilhelmj; "I believe I am as fond of it as a father is of his child. It was made by Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, Italy, in 1725, so that it is more than 150 years old. He died, I think, at the age of ninety, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1730. I can assure you that this violin is one of the finest and best-preserved specimens of that celebrated maker. It belonged to the well-known collection of splendid violins owned by Signor Tarisio, of Milan. It afterward passed into the hands of the eminent violin-maker, Villaume, of Paris. Its next possessor was a Mr. Bockmühl, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and it was purchased from this gentleman by my father. I was about 16 years old when my father presented it to me. It cost about $5,000, but that sum does not express its value to me, for its loss could never be replaced."

"There would seem to be danger, Mr. Wilhelmj, that some violin resurrectionist might lift it from the velvet-lined case, in which you keep it so carefully entombed, for the sake of a reward."

"Well, it could hardly be used if it were stolen from me," replied Mr. Wilhelmj, "for I know every streak of grain in it so perfectly that I could pick it out among a hundred violins without even playing on it. I believe it is the best violin Stradivarius ever made. I want you to look well at the wood on one side of the belly. Do you notice that it has a very narrow grain, while that on the opposite side is much broader. The first gives a very sweet effect to the high notes, and the last a very rich tone to the lower notes which cannot be produced in other violins. But to continue its history: after I had played on it for several years, Mr. Villaume wished to get it from me again, for he had the same opinion of its merits that I have. He offered in exchange two magnificent instruments; one, also a Stradivarius, the other made by the equally celebrated Joseph Guarnerius; but I gave him a decided refusal.

"By the way," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "let me tell you what determined my career. While I was going to school, to a Prof. Lex, since dead, I was asked to play at a benefit concert given in Wiesbaden. Of course, I was delighted with such a compliment to my skill, for I was an amateur performer then, so I begged the Professor to excuse me from my school duties for a day or two, but he replied, 'Impossible; if I permit this thing once, then by-and-by everyone of my pupils may ask to be excused on some similar plea.' This incensed my father, who said, 'As if every Tom, Dick, and Harry, among boys fifteen and sixteen years old, is likely to be excused from school duties to play Spohr's Ninth Concerto on the violin in public.' Yes, my father was so indignant that he immediately removed me from school, where I was preparing to study law, and, finding that I played with some success at the benefit concert, he decided then and there to make a musician of me."

"Of course, Mr. Wilhelmj, this Stradivarius is the one we hear at your concerts?"

"Yes; I use it only for concerts. I never practice on it. My favorite violin for practising has been one of Lupat's, a famous French maker, until I came to America. Here I practice almost exclusively on the 'Kaiser' violin, made by George Gemünder, of this city. I value it very highly—so highly, that I am willing to state that Mr. Gemünder is the only violin-maker worthy to rank with the old masters of that art. These imitations of the old makers, which you see about the room, are Mr. Gemünder's handiwork, and I defy anyone to equal them. This 'Kaiser' violin was made for the Vienna Exposition, and here is what the *Exposition Gazette* of August 17th, 1873, says concerning it:"

We read as follows:—"The sound of this instrument is really strong, beautiful and sympathetic, yet it has not that peculiar young tone characteristic of even the best modern violins." The prize judges and German art critics, though unanimous in their praise of the "Kaiser" violin on account of its perfect model, and, above all, its magnificent tone, refused to award it the prize, because they firmly contended that it was an old Cremona, a rejuvenated original, which the exhibitor falsely pretended to be his own work. And also another Vienna paper stated: "Gemünder can't make us Germans believe that this violin sent by him is a new one. Only a smart Yankee can put his name on a genuine instrument in order to gain a great name!" Certainly the greatest triumph, the greatest prize ever awarded to or attainable by any violin-maker.

"The judges would not believe," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "that it was Gemünder's, and pronounced it a genuine old Guarnerius, so that he did not get the first prize and the gold medal, to which he was entitled. I understand that he can prove that he made this violin with his own hands, and finished it but a short time prior to the Exposition, by the sworn testimony of prominent citizens and musicians of New York. There were two important reasons for the success of the celebrated old violin-makers; one was the careful selection of the wood, the other the peculiar varnish they used, which became thoroughly assimilated with the wood, and formed a sort of enamel over it. Villaume, the maker of whom I bought my Stradivarius, first discovered the lost art of making this fine varnish, which is one of the chief requisites of a superior instrument, and Mr. Gemünder, who worked with him, and who was always selected when a particularly fine violin was to be repaired, learned all that Mr. Villaume knew about violin-making, and has even improved upon his master's work. I am sorry that I cannot show you a larger collection of instruments, but my Stradivarius and my Lupat are the only ones I brought with me. However, I suppose your readers will be the most interested in the one I always play on in public."

"It is thought, Mr. Wilhelmj, that the great volume of tone which you produce in playing is in a great measure due to the very heavy manner in which your violin is strung. Is that a correct idea?"

"Why no; it is not so at all. My violin is not so heavily strung. The secret, if such it can be called, lies in the muscular strength and endurance, not of the right arm, but of the right side of the chest. I could not get the same quality of tone, no matter how strong my right arm, nor how heavily my violin might be strung, if I could not depend upon these muscles of my chest."

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—A press of other duties more immediately at hand must be my excuse for not having properly attended to this correspondence for several weeks past. And in offering this as an excuse I am reminded of the man who declined to pay his church dues on the ground of owing Mr. Smith a sum of money to pay which had exhausted his resources. "But," said the minister, "don't you see you *owe this* just as truly *to the Lord*." "Yes, I know," remarked the sinner, "but *He won't make such a confounded fuss about it*," and my debt to this correspondence stands in a very similar way. Knowing that, however serious the neglect, nobody would be likely to rise up and call me blessed, to my face, at least, gives a sense of ease, a disposition to await a more convenient season. But, to come down to facts; The musical season is now fairly under way.

We have had two weeks of Strakosch Italian Opera with Verdi's "Ballo," "Traviata," "Trovatore," and "Aida," Thomas's "Mignon," Donizetti's "Lucia" and "Favorita," Flotow's "Martha" and Bizet's "Carmen." The chorus and orchestra were very good,—good, that is, for a travelling troupe playing a different opera every night. The orchestra, especially, was considerably larger than usual, and really played very fairly. Indeed when I think of the dreadfully shabby orchestras we used to have in English opera, except that under Carl Rosa's management, the totally reckless playing of some of the old Italian troupes, and the noisy and ineffective conducting, I feel like rising and making my best public bow to Mr. Behrens and his band, for their unobtrusive, and every way reasonable work during this season. It was not the Thomas Orchestra, but it was altogether another sort of a band from what we would have had, were it not for the elevation of public taste due to the Thomas work, and a perhaps not altogether unconscious rivalry with another troupe.

The season brought us several new singers, foremost of whom ought to be mentioned Rosnati the tenor, who has a very nice quality of voice, but who is decidedly not an artist, and who invariably sang flat long before the evening was over. The first impression of his voice reminds one of Brignoli; but when you come to hear him further you find it wanting in the characteristically silvery sound of Brignoli's. As an actor he is about on a par with Brignoli—which, perhaps, I need not explain, does not raise an expectation of his being called on to act as a substitute for Booth, Barrett, or Jefferson.

The other new tenor, Westberg, is a small singer, a very pleasant gentleman they say privately, but wanting the vitality and strength of voice for opera.

The prime favorite of the new ones was Pantaleoni, a baritone, who is also a fine actor, making a particularly satisfactory effect as "Germont," and as "Escamillo" in "Carmen."

Miss Kellogg sang much as usual, though it certainly seems to me as if her voice was not now what it once was.

Miss Cary was immensely popular with everybody; critics, public and all. Such ovations as she received for her work in "Trovatore," "La Favorita," and "Aida," one rarely reads of, still less often sees. As I happened to miss all these I may be pardoned for not "enthusing."

Mdlle. Marco proves to have a wretched *tremolo*; still in "Carmen" she made a much better success with the public than anyone else in it except Pantaleoni. I am told that Mr. Chas. Adams's Edgardo in "Lucia" and Don Jose in "Carmen" were remarkably strong personations, the latter carrying Miss Kellogg so far beyond herself that she really acted with some approach to self-forgetfulness and enthusiasm—a tale I tell as it was told me, letting it go for what it is worth.

The new prima donna, Mdlle. Litta, made her début in "Lucia," with great eclât. I was not so favored as to see her on this occasion; but did on the following Tuesday evening, when she sang Martha to Miss Cary's Julia. In "Lucia" she had a part affording scope for a good deal of light singing; and as the Edgardo acted splendidly but was in bad voice, she carried off the honors of the evening so far as singing was concerned. Her voice is a light soprano, well formed and well trained, her upper notes especially seeming to have a flute-like roundness, and admirable penetrative quality. Her medium voice, however, has not the carrying quality it needs in order to penetrate through the volume of an orchestra. Nor has the interpretation of her arias any unusual intellectual strength.

In "Martha" she had light music, to which with one exception she did ample justice. But when her voice was brought into such strong comparison with that of a really great singer like Cary, it was at once felt to lack the peculiar vitality and intensity characteristic of the great artist. This was still more plainly shown in her management of "The Last Rose of Summer," where without going to the length of Italianizing the melody like some singers, she interpolated a phrase for the sake of showing two more high notes, and thereby showed her want of comprehension of the people's song, and an inappreciation of the simple and heart-felt in music. Her stage presence is very good and her manner pleasing, and in private she seems an unspoiled and not uningenuous person. Still I do not think she will make a really great artist, although I do think she will make a popular and successful concert singer, for which she has much to recommend her. Yet even for this she will be wise if she learns that simple songs are best when sung simply and without additions or interpolations. It is a pity her teachers had not been artists enough to have told her this.

And this brings me to Bizet's "Carmen," which has perhaps already occupied enough of your space. What I have to say may soon be said. The musical handling of "Carmen" is in the modern French school. It is the seriousness of a Saint-Saëns, or a Taine. It is smart, sparkling, clever, spirited, and all the rest of that paragraph in the "Thesaurus," *but it is not satisfying*. There is no repose in it. It has one very dramatic air, "Toreador attento." The book is beneath criticism. The part of "Carmen" is not one likely ever to take real hold of Anglo Saxon hearts. A more worthless and uninteresting set of folks, I think, I never saw even on the Italian operatic stage, than the book of "Carmen" gives us. Then too, they play it with the "friskiness" of Mrs. Oates's burlesques. Fancy Kellogg, the sedate, the self-conscious, the queenly, the dignified, the much-arrayed Clara Louise Kellogg, frisking about *à la bouffe!* The intellectuality of it is all in the orchestra; the sentiment all in the audience; why should such an opera ever thrive?

Our local musical life goes on in spite of such attacks. The Eddy organ recitals proceed in the same old way—the usual way. Only when a way gets to be "the usual way" it gets to be uninteresting. I would send programmes if I had them, but I have neglected to go after them, and the recitals conflict with my bread and butter in such a way that I cannot attend.

In the immediate future we look for the concert of the Beethoven Society, Dec. 10, when they give with orchestra, Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," etc.

December 5th comes the Apollo Society, this time with ladies' chorus, when they give (also with orchestra) half of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

December 3d comes a "popular" Concert by the Marie Roze people.

And then we have Wilhelmj, and December 17th, Mr. Silas Pratt's first symphony concert. And after that, I know not. The indications are that we shall have this year much more music well worth hearing than we have ever had before in one winter.

All of which in due time.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

A "Hoyatoho!" of Pianoforte Heroes.

A critic of the London *Musical World* (Davison, doubtless) thus introduces his article on the last Monday Popular Concert:

Charge a fervid, not to say tumid, imagination with the task of picturing a caucus of all the apostles of "higher development" in pianoforte playing, and it would perhaps reproduce the famous meet of the Walkyries in Wagner's *Nibelungen*. Certainly no place could be so appropriate as a wilderness of rocks, bounded by gloomy firwoods and capped by storm-driven clouds. Thither would hurtle through the heavy air the heroes of the key-board, each bestriding his favorite piano—Rubinstein "flying all abroad" on an Erard, and Bülow gracefully managing a Bechstein, amid the play of lurid lightning and the roll of thunder, emulous of that produced from the deepest depths of the grandest "grand" by the most muscular of the group. And what, as each loomed large in the sky, could be more fitting than the euphonious and highly intelligible Walkyrie salute, "Hoyatoho! Hoyatoho! Heiaha! Heiaha! Von Bülow (say), here! Hither thy horse!"? the whole scene culminating with the cry, "Wild whinnies Walfather's horse, snorts and snuffs as he comes!"—and the entry of the Abbé Liszt. There is not so much likelihood of such a sensational tableau being presented. The leaders of our advanced *cultus* love to fight like Hal o' th' Wynd, each for his own hand, and certainly we who dwell in this Ultima Thule of the artistic world—this utterly unmusical and hopelessly degraded country—cannot expect to have amongst us more than a single luminary at once. At present we have Dr. Hans Bülow, and, on Monday evening, that eminent pianist, with his Bechstein, flashed across the usually serene firmament of the Popular Concerts. It has been indicated that he did so for the first and last time this season, and though we are always glad to "sit under" an artist with plenty to say worth hearing, we cannot but recognize the propriety of the arrangement. The rule in nature, as it should be in art, is serenity, and "sensations" are the exception. We do not want many of these. They upset us. But, on the other hand, one now and then does good. They make those who are wide-awake more alert than ever; they open the eyes of the sleepy, and generally quicken life. Wherefore, Dr. Hans von Bülow should receive a hearty welcome. We may not approve all he does, but he makes himself talked about, and in discussing the artist it is impossible to avoid his art.

Dr. Hans von Bülow brought with him on Monday night a new work, dedicated to himself, by Hans von Bronsart. Even Mr. Chappell's public did not know, perhaps—so far are we from the true light—anything of Herr von Bronsart; some, it may be, were ignorant of his very existence. So much the more reason that Dr. von Bülow should introduce us to the man and his music. As to the man he is a pupil of Liszt, director of the Hof-theater at Hanover, and exactly fifty years of age. As to his music, or, rather, since we know no other, as to the pianoforte trio in G minor, it may be said with entire confidence, that a work more suggestive of talent has rarely challenged judgment. The first movement shows that Herr von Bronsart possesses fancy and power of expression; portions of the second movement, especially that in which a *cantabile* appears united to the light and lively principal theme, are simply exquisite, while the funeral gloom of the *adagio* is set off by pathos the most intense. Herr von Bronsart, moreover, is not defiant of form. He has the good sense to observe that supreme law of composition, and putting one thing with another, it seems clear that *au fond* he is an artist of the true type. But he was brought up in a spasmodic school, and against his better self carries out its teaching. The result is sometimes very odd, like the relapses into feigned insanity of a malingering prisoner, who forgets his *rôle*. Often in the course of the trio Herr von Bronsart goes on rationally enough, and then, without any warning, begins to tear his hair and foam at the mouth to the amazement of onlookers. Hence there are passages in the work worthy of a place among the wildest of the wild; "all sound and fury," signifying nothing to those who have not made modern musical insanity a special study. Another blemish here helps to counteract the effect of beauty. Like most "advanced" writers, Bronsart puts on paper music for the pianoforte that seems to have been conceived for the orchestra. This is, above all, obvious in the opening movement, the general style and character of which can hardly fail to suggest an arrangement, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, of an orchestral piece. No doubt some will be found to argue that to take away from the pianoforte its individuality, and make it, to the extent of its means, imitative, is a step in advance. But others are not so minded, and no music like that of Herr von Bronsart will ever turn them from the works of the "masters" who wrote pianoforte music pure and simple. All this, however, has only to do with Herr von Bronsart's mistakes. His talent is clear, and we ought to be more familiar with his productions than we are. The performance of the trio by Mdme. Néruda, Signor Piatti, and Herr von Bülow was a great treat, for hardly could anything more perfect be conceived. In the slow movement, above all, the acme of expression was reached. Among the other works in the program, Schumann's Fantaisie (Op. 17) for pianoforte had a conspicuous place, and was played by Dr. von Bülow after his most characteristic fashion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 7, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-song in this number is taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

NOTICE. With one more number, that for December 21, we shall bring the present Volume of our Journal to a close, thereby concluding what we may call its Second Series, of over twenty years, during which time it has been published by Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co. That number, instead of the usual four music pages, will contain the Title page and Index for the past two years, less three months, paged continuously to be bound in one.

The first number of Volume XXXIX, dated January 4, 1879, will bear the imprint of our new publishers, Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., and will be issued some time in advance of date and very widely circulated in answer to the call for specimens.

Subscriptions (at $2.50 per annum), and Advertisements,—if possible before the middle of December—should be sent to HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire St., Boston.

Concerts.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, on Sunday evening, November 24, made a brilliantly successful opening of its Winter and Spring season of five Oratorio performances, with Verdi's Manzoni Requiem, repeated from last Spring. Every seat in the Boston Music Hall was occupied by one of the best audiences ever assembled within its walls; and the enthusiasm equalled that with which the first performance was received.

We found no reason to change the estimate we formed before of the composition in itself. That it contains beautiful passages—notably the reposeful opening: *Requiem æternam*, changing to the major at *Et lux*—besides others which we might name and have named before—was gratefully evident this time as before. We do not think it a question of German or Italian music. There is much Italian music that we love, while in this Requiem there is much which only startles and surprises us by mere physical intensity and brilliancy, by terrors of the nerves, the body, rather than of the soul, by lurid coloring, bold, frequent pressing upon the verge of discord, and the very opposite of what in Art is called repose.

The *Dies iræ*, lurid with far-gleaming flames of hell, and shrieks of fear and torture, really forms the central and almost the pervading theme and motive of the work; it returns several times, breaking out anew in all its fury. That is too much of the *Trovatore* gypsy-burning order; and Maestro Verdi seems to gravitate so strongly, so instinctively toward such images, such subjects, that one cannot help classing him among sensational composers.

At the same time there is no denying that he has made earnest study of composition in a polyphonic sense, of thematic treatment, of form, of instrumentation, before undertaking this, the most elaborate, most serious, and most ambitious of his works. There is much in the work that is worth study; although we cannot feel that his fugues and more contrapuntal movements reveal the real genius of that art, these being dry and mechanical compared with the freer passages. There is some beautiful and truly original melody, and some of the concerted pieces, trios, etc., present an interesting, subtle, charming intertwining of individual melodic voices.

Of the performance we may speak in high praise. To us it seemed upon the whole better than the first was. The choruses were highly effective, given with precision, prompt attack, firmness and good light and shade. The Orchestra, more complete than the Society are often able to secure, and with LISTEMANN at the head of the violins, played carefully and on the whole sutisfactorily, except that they overpowered the voices sometimes in the concerted pieces. In the Soprano solos one missed the noble voice and fervor of Mme. Pappenheim.

In her place was Mme. ROSA SKELDING, who has a clear and telling voice, too much afflicted with the tremolo, and who sang some pieces very well indeed, with considerable dramatic power, while other parts were crude; such singing gives rise to a variety of opinions in an audience; you might overhear quite contradictory ones all about you in the intermission.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was in excellent condition, more at home in all her music than before, and sang the very trying Alto parts to great satisfaction; there was only the drawback of slightly imperfect intonation in one or two notes which soar above her natural range.

The great success of the evening was that of Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, particularly in his superb delivery of the Air "Ingemisco," but also in his artistic and expressive rendering of the Tenor part throughout. He was in remarkably good voice, free from the huskiness which sometimes besets him, so that the clear, ringing, rich and golden quality of his higher tones asserted itself to great advantage; the high B-flats were glorious. Mr. Adams is a thorough artist,—in style, phrasing and enunciation a model among tenor singers. The charm of these qualities will long outlive the freshness of the voice itself.

Mr. JOHN F. WINCH'S noble bass voice is as fresh and musical as ever; all that he had to sing was carefully and tastefully done; but he lacked fire in comparison with the others, or was not quite in his element in that very Catholic and fiery music. And perhaps it may require a different character of voices altogether, differently trained, and native to that element, to stand out with sufficient positiveness in much of that concerted music, so complicated as it is, so difficult, and continually taxing the extreme limits of each voice, and leading two voices widely apart, as in the Duet: *Recordare*, for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano. Another practical difficulty both for solo voices and chorus lies in the frequency of passages in unison. (This is the old

Verdi, as we knew him in *Ernani*). The unison must be absolute, the pitch without an infinitesimal shade of difference, in order that such passages may sound well, and not coarsely, barbarously, as in the monkish monotone familiar to all travellers in Italy. It must be confessed, however, that Verdi has introduced this monotonous recitation, or chanting, with very clever calculation of effect in the *Libera me*, making a grateful and reposeful contrast after so much bewildering, fatiguing crash and coruscation.

The Cecilia gave its first Concert of its third season on Monday evening, November 25, and repeated the same on Friday evening, at Tremont Temple. The friends and Associate Members of the Club were out in full force, and the choir, carefully composed of good voices of both sexes, were in force to meet them. The singing was excellent; the tone collectively was resonant and musical, blended in due proportions, and the fine body of sopranos sounded remarkably fresh and pure and sweet. The repetition was even an improvement on the first performance. But the programme was hardly so felicitous as this Club has usually had to offer. It would seem as if the laudable and painstaking effort to bring together an appreciable variety of things new and old had been a little too obliging.

The performance of the first movement (*Allegro Vivace*) of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, arranged for eight hands on two pianos, made an enlivening and agreeable Overture as it were; and it was played with life, precision and fine, crisp staccato by Messrs. Sumner, Foote, Preston and Fenollosa. Hiller's part-song, "Sunday," has artistic, quiet beauty, without marked individuality, and was well sung. The four little Italian Canons by Hauptmann were nicely sung by the three Soprano voices, Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Mary Beebe and Miss Ita Welsh; yet somehow—perhaps from the want of a certain sympathy of quality in the voices—one missed the charm they had when first sung two years ago in one of the Symphony Concerts; and, if we remember rightly, even then the repetition was less fortunate, showing how much these little things depend for their success on the auspicious moment; this time they nearly found it in the repetition.

The *pièce de resistance* of the programme was "Toggenburg," a grewsome Germau ballad (not our old friend the Ritter Toggenburg of Schiller, for whom one can feel human sympathy), composed by Rheinberger. A proud, ferocious Count marries the lady Itha, loving her after his fierce fashion, and there is wedding music, rather rich and somewhat original, though in a low tone of color. There is much ado about the ring he gives her and solemnly enjoins it upon her to faithfully preserve while he is gone to fight the Turks. But alas! the lonely bride falls asleep one day as "she sits by the casement weeping," and a thievish raven (another *Gazza Ladra*) steals it from her finger. A huntsman gets possession of it; quartet and chorus warn him he had better hide it; the Count, returning, sees the glittering thing, slays the huntsman outright and without word or question hurls his wife down from the tower. Of course there is afterthought and remorse, and there is now a funeral where there was a wedding feast. What musical inspiration could any composer develop out of such literally *raw* material as that! It takes our new school geniuses to attempt such subjects; the older masters preferred themes more natural.

The opening strains are pleasing and awaken expectation; the melody is pathetic, and both melody and harmony have a rich, quaint, old ballad-like suggestion. But it soon grows monotonous, at least in the expression, and you feel as if there were no reason why it should come to an end at one place rather than another. The Duet about the ring (Mrs. Walker and Dr. Bullard); the Alto solo (Miss Welsh) describing its capture by the raven; the Quartet (by the two ladies with Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard) relating the catastrophe; and the select chorus of women: "On mossy bed her gentle form reposes," were all nicely sung. The piano accompaniments, for which alone "Toggenburg" was written, were shared between Mr. Preston and Mr. Lang himself, who showed his artistic sense and power in this as well as in the direction of the whole.

Part II. opened with another eight-hand piece: "Les Contrastes" by Moscheles, which always makes effect when played so well as it was by Messrs. Lang, Sumner, Foote and Preston. A Chorus of Reapers from Liszt's "Prometheus" followed,—one of the lighter and more graceful movements from that strange work. If it is pretty it sounds also common, with its unvarying figure of accompaniment; here and there you feel that it might have come right out of a Denizetti opera—say some *Favorita*.

Mendelssohn's simple and pathetic song, *The Garland*: "By Celia's Arbor," was sung just as it should be by Miss Ita Welsh, with a voice of organ-like roundness and continuity of tone, and with true style and feeling; the encore was irresistible. Leslie's Madrigal: "Thine eyes so bright" handles the contrapuntal ways of the old madrigalists quite cleverly; for two thirds of its length it is really interesting; but he keeps on developing the formal shell at great length, long after all the meat is exhausted. The movement of the voices in the imitative parts was very distinct, smooth and even.—Finally, the March and Chorus: "Twine ye the garlands" from "The Ruins of Athens," though comparatively commonplace for Beethoven, and needing the scenic surroundings and procession to justify its repetitions, was to our sense refreshing for its wholesome strength; you felt the lion even there; and it was good after so much artificial striving by the *Dii minores*.

The Cecilia have some of the best sort of stuff in their repertoire for the coming concerts of the season.

Edouard Remenyi. Close upon the heels of Wilhelmj came another famous violinist, the Hungarian patriot and impassioned, genial musician, who has been so much written about by Liszt and others, and about whom so many anecdotes and reminiscences have met the eye in every newspaper since he came this time to America:—for he has been here before, as a youth, when the storm of revolution drove him an exile to these shores in 1850. But then he did not play in Boston. This time he gave us but a single evening, Nov. 20, when the Music Hall was well filled with an eager and a sympathetic audience. The programme was of somewhat the same mixed character with those of the Wilhelmj concerts, the selections averaging considerably better. It was this:

Overture—"Ilka,".....Doppler
Recitative and Air—"Judas Maccabæus,"...Handel
Mr. W. Courtney.
Polonaise—"Mignon,".....Thomas
Miss Hannah Grace Sterne.
(Accompanied by Mr. Petersilea.)
Aria—"Che farò," from "Orfeo".....Gluck
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Concerto for Violin—Andante and Rondo,
Mendelssohn
Mr. Edouard Remenyi.
March, from the "Wedding of Nefassa,"
Södermann
Hungarian Fantasia—For Piano and Orchestra,
Liszt
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
Solos for Violin—
a. Nocturne, in E♭, Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin
b. Melodies heroïques et lyriques hongroises, "
Transcribed by E. Remenyi—first time in
America.
c. Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1.....Chopin
Transcribed by E. Remenyi.
Aria—"Qui la voce." I Puritani.....Bellini
Miss Hannah Grace Sterne.
English Ballad—"Tell me, Mary,".....Hobson
Mr. W. Courtney,
Ballad—"Absence,".....Alfred Pease
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Violin Solos—Capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24....Paganini

The little orchestra, rather sleepily conducted by Herr Dulcken, played the fresh and pretty Hungarian Overture and the accompaniments moderately well. Mr. Courtney, the English tenor, unfortunately for his first appearance here, had a bad cold; yet in the Handelian trumpet Air: "Sound an alarm" he made a most favorable impression both by the clear, round, ringing quality of his voice, his excellent declamation (reminding us of Sims Reeves) and his artistic singing. We may hope much from him in the *Messiah*. Miss Sterne has acquired considerable execution and, for a pupil, has made good progress in the rendering of such trying music as the "Mignon" polonaise and Jenny Lind's great concert aria: "Qui la Voce." The latter was the more successful of the two. But she is as yet too young, too slight and undeveloped, her voice, too slender and almost childish, and her style (if style there be) too crude for an appearance on so formidable a stage; there is talent in her doubtless, but its time has not yet come. Miss Phillipps sang "Che farò" in her own large and noble style until near the end, when why should she spoil it by hacknied Italian ornamentation and cadenza? In such a melody simplicity is beauty.

Remenyi stood before us quite another type of man from the tall, dignified Wilhelmj. A short and genial-looking man past middle age, smiling and full of *bonhommie*, quick and mercurial in movement, he seemed one who had always been on the best familiar terms with everyhody (except his country's oppressors), and might pass very well for a good hearty priest or abbé. The fiery nature did not all at once appear. He played the Mendelssohn Andante all through in a quiet, pure and even style, with perfect intonation and the cleanest execution. But when it came to the Finale his soul kindled, and his bow flew as if swayed by a power invisible behind or above himself. He took it at a most rapid tempo, yet all was perfectly distinct; and the rhapsodical fire and passion which he threw into it carried all before him. There was manifest a more exciting player than the other in a popular sense; one more readily appreciated by the many; one whose appeal is more electric, more directly to the feeling, though there may be full as deep and even deeper feeling underneath the Beethoven brow and grave face of Wilhelmj. He was recalled in a storm of enthusiasm, and then played one of the pianoforte Nocturnes (No. 4) by John Field (who gave us the first models of that form) transcribed by himself for his instrument with piano accompaniment. This was exquisitely delicate, refined and subtle in his perfect reproduction, the very poetry of Art. His Chopin pieces were most fascinating in his sensitive yet strong delivery, and the Hungarian melodies were of course stirring and full of the national fire and quaintness. Remenyi captured his audience that night completely.

A great addition to the concert was the remarkably finished, brilliant and effective piano performance of Mme. Rive-King, who has gained in all respects since she played here before. Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia was marvellously well done. And for an encore she did well to give something in greatest contrast to it, familiar yet evermore poetic and select, the *Berceuse* of Chopin, which she interpreted with charming grace and tenderness.

—We could not wait for the ballads and the Paganini pieces.

More remains behind:—Sherwood, Orth, Wilhelmj again, Symphony Concert, etc., etc.

The Boylston Club starts off this year with a chorus of nearly two hundred voices. Among the works to be given this year are Bach's Motet in B-flat, a beautiful work in four movements for double chorus, and of extraordinary difficulty. It has never been performed in this country. Handel's Utrecht "Jubilate," for solos and chorus, will also be presented for the first time in this country. Palestrina's "Messa per i Deffonte," which created so profound an impression last year, will be repeated. Besides these larger works, the club has in preparation choruses and descriptive choral ballads by Rheinberger, Raff, Rubinstein, Hauptmann, Franz, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Cornelius, (a new and talented writer for voices); an anthem by Purcell, a new choral hymn with organ accompaniment by Brahms; Longfellow's "Bells of Strasburg," with Liszt's setting; new songs by Gade, Herbeck, Sodermann; madrigals of the old English school by Wilbye and others, folksongs, etc., etc. As will be seen, the club is determined to surpass even the splendor of its past record. Its efforts last season raised it to the foremost place among organizations of its kind in this country, and the members are enthusiastic in their efforts to sustain the position they have achieved. This enthusiasm, this singing for the music and for the love of singing, is what imparts such life and color to the work of the club, and make it possible to accomplish the amount of labor it performs every year; for the programmes, which are long, are made up almost entirely of new pieces. These pieces are translated and published by the club, and it is now issuing, in a neat, cheap edition, lovely choruses and part-songs of all descriptions, which are finding their way over the country in large numbers, thus assisting to replenish the failing stock of that class of music, and cultivating a higher and more refined taste generally among those who are devoted to part-singing. The club, consisting as it does of a splendid and separately drilled male chorus, with its auxiliary chorus of ladies, also separately trained on another evening of the week, affords the largest scope to form interesting and varied programmes. It is intended to give male part-songs of the best, and the combination of both male and female voices in mixed chorus. The club has proved beyond a doubt that male part songs are heard at their best when they have the setting of female part-songs and mixed choral work. When the object of a musical organization is in the interest of true music, and its motto is ever "onward and higher," it deserves the most cordial admiration of all who have the deeper interests of art in view. It becomes an educator, and, consequently, an object for gratitude.—*Gazette*.

THEODORE THOMAS has announced the programme of his symphony concerts in Cincinnati. They will be twelve in number, taking place on Thursday evenings, with a public rehearsal in the afternoon of the day preceding each. The chief feature of each concert will be of course a symphony, which will be accompanied by other works of a varied character. The symphonies which are to be performed during the winter are one by Haydn, Mozart (G-minor). Beethoven (Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6), Schubert (No. 9, in C-major), Mendelssohn (No. 3, Scotch), Spohr (Consecration of Sound), Schumann (No. 4, in D-minor), Rubinstein (Ocean), Raff (Im Walde), and Brahms. The programme for the first concert (Nov. 7) was as follows: Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Air, Bach; Overture to Genoveva, Schumann; Serenade, Volkmann; Symphonic Poem, "Hunnenschlacht" (after Kaulbach) Liszt.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Professor Blodgett is giving a series of historical recitals to his classes at the Music School, Pittsfield, Mass., at the first of which were given selections from Frescobaldi, (1601–65); Arcangelo Corelli, (1653–1712); Henry Purcell, (1658–95); Domenico Scarlatti, (1683–1740); Handel, (1685–1759); Sebastian Bach, (1687–1750); Carl Bach, (1714–82); Ernst Bach, (1722–81); Clementi, (1752–1842); Eberlin, (1757–85); Cherubini, (1760–1842). On July [?] 23 his oratorio class, numbering seventy picked voices, assisted by the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, of Boston, and Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Florence Holmes, and the Messrs. Winch, as solo quartette, will give Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The Pittsfield music loving society feels greatly indebted to Professor Blodgett, and is looking forward to the oratorio as the musical event of the winter. Professor Blodgett has associated with him an able corps of instructors; among them several eminent Boston musicians. He has three hundred and fifty pupils this season—a proof that his efforts to secure the best instruction are being appreciated. The school is now held in a beautifully constructed building on the estate of the late General W. F. Bartlett. Occasional lectures are delivered on the kindred arts; thus recently Professor Pratt, of Williams College, lectured to the school on "The Art of Painting." Pupils' *soirées* are frequently held, and altogether Professor Blodgett's enterprise is contributing much to the social life of Pittsfield.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

THE Swedish composer, ADOLPH FREDRIK LINDBLAD, who died at Löfvingeborg on the 23d of August, has, since 1831, been president of the Swedish Academy of Music. His first publication, a book of songs, entitled, "Der Nordensaal," was brought out under the supervision of Mendelssohn. Among his most important works are the opera of "Frondörerne," first performed in 1835, and the cantatas of "Drömarne" and "Om Vinterqväll." Many of his part-songs and choruses were sung by the Scandinavian singers at the Paris Exhibition in the Trocadéro Hall recently.

A DOUBLE KEY-BOARD. The piano pupil of the present day finds difficulties enough in his way towards the achievement of even moderate success in his art to tax his best powers and to occupy most of his time for years; but if the London *Musical Standard* is correct in predicting that a piano recently invented is to become "the piano of the future," the pianist of the future will find his task a far greater one. This new instrument is provided with a second key-board, the scale of which runs in an inverse direction from that of the usual order; that is, it ascends from right to left. The object of this second key-board is to facilitate the playing of the passages that now require the crossing of the hands, instead of which operation the second set of notes are to be used, the hands playing apart from each other. An ascending passage for the left hand, for instance, is played on the old-style key-board, to almost the centre of the piano, then continued by playing backward on the other board, and so with passages for the right hand. The increased power thus given to the musician in the execution of difficult music is obvious, but the corresponding difficulty of learning to use it to advantage will be discouraging to many already skilful pianists. It requires, for instance, a triple score, and the confusion of playing alternately backward and forward will be something requiring much patience to become accustomed to. The new instrument is a French invention.

REMENYI, the great violinist, has a brilliant record for bravery and gallantry as a soldier, having enlisted in 1848 and served in Hungary's heroic struggle for independence, and being made aid-de-camp of General Görgey, when the latter was made commander-in-chief. A companion-in-arms says: "We all loved and admired Remenyi so much that we used to drive him away from the fields of battle in order to spare the world a masterpiece of creation in music. Incidentally, I will mention that on the 11th day of July—one of the bloodiest Austro-Russian and Hungarian battles—Görgey forbade Remenyi to follow us. Remenyi followed us, nevertheless, and appeared among us in the white heat of the conflict. Görgey, on noticing him, ordered two hussars to drag him off the bloody field under arrest." When a little lieutenant of sixteen summers, Remenyi used to delight the old veterans by his playing on the violin, and make their hearts brave for the next day's fray.

Wilhelmj.

The various schools of violin-playing have led to some divergent points. A passing notice of these schools of art seems necessary to a proper understanding of the subject of our notice.

First in chronological order and first in its grand results stands the Italian school. It points proudly to its long list of notables, conspicuous among whom were Corelli, 1653-1713, whose works are to this day prescribed as essential study for every aspirant for musical fame; Tartini, 1692-1770, who lengthened the bow, and may be said to have founded the modern methods; Pugnani, 1727-1803, the devoted pupil of the former, and master of Viotti, 1753-1824, the last but not least of the exponents of this grand school. Paganini, although Italian, could not be classified with the preceding, for he was altogether an exceptional phenomenon, and narrowly escaped becoming the head of a school of his own. Ole Bull, one of his ardent admirers, and imitator of many of his faults and of some of his beauties, is with us yet; although passing into the sere and yellow leaf, he sustains his reputation with a vigorous tenure. The merits of the Italian school are a breadth and richness of tone unapproached if ever imitated by the others. Grand dramatic effects are aspired to and attained, the feelings of the hearer are stirred to their utmost depth by a rushing flow of penetrating sounds, and the heart responds by sympathetic throbs.

The German school has aimed at and reached a faultless technique, which defies the acumen of the sharpest critic; the tone is pure but not large, and, the style of music performed being saturated, as it were, with *Poesie und Fantasie*, reverie and metaphysics, as opposed to a purely sensuous character, the result is an appeal to the intellect rather than to the passions, in other words, to the head rather than to the heart. The Belgian and French schools somewhat resemble each other, both being noted for brilliant virtuosity. We have heard in America some eminent exponents of the latter schools in Artot, Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski, while the Italian school has been represented, with us, by Sivori, a pupil of Paganini. The German school, for several reasons, has been made more familiar to Americans, and, although the genius of our people leads to admiration of a larger tone and a more demonstrative manner, we are being slowly educated to an appreciation of the salient points of excellence in it, and we find even enthusiasm occasionally displayed at the performances of Wilhelmj, who with his twin-brother in art, the great Joachim, develops all the beauties and merits of his school to the entire satisfaction of the connoisseur. At the same time, it must be admitted, there is a pressing desire in the heart of the American amateur for a broader coloring, a freer distribution of sunlight, for instance as displayed in happy contrast in some of Hamilton's marine views, a little less of the neutral tints and weird scenery of the Harts Mountains.

We have associated with Wilhelmj the name of Joachim, who has never been heard in our country, because both artists have studied under the same master, Ferdinand David, who, however, according to the impression made by him on our mind, was of a more masculine mould than either of his pupils, who, as our memory serves us, in the case of Joachim, resemble each other in many traits—individual as well as professional.

It is not thought well, in the canons of criticism, to judge by comparison, yet sometimes contrast may do us a good service in elaborating a description, as for example we would place as antipodes, what the Leipzig critics call the charlatanism of Ole Bull, and the Puritanism of Wilhelmj. In fact the latter is an apostle of high art, pure and undefiled; in his bearing he is dignified and manly, scorning to prostitute his art to mercenary or unworthy purposes. Taking for granted all our previous suggestions as to school, national taste, and so forth, and refraining from indulgence in technical details, we sum up our estimate of Wilhelmj by asserting in few but comprehensive words, that he is a truly great artist.—*Progress, (Philadelphia.)*

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it, art thou not it, thou that
it, art thou not it,
Art thou not it, art thou not it,
Art thou not it, art thou not it,
8va
hath cut Ra - - hab, Art thou not
that hath cut Ra - - hab, Art thou not
that hath cut Ra - - hab, Art thou not
that hath cut Ra - - hab, Art thou not
ff
ff
ff
ff

it that hath cut Ra - hab, and wound - ed, and
it that hath cut Ra - hab, and wound - ed, and
it that hath cut Ra - hab, and wound - ed, and
it that hath cut Ra - hab, and wound - ed, and
loco.
sf
wound - ed the dra - - gon?
wound - ed the dra - - gon?
wound - ed the dra - - gon?
wound - ed the dra - - gon?
sf
f

f
A - wake, awake, put on strength, O
f
A - wake, awake, put on strength, O
f
A - wake, awake, put on strength, O
fz
Awake, a -

arm of the Lord; a - wake, awake, put on strength, awake, O
arm of the Lord; a -wake, awake, put on strength, awake, O
arm of the Lord; a - wake, awake, put on strength, awake, O
- wake, O arm of the Lord;..... a-wake, O
8va
Ped.
ALTO SOLO.
Art thou not it which hath dri-ed the
arm of the Lord;
arm of the Lord;
arm of the Lord;
arm of the Lord;
8va
loco.
dim

sea, the
Art thou not it which hath dri - - ed the sea,
Art thou not it which hath dri - - ed the sea,
Art thou not it which hath dri - - ed the sea,
Art thou not it which hath dri - - ed the sea,
f
p
wa-ters of the great deep; that hath
the wa - ters of the great deep;
the wa - ters of the great deep;
the wa - ters of the great deep;
the wa - ters of the great deep;
f

made the depths of the sea,
a
that hath made the depths of the sea
that hath made the depths of the sea
that hath made the depths of the sea
that hath made the depths of the sea
p
way for the ran - somed,
the ran - somed
a way for the ran - somed,
a way for the ran - somed,
a way for the ran - somed,
a way for the ran - somed,

to pass o - - ver? Art thou not
A - wake, a-wake, put on strength, a -
A - wake, a-wake, put on strength, a -
it, thou, which hath dried the wa - ters of the
- - - - wake, O arm of the Lord.
- - - - wake, O arm of the Lord.

great deep?
p
crescendo.
and made the depths of the sea, hath made the depths of the
p
crescendo.
and made the depths of the sea, hath made the depths of the
p
crescendo.
and made the depths of the sea, hath made the depths of the
p
crescendo.
and made the depths of the sea, hath made the depths of the
crescendo.
fp
sea, a way for the ransomed to pass o - - ver?
f
sea, a way for the ransomed to pass o - - ver?
f
sea, a way for the ransomed to pass o - - ver?
f
sea a way for the ransomed to pass o - - - ver?
f

mf
dim.
p
Andantino. ♪= 116.
There - fore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing
p

un - to Zion, with sing- ing un - to Zi - on;
There-fore the redeemed of the
There-fore the redeemed of the
There-fore the redeemed of the
There-fore the redeemed of the
Lord shall re-turn, and come . . . with sing - ing, with sing - ing un - to
Lord shall re - turn, and come with singing un - to Zion, with sing - ing un - to
Lord shall re - turn, and come . . . with sing - ing, with sing - ing un - to
Lord shall re - turn, and come . . . with sing - ing, with sing - ing un - to

and ev - er-last - ing joy . . . . shall be up-on their
Zi - - on;
Zi - - on;
Zi - - on;
Zi - - on;
head: . . they shall obtain gladness and joy, they shall ob-tain.

gladness and joy;
p
and ev - er-last -ing joy shall be up-on their
p
and ev - er-last -ing joy shall be up-on their
p
and ev - er-last -ing joy shall be up-on their
p
and ev - er-last -ing joy shall be up-on their
cres.
Poco più animato.
head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, they shall obtain
cres.
head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, they shall obtain
cres.
head: they shall ob-tain gladness and joy, they shall ob-
cres.
head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, they shall obtain
Poco più animato.
cres.

gladness and joy, they shall ob - tain glad - - -
glad - - - ness and joy, they shall ob - tain
- tain, they shall ob - tain glad - - -ness and
gladness and joy, they shall ob- tain glad - - -
dim.
- - ness, they shall ob- tain glad - - ness and
glad - - ness, ob - tain glad - - ness and
joy, glad - - - ness ..... and
- ness, ob - tain .... glad - - ness and

and sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee a -
joy;
joy;
joy;
joy;
way, sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee a -

way;
and sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee a-
and sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee a-
shall flee a-
shall flee a-
way, sor - row and mourn - ing shall flee . . . a -
way, sorrow and mourn - -
way; sorrow and mourn-ing shall flee a -
way, sorrow and mourn - - - ing shall flee . . . . a -

sorrow and mourn - - - ing shall flee a - way, ...
- - - way, shall flee a -
- - - ing, shall flee a -
- - - way, shall flee a -
- - - way, shall flee a -
dim. p
p
pp
, . . . sor - row and mourn-ing shall flee a - way, . . .
- - - way;
- - - way;
- - - way;
- - - way;

shall flee, . . shall flee a - way. . . . . .
Tempo 1°.
Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing
Tempo 1°.
Ped.

un - to Zi - on, with sing-ing un - to Zi - - on;
p cres.
sor - row and
p cres.
sor - row and
p cres.
sor - row and
p cres.
sor - row and
cres.
mourn - ing, sor - - row and mourn-ing, sorrow and mourning shall
mourn - ing, sor - - row and mourn-ing, sorrow and mourning shall
mourn - ing, sor - - row and mourn-ing,
mourn - ing, sor - - row and mourn-ing,
f
p

Sor-row and mourn - - - - -
flee a-way, shall flee, shall flee a - way,
flee a-way, shall flee, shall flee a - way,
shall flee, shall flee a - way,
shall flee, shall flee a - way,
Ped.
- - ing shall flee a - - way, ... sor - row and mourning, sor - row and
a - - way,
a - - way,
a - - way,
a - - way,

mourning shall flee a - way, shall flee a - - - way, . .
. . . . . shall flee, . . . shall flee a - way,
pp
shall
pp
shall
pp
shall
pp
shall

shall flee . . . . . a - - - way . . . . .
flee a - - way, . . . shall flee
flee a - - way, . . . shall flee
flee a - - way, . . . shall flee
flee a - - way, . . . shall flee
dim.
Ped. * Ped. *
a - way. . . . .
a - way. . . . .
a - way. . . . .
a - way. . . . .
pp
Ped. * Ped.

A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

[iii]

LORELEY,

AN UNFINISHED OPERA,

COMPOSED BY

Felix
F. MENDELSSOHN - BARTHOLDY.

Op. 98, Posthumous Works, No. 22.

AVE MARIA. .	. Trio .	. *Female Voices.*
VINTAGE SONG. .	Quartet. .	*Male Voices.*
FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.	.	*Solo and Chorus*

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.
NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY.

AVE MARIA.

From the unfinished Opera

"LORELEY."

(Composed in 1847.)

LENORA, the daughter of a small innkeeper on the Rhine, has met in her lonely wanderings a huntsman. They fall violently in love with each other: he is the Count Palatine, but conceals his rank. As he is betrothed to a Princess, his old and faithful servant discovering his secret attachment, entreats him earnestly to forsake Lenora. The Count promises to do so; and to take leave of Lenora for the last time at sunset. His resolution entirely gives way before her love; and he even forgets that at sunset he is pledged to meet his bride, till Lenora, unconsciously reminds him of his promise, by calling his attention to the distant sound of the evening bells. He leaves her, without finding courage to tell her that it is for *ever*. Whilst she looks sadly after him, the bells are again heard; and a distant chorus of female voices, singing the "Ave Maria."

Lenora listens devoutly—then sings herself; whilst the chorus is repeated, gradually losing itself in the distance.

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, Op. 96.

Andante sostenuto.

boat - man in the shal - lop kneels, A - - ve Ma -
pp
pp
ri - - a. The sounds thro' glow - ing Hea - vens spread, To
p
p
p
p
greet thee, ho - ly Vir ' - gin Maid. A - - ve Ma -
cres.
cres.
f
f

ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a.
Thou en - thron'd . . . on clouds a - bove,
Hark! the sound of ev'n - ing bells,
cres.
A - ve, Ma - ri - a, Be thou the guar - dian
A - ve Ma - ri - a, The boat - man in the
cres.
cres.

of our love, . . . A - ve Ma - ri - - a, And
shal - lop kneels, A - ve Ma - ri - a, The
like the eve - ning's glow - ing sky, Let
sounds thro' glow - ing hea - - vens spread, To
dim.
sf
cres.
joy and peace a - round it lie, Let joy and peace a -
cres.
greet thee, ho - ly Vir - - gin Maid. A - ve Ma-
sf
cres.
sf

round it lie.
A - ve,.....
ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a.
A - ve Ma - ri - - - a!
dim.

A VINTAGE SONG,

From the unfinished Opera

"LORELEY."

Words by William Duthie.

Allegro commodo.

1st Tenor. *mf* On stave and hoop the long year

2nd Tenor.

1st Bass. *mf* On stave and hoop the long year

2nd Bass.

Piano. *mf*

through, We work'd with will and pleasure.

mf On stave and hoop the long year through, We work'd with will and

through, We work'd with will and pleasure.

mf On stave and hoop the long year through, We work'd with will and

And when the cask was firm and true,
plea - sure, And when the cask was firm and
And when the cask was firm and true,
plea - sure, And when the cask was firm and
We press'd the vineyard's treasure. Now blest be
true, We press'd the vineyard's treasure. Now blest be
We press'd the vineyard's treasure. Now blest be
true, We press'd the vineyard's treasure. Now blest be

thou, blest be thou, oh, fresh'ning wine, Thou heart, thou heart con-so - ler from the
thou, blest be thou, oh, fresh'ning wine, Thou heart, thou heart con-so - ler from the
thou, oh, fresh - 'ning wine, Thou heart con - so - ler from the

Rhine, Thou'lt cheer..... us without mea - sure, Thou'lt cheer.....
Rhine, Thou'lt cheer.... us, cheer .... us without mea - sure, Thou'lt cheer
Rhine, Thou'lt cheer us, cheer us with - out mea - sure, Thou'lt cheer us,

f
dim.
. . . . . us without meas - ure, Thou'lt cheer us without mea -
f
dim
. . us, cheer us, without meas - ure, Thou'lt cheer us without mea -
f
dim.
cheer us with - out meas - ure, Thou'lt cheer us without mea -
mf
sure.
Thou mak'st our blood so pure and
mf
sure.
Thou mak'st our blood so pure and
mf

strong, Run sparkling like a riv - er,
mf
Thou mak'st our blood so pure and strong, Run sparkling like a
strong, Run sparkling like a riv - er,
mf
Thou mak'st our blood so pure and strong, Run sparkling like a
Upon his tongue thou pour'st the song, Who silent blest the
riv - er, Upon his tongue thou pour'st the song.
Upon his tongue thou pour'st the song, Who silent blest the
riv - er, Upon his tongue thou pour'st the song,

giv - er. Thou art the king, art the king of wines so
Who silent blest the giv - er.
giv - er. Thou art the king, art the king of wines so
Who silent blest the giv - er. Thou art the king of wines so
true, Thou art, thou art the ver - y heaven's dew, Well may'st . .
true, Thou art, thou art the ver - y heaven's dew, Well may'st
true, Thou art the ver - y hea - ven's dew, Well may'st, well

. . . . . thou speed for ev - er, Well may'st . . . . . thou speed for
. . . well may'st thou speed for ev - er. Well may'st, well may'st thou speed for
may'st thou speed for ev - er, Well may'st, well may'st thou speed for
f dim.
ev - er, Well may'st thou speed for ev - er.
f dim.
f dim.
ev - er, Well may'st thou speed for ev - er.
f dim.
*)
8.

*) Here Mendelssohn's manuscript ends. The six concluding bars were subsequently added.

FINALE to the First Act of the unfinished Opera

"LORELEY."

Allegro moderato.

Ped
pp
cres.
SOPRANI.
1. CHOIR.
From whence come
ALTI.
cresc.
f
p
Ped.
2. CHOIR.
ye, ye fays of the Rhine? . .
From Drachenfels, from Wolkenstein! And
p

whence come ye?
From Bo-densee, Some from lof - ty steeps, and deeps, where
Warmer by moving, we love to be
Win - ter sleeps! Warmer by moving, we love to be
ro - ving, And cleaving the air; ye be -

low a-rise, and come here! Fays of the Rhine ap - pear! . . ap -
pear! . . . Fays of the Rhine ap - pear!
ap-
ap - pear! Fays of the Rhine appear! ap - pear!
pear! ap - pear! Fays of the Rhine appear! ap-pear!
cres.
dim.

TENORI.
mf
In the caves of rocks and mountains, We re - pose by
BASSI.
mf
mf
SOPRANI.
crys - tal fountains; Up, up, . . we come on torrents
ALTI.
sf
p
TENORI.
gush - ing! Ev'ning now no long - er blushing, Rocks must thunder,
BASSI.
mf

f SOPRANI.
Floods be rushing: Fays of the Rhine, appear! . . . Fays of the
f ALTI.
sf
cres.
f
p
Rhine, ap - pear! . . . . . appear! . . . . . ap-pear! . . . . .
Rhine, ap - pear! appear! . . . . . ap - pear! ap - pear! . . . .
cres.
ff
Ped.
Allegro molto vivace.
SOPRANI. ALTI.
f
. . TENORI.
f
Hi - ther we
On hu - mid pinions hither we sweep,
BASSI.
f
tr
tr
tr
tr
f
CHORUS.
*

sweep,
o - ver land and
Rushing up, rushing on o - ver land and deep,
deep,
The ship-tack-le shatters, the
The ship - tack-le shatters, the oaks riv-en crash,
oaks riv - en crash,
For the wind
and the storm thro' the
For the wind
and the storm
thro' the

wild wel - kin dash; For the wind
wild wel - kin dash; For the wind and the
wel - kin dash.
and the storm thro' the wild wel - kin dash.
storm thro' the wild wel - kin dash.
ff
sf
sf

In
ff
sf
sf
deeps of the o - cean we spar - kle and leap,
We spar - - kle and
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
Where the rocks threaten death, our vig - ils we keep,
leap,
our
tr
tr
tr
tr

Al - lur - ing the sail-or we chant a strain,
vig - ils we keep, Al -
To draw to a vortex the
luring the sailor, we chant a strain, To draw to a vortex the
ship on the main, to draw to a
ship on the main, To draw

vortex the ship on the main!
to a vortex the ship on the main! .....
When the
When the

Moon, and the Stars, in the night shed no
Moon, and the Stars, in the night shed no
ff Ped
ray, We ga - ther in tor - rents to ri - ot and play, to
ray, We ga - ther in tor - rents to ri - ot and play, to
Ped
Ped
ri - ot and play. The tem - pest is howl - ing, the
ri - ot and play. The tem - pest is howl - ing, the
f

stream rolls a- long, the tem - pest is howl - ing, the stream rolls a-long, The
stream rolls a- long, the tem - pest is howl - ing, the stream rolls a-long,
tr
clouds, the winds and waves join in song, The
The clouds, the winds and waves join in song,
ff
song,
clouds, the winds and waves join in song, the
The clouds, the winds and waves join in song, the

winds and waves join in song, the winds and waves join in
winds and waves join in song, ...
the winds and waves join in
song!
Here now ap - pears
Hark! who comes?
song! Hark! who comes?
One who sheddeth sorrow's tears!
One who sheddeth sorrow's tears!

Andante.

LEONORA.

Wretch - ed! Wretch - ed! de-ceiv - ed!
p
and un - justly re - ject - - ed! Cast aside like a flow - er when
wan - ton - ly ga - ther'd, Torn away from the spray, While its
leaves were expand - ing! And thus is love re-qui - ted?

Love so true as mine? . . . And thus is love re-qui - ted?—
cres.
Love so true as mine?
Where now is vengeance?
f
Where ret-ri-bu-tion for wrongs . . . so deep?
f
p
SOPRANI. ALTI. Where now is vengeance? where ret-ri-bu-tion?
Where? Where now is vengeance? Where? where ret-ri-bu-tion?
CHORUS.
TENORI. BASSI.
Where? Where?
pp

LEONORA.
Say, where is the jus - tice of hea - ven, which, e-ven -
- hand - ed, Sternly upholds with its might, and guard - eth the
right?
Where now a - wait - eth wrath to
pun - ish?
when will it flash - ing des -

cend, when will it flashing descend, striking the crime-guilty
head? when will it flashing descend, striking the crime - guil - ty
head? Where now a - wait - eth wrath to
pun - - ish? Where tar - ries the just - ice of

LEONORA.
hea - ven?
f
Thus do I
SOPRANI. ALTI.
Where tar - ries the jus - tice of hea - ven?
CHORUS.
TENORI. BASSI.
cres.
al
sf
LEONORA.
call, imploring as-sistance. Ye that lie hidden in darkness, In rocks and
ff Ped
ff Ped
ff Ped
wa - ters, in clouds and winds, Come to my
ff Ped
sf
aid! Come to my aid!
ff
sf
p
f sf

Hear me now!
Help ... me!
Hear..... .....
p f sf p f sf p
..... me, hear..... me now,
Come to my
f
cres.
f
sf
Allegro molto.
aid!
p cre - - - scen - - do.
SOPRANI. ALTI.
ff
By thee in - vi - - ted, we gath - er, we
TENORI.
BASSI. By thee in vi - - ted, we gath - er, we
ff
ff

gath - er from rocks and wa - ters, from clouds and winds, from
gath - er from rocks and wa - ters, from clouds and winds, from
we gath - er, we gath - - er, we
wa - ters, from clouds and winds, we gath - er, we
wa - ters, from clouds and winds, we gath - - er, we
sf sf sf sf
gath - er from rocks, clouds and winds.
we gath - er from rocks, clouds and winds.
gath - er from rocks, clouds and winds.
sf sf

Tell us, tell us! What is thy de - sire?
Tell us, tell us! What is thy de - sire?
ff
Tell us, tell us! What is thy de - sire?
Tell us, tell us! What is thy de - sire?
ff
ff
Tell us What is thy de -
Tell us What is thy de -

Tell us, tell us!
sire? Tell us, tell us!
sire? ..... Tell us, tell us!
sire? ..... Tell us!
LEONORA.
Re-tri-
What is thy de sire? ....
What is thy de - sire? .....
What is thy de - sire? .....
f
- bu - tion! Ven - geance!— For pas - sion slight - ed, —

Deep af - fec - tion blight - ed By him whom I gave my heart, I am de -
ceiv'd, my love is slight - ed, Its deep af-fec-tion blight - ed; By him I
gave my heart, I am deceiv'd? Vengeance on him, on
sf
p
him and all men! May they all meet the dis - dain of wo - - - man!
sf
p
p
cres.

De - si - ring lan - guish, And feel the
p
cres.
an - guish, That self - cor - ro - - - ding, cor -
cres.
ro - ding preys on the heart!
ff SOPRANI. ALTI.
Ven - - - geance, ven - - -
ff TENORI.
Ven - - - geance, ven - - -
ff BASSI.
ff
CHORUS.

- geance, ven - geance, ven - geance
- geance, ven - geance, ven - geance
Recit.
LEONORA.
soon shall be thine! Give me beauty, grace ir- re - sist - i - ble! Give me a
soon shall be thine!
Recit.
fp
fp
f sf
voice to charm all who hear it! Give me the might to inspire fa - tal
fp
f sf

Andante.
f SOPRANI. ALTI.
love!
Beau-ty, beau-ty, and love's fa-tal might, Thou shalt pos-
CHORUS.
TENORI.
Beau-ty, beau-ty, and love's fa-tal might, Thou shalt pos-
f BASSI.
f
- sess them, pos-sess them; Vengeance al-so we bring!
- sess them, pos-sess them; Vengeance al-so we bring!
sf
sf
f
LEONORA. Recit.
Then tell me, ye ter-ri-ble ru-lers, Tell me the
Recit.
f

price of this death-dealing power; Name it! I swear, if I on-ly pos-
sess it, it soon shall be your's!
Andante.
LEONORA.
SOPRANI. ALTI.
With thy heart shalt thou reward us, Thou shalt give us thy af -
TENORI.
BASSI.
CHORUS.

I will give ye my af - fec - tion!
fec-tion, Thou shalt give us thy affection! To the Rhine thou shalt be
p
p
p Ped * Ped *
f
A
wed - ded;—Dwell within, its deeps en-throned!
p
Dwell with-in, its deeps en - throned!
Ped * Ped * Ped *

Allegro vivace.
a tempo.
greed! a - greed! .. .... Thus as I rend this veil a - sun - der,
ff
Rent be the love I fond-ly cherished!
ff
Cast thus a - way un - re -
sf
gret - ted! 'Tis now consign'd to the stor - my wind. My heart, be
p

hard as the rocks a - round thee: cold and
reck - less! Take,..... O stream, take my
love, and be mine. Soon as the work of vengeance is
end - ed, I am thine, I am thine, I am thine, on - ly

thine, all . . . thine, thine, ...
cres.
. . . on - ly thine, on - ly thine!
CHORUS.
SOPRANI. ALTI.
TENORI.
As thou hast rent the veil a -
As thou hast rent the veil a -
BASSI.
sun - der,
Rent be the love you fond-ly
sun - der,
Rent be the love you fond-ly

cherish'd,— Cast thus a - way un - re -
cherish'd,— Cast thus a - way un - re -
LEONORA.
A-way. thou
gret - ted, Cast thus a - way, cast thus a - way!
gret - ted, Cast thus a - way, cast thus a - way!
p
to - ken of love, thou bri - dal ring, Once val-ued bri - dal ring! Take, O

Stream, take my love,— and be mine! A - way,— thou
pp
Hail, hail the might of mor-
pp
Hail, hail the might of mor-
pp
to - ken, once val - ued bri - dal ring, Take!— O
tal - i - ty! Hail, fair and fleeting re - al - i - ty! Hail the might of mor-
tal - i - ty! Hail, fair and fleeting re - al - i - ty! Hail the might of mor-

Stream..... .... take my love,... .....and be
cres.
tal - i - ty, Hail, hail,.....
cres.
tal - i - ty, Hail, hail,.....
cres.
mine! I am thine! Thus boldly
f
Hail, hail! Hail, hail!
f
Hail, hail! Hail, hail!
f
p
cres.

rush - ing, I pur - chase my ven - - geance:
Re - tri - bu - tion, ven - - geance shall
Re - tri - bu - tion, ven - geance shall
take all, all my love! Soon as the work of vengeance is
glad - den thy heart.
glad - den thy heart.

end - ed, I am thine, I am thine, I am thine, on - ly
Ven - geance, Ven - geance,
Ven - geance, Ven - geance,
thine, all..... thine, thine,.. .....
Ven - geance shall glad - den thy
Ven - geance shall glad - den thy

on - ly thine, on - ly thine!
heart, shall, shall glad thy heart. Re - tri - bu - tion.
heart, shall, shall glad thy heart. Re - tri - bu - tion.

Ven - geance, ven
Vengeance, ven
Vengeance, ven

- - - - geance will glad-den my heart;
geance, ven - geance shall gladden thy heart, Ret-ri-bu-tion,
geance, ven - geance shall gladden thy heart, Ret-ri-bu-tion,
ff
Vengeance, Ven - - - - geance will gladden my
Vengeance, vengeance, ven - geance shall gladden thy
Vengeance, vengeance, ven - geance shall gladden thy
ff
sf
ff

heart, Vengeance will gladden my heart, vengeance will gladden my sad . .
heart, Vengeance shall gladden thy heart, Vengeance shall gladden, shall glad - -
heart, Vengeance shall gladden thy heart, Vengeance shall gladden, shall glad - -
heart!
den thy heart!
den . thy heart!
ff
sf
sf

A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

THREE MOTETS

FOR

FEMALE VOICES.

No. 1. HEAR US, GRACIOUS LORD.
Veni Domine. (30 cts.)

No. 2. YE SONS OF ISRAEL.
Laudate pueri. (50 cts.)

No. 3. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
Domenica II post pascha. (50 cts.)
(Surrexit pastor.)

COMPOSED FOR THE
NUNS IN TRINITA DE MONTI IN ROME.

By

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

OP. 39.

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HEAR US, GRACIOUS LORD.

THREE MOTETS, No. 1.

Veni Domine.

MENDELSSOHN.

Grave.
SOP. 1.
SOP. 2.
ALTO.
ORGAN OR PIANO.
Ped
Con moto.
Con moto.f
Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, Hear . . us!
Ve - ni Do - mi - ne Ve - - - ni!
Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-
Ve - ni Do - mi - ne, et
hold not Thy mer - cy, withhold not Thy mer - cy, with - hold not Thy mer - -
no - li tar - da - - re, et no - li tar - da - - re, et no - - li tar - da - - -
hold . . . not Thy mercy, with-hold not Thy mercy, with - hold not, . . . Oh, Lord, Thy
no - - li tar - da - re et no - - - li tar - da - re, et no - li, ... no - li tar -
hold . . . not Thy mercy, with-hold not Thy mercy, with - hold not Thy
no - - li tar - da - re et no - - - li tar - da - re, et no - - li tar -

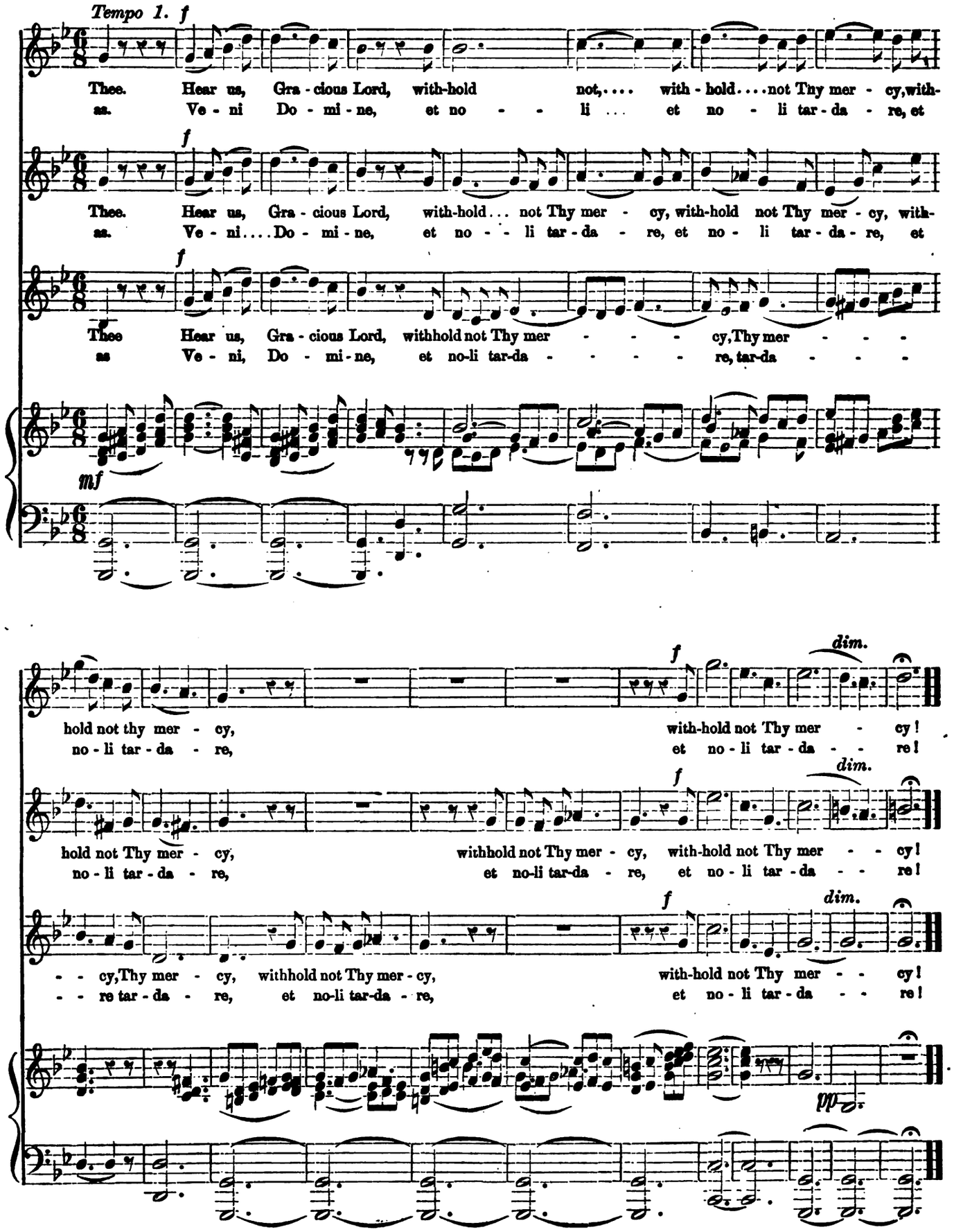
- - - cy! Save Thy peo - ple! Save thy
- - - re! ple - bi tu - æ, ple - bi
mer - cy! Forgive us our trespasses. Save Thy peo - ple! Save Thy
da - - re! re - lax - a fa - ci - no - ra ple - bi tu - æ, ple - bi
mer - - cy! Save Thy peo - ple! Forgive us our trespasses. Save Thy
da - - - re! ple - bi tu - æ re - lax - a fa - ci - no - ra, ple - bi
peo - ple! And all who stray,as-sem - ble, all who stray,as-semble be - neath . . . . . thy
tu - æ, et re - vo - ca dis - per - sos, re - vo - ca dis - per-sos in - ter - - - - ram
peo - ple! And all who stray,as - sem ble be - neath . . . . . Thy
tu - æ, et re - vo - ca dis - per - - - - - sos in ter - - - ram,
peo-ple! And all who stray,as - sem - - - - ble,and all who stray,as-semble be-neath . . . . Thy
tu - æ, et re - vo - ca dis - per - - - - - - - sos, et re - vo-ca dis - per-sos in ter - - - - - ram

Hear us, Gracious Lord. Continued.

f
shel - ter. Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-hold not Thy mer - - cy, with-
tu - - am Ve - ni Do - mi - ne, et no - li tar - da - - re, et
shel - ter. Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-hold . . . . not Thy mer-cy, with-
tu - - am Ve - ni Do - mi - ne, et no - - - - li tar - da - re, et
shel - ter. Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-hold . . . . not Thy mer-cy, with-
tu - - am Ve - ni Do - mi - ne, et no - - - - li tar - da - re et
- hold not Thy mer - - cy, with-hold . . . . . not Thy mer - cy.
no - li tar - da - - re, et no - - - - - - li tar - da - - re.
- hold . . . . not Thy mer - cy, withhold not Thy mer - - - cy, Thy mer - cy.
no - - - - li tar - da - - re, et no - li tar - da - - - re, tar - da - - re.
- hold . . . . not Thy mer - cy, with-hold . . . not Thy mer - cy, Thy mer - cy.
no - - - - li tar - da - - re, et no - - li tar - da - - re, tar - da - - re.

Andante.
Good Lord, de - liv - er us from our af - flictions, Good Lord, deliv - er us from our af - flic-tions, and hear us, and
Ex-ci - ta Do - mi-ne po - tentiam tu - am, Do - - mi-ne po-ten-tiam tu - am, et ve - ni, et
And hear us,
Et ve - ni,
And hear us,
Et ve - ni,
pp
hear us, Thy ser - - - - - vants who trust in Thee, Good Lord, de - liv - er us from our af -
ve - ni, ut sal - - - - - vos nos fa - ci - as, ex - ci - ta Do-mi-ne po - ten-tiam
hear us,
ve - ni,
Good Lord, de - liv - er us from our af -
ex - ci - ta Do-mi-ne po - ten - tiam
hear us,
ve - ni,
Good Lord, de - liv - er us from our af -
ex - ci - ta Do-mi-ne po - ten - tiam

flic-tions, Good Lord, de - liv - er us from our af - flictions, Thy ser - -
tu - am, Do - - mi - ne po - ten - tiam tu - am, ut sal - -
flictions, from our . . . . af - flic-tions, and hear us Thy servants, who trust . . in
tu - am po - ten - - - ti - am tu - am, et ve - ni et ve - ni ut sal - - vos
flictions, from our . . . af - flictions, and hear us Thy servants, who trust in
tu - am, po - ten - - - ti - am tu - am et ve - ni et ve - ni ut sal - vos
- - vants, who trust in Thee, Thy servants, Thy servants, who trust in
- - vos nos fa - ci - as, ut sal - vos ut sal - vos nos fa - ci -
Thee, trust in Thee, Thy ser - vants, who trust in Thee, who trust in
nos, fa - ci - as, ut sal - vos nos fa - ci - as nos fa - ci -
Thee, trust in Thee, Thy ser-vants, who trust in Thee, who trust in
nos, fa - ci - as, ut sal - vos nos fa - ci - as nos fa - ci -


Tempo 1.
Thee. Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-hold not,.... with - hold....not Thy mer - cy,with-
as. Ve - ni Do - mi - ne, et no - - li ... et no - li tar - da - re, et
Thee. Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, with-hold... not Thy mer - cy, with-hold not Thy mer - cy, with-
as. Ve - ni....Do - mi - ne, et no - - li tar - da - re, et no - li tar - da - re, et
Thee Hear us, Gra - cious Lord, withhold not Thy mer - - - - cy,Thy mer - - -
as Ve - ni, Do - mi - ne, et no-li tar-da - - - - - re, tar-da - - -
hold not thy mer - cy, with-hold not Thy mer - cy!
no - li tar - da - re, et no - li tar - da - - re!
hold not Thy mer - cy, withhold not Thy mer - cy, with-hold not Thy mer - - cy!
no - li tar - da - re, et no-li tar-da - re, et no - li tar - da - - re!
- - cy,Thy mer - cy, withhold not Thy mer - cy, with-hold not Thy mer - - cy!
- - re tar - da - re, et no-li tar-da - re, et no - li tar - da - - re!

YE SONS OF ISRAEL.

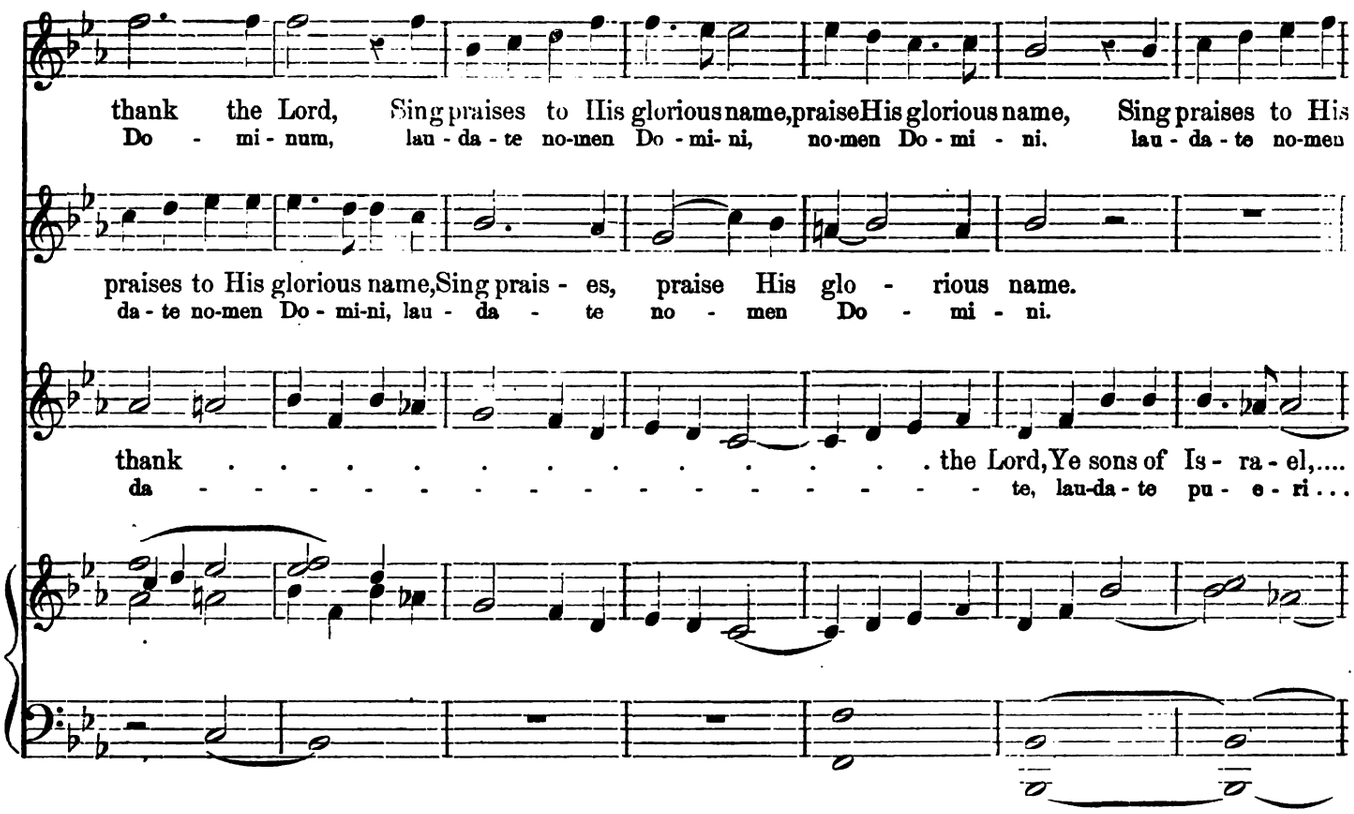
THREE MOTETS,

No. 2. Laudate pueri.

MENDELSSOHN.

No. 1. CHORUS.

SOPRANO I.
SOPRANO II.
ALTO.
Ye sons of Is - ra - el, thank the
Lau-da-te pu - e-ri Do - mi -
Allegro moderato assai.
PIANO OR ORGAN.
p
Ye sons of Is - ra-el,
Lau-da - te pu - e-ri
Ye sons of Is - ra-el, thank the Lord, Sing
Lau-da-te pu - e-ri Do - mi-num, lau -
Lord, Sing praises to His glorious name, praise His glorious name,
num, lau-da - te no-men Domi - ni, no-men Do-mi - ni,
Ye sons of Is - ra-el, thank the Lord,
lau - da - te pu - e - ri Do-mi-num lau-


thank the Lord, Sing praises to His glorious name, praise His glorious name, Sing praises to His
Do - mi - num, lau - da - te no-men Do - mi- ni, no-men Do - mi - ni. lau - da - te no-men
praises to His glorious name, Sing prais - es, praise His glo - rious name.
da - te no-men Do - mi-ni, lau - da - te no - men Do - mi - ni.
thank . . . . . the Lord, Ye sons of Is - ra - el, ...
da - - - - - te, lau-da - te pu - e - ri . . .

glorious name, and thank . . . . . the Lord, Sing prais - es un -
Do - mi - ni, lau - da - - - - - te no - men Do - mi - ni, lau -
Ye sons of Is - ra-el, ... thank . . . . . the
lau - da - te pu - e - ri . . . . . lau - da - - - - - te, lau -
. . . . Sing praises to His glorious name. Ye sons of Is - ra - el, thank the Lord, Sing
. . . . . lau-da - te nomen Do - mi - ni, lau-da - te pu - e - ri Do - mi - num, lau -

Ye Sons of Israel. Continued.

f
to His name.... .... Sing praises to His glorious name,praiseHis glorious name. Oh praise the
da - te no - - men, lau - da - te nomen Do-mi-ni, nomen Do-mi - ni. Sit no - men
f
Lord,..... and praise.....His glorious name,praiseHis glorious name. Oh praise the
da - - - - - te no - - men Do - mi-ni, nomen Do-mi - ni. Sit no - men
f
praises to His glorious name, praise His glorious name, praise His glorious name,praise His glorious name. Oh praise the
da - te nomen Do - mi-ni, nomen Do-mi - ni, nomen Do-mi-ni, nomen Do - mi - ni, Sit no - men

f
Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for ev - er - more. Oh,
Do - mi - ni be-ne - dic - tum, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - - cu - la. Sit
f
Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for ev - er - more. Oh,
Do - mi - ni be-ne - dic - tum, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - - cu - la. Sit
f
Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for ev - er - more. Oh,
Do - mi - ni be-ne - dic - tum, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu - la. Sit

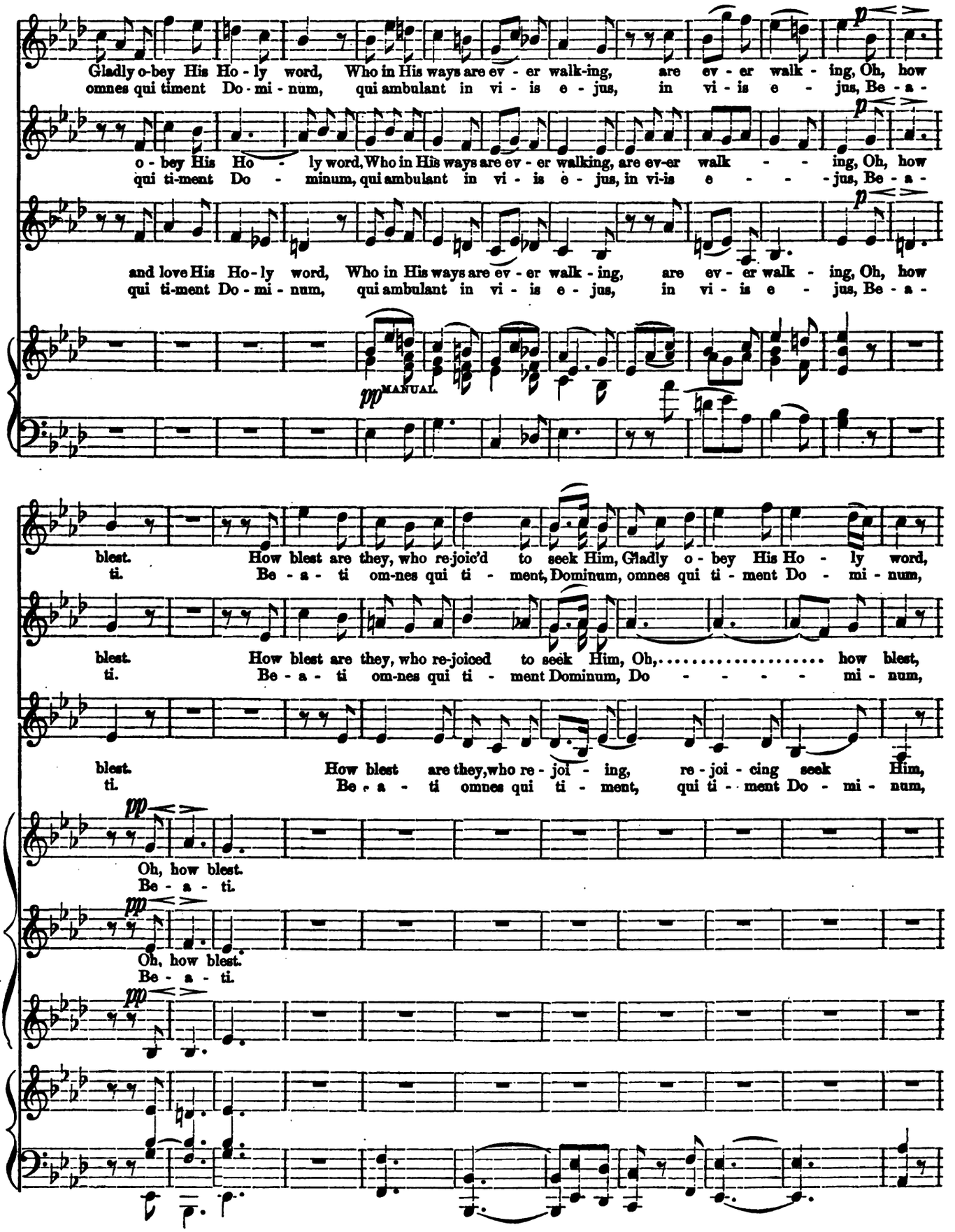
praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for ev - er -
no - men Do - mi - ni be - ne - dic-tum, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu -
praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for
no - men Do - mi - ni be - ne - dic - tum, ex hoc nunc et us - que in
praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Oh, praise Him for
no - men Do - mi - ni be - ne - dic - tum, ex hoc nunc in
more, Sing praise to Him now and for ev - er - more. Oh praise Him for
la. ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu - la, et us - que in
ev - er - more, Oh, praise Him for ev - - er - more, Sing praise to Him
sæ - - cu - la, ex hoc et in sæ - - cu - la, ex hoc nunc et
ev - - er - more, Oh, praise Him for ev - er - more, Sing praise to Him
sæ - cu - la, et us - que in sæ - cu - la, et hoc nunc et

ev - - - - er - more.
sæ - - - - cu - la.
now and for ev - er-more.
us - que in sæ - cu - la.
now and for ev - er-more.
us - que in sæ - cu - la.
f
Ye sons of Is - ra-el,
Lau - da - te pu - e - ri
f
Oh, praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - - er.give thanks un - to..... the Lord.
Sit no - men Do - mi - ni be-ne - dic - - - tum, lau-da-te Do - mi-num,
f
Ye sons of Is - ra - el, Ye sons of Is - ra-el, thank the Lord, Sing
Lau - da - te pu - e - ri, lau - da - te pu - e-ri Do - mi-num, lau-
f
thank the Lord, Sing praises to His glorious name, praise His glorious name, Sing praises to His glorious name, Sing
Do - - - mi - num, lau - da - te no-men Do - mi-ni, no - men Do - mi - ni, lau - da - te no-men Do - mi-ni, lau-

Ye sons .... of Is - ra-el, Sing praises, sing praises to His glorious name, Sing praises to His
lau - da - te pu - e - ri, lau - da - te, lau-da - te no-men Do - mi-ni, lau - da-te nomen
praises to His glorious name, Sing praises to His glorious name, thank the Lord. thank
da - te nomen Do-mi-ni, lau - da - te no-men Do-mi-ni, Do - - mi-ni, Do -
prais - es, Oh praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Ye sons of Is - ra-el, Sing prais - -
da - te, sit no - men Do - mi - ni be - ne - dic - tum, lau-da - te pu - - e - ri, lau - da - -
f
glorious name, Oh praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev-er, Sing praise to Him now and for
Do-mi-ni, sit no - men Do - mí - ni be - ne - dic - tum ex hoc nunc et us - que in
. . the Lord, Sing praises, Oh praise the Lord, who liv - eth for ev-er, Sing praise to Him now and for
- - mi-ni, lau - da - te, sit no - men Do - mi - ni be - ne - dic - tum ex hoc nunc et us - que in
f
- - - es, Oh praise . . the Lord, who liv - eth for ev - er, Sing praise to Him now and for
- - te, sit no - - - men Do - - mi - ni be - ne - dic - tum ex hoc nunc et us - que in

ev - er - more, His praise sing ye now and for ev - - - er - more, ...
sæ - cu - la, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - - - cu - la, ...
ev - er - more, His praise sing ye now, ye now, and for - ev - er - more,
sæ - cu - la, ex hoc nunc et us - que, us - que in sæ - cu - la,
ev - er - more, His praise sing ye now, and for ev - - - er - more,
sæ - cu - la, ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - - - cu - la,
..... for ev - er - more, ... Sing praise to Him now, and for ev - er-more.
..... in sæ - cu - la, ... ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu - la.
f
Ye sons of Is - ra-el, thank the Lord, ... Sing praise to Him now, and for ev - er - more.
lau - da - te pu - e - ri Do - - mi - num, ... ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu - la.
f
Ye sons of Is - ra-el, thank the Lord, ... Sing praise to Him now, and for ev - er-more.
lau - da - te pu - e - ri, Do - - mi - num, ... ex hoc nunc et us - que in sæ - cu - la.

No. 2. TERZETTO.
SOPRANO I. SOLO. Adagio.
How blest are they who re - joic'd to seek Him, Glad-ly o - bey His Ho - ly word,
Be - a - ti om - nes qui ti - ment Domi - num, om - nes qui ti - ment Do - mi - num,
SOPRANO II.
How blest are they who re - joic'd to seek Him, Oh,..... how blest,
Be - a - ti om - nes qui ti - ment Domi - num, Do - - - - - - - mi - num,
ALTO.
How blest are they who re - joic'd to seek Him, Glad-ly o - bey His Ho - ly word,
Be - a - ti om - nes qui ti - ment Domi - num, qui..... ti - ment Do - mi - num,
Who in His ways are ev - er walking. How blest are they, who rejoic'd to seek Him,
Qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus. Be - a - ti om-nes qui ti-ment Dominum,
Who in His ways are ev - er walking, ev - er are walk - ing. How blest are they who rejoic'd to seek Him,
Qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus. Be - a - ti om - nes qui ti-ment Dominum,
Who in His ways are ev - er walking. How blest are they,.....who seek Him,
Qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus. Be - a - ti om - - nes, om - nes
SOPRANO I. CHORUS.
Who in His ways are ev - er walk-ing, ev - er are walk - ing.
Qui am - bu-lant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus.
SOPRANO II.
Who in His ways are ev - er walk-ing, ev - er are walk - - ing.
Qui am - bu-lant in vi is e - jus, in vi - is e - - - jus.
ALTO.
Who in His ways are ev - er walk-ing, ev - er are walk - ing.
Qui am - bu-lant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus.


Gladly o-bey His Ho - ly word, Who in His ways are ev - er walk-ing, are ev - er walk - ing, Oh, how
omnes qui timent Do - mi - num, qui ambulant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus, Be - a -
o - bey His Ho - ly word, Who in His ways are ev - er walking, are ev-er walk - ing, Oh, how
qui ti-ment Do - minum, qui ambulant in vi - is e - jus, in vi-is e - - -jus, Be - a -
and love His Ho-ly word, Who in His ways are ev - er walk - ing, are ev - er walk - ing, Oh, how
qui ti-ment Do - mi - num, qui ambulant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus, Be - a -
pp MANUAL.
blest. How blest are they, who re-joic'd to seek Him, Gladly o - bey His Ho - ly word,
ti. Be - a - ti om-nes qui ti - ment, Dominum, omnes qui ti - ment Do - mi - num,
blest. How blest are they, who re-joiced to seek Him, Oh, ... how blest,
ti. Be - a - ti om-nes qui ti - ment Dominum, Do - - - - - mi - num,
blest. How blest are they, who re - joi - ing, re - joi - cing seek Him,
ti. Be - a - ti omnes qui ti - ment, qui ti - ment Do - mi - num,
pp
Oh, how blest.
Be - a - ti.
pp
Oh, how blest.
Be - a - ti.
pp

Who in His ways are ev - er walking,
qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus,
Who in His ways are ev - er walk-ing, walk - ing
qui am-bu - lant in vi - is e - jus, vi - is
Who in His ways are ev - er walking, ev - er are walk - - ing, Who in His ways are walking, are ev - er
qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - - - - jus, qui am-bu - lant in vi - is in vi - is
Who in His ways are ev - er walking, ev-er are walk - ing.
qui am-bu-lant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus,
Who in His ways are ev - er walking, ev - er are walk - - ing.
qui ambulant in vi - is e - ju,s in vi - is e - - jus.
Who in His ways are ev - er walking, ev - er are walk - ing.
qui ambulant in vi - is e - jus, in vi - is e - jus.
in His ways, Oh, how blest, How blest are they, who o - bey His Ho - ly word.....
e - jus, be - a - ti, Be - a - ti omnes qui ti - ment Do - mi - num.....
in His ways, Oh how blest, Who love to o - bey His Ho - ly word.....
e - jus, be - a - ti, Be - a - ti qui ti - ment Do - mi - num .....
Who glad - ly o - - bey His Ho - ly word.
Be - a - ti qui..... ti - ment Do - mi - num.
Who glad - ly o - - bey His Ho - ly word.
Be - a - ti qui..... ti - ment Do - mi - num.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THREE MOTETS,
No. 3.

Second Sunday after Easter.

Domenica II post pascha.

MENDELSSOHN.

No. 1. CHORUS.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

p
Ped
SOPRANO I. SOLO.
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su -
SOPRANO II. SOLO.
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su -
ALTO I. SOLO.
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su -
ALTO II. SOLO.
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su -

us, The sheep he hath cho - sen.
it pro O - vi - bus su - is.
us, The sheep he hath cho - sen.
it pro O - vi - bus su - is.
us, The sheep he hath cho - sen.
it pro O - vi - bus su - is.....
us, The sheep he hath cho - sen.
it pro O - vi - bus su - is.
TUTTI. f
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for us, The sheep
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su - it pro O -
TUTTI. f
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for us, The sheep
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su - it pro O -
TUTTI. f
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for us, The sheep
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su - it pro O -
TUTTI. f
The Lord is our good shep - herd, Who lay - eth down his life for us, The sheep
Sur - re - xit pa - stor bo - nus, qui a - nimam su - am po - su - it pro O -

he hath cho - sen.
vi - bus su - is.
he hath cho - sen.
vi - bus su - is.
he hath cho - sen.....
vi - bus su - is.....
he hath cho - sen.
vi - bus su - is.
Ped
SOLO.
He bore meek - ly for us All the bit - terness of death. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -
Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus est. Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu -
SOLO.
He bore meek - ly for us All the bit - terness of death. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -
Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus est. Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu -
SOLO.
He bore meek - ly for us All the bit - terness of death. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -
Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus est. Al - le - lu - ja, Al - lu - lu -
SOLO.
He..... meekly bore for us All the bit - terness of death. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -
Et..... pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus est. Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu -
Ped

TUTTI. f
jah! He bore meek - ly for us All the bit - ter-ness of
ja! Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus
pp
jah! He bore meek - ly for us All the bit - ter-ness of
ja! Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus
jah! He meek-ly bore for us All the bit - ter-ness of
ja! Et pro gre - ge su - o mo - ri dig - na - tus
death..... Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal -
est..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja! Al -
SOLO.
death..... Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
est..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le -
death..... Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu -
est..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu -
death..... Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
est..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - jah!
Ped
Ped

SOLO.
SOPRANO I.
le - - - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah!
le - - - - - lu - ja, Al - le - - lu - ja!
SOPRANO II.
- - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah!
- - - - lu - ja, Hal - le - - lu - ja!
ALTO I.
jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah!
ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - - lu - ja!
ALTO II.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO I.
p
Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja!
SOPRANO II.
p
Hal - le - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - - - lu - jah, Al - le - lu - ja!
ALTO I.
p
Hal - le - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - - - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja!
ALTO II.
p
Hal - le - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - - - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja!
CHORUS.

No. 2. DUETTO.

Con moto.

SOPRANO I. SOLO.

Be - hold, my Lord hath been ta - ken a - way by night. Oh, where have you laid our

Tu - le - runt Do - mi-num me - um, tu - le - - - runt et nes - ci-o u - bi

SOPRANO II. SOLO.

Manual.

ORGAN or PIANO FORTE.

pp

Mas - ter's precious bo - dy?

po - - su - e - runt e - um.

If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, where he is

Si tu su-stu-li - sti e - - um, di - - ci-to

cres.

Behold, my Lord hath been

Tu-le-runt Do-mi-num

hidden, If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, where he is hid-den, that I may seek him, Be -

mi-hi, si tu su-stu-li - sti e - um, di - ci-to mi - hi, et e-go tol - lam, Tu -

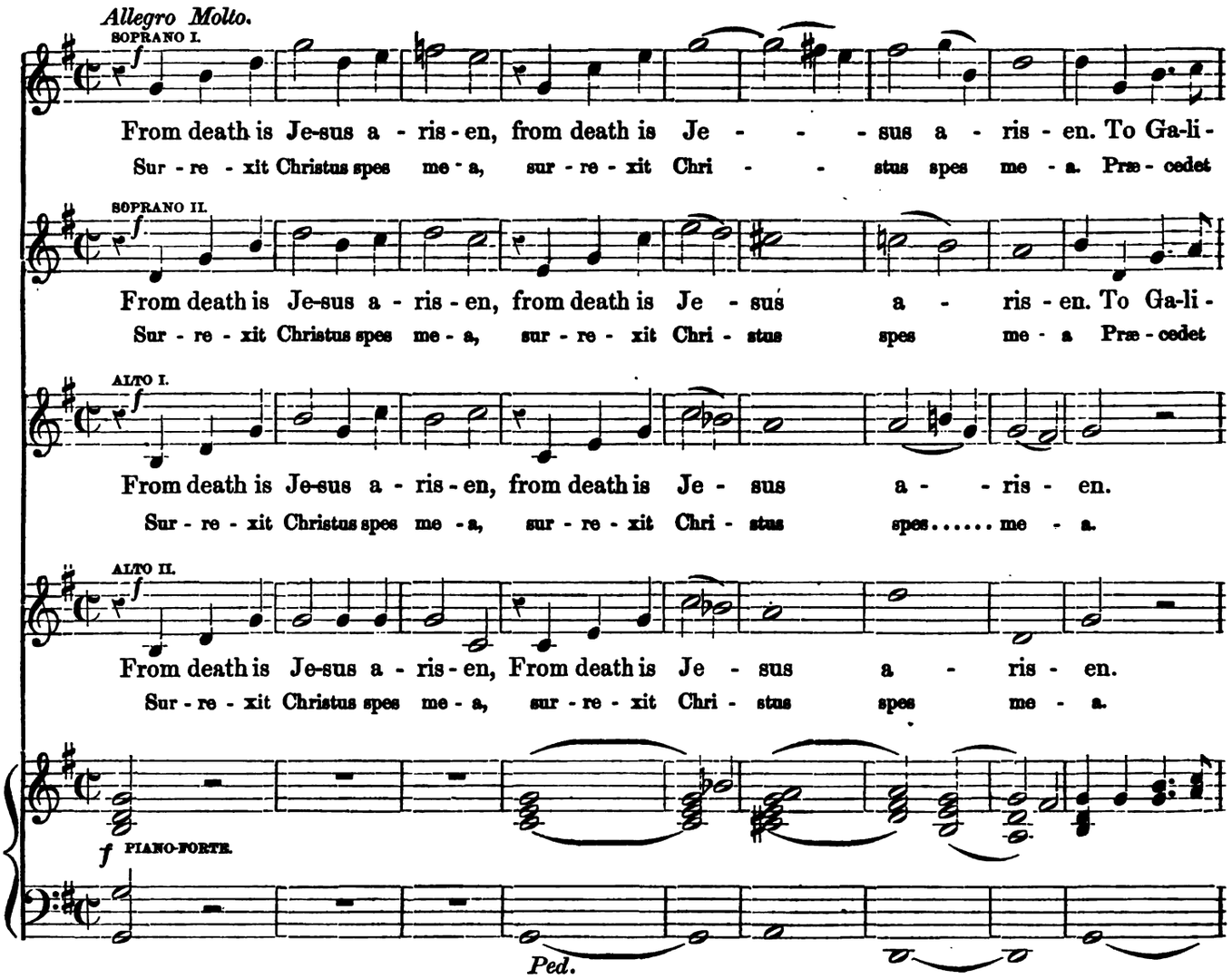
ta - ken..... a - way by night. Oh, where have you laid our Master's pre - - cious
me - um..... et nes - ci - o, et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - - runt
hold, my Lord has been ta - ken... .... a - way by night. Oh, where have you laid our Master's pre - cious
le - runt Dominum me - um.... .. et nes - ci - o, et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - runt
f
bo - dy? Where have you laid our Master's pre - - cious bo - dy? If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, where
e - um, et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - .. runt e - um. Si tu su-stu-li - sti e - um di -
f
bo - dy? Where have you laid our Master's pre - - cious bo - dy?
e - um, et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - - runt e - um.
.... he is hid - den. Behold, my Lord hath been
.... ci - to mi - hi. Tu - le - runt Dominum
p
If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, where he is hid - den. Behold, my Lord hath been
Si tu su-stuli - sti e - um, di - ci - to mi - hi. Tu - le runt Dominum

ta - ken a - way by night. Oh, where have you laid our Master's pre - - - cious bo -
me - um, tu - le - - - runt et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - - - runt e -
ta - ken a - way by night. Oh, where have you laid our Master's pre - - - cious bo -
me - um, tu - le - - runt et nes - ci - o u - bi po - su - e - - - runt e -
dy? If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, If thou hast remov'd him tell me, where he is
um. Si tu su-stuli - sti e - um, si tu sustu-li - sti e - um, di - ci - to
dy? If thou hast remov'd him, tell me, Oh tell me, where he is
um. Si tu sustu-li - sti e - um, e - um, di - ci - to
hidden, that I..... may seek him, that I may seek him.
mi - hi, et e - - go tol - lam, et e - go tol - lam.
hidden, that I..... may seek him, that I may seek him.
mi - hi, et e - - go tol - lam, et e - go tol - lam,

No. 3.

ALTO SOLO.
Je - sus from death is a - ris - en! Je-sus from death is a - ris - - - - - en!
Sur - re - xit Chri - stus spes me - a! Sur - re - xit Chri - stus spes me - - - - - a!
ORGAN OR PIANO-FORTE.

No. 4. CHORUS.


Allegro Molto.
SOPRANO I.
f
From death is Je-sus a - ris - en, from death is Je - - - sus a - ris - en. To Ga-li -
Sur - re - xit Christus spes me - a, sur - re - xit Chri - - stus spes me - a. Præ - cedet
SOPRANO II.
f
From death is Je-sus a - ris - en, from death is Je - sus a - ris - en. To Ga-li -
Sur - re - xit Christus spes me - a, sur - re - xit Chri - stus spes me - a Præ - cedet
ALTO I.
f
From death is Je-sus a - ris - en, from death is Je - sus a - - ris - en.
Sur - re - xit Christus spes me - a, sur - re - xit Chri - stus spes..... me - a.
ALTO II.
f
From death is Je-sus a - ris - en, From death is Je - sus a - ris - en.
Sur - re - xit Christus spes me - a, sur - re - xit Chri - stus spes me - a.
f PIANO-FORTE.
Ped.

lee he goes be-fore ye, to Ga - li - lee he goes be - fore..... ye, to Ga - li -
vos in Ga - li - lae - am, praece - det vos in Ga - li lae - am, prae-ce - det
lee he goes be-fore ye, to Ga - li - lee he goes be - fore..... ye,
vos in Ga - li - lae - am, praece - det vos in Ga - li lae - - am,
To Ga - li-lee he goes be-fore ye, to Ga - li - lee he goes be-fore ye, to Ga - li -
Prae-ce - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am, praece - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am, in Ga - li -
To Ga - li-lee he goes be-fore ye, to Ga - li - lee he goes be-fore ye, to
Prae-ce - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am, praece - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am, prae -
lee, to Ga - li - lee, ... to Ga - li - lee. From death is Je - sus a ris - en, from death is
vos, praece - det vos, ... prae-ce - det vos. Sur-re - xit Chri - stus spes me - a, sur - re - xit
to Ga - li - lee, to Ga - li - lee he goes be-fore ye. From death is Je - sus a - ris - en, from death is
praece - det vos, prae-ce - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am. Sur-re - xit Chri - stus spes me - a, sur - re - xit
lee, ... to Ga - li - lee he goes be-fore ye. From death is Je - sus a - ris - en, from death is
lae - - - am, praece - det vos in Ga - li - lae - am. Sur-re - xit Chri-stus spes me - a, sur - re - xit
Ga - li - lee he goes be - fore . . . . . ye. From death is Je-sus a - ris - en, from death is
ce - det vos in Ga - li - lae - - - - - am. Sur re - xit Chri-stus spes me - a, sur - re - xit

Je - sus Christ..... a ris - en. Hal - le - lu -
Chri-stus spes,..... spes me - a. Al - le - lu -
Je - sus Christ..... a - ris - en. Hal - le - lu -
Chri-stus spes,..... spes me - a. Al - le - lu -
Je - - - - sus, a - ris - en, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,.....
Chri - - - - stus, spes me - a, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja,.....
Je-sus, Christ..... a - ris - en, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,.....
Christus, spes,..... spes me - a, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, ...
jah, Halle - lu - jah..... Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-lelu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah ....
ja, Al-le - lu - ja..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al-le-lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja..... ... ...
jah, Halle - lu - jah..... Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-lelu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah.....
ja, Al-le - lu - ja..... Al - le - lu - ja, Al-le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja.....
Hal - le - lu - jah,.. ..... Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,.....
Al - le - lu - ja,..... Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja.....
Hal - le - lu - jah. .. .. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,.....
Al - le - lu - ja,..... Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja..... .....

Halle-lu-jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -
Al-le-lu-ja, Alle - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le -
Halle-lu-jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,
Al-le-lu-ja, Alle - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al-le - lu - ja,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,
Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -
Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le -
lu - jah, Hal - le-lu - jah, Halle-lu - jah,
lu - jah, Al - le-lu - ja, Alle-lu - ja,
Halle-lu - ja, Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu -
Al-le-lu - ja, Al - le-lu-ja, Al - le - lu -
Halle - lu - jah, Hal - le-lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -
Alle - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu -
lu - jah, Hallelu-jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - ja, Al-le-lu - ja, Al-le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja,
jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-
ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-
jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-
ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal - le - lu-
Al-le-lu-ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al - le - lu-
jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-
ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-
jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-
ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al - le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-
Al-le-lu-ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-

jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, ... Hal-le-lu - jah, ...
ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, ... Al-le - lu - ja, ...
jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, Halle-lu - jah, ... Halle-lu - jah, . . Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle-lu-
ja, Al - le-lu - ja, Al-le - lu - ja, ... Al-le - lu - ja, . . . Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu -
jah, Hal - - le - - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah . . . Hal-le - lu - jah,
ja, Al - - le - - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, . . . Al - le - lu - ja,
jah, Hal - - le - - lu - - jah, Hallelu - jah, . . Hal - le - lu - jah,
ja Al - - le - - lu - - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, . . Al - le - lu - ja,
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu - jah, . . . Hal - le - - lu - jah!
Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, . . . Al - le - - lu - jah!
jah, . . Hal-le - lu - jah, . . Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
ja . . Al - le - lu - ja, . . . Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - - lu - ja!
Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - - lu - ja!
Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - lu - ja, Al - le - - lu - ja!

THREE
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"Dwight's Journal of Music"

makes no pretence of furnishing a large quantity of music. The four pages of notes that always accompany it are of value, as they are taken serially from important works. But the chief worth of the papers is in its reading columns. Lovers of thoroughness, lovers of really high-class and worthy music, music-students anxious to form a taste in accord with that of the best musicians; the best musicians, either vocalists or instrumentalists; conscientious composers; and, in short, all the best class of the musical community will feel quite at home in the columns of Dwight. In the same columns, musical quackery, musical charlatanism, and all kinds of flat and flippery composers and compositions are promptly condemned.

This sternness and this high standard it is true, limit the number of the readers of the Journal, but the circle of true and select musicians will continue to prize it.

A statement of the musical Bill of Fare contained in one number of "Dwight's" will, perhaps, best indicate its value to students and amateurs.

Dwight's Journal No. 967 commences with a Biographical sketch of Berlioz, a composer and conductor often heard of, and yet little known.

A great worker, a prominent writer, and in the estimation of some, one of the great masters in music, this sketch of his life, and this list of his published works is well worth studying. This occupies 4 columns, after which we have a column and a half occupied with an account of the "Bach Choir" in London, which choir occupies itself principally with the works of the hearty old master.

After this we have various extracts from papers in Italy and elsewhere, noticing Verdi's new Requiem, which is one of the recent sensations. In another part of our journal we have a sensible editorial on this and other Requiems.

A letter from Berlin notices the death of Hermann Kuester, Musical Director and Court Cathedral Organist at Berlin, and a sketch of the 60 years of this worthy and successful player and writer.

After al. this John Himmelsbach gives the latest musical news from Leipsic, so that we may enjoy its concerts, without the discomforts of a sea voyage. Then follows an extensive list of the musical material used in the instructive course at *Wellesley College*, which has acquired a Five Years Course in Music.

In addition to all this, (which would seem to be sufficient for one number) we are now introduced to the more recent concerts in Boston and vicinity, as follows:

1. *Concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.* Thomas' Orchestra was the "treat," and its performances are very fairly and fully described.
2. *Miss Winslow's Second Pianoforte Recital.* Miss Winslow, a near relative of the heroic commander of the Kearsarge, is gaining laurels as a conqueror of musical difficulties. This notice of the "charming young pianist" is a good one and well deserved. Miss Lilian Bailey is also rewarded with praise.
3. *Miss Fanny Kellegg's Concert.* Mr. B. J. Lang and others assisted. A good and appreciative description.
4. *Miss Emma C. Thursby's Concert.* Miss Thursby is a decided concert favorite, and this "Complimentary concert" is properly complimented.
5. *Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Concerts.* Programmes and descriptions are given. The performances of this distinguished pianist receive here the high praise they merit. Mrs. Sherwood, also an accomplished player, took part in the performances.
6. *Miss Lilian Bailey's Concert.* Introduces a new (but quite a favorite) young Soprano singer, assisted by Messrs Winch, Whitney, Hayden and Lang.
7. *Concerts in Chicago and Philadelphia.*

Spring's Message.

Emanuel von (FRÜHLINGS-BOTSCHAFT.) Wilhelm

* Words translated from the German of Geibel, for the Glasgow St. Cecilia Choral Society, by Mrs. Charteris Cairns.

NIELS W. GADE, Op. 85.

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Cl. Ob.
p
cres.
Cl.
f
p
Ped.
sf
p
f
Ped.
Treble.
dolce. p
Oh!
Will -
Alto.
dolce. p
Oh!
Will -
Tenor (8va. lower).
Bass.
sf
Cl.
Fl.
sf
p
Viol.
p. dolce.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

wel - - come voice . . . of bal - - my spring,
kom - - men, hel - - - - ler Früh - lings - klang!
wel - - come voice . . . of bal - - my spring,
kom - - men, hel - - - - ler Früh - lings - klang!
dolce.
Oh! bal - my
O Früh - lings -
dolce.
Oh! bal - my
O Früh - lings -
sf Ped.
mf
Oh! wel - come, Oh! wel - come voice of
Will - - kom - men, . . will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
Oh! wel - - come, Oh! wel - come voice of
Will - - kom - - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
spring, Oh! wel - - come, Oh! wel - come voice of
klang! Will - - kom - - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
spring, Oh! wel - - come, Oh! wel - come voice of
klang! Will - - kom - - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
dolce.
ten.
ten.
Ped.

bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, Oh! wel - come, Oh!
Früh-lingsklang, will - kom - men, will - - kom - men, will -
bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, Oh! wel - come, Oh!
Früh-lingsklang, will - kom - men, will - - kom - - men, will -
bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, Oh! wel - come, Oh!
Früh-lingsklang, will - kom - men, will - - kom - - men, will -
bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, Oh! wel - - come, Oh!
Früh-lingsklang, will - kom - men, will - - kom - - men, will -
dim.
mf
Ped.
*
wel - come, On win-ter's drea - ry si - lence steal-ing, Oh!
- - kom - men, nach lan - gem ban - gem Win - ter - schweigen, will -
wel - come, On win-ter's drea - ry si - lence steal-ing, Oh!
- - kom - men, nach lan - gem ban - gem Win - ter - schweigen, will -
wel - come, On win - ter's drea - ry si - lence steal-ing, Oh!
- - kom - men, nach lan - gem ban - gem Win-ter - - schweigen, will -
wel - come, On drea - ry si - lence steal-ing, Oh!
- - kom - men, nach ban - gem Win-ter - - schweigen, will -
f
Ped.
*

wel - come bal - my spring! New life . . thro' whisp'ring woods re -
kom - men, Frühlingsklang! Nun rührt der Saft sich in den
wel - come bal - my spring! New life . . thro' whisp'ring woods re -
kom - men, Frühlingsklang! Nun rührt der Saft sich in den
wel - come bal - my spring! New life . . thro' whisp'ring woods re -
kom - men, Frühlingsklang! Nun rührt der Saft sich in den
wel - come bal - my spring! New life . . thro' whisp'ring woods re -
kom - men, Frühlingsklang! Nun rührt der Saft sich in den
mf
Ped. *
- veal - - ing, While in the soul . . . thine e-choes ring, . .
Zwei - - gen und in der See - - le der Ge - sang, . .
p dolce.
- veal - - ing, While in the soul . . . thine echoes ring, Hope
Zwei - - gen und in der See - - le der Ge-sang, Es
p dolce.
- veal - - ing, While in the soul . . . thine echoes ring, Hope
Zwei - - gen und in der See - - le der Ge - sang, Es
- veal - - ing, While in the soul . . . thine echoes ring,
Zwei - - gen und in der See - - le der Ge - sang,
Oor.
p dolce.
Viola.

wan - - ders through new blos - - soms
wan - - delt un - - ter Blü - - ten -
wan - - ders, wan - - - ders through new blos - soms
wan - - delt un - - - ter Blü - - - ten -
p doloc.
Hope wan - ders through new blos - - - soms
Es wan - delt un - ter Blü - - - ten.
doloc. p
Hope . . . wan - - - ders
Es . . . . wan - - - delt
p
stray - ing, wan - - ders
- bäu - men, wan - - - delt
p p
stray - ing, Hope wan - ders . . through new
- bäu - men, Es wan - delt . . un - ter
stray - ing,
- bäu - men,
p

through new blos-soms stray-ing, O'er fields . . . . with spring-ing
un - ter Blü - ten - bäu - men die Hoff - - - - nung ü - ber's
through new blos - - soms stray - - ing, O'er fields with springing
un - - ter Blü - - ten - bäu - - men die Hoff - nung über's
blos - - soms stray-ing, O'er fields . . . with spring-ing
Blü - - ten - bäu - men die Hoff - - - nung ü - ber's
O'er fields . . . with spring-ing
die Hoff - - - nung ü - ber's
ores.
mf
f
ver - - dure bright: Her ro - sy smile o'er
grü - - ne Feld; ein wun - der-sa - mes
ver - - dure bright; Her ro - sy smile o'er
grü - - ne Feld; ein wun - der-sa - mes
ver - - dure bright; Her ro - sy smile o'er
grü - - ne Feld; ein wun - der - sa - mes
ver - - dure bright; Her ro - sy smile o'er
grü - - ne Feld; ein wun - der - sa - mes
pp
dim.
p
dim.
pp

na - - ture play - ing, Bathes now the dream - ing
Zu - - kunfts - träu - men fliesst wie ein Se - gen
na - - ture play - ing, Bathes now the dream - ing
Zu - - kunfts - träu - men fliesst wie ein Se - - gen
na - - ture play - ing, . . . Bathes now the dream - ing . .
Zu - kunfts - träu - men . . . fliesst wie ein Se - - gen . .
na - - ture play - ing, Bathes now the dream - ing
Zu - - kunfts - träu - men fliesst wie ein Se - - gen
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
world in . . . light. Oh, wel - - come voice . . of
durch die . . Welt. Will - kom - - men, hel - - ler
world in light. Oh, wel - - come voice . . of
durch die Welt. Will - kom - - men, hel - - ler
world in . . . light.
durch die . . Welt.
world in light.
durch die Welt.
cres.

mf
bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel-come voice of
Früh- lings - klang! will - kom - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
bal - my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come voice of
Früh- lings - klang! will - kom - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come voice of
Will - kom - men, will - kom - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, oh! wel-come voice of
Will - kom - men, will - kom - men, will - kom - men, hel - ler
mf
sf

bal- my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, On
Frühlingsklang, Will- kom - men, will - kom - men, nach
bal- my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, On
Frühlingsklang, Will - kom - men, will - kom - men, nach
bal- my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, On
Frühlingsklang, Will - kom - men, will - kom - men, nach
bal- my spring, Oh! wel - come, oh! wel - come, On
Frühlingsklang, Will - kom - men, will - kom - men, nach
dim.
mf

win - - ter's drea - - ry si - lence steal - ing, Oh!
lan - - gem, ban - - gem Win - ter schwei - gen, will -
cres.
win - ter's drea - - ry si - lence steal - ing, Oh!
lan - gem, ban - - gem Win - ter schwei - gen, will -
cres.
win - ter's drea - ry si - - lence steal - - ing, Oh!
lan - gem, nach han - - gem Schwei - - gen, will -
win - ter's drea - - ry si - lence steal - ing, Oh!
lan - gem, ban - - - - - gem Schwei - gen, will -
cres.
f
wel - come, bal - my spring!
- - kom - - men, Früh - lings - klang!
wel - come, bal - my spring!
- - kom - - men, Früh - lings - klang!
wel - come, bal - my spring!
- - kom - - men, Früh - lings - klang!
wel - come, bal - my spring!
- - kom - - men, Früh - lings - klang!
Ped. * Ped. *

Gade's "Spring's Message."

Then cast a - way the chain of sor-row, Oh crea - ture that con -
So wirf denn ab was mit Be - schwerden, o See - le dich ge -
Then cast a - way the chain of sor-row, Oh crea - ture that con -
So wirf denn ab was mit Be - schwerden, o See - le dich ge -
Then cast a way the chain of sor-row, Oh crea - ture that con -
So wirf denn ab was mit Be - schwerden, o See - le dich ge -
Ped.
- - fines thee here, Oh crea - - ture, . . . then
- - fes-selt hielt ; o See - - le . . . . wirf
- - fines thee here, Then cast . . . a-way . . . the
- - fes-selt hielt ; o See - - le wirf . . . denn
- - fines thee here, then cast a - way, . . that . . confines, that con -
- - fes-selt hielt , o See - - le wirf ab . . was mit Be - -
- - fines thee here, Oh cast . . a -
- - fes-selt hielt ; o See - - -

sor - row cast a - way, . . . oh crea- ture, cast a -
ab . . was dich hielt, . . . o See - le wirf denn
chain of sor - row, then cast . . a - way, . . oh crea-ture, cast a -
ab . . was dich ge - fes - - selt hielt, . . o See - le wirf denn
- - fines, . . . that con - fines . . . thee here, cast a -
- - schwer - - den ge - fes - - - - selt dich hielt, wirf denn
- - way, oh cast . . a- way, creature,
- le, o See - - - - le wirf denn
- - way, a -way, then cast a - way, From joy - ous
ab . . was dich ge - fes - selt hielt; du sollst noch
- - way, a -way, then cast a - way, From joy - ous
ab . . was dich ge - fes - selt hielt; du sollst noch
- - way, a -way, then cast a - way, From joy - ous
ab . . was dich ge - fes - selt hielt; du sollst noch
cast a -way, then cast a - way,
ab . . was dich ge - fes - selt hielt;
Ped. *

birds thou yet shalt bor - row, . . thou shalt bor - row Swift wings to
wer - - den wie der Vo - gel, . . wie der Vo - gel, der mit . . . der
birds thou yet shalt bor - - row, thou shalt bor - row Swift wings to
wer - - den wie der Vo - - gel, wie der Vo - gel, der mit der
birds thou yet shalt bor - - row, thou shalt bor - row Swift wings to
wer - - den wie der Vo - - gel, wie der Vo - gel, der mit . . . der
From joy - ous birds thou yet shalt bor - row Swift wings to
du sollst noch wie . . der Vo - gel wer - den, der mit der
mf
mf
soar thro' e - - ther clear. Trust Him, who
Schwing' im Blau - - en spielt. Der aus den
sf
soar thro' e - - ther clear. Trust Him, who
Schwing' im Blau - - en spielt. Der aus den
sf
soar thro' e - - ther clear. Trust Him, who
Schwing' im Blau - - en spielt. Der aus den
sf
soar thro' e - - ther clear. Trust Him, who
Schwing' im Blau - en spielt. Der aus den
sf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Gade's "Spring's Message."

dim.
Ped.
Ped.

mf
Are gloom - - y sha - dows still sur -
Und sind . . nooh dun - kel dei - ne
mf
Are gloom - - y sha - dows still sur -
Und sind . . nooh dun - kel dei - ne
p
Ped.

- round - ing?
Pfa - de,
Do wild con - flict - ing
und drückt dich schwer . . die
- round - ing?
Pfa - de,
Do wild con - flict - ing
und drückt dich schwer . . die
p
Ped.
*

Gade's "Spring's Message."

dolce.
Re - -
O
dolce.
- flict - ing pow'rs . . as - sail, Re - -
schwer die eig' - - ne Schuld : O
- flict - ing pow'rs . . as - sail,
schwer die eig' - - ne Schuld :
cres.
p
- - mem - - ber, grace . . is all . . a - bound - ing,
glau - - be, grö - - sser ist . . . die Gna - de
dolce.
Re - - mem - - - - ber, . .
O glau - - - - be, . .
p
- - mem - - ber, grace . . is all . . a - bound - ing,
glau - - be, grö - - sser ist . . . die Gna - de,
dolce.
Re - - mem - - - - ber, . .
O glau - - - - be, . .
dolce.
Tromboni.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

gift . . of faith re - ceive, New life, new
vol - len Se - gen ein, ge - trost, ge -
gift of faith re - ceive, New life, new
vol - len Se - gen ein, ge - trost, ge -
gift . . of faith re - ceive, New life, new
vol - len Se - gen ein, ge - trost, ge -
gift of faith re - ceive, New life, new
vol - len Se - gen ein, ge - trost, ge -
dim. p
Ped. *
life, the spir - - it's con - so - la - tion, A -
- - trost, und du . . wirst neu - ge - bo - ren aus
life, the spir - - it's con - so - la - tion, A -
- - trost, und du . . wirst neu - ge - bo - ren aus
life, the spir - - it's con - so - la - tion, A -
- - trost, und du . . wirst neu - ge - bo - ren aus
life, the spir - - it's con - so - la - tion, A -
- - trost, und du . . wirst neu - ge - bo - ren aus
f
Ped. *

f
- wait thee if thine heart . . . be -
Geist und Feu - - er - - flam - - - men
- wait thee if thine heart . . . be -
Geist und Feu - - er - - flam - - - men
- wait . . . thee if thine heart . . . be -
Geist . . . und Feu - - er - - flam - - men
- wait . . . thee if thine heart be - - -
Geist . . . und Feu - - er - - flam - - men
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

- lieve. Oh! let thy heart, in a - - do - ra - - tion, The
sein. Lass nur zu dei - nes Her - zens Tho - - ren der
- lieve. Oh! let thy heart, in a - - do - ra - - tion, The
sein. Lass nur zu dei - nes Her - zens Tho - - ren der
- lieve. Oh! let thy heart, in a - - do - ra - - tion, The
sein. Lass nur zu dei - nes Her - zens Tho - - ren der
- lieve. Oh! let thy heart, in a - - do - ra - - tion, The
sein. Lass nur zu dei - nes Her - zens Tho - - ren der
p
Ped. *

cres.
f
gift of faith re - ceive, the spi-rit's con - - so - la - tion A -
Pfing-sten Se - gen ein, und du wirst neu - - ge - bo - - ren aus
gift of faith re - ceive, A -
Pfing-sten Se - gen ein, aus
- wait . . . thee if thine heart . . . . . .
Geist . . . und Feu - er - flam - - - - - - -
- wait thee if . . . thine heart . . . . .
Geist und Feu - - - - er - flam - - - - -
sf
Ped.

be - lieve. Oh! let thy heart, . . in
men sein lass nur zu dei - nes
dim.
Ped. *
a - do - - ra - tion, The bless - ed gift . . of faith . . re -
Her - zens Thor - en der Pfing - sten vol - - len Se - - gen
Ped. * Ped. *

New Pieces for the Piano.

Published in the Autumn and Winter of the Years 1877-78.

CANTATAS. It is now quite a common thing for Choirs, Schools and Societies to give Cantatas, (with or without costumes and scenery), in public exhibitions. Ditson & Co. publish about 40 Cantatas, Sacred or Secular, for Adult or Juvenile singers. Examine them, or send for descriptive circulars.

THE AMERICAN GLEE BOOK. ($1.50 or $13.50 per dozen). By W. O. PERKINS, is a new Glee book that is true to its name, has an unusually good and wide-awake collection of Glees, and also Part-songs, etc. 224 pages and more than 100 pieces.

Quadrilles.

Mazurka Quadrille. Violin and Piano. 3..*S. Winner.* 50
This is one of nine quadrilles, with a common title, giving quite a variety. Mr. Winner understands the instruments for which he arranges, and brings in no unnecessary difficulties.

Cellier's Tower of London Quadrille. 3.....*Strauss.* 40
This brilliant and graceful quadrille has 5 numbers, and 6 music pages, enough for quite a variety.

Waltzes.

"Waltz" is a technical word, being the name of nearly all the instrumental music in triple time. But very few waltzes, comparatively, are used in connection with dancing. They are made to delight the ear.

Village Belle Waltz. C. 3.....By *W. F. Sudds.* 30
A bright waltz, with a most agreable sparkle to it.

Nancy Lee Waltz and Quickstep. Eb. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 40
Includes a favorite melody, finely arranged for the piano.

Dream of Pleasures Waltzes. 3.....By *R. H. Clouston.* 60
Very musical waltzes, which are not divided into numbers, but have all the variety of "sets" and cover eight pages.

International Rifle Match Waltzes. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 75
Four bright waltzes, with an Introduction and a Coda. Musical riflemen will agree that Mr. Pratt has hit the mark, this time.

No. 1. Silver Cross Waltz. C. 3.....*J. S. Knight.* 30
" 9. Don't forget me. Waltz. C. 3. " 30
These are two of the numbers of J. S. Knight's "Album," which has 12 pieces of dance music. Mr. K. had quite a "Strauss-like" facility in the composition of music for the dance, for which he was also a very brilliant player. The other numbers are Polkas, Schottisches, Marches and Galops.

Two Waltzes for 4 Hands.....By *Carl Bohm*, each, 40
No. 1. Grace. (La Gracieuse.) D. 3.
" 2. Golden Locks. (Blonde Locken.) G. 3.
These are bright and rather easy waltzes, rendered still more bright and spirited by the 4-hand arrangement.

Telephone Waltz. F. 2.....*J. W. Turner.* 30
The wonderful new invention should be often used to transmit this, its "namesake" waltz, which will not fail to please.

Valse Aérienne. Ab. 3.....*Spindler.* 35
A nice kind of Etude of Expression, which, by the way, furnishes capital exercise in scales and runs.

The Man in the Moon Waltz. D. 3.....*Fernald.* 30
A very pleasing melody, arranged as the air of a very pleasing waltz.

Galops, Marches, Schottisches, &c.

Wedding Tour Galop. By *Louis Wallis.* F. 3..... 35
Quite pleasing enough to merit its pretty name. Contains a couple of glissades, and quantities of accents, staccato marks and marks of expression.

Spring Greeting. Galop de Bravoura. Db. 6.
By *T. B. Grass.* 40
About four degrees more difficult than ordinary Galops, and constitutes a boisterous greeting to Spring, with quantities of octaves, chromatics and arpeggios,—a sort of March wind galop.

Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3.....*J. S. Knight.* 30
The charming wild rose has here an elegant tribute of bright tones.

Minuet by *Boccherini.* A. 3.....Arr. by *J. Löw.* 35
Quaint and pretty. Played by Thomas's Orchestra. For 4 hands, and also for 2 hands.

First Attempt Polka. Bb. 2.....*Riley.* 30
Evidently not the first attempt of the composer, but is just the pretty thing that will tempt the player to practice his first polka faithfully.

Hidden Smiles. Mazurka Caprice. F. 6.
By *Fred. Kenyon Jones.* 65
A piece for players of talent; with a great deal of what is light and tasteful, "hidden" in it, that will need a delicate touch and some care to find.

5th Avenue Bell Chimes March. A. 3. By *J. A. Helfrich.* 35
More properly a Quickstep, and the bell tones fit well to the rest of the cheerful music.

School Girl's March. D. 3. By *Maurizio G. Giannetti.* 30
Now this is just the thing for misses who are learning to play;—a nice march, and made expressly for them.

Telephone March. G. 3.....*J. W. Turner.* 30
A fine march or quickstep, with a title for the times.

Secret Love. Gavotte.....*Johann Resch.* 35
A strange name, which many do not understand; but good, bright music with a pleasing tinge of quaintness about it.

Grand Turkish March. Bb. 3.....*Henry Pierre Keens.* 40
As performed by Gilmore's Band at the Summer Nights' Concerts. A very spirited March, which should make its way to popularity without the endorsement of the 'concerts,' which, however, have given it a good "launch."

Four Compositions by *Francis Mueller*.....Each, 30
No. 1. Farewell Schottische. F. 3.
Easy and pleasant practice, the only difficulty being to master a few short runs in octaves.

Old Nick's Galop. F. 3.....*J. S. Knight.* 30
Rather a wicked name for a very innocent and pretty galop.

Instructive Pieces.

These pieces are by no means *only* for instructive purposes, as they may contain the best kind of music. But they fit into a course of study so nicely as to deserve a separate mention.

Six Easy Sonatas.....By *G. Gurlett.* Each, 35
An easy Sonata is a Sonatina. No. 1, which is in the key of C, may pass for a sample of the whole. Two pages of "Allegretto" are followed by a half page of "Andante" and another "Allegretto" by way of ending. Good and pleasant practice.

Musical Nosegay. 12 Melodious pieces in the easiest Major and Minor keys, graded as to difficulty. In 3 Numbers. Each..... 75
These pretty fragments gradually advance from the 1st to the 3d degree of difficulty. They are by F. Lichner, and comprise:
In the 1st Number. "Blue Violets," "Reseda," "Dancing and Spinning," and "Golden Spurs."
In the 2d Number, "Evergreen," "Forget me not," "Snow-bells," and "Lilies."
In the 3d Number, "Pure White," "May Blooms," "The Prize," and "The Cypress Tree."

The Merry Days of Youth. Six Melodious and Instructive Pieces.....By *Josef. Löw.* 30
No. 1. A Morning in the Woods. "Morgens in Walde." C. 3.
May serve as a specimen. It is a fine piece, and pays for the learning.

Rondos.

The Sirens. (Die Sirenen). Ab. 3.....*Spindler.* 35
The direction to play "with intense feeling and longing" indicates the rich, emotional character of this Bluette, in which Spindler shows his usual good taste.

Song of the Summer Winds. Reverie. Eb. 4. *Newton.* 35
The summer breezes and the whispering pines and hemlocks, suggest many restful reveries,—which are here very gracefully expressed.

Gay Posies. (Blümlein Tausendshön). Op. 230. C. 3.
Spindler. 35
Almost a Song without Words, so bright and jubilant, and well fitted to welcome the thousand-fold pretty flowers.

Evening Song. Op. 85, No. 12. Bb. 4 and 3. *Schumann.* 25
There are two arrangements, one easier than the other, on opposite pages.

The Chimes of Home. F. 4.....*Parker.* 40
Has one smooth, graceful, gliding movement, from beginning to end. Might perhaps be marked 3 for difficulty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

EMERSON'S CHORUS BOOK. By L. O. EMERSON. ($1.25 or $12.00 per dozen), has an admirable collection of Sacred Choruses, and an equal number of Glees, forming one of the best collections out for Societies.

CHORUS CHOIR. By Dr. E. TOURJÉE. ($15.00 per dozen), has 75 Anthems and Choruses, all of high character, and 25 Chants and Te Deums, all very appropriate for use in Church Service, as well as for the practice of Musical Societies.

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MAY SONG.

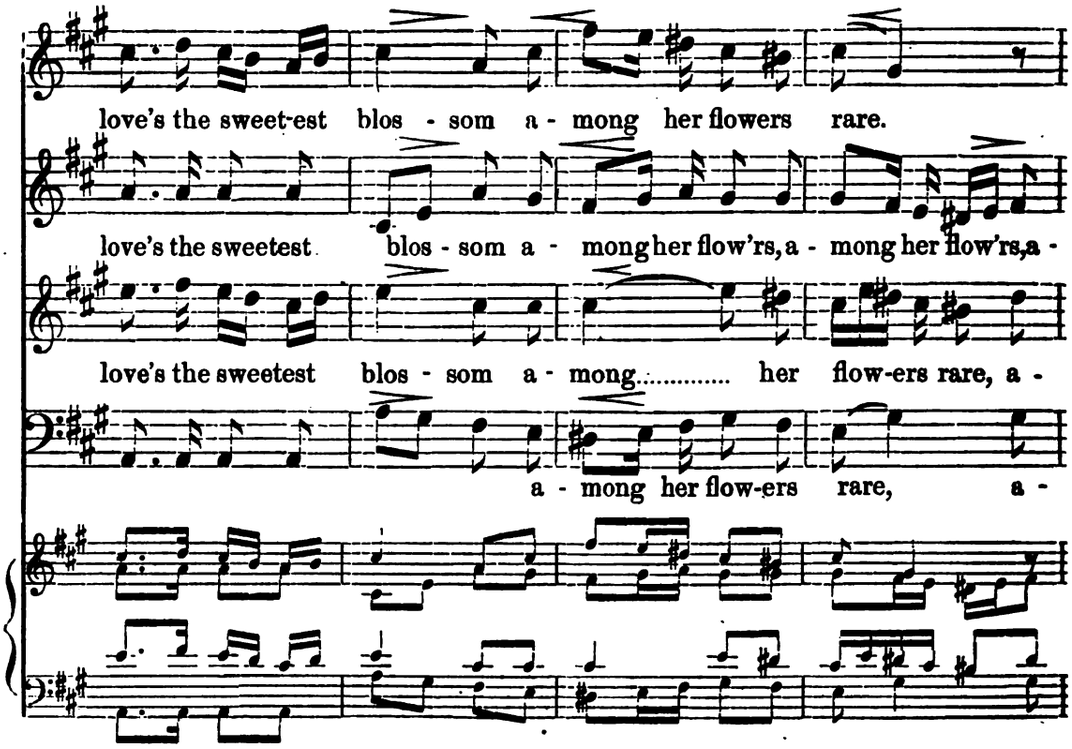
Robert Franz.

Allegretto con grazio.

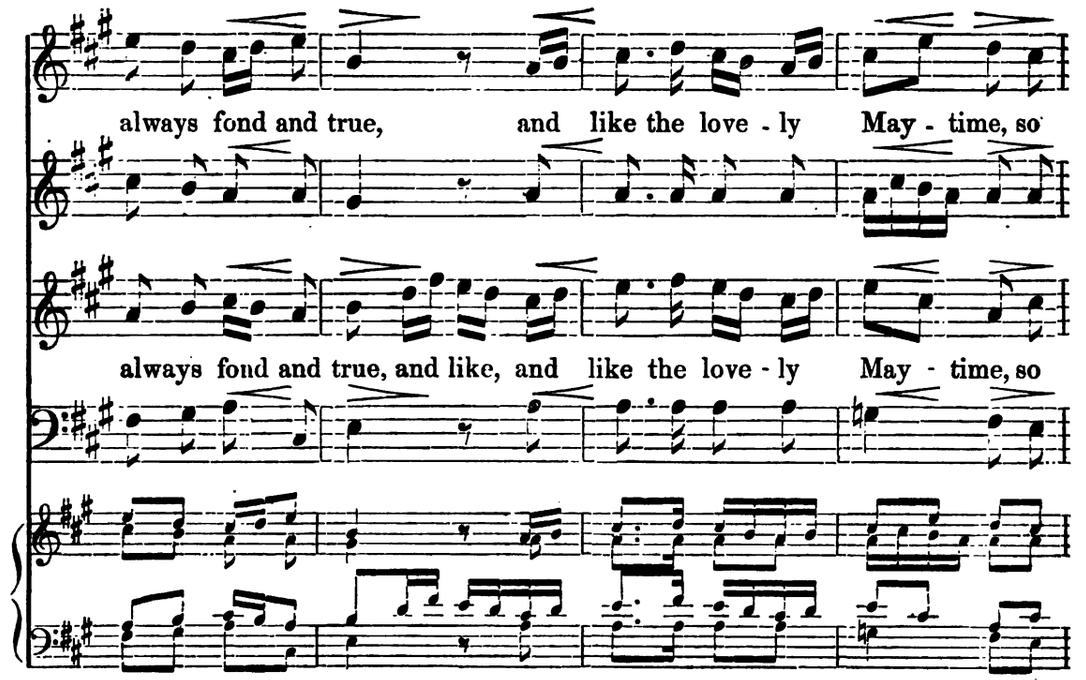
Wel - come sweet May with flow-ers, For young and fair is
Wel - come, sweet May with flowers, For young and fair is
she, Twine wreaths round door and win - dow, and joyous her greeting
she,.....Twine wreaths round door and win - dow, and joyous her greeting

be.....
Prepare for her..... a
Joyous her greeting, joyous her greeting be.
Pre - pare for her a
Joyous her greeting, joyous her greeting be.
Pre - pare for her a
be..... her greet - ing be.
pathway, For her the house ar - ray,
Let eve - ry heart be
pathway,
f
pathway, For her the house ar - ray, Let eve - ry, let eve - ry heart be

mf
gladsome, and drive all care a - way, Ah! fond heart, you should
mf
mf
gladsome, and drive all care a - way. Ah! fond heart, you should
has - - ten, To welcome May so fair, For
has - - ten to welcome May..... so fair,..... For
has - - ten, To welcome May so fair,..... For

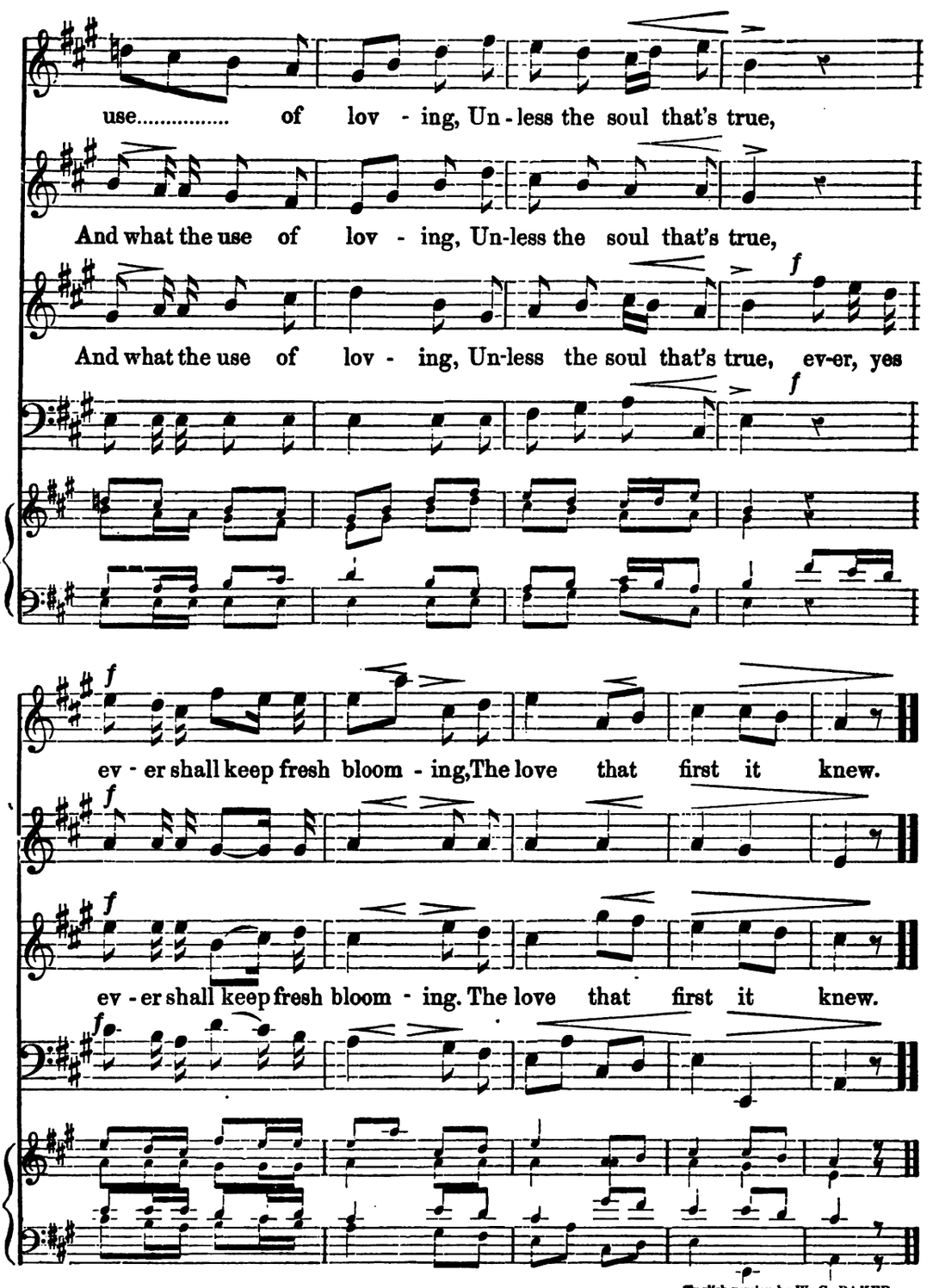

love's the sweet-est blos - som a - mong her flowers rare.
love's the sweetest blos - som a - mong her flow'rs, a - mong her flow'rs, a -
love's the sweetest blos - som a - mong her flow-ers rare, a -
a - mong her flow-ers rare, a -

The love that's al - - ways con - stant, That's
mong her flow-ers rare. The love that's al-ways con - stant, That's
mong her flow-ers rare. The love that's al - ways con - stant, That's


always fond and true, and like the love - ly May - time, so
always fond and true, and like, and like the love - ly May - time, so

mf con anima.
fresh and ev - er new, What use the bright - est ro - ses, Tho'
mf tenor marcato.
fresh and ev - er new, What use the bright - est ro - ses,

They be ne'er so fair, Un - less their balmy breath-ing, Per -
Tho' they be ne'er so fair,
Tho' they be ne'er so fair, Un - less their balmy breath - ing, Per -
fume the summer air? And what the
fume,..... Per - fume the summer air? the summer air?
fume,..... Per - fume the summer air? the summer air?
fume..... ..... the sum - - mer air? sum-mer air?


use..... of lov - ing, Un - less the soul that's true,
And what the use of lov - ing, Un-less the soul that's true,
And what the use of lov - ing, Un-less the soul that's true, ev-er, yes
ev - er shall keep fresh bloom - ing, The love that first it knew.
ev - er shall keep fresh bloom - ing. The love that first it knew.

English version by W. G. BAKER.

New Pieces for the Piano.

Published in the Autumn and Winter of the Years 1877-78.

Quadrilles.

Mazurka Quadrille. Violin and Piano. 3..*S. Winner.* 50
This is one of nine quadrilles, with a common title, giving quite a variety. Mr. Winner understands the instruments for which he arranges, and brings in no unnecessary difficulties.

Cellier's Tower of London Quadrille. 3.....*Strauss.* 40
This brilliant and graceful quadrille has 5 numbers, and 6 music pages, enough for quite a variety.

Waltzes.

"Waltz" is a technical word, being the name of nearly all the instrumental music in triple time. But very few waltzes, comparatively, are used in connection with dancing. They are made to delight the ear.

Village Belle Waltz. C. 3.....By *W. F. Sudds.* 30
A bright waltz, with a most agreable sparkle to it.

Nancy Lee Waltz and Quickstep. Eb. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 40
Includes a favorite melody, finely arranged for the piano.

Dream of Pleasures Waltzes. 3.....By *R. H. Clouston.* 60
Very musical waltzes, which are not divided into numbers, but have all the variety of "sets" and cover eight pages.

International Rifle Match Waltzes. 3. By *C. E. Pratt.* 75
Four bright waltzes, with an Introduction and a Coda. Musical riflemen will agree that Mr. Pratt has hit the mark, this time.

No. 1. Silver Cross Waltz. C. 3 .....*J. S. Knight.* 30
" 9. Don't forget me. Waltz. C. 3. " 30
These are two of the numbers of J. S. Knight's "Album," which has 12 pieces of dance music. Mr. K. had quite a "Strauss-like" facility in the composition of music for the dance, for which he was also a very brilliant player. The other numbers are Polkas, Schottisches, Marches and Galops.

Two Waltzes for 4 Hands.....By *Carl Bohm*, each, 40
No. 1. Grace. (La Gracieuse.) D. 3.
" 2. Golden Locks. (Blonde Locken.) G. 3.
These are bright and rather easy waltzes, rendered still more bright and spirited by the 4-hand arrangement.

Telephone Waltz. F. 2.....*J. W. Turner.* 30
The wonderful new invention should be often used to transmit this, its "namesake" waltz, which will not fail to please.

Valse Aérienne. Ab. 3.....*Spindler.* 35
A nice kind of Etude of Expression, which, by the way, furnishes capital exercise in scales and runs.

The Man in the Moon Waltz. D. 3.....*Fernald.* 30
A very pleasing melody, arranged as the air of a very pleasing waltz.

Galops, Marches, Schottisches, &c.

Wedding Tour Galop. By *Louis Wallis.* F. 3..... 35
Quite pleasing enough to merit its pretty name. Contains a couple of glissades, and quantities of accents, staccato marks and marks of expression.

Spring Greeting. Galop de Bravoura. Db. 6.
By *T. B. Grass.* 40
About four degrees more difficult than ordinary Galops, and constitutes a boisterous greeting to Spring, with quantities of octaves, chromatics and arpeggios,—a sort of March wind galop.

Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3.....*J. S. Knight.* 30
The charming wild rose has here an elegant tribute of bright tones.

Minuet by *Boccherini.* A. 3.....Arr. by *J. Löw.* 35
Quaint and pretty. Played by Thomas's Orchestra. For 4 hands, and also for 2 hands.

First Attempt Polka. Bb. 2.....*Riley.* 30
Evidently not the first attempt of the composer, but is just the pretty thing that will tempt the player to practice his first polka faithfully.

Hidden Smiles. Mazurka Caprice. F. 6.
By *Fred. Kenyon Jones.* 65
A piece for players of talent; with a great deal of what is light and tasteful, "hidden" in it, that will need a delicate touch and some care to find.

5th Avenue Bell Chimes March. A. 3. By *J. A. Helfrich.* 35
More properly a Quickstep, and the bell tones fit well to the rest of the cheerful music.

School Girl's March. D. 3. By *Maurizio G. Giannetti.* 30
Now this is just the thing for misses who are learning to play;—a nice march, and made expressly for them.

Telephone March. G. 3.....*J. W. Turner.* 30
A fine march or quickstep, with a title for the times.

Secret Love. Gavotte.....*Johann Resch.* 35
A strange name, which many do not understand; but good, bright music with a pleasing tinge of quaintness about it.

Grand Turkish March. Bb. 3.....*Henry Pierre Keens.* 40
As performed by Gilmore's Band at the Summer Nights' Concerts. A very spirited March, which should make its way to popularity without the endorsement of the "concerts," which, however, have given it a good "launch."

Four Compositions by *Francis Mueller*.....Each, 30
No. 1. Farewell Schottische. F. 3.
Easy and pleasant practice, the only difficulty being to master a few short runs in octaves.

Old Nick's Galop. F. 3.....*J. S. Knight.* 30
Rather a wicked name for a very innocent and pretty galop.

Instructive Pieces.

These pieces are by no means *only* for instructive purposes, as they may contain the best kind of music. But they fit into a course of study so nicely as to deserve a separate mention.

Six Easy Sonatas.....By *G. Gurlett.* Each, 35
An easy Sonata is a Sonatina. No. 1, which is in the key of C, may pass for a sample of the whole. Two pages of "Allegretto" are followed by a half page of "Andante" and another "Allegretto" by way of ending. Good and pleasant practice.

Musical Nosegay. 12 Melodious pieces in the easiest Major and Minor keys, graded as to difficulty. In 3 Numbers. Each..... 75
These pretty fragments gradually advance from the 1st to the 3d degree of difficulty. They are by F. Lichner, and comprise:
In the 1st Number. "Blue Violets," "Reseda," "Dancing and Spinning," and "Golden Spurs."
In the 2d Number, "Evergreen," "Forget me not," "Snow-bells," and "Lilies."
In the 3d Number, "Pure White," "May Blooms," "The Prize," and "The Cypress Tree."

The Merry Days of Youth. Six Melodious and Instructive Pieces.....By *Josef. Löw.* 30
No. 1. A Morning in the Woods. "Morgens in Walde." C. 3.
May serve as a specimen. It is a fine piece, and pays for the learning.

Rondos.

The Sirens. (Die Sirenen). Ab. 3.....*Spindler.* 65
The direction to play "with intense feeling and longing" indicates the rich, emotional character of this Bluette, in which Spindler shows his usual good taste.

Song of the Summer Winds. Reverie. Eb. 4. *Newton.* 35
The summer breezes and the whispering pines and hemlocks, suggest many restful reveries,—which are here very gracefully expressed.

Gay Posies. (Blümlein Tausendshön). Op. 230. C. 3. *Spindler.* 35
Almost a Song without Words, so bright and jubilant, and well fitted to welcome the thousand-fold pretty flowers.

Evening Song. Op. 85, No. 12. Bb. 4 and 3. *Schumann.* 25
There are two arrangements, one easier than the other, on opposite pages.

The Chimes of Home. F. 4.....*Parker.* 40
Has one smooth, graceful, gliding movement, from beginning to end. Might perhaps be marked 3 for difficulty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

CANTATAS. It is now quite a common thing for Choirs, Schools and Societies to give Cantatas, (with or without costumes and scenery), in public exhibitions. Ditson & Co. publish about 40 Cantatas, Sacred or Secular, for Adult or Juvenile singers. Examine them, or send for descriptive circulars.

THE AMERICAN GLEE BOOK. ($1.50 or $13.50 per dozen). By W. O. PERKINS, is a new Glee book that is true to its name, has an unusually good and wide-awake collection of Glees, and also Part-songs, etc. 224 pages and more than 100 pieces.

EMERSON'S CHORUS BOOK. By L. O. EMERSON. ($1.25 or $12.00 per dozen), has an admirable collection of Sacred Choruses, and an equal number of Glees, forming one of the best collections out for Societies.

CHORUS CHOIR. By Dr. E. TOURJÉE. ($15.00 per dozen), has 75 Anthems and Choruses, all of high character, and 25 Chants and Te Deums, all very appropriate for use in Church Service, as well as for the practice of Musical Societies.

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THE WOOD.

Geo. Vierling.

Allegretto.

f

1. The wood, the greenwood wild, Where the partridge whirrs, and the

f

2. The wood, the greenwood wild, Where the spring gales calm, fan the

f

poco rit. *p* *dolce.* *f a tempo.*

jays cry shrill, Where the zephyrs stir, and the bird songs trill, The

poco. rit. *dolce.* *f*

rust-ling trees, Where the flow'rs waft balm, on the soothing breeze, The

poco. rit. *dolce.* *f*

poco rit. *p dolce.* *a tempo.*

far ring a chime,..... The for - - est is hush'd in trust - ful
pp
ring a chime, The for - - est is hushed..... in trust - ful
mood, As tho' a ca - the-dral around us stood..... The mur -
f
riten.
a tempo.
mood, As tho' a ca - thedral a - round..... us stood, The
A tempo.

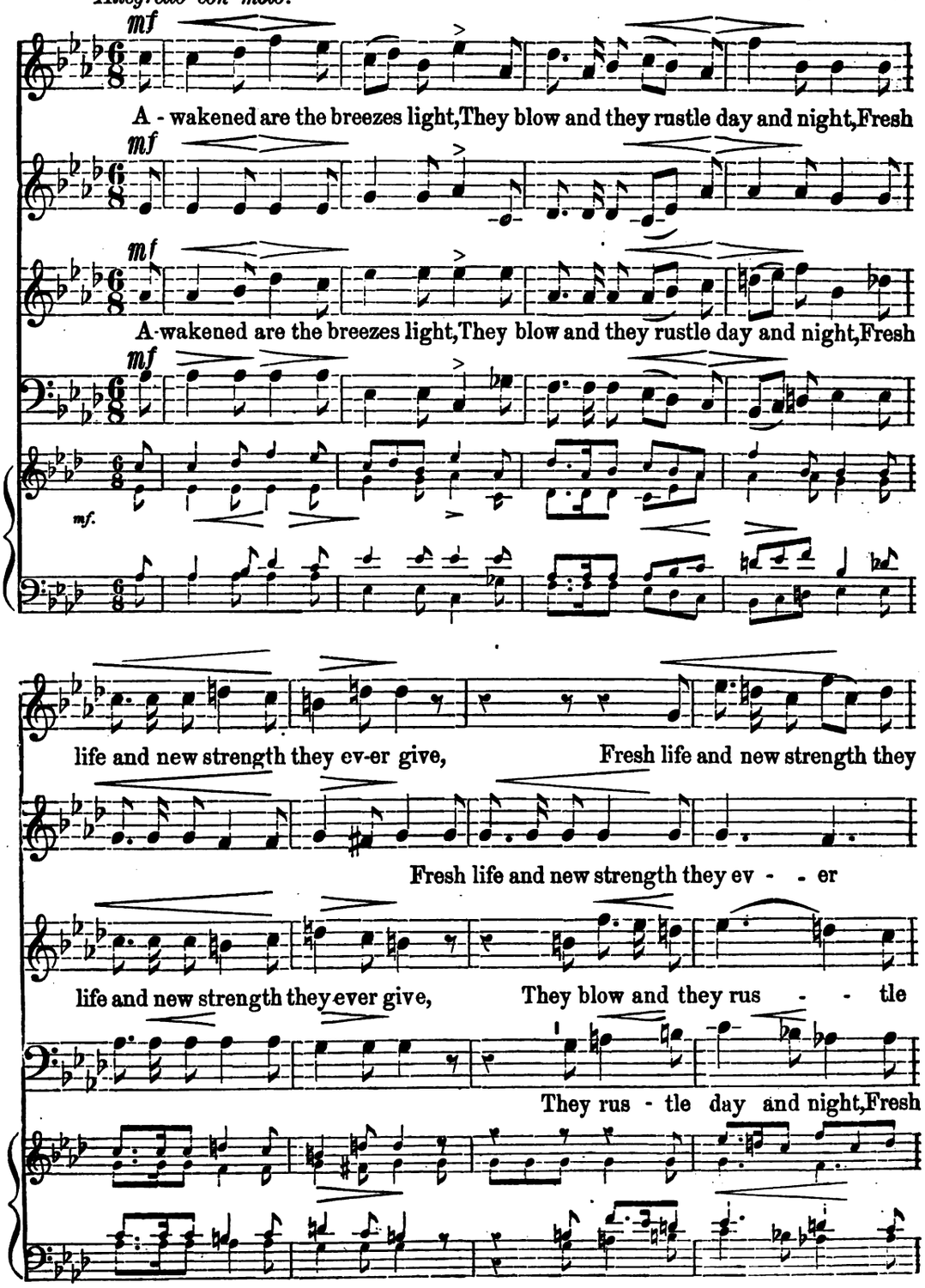
muring brooklet hums earnest in
murmuring brooklet hums earnest in prayer,..... In
prayer,... ..... 'Till floats down a
'Till floats down a zephyr from
thoughtful qui - et all wait - eth there,'Till floats down a

zephyr from Heav'n a - bove, and wafts a blessing, a
Heav - en a - bove, and wafts..... a
zeph - yr from Heaven a - bove, and wafts a
a - bove..... a
bless - - - ing of love. .....
bless - - - ing of love, a blessing of love.....
bless-ing, a bless - ing of love, a bless - ing of love.
bless - - ing of love.

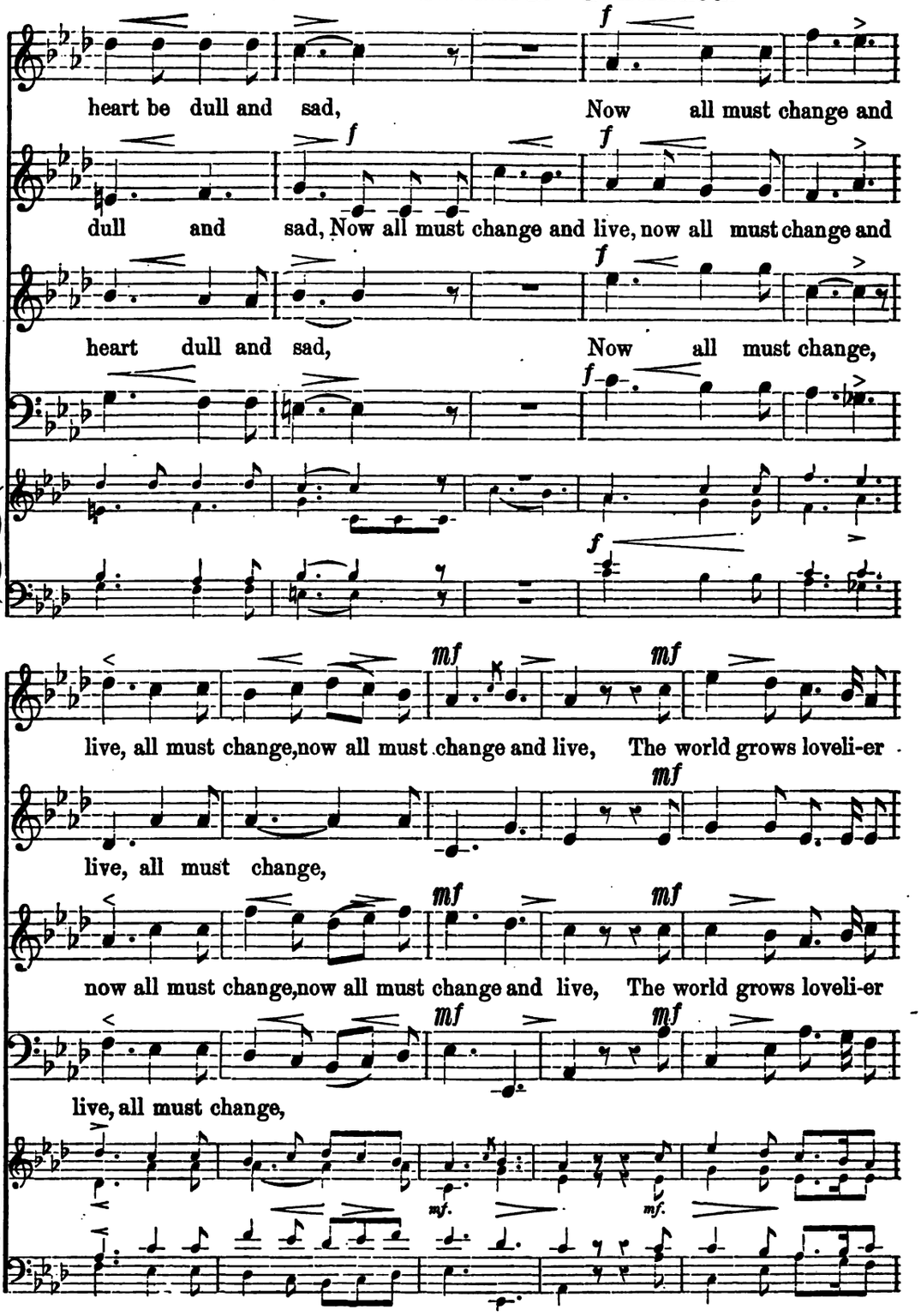
[VIII.]

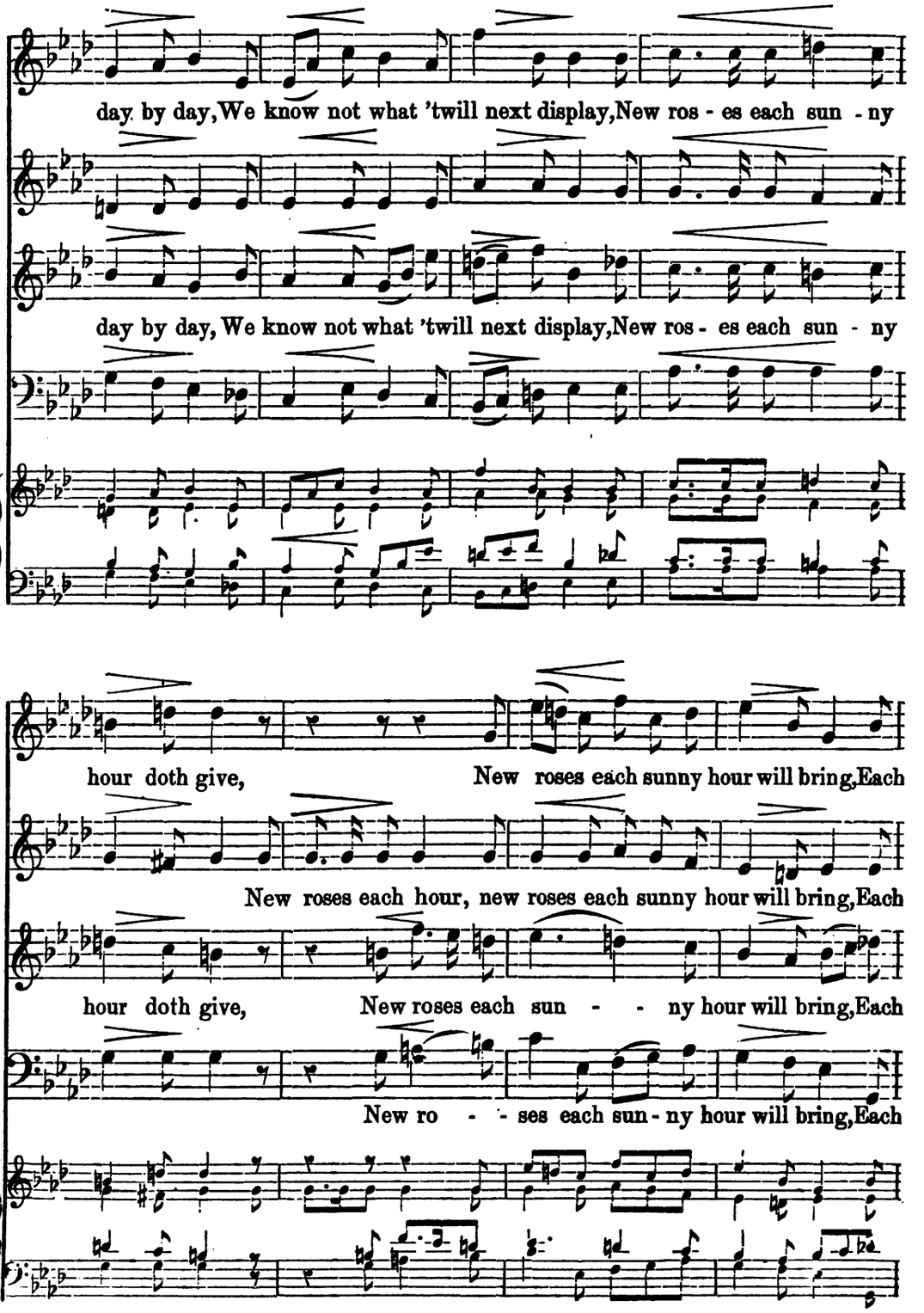
Robert Franz.

Allegretto con moto.


mf
A - wakened are the breezes light, They blow and they rustle day and night, Fresh
mf
mf
A-wakened are the breezes light, They blow and they rustle day and night, Fresh
mf
mf.
life and new strength they ev-er give, Fresh life and new strength they
Fresh life and new strength they ev - - er
life and new strength they ever give, They blow and they rus - - tle
They rus - tle day and night, Fresh

cres.
mf
ev-er give, new strength they ev - er, ev - er give, O
give, new strength they ev - - er, ev - er give,
day and night new strength they ev - er, ev - er give, O per - fume fresh! O
life and new strength they ev - er give,
cresc.
perfume fresh! O voi - ces glad! No more poor
No more poor heart, be
per - fume! O voi - ces glad! O voi - ces glad! No more poor
perfume fresh!


heart be dull and sad, Now all must change and
dull and sad, Now all must change and live, now all must change and
heart dull and sad, Now all must change,
live, all must change, now all must change and live, The world grows loveli-er
live, all must change,
now all must change, now all must change and live, The world grows loveli-er
live, all must change,


day by day, We know not what 'twill next display, New ros - es each sun - ny
day by day, We know not what 'twill next display, New ros - es each sun - ny
hour doth give, New roses each sunny hour will bring, Each
New roses each hour, new roses each sunny hour will bring, Each
hour doth give, New roses each sun - - ny hour will bring, Each
New ro - - ses each sun - ny hour will bring, Each

cres.
mf
sun - ny, sun - ny hour doth give, Now blooms the dale,
sun - - ny
cres.
mf
cres.
sun - ny, sun - - ny hour doth give, Now blooms the gloomiest, deepest dale, Now
mf
Now blooms the dale
mf.
cres.
The deepest dale, Be calm, poor heart, forget thy
cres.
Be calm, poor heart, for - get thy
blooms the gloomiest, deepest dale, Be calm, poor heart, forget thy

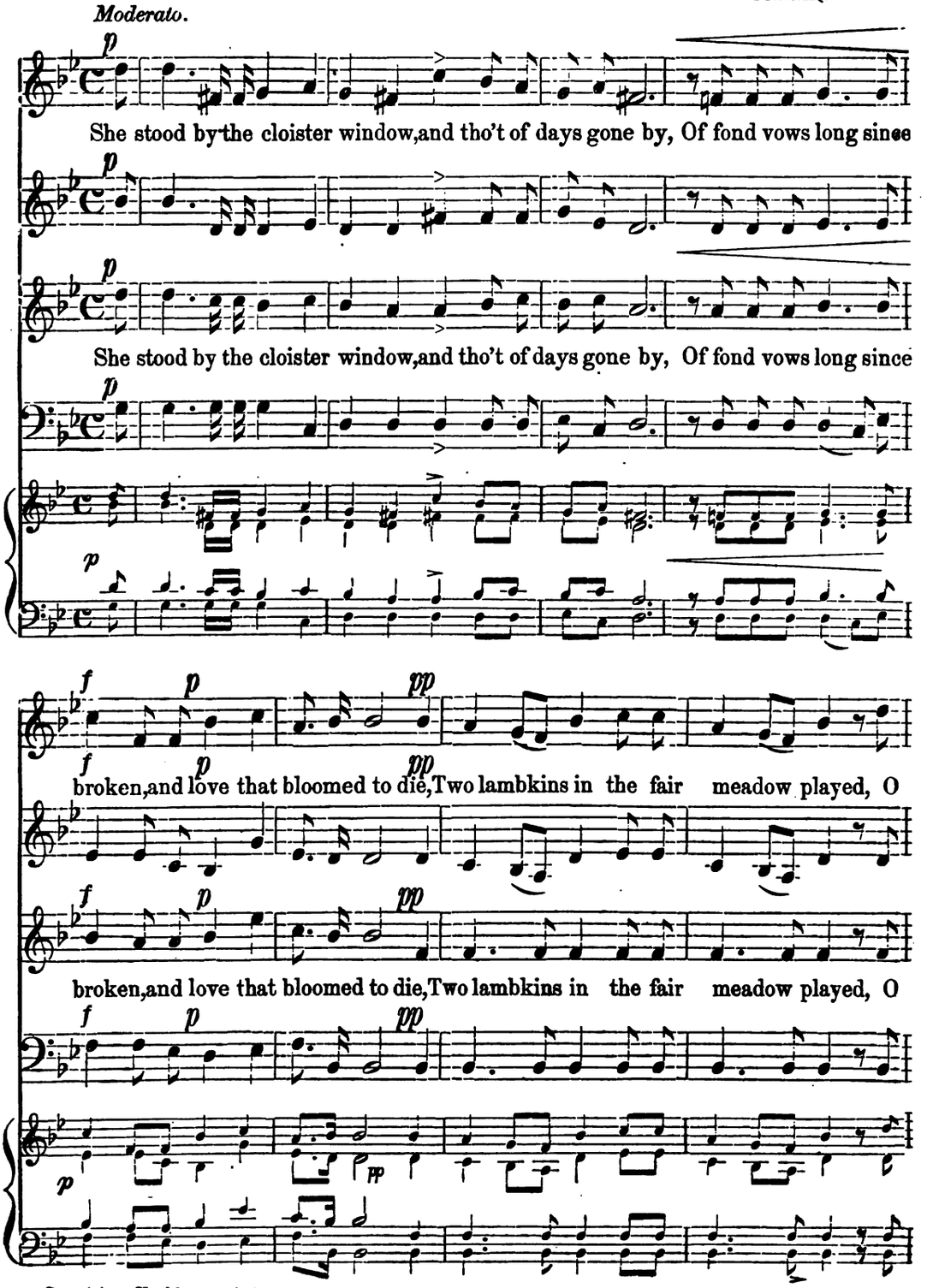
vale, Now all must change and live, Now all must change
vale, Now all must change and live, now all must change and live,
vale, Now all must change, Now all must change, must change
and live, Now all must change and live, all must change and live.
and . . . live.
and live, Now all must change and live, all must change and live.

English version by Rev. W. SKEATS.

THE NUN.

Schumann.

Moderato.


She stood by the cloister window, and tho't of days gone by, Of fond vows long since
She stood by the cloister window, and tho't of days gone by, Of fond vows long since
broken, and love that bloomed to die, Two lambkins in the fair meadow played, O
broken, and love that bloomed to die, Two lambkins in the fair meadow played, O

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Spring so sweet, O youth betrayed, Sweet fragrance and soft mu - sic, Came wafted
Spring so sweet, O youth betrayed, Sweet fragrance and soft mu - sic, Came wafted
o'er the lea, And near the i - ron grating, Sighed low the Linden tree, Two
o'er the lea, And near the i - ron grating, Sighed low the Linden tree, Two

birdlings sat in the tree-top high,and the bright rosy clouds on the breeze sailed by.
birdlings sat in the tree-top high,and the bright rosy clouds on the breeze sailed by.
The for - est yonder murmurs, And gently calling seems, And full of sor - row
The for - est yonder murmurs, And gently calling seems,And full of sor - row

p
pp
list' - ning, The nun thus strangely dreams, The wind a - - lone in
list' - ning, The nun thus strangely dreams, The wind a - - lone in
pi - - ty stays, And on her fair breast a rose - bud lays.
pi - - ty stays, And on her fair breast a rose - bud lays.

English version by W. G. BAKER.

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